

His heart was glad for all the loveliness,
And for the sorrows of the past, which seemed
God's ministers, severe yet kindly, charged
To lead him to his peace. And then he thought
Of Mary: would he see her soon? at all?
And straight a cloud fell on him, for each step
That brought him nearer to his long-nursed hope
Woke anxious questioning.

Enwrapt in thought
He paced the ample level: and at length
Marked one whose downcast mien and motionless
Boded a mind that grieved. Him Malcolm passed,
Repassed, and looked, and stood all-dazed, aware
Of him who once had dwelt within his heart,
Its inmate loved and unsuspected, doomed
Dishonoured Eric.

Malcolm recoiled: the thought
Of fondness ill-bestowed and faith betrayed,
And the dark stain that was upon the man,
Steeled all his soul. But, as he turned, a sigh