

The dingy town a goodly dwelling-place :  
The smoke-grimed sons of toil his fellow-heirs  
Of hopes as boundless as eternity :  
And in a sacred joy the hours went round.  
But when the rich dawn of the great awakening paled  
Towards sober noon, a longing crept on him  
To see his native country once again.  
And still, half-hidden from himself at first,  
Then taking strength and moulding all his will  
To one set purpose, stole another wish,  
To look on Mary's face. Their lives had touched  
Strangely in the Love-ordered scheme of things :  
And then had parted, wanting the one link  
Which Love had strangely forged : what hindered  
If Mary knew, if Mary did but know— [now—  
That their two lives should merge, a single will,  
A mutual light and strength in noble aims ?

So Malcolm toiled and prospered and laid by,  
And when two years had nearly run their course