

CONTENT.

But God stays—tho' all else fail and fall!
He seems sometimes a Playfellow of mine
Who winks at me and laughs—sometimes a fine
Red Flame to gloriously destroy: a Call
To bring green Worlds again: immemoral
A Mood that wakes in me: an Anodyne
To soothe me unto Death: a Sound divine:
A dim enamour'd Silence under all.

Amid the jar of things, and in wrong ways,
I hurt myself continually, and yet
Withal I stand, and with fixt eyes forget
The bitter unfulfilment of my days.
And feel my way to Him, content to let
All else between my fingers slip—God stays!