

But when the years, the silent years had sped,
And Eric's name was but a memory,
And Malcolm's young disquietude had reached
A restless manhood, then there rose to him,
Once more, that dream of life complete in love.
It chanced to him—if chance in truth there be
In the strong hand which holds our destinies—
To look on Mary: all his being thrilled,
And one swift thought possessed him: "It were life
To love, to live for, such a one as this!"

Mary was worth a true heart's loyalty;
She was a gracious maiden, sweet and still
Tender, yet self-controlled: a light divine
As of the sunlit hills from whence its help
Dwelt in her tranquil glance: and where she came
Came truth and duty and a happier world.
Malcolm spoke with her: for a time their lives
Mingled their currents; and he gave her all
His heart, and lived in reverent thoughts of her.

But Mary took no thought of love, and when
Malcolm in ripening intercourse betrayed
His soul's unrest, denials, murmurings,
She bore with him; for often in the blind
Bewildered fancies noble feeling glanced,
And Mary, musing with herself, would say,
"Surely the Master draws him, for he seems
Near to the Kingdom:" and she prayed for him.