

Oh! friend, dear friend, on diverse roads our hopes  
Are journeying: yet in the Eyes that see,  
Doubtless, in some far-off completed world  
Their meeting-place expects us: now apart  
Our journeys lie: wedlock is not for us  
Which only weds the hearts whose hopes are one."

Malcolm was silent, for her words revealed  
The gulf between them; and as the exile sees  
The waters widen and the green shore sink  
Far in the vessel's wake, and thinks that there  
All that is dear in life, his father's house,  
The fields his feet have loved, kindred and friends  
Are sinking, rapt forever from his ken,  
His share, the cold gray seas and memory—  
So then it was with Malcolm: all the worth  
Of life seemed fading and the desolate years  
Rose up, apart from Mary: for a space  
A flood swept through him, grief and bitterness,  
Drowning all thought and speech; but presently  
He gathered all his manhood and he spoke:  
"Mary, if there be such a love, a love  
Better than all, divine, embracing all,  
I pray that it may bless you."

And he went  
Out from her presence.

And the darkness fell  
On Mary, bowed upon her face, in tears.