



CHY
FATHER'S LOVE.

*As man doth bear his little son
 Within his strong right arm
 To shelter him from harm
 So unto thee thy God hath done.
 With tender love He carried thee,—
 Who made thee all his own,—
 Lest thou against a stone
 Should dash thy foot and wounded be.*

*But thou didst murmur at His care
 In fretful, childish tone :
 And longed to walk alone
 Where bloomed earth's flowers in gardens fair
 Unheeded all his kind commands ;
 And grieved His gentle Heart
 To have thee stray apart
 From Him. Those restless, wilful hands*

*That plucked forbidden joys are torn ;
 Roses to thorns but led ;
 On thy defeuceless head
 The storms of life have fiercely borne.
 Forgive. No father loves like this !
 At first repentant word
 To tendër mercy stirred
 His lips imprint sweet pardon's kiss.*