## THE FULNESS OF THE UNSEEN



2. In vain, in vain I tried to roll life's load to some dim, distant goal, to feed on dust a famished soul; – it would not thus be fed! Created beauty was a dream, created love a fair, fond gleam, created joy a fitful stream; – it would not always flow!

3. O loveliness of time, how poor! O gay, gay world, how soon your store is emptied, to be filled no more! – Thou canst not soothe nor cure. O Christ of God, alone in thee all beauty, love, and joy I see; my all shalt thou for ever be; – thou canst not change nor die!

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