## [R840 : page 8]

## THE GIFT OF GOD.

Each night is followed by its day,
Each storm by fairer weather,
While all the works of nature sing
Their psalms of joy together.
Then learn, oh heart, their song of hope!
Cease, soul, thy thankless sorrow;
For though the clouds be dark to-day,
The sun shall shine to-morrow.

\_\_\_\_\_