

## 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!