

CHASTENING IN LOVE.

BY THE LATE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT GRANT.

Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest."—(Ps. xlv. 12.)

O Saviour ! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chasten'd my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,
And wean'd me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow—I caught at the toy ;
And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom blush'd bright, but a worm was below ;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the
beam ;
Sweet whisper'd the breeze, but it whisper'd of woe,
And bitterness flow'd in the soft flowing stream.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turn'd to the refuge thy pity display'd ;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloom'd but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer and glad as the morn ;
Thou show'dst me the path—it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dream'd of celestial rewards and renown ;
I grasp'd at the triumph which blesses the brave ;
I ask'd for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown ;
I ask'd—and Thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length, to Thy will,
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign ;
O give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine !

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod ;
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below ;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.