

logy of Moray,"—I returned with my young wife to Cromarty, and found her mother, Mr. Ross, Mr. Stewart, and a party of friends, waiting for us in the house which my father had built for himself forty years before, but which it had been his destiny never to inhabit. It formed our home for the three following years. The subjoined verses,—prose, I suspect, rather than poetry,—for the mood in which they were written was too earnest a one to be imaginative, I introduce, as representative of my feelings at this time: they were written previous to my marriage, on one of the blank pages of a pocket-Bible, with which I presented my future wife:—

TO LYDIA.

Lydia, since ill by sordid gift
 Were love like mine express'd,
 Take Heaven's best boon, this Sacred Book,
 From him who loves thee best.
 Love strong as that I bear to thee,
 Were sure unaptly told
 By dying flowers, or lifeless gems,
 Or soul-ensnaring gold.

I know 'twas He who formed this heart
 Who seeks this heart to guide;
 For why?—He bids me love thee more
 Than all on earth beside.*
 Yes, Lydia, bids me cleave to thee,
 As long this heart has cleav'd:
 Would, dearest, that His other laws
 Were half so well received!

Full many a change, my only love,
 On human life attends;
 And at the cold sepulchral stone
 Th' uncertain vista ends.
 How best to bear each various change,
 Should weal or woe befall,
 To love, live, die, this Sacred Book,
 Lydia, it tells us all.

* "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and the twain shall be one flesh."