

"THE GLORY OF THAT LIGHT."

ACTS XXII. 11.

I was journeying in the noontide,
When His light shone o'er my road—
And I saw Him in that glory—
Saw Him—Jesus, Son of God,
All around, in noonday splendour,
Earthly scenes lay fair and bright—
But my eyes no longer see them
For the glory of that light.

Others, in the summer sunshine,
Wearily may journey on—
I have seen a light from heaven,
Past the brightness of the sun ;
Light that knows no cloud, no waning,
Light wherein I see His face—
All His love's unclouded treasures,
All the riches of His grace.

All the wonders of His glory,
Deeper wonders of His love ;
How for me, He won, He keepeth,
That high place in heaven above.
Not a glimpse—the veil uplifted—
But within the veil to dwell,
Gazing on His face for ever,
Hearing words unspeakable.

Marvel not that Christ in glory
All my inmost heart hath won ;
Not a star to cheer my darkness,
But a light beyond the sun,
All below lies dark and shadow'd,
Nothing there to claim my heart,
Save the lonely track of sorrow,
Where of old He walk'd apart,