



BEAUTY OF LIGHT.



Hereafter thou shalt fly to the winds of
And breathe the fragrance there. [heaven
Thy spirit shall then wear
A garb of beauty unprepared,
And run upon the grassy slopes,
So green and fair to see,
And with ten thousand harps in hand,
Shall sweep the golden strings,
Of praise for evermore.
Oh! the rapture of this heavenly throng,
Bathed in dazzling light,
With robes so white no Fuller could
Enhance their whiteness if he would.
So when in Eden spirits were a part of us
[to-day,