

O! Saviour, has thy grace declined?  
 Can years affect the Eternal Mind,  
     Or time its love decay?  
 A thousand ages pass thy sight,  
 And all their long and weary flight  
     Is gone like yesterday.

Then, even in age and grief, thy name  
 Shall still my languid heart inflame,  
     And bow my faltering knee.  
 O, yet this bosom feels the fire,  
 This trembling hand and drooping lyre  
     Have yet a strain for thee.

Yes, broken, tuncless, still, O Lord!  
 This voice, transported, shall record  
     Thy bounty, tried so long;  
 Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,  
 Its feeble murmurs melt away  
     Into seraphic song.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Good is no good but if it be spend;  
 God giveth good for none other end.

SPENSER.

THE year 1772 was a highly important one to the people of Cromarty. By far the greater part of the parish is occupied by one large and very valuable property, which, after remaining in the possession of one family for nearly a thousand years, had passed in little more than a century through a full half-dozen. It was purchased in the latter