

COMPLAINT.

“I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God’s ”

—E. B. BROWNING.

WE are gloomy when we should be joyful,
Grow weak when we ought to be strong,
Court murmuring in lieu of thanksgiving,
Choose tear-drops instead of a song.
We complain of the burden or sorrow
God’s providence on us has laid ;
Spoil to-day with dread fears for to-morrow,
Rejecting the sun for the shade.
Fair, fair is this world God has given,
His mercies surround all our days ;
Each soul has his portion of heaven,
Some blessing for which he should praise.