

# THE SOWER.

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“BEYOND THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE SUN.”

ACTS XXII, 11.  
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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 more behold them  
For the glory of that light.

I have seen the face of Jesus—  
Tell me not of aught beside;  
I have heard the voice of Jesus—  
All my soul is satisfied,  
In the radiance of the glory  
First I saw His blessed face,  
And for ever shall that glory  
Be my home, my dwelling place.

Sinners, it was not to angels  
All this wondrous love was given,  
But to one who scorned, despised Him,  
Scorned and hated Christ in heaven.  
From the lowest depths of darkness  
To His city's radiant height,  
Thus in me He told the measure  
Of His love and His delight.