

Yet for Thyself, my Master, for Thyself,
And not for her, tho' pure, the light was given.
And now I thank Thee, Who hast drawn my heart
Nearer by this denial. Thou art wise,
And Thou hast willed it. Praised be Thy name !"

When Malcolm rose he saw the world dark-rimm'd
Against still depths of blue ; the river shone
Between its dusky banks ; and, like a soul
Cleansed of all stain and trembling on the verge
Of sinless being, dawned the morning-star.
