

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.