

Where brighter than the sun His face doth shine,
The Lamb of God, the Sun of Righteousness,
Whose glory filleth all the place divine,
The only light thereof? E'en more than this!

Is it to meet around the throne of God
The loved of old that faded from our sight,
Our sainted ones, who in the priceless blood
Of Christ have washed their robes and made them
white:

To see the faces we have missed so long
Lit with the radiance of celestial bliss,
And join lost voices in the glad "new song,"—
Can heart of mortal hope for more than this?

Yea, more: for searching in the Book at even,
Assurance seeking, on these words I came:
"Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given
To Me, be also with Me where I am."
And further on, by unseen beacon led,
The while new light broke on my vision dim,
My questioning seemed answered as I read—
"When He appeareth, we shall be like Him!"

The Christian's hope—communion with his Lord,
No shrouding veil between, but "face to face";
In very truth to listen to His word
And dwell with Him in His abiding-place:
To be *like Him*—God's well-belovèd Son,
Past taint, or touch, or lightest breath of sin;
O blessed hope! Tired to downcast one,
Open your heart and let its joy come in!