



A Vision of  
the World  
to Come.

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# A Vision of the World to Come.



· UPON my spirit breaketh  
The cloudless morning bright ;  
Eternal song awaketh,  
Is past and gone the night.

Within my heart ariseth  
The Star of morning fair ;  
Its beams make glad my vision,  
I scent the balmy air.

I see the vast effulgence  
Of heavenly light descend ;  
I see its holy radiance  
Flash to earth's utmost end.

I see celestial myriads.

God's armies clothed in white,  
And thro' the clouds fire-flaming  
The angels of His might.

I hear the trumpet sounding,  
And at its music dread  
Arise the host of martyrs  
In glory from the dead.

The King is there in brightness,  
There by His faithful side  
In faultless grace and beauty  
His pure and spotless bride.

That City dissipating  
The clouds of nature's night,  
Each brilliant far-surpassing  
A thousand suns in light.

The City prophets dreamed of,  
The nations now behold,  
Gleaming with Godhead glory,  
Thro' jasper, pearl, and gold.

Length, breadth, and height—perfection,  
Eternal wisdom's plan ;  
The complement of Jesus,  
The measure of THAT MAN.

From the deep blue descending,  
 Out from the heart of heaven,  
 Forth from the Father's bosom,  
 To light creation given.

To lift the cloudy covering  
 From off the human race,  
 And bid poor man look upward  
 Upon the Father's face.

O City, great thy glory !  
 Deep mystery of God !  
 Bride of the Lamb ! thy brightness  
 The tribes of earth shall laud.

Casket of hidden treasures,  
 Secrets of wisdom rare,  
 Deep things, it is thy province  
 And glory to declare.

In thee the secret's finished  
 For all is in display,  
 The mists of darksome ages  
 Before thee roll away.

Christ's beauty decks thy towers,  
 Thy fulness, love, and grace.  
 God and the Lamb are in thee,  
 His servants see His face.

Within thee wealth of kingdoms,  
 Memorials from afar,  
 Triumphs in gold engraven,  
 And booty brought from war.

From Egypt trophies glorious,  
 From Babylon's proud halls,  
 Thy battles and thy sieges  
 Emblazoned on thy walls.

The spoils of death and Hades,  
 From Sheol costly gems,  
 From darkness and destruction  
 Immortal diadems.

There warriors tread thy pavement  
 Who in God's might arose,  
 And chased from fort and fortress  
 Hordes of infernal foes ;

Who scaled the heights of heaven  
 With naked sword and lance,  
 Struck headlong the usurper,  
 And claimed the inheritance ;

Who staggered hosts of evil,  
 Who shook the gates of hell,  
 And to the earth smote legions  
 Of the destroyer fell.

Veterans who single-handed  
Armies at once engaged,  
And for their heavenly portion  
War to death's portals waged ;

Who feared no fallen creature ;  
Who life laid gladly down,  
For God, and Christ, and glory,  
And an immortal crown ;

Who wandered in the deserts,  
And mountains far from men,  
And shelter found from tempest  
In cavern or in den ;

Who fought with beasts, encountered  
Men, demons, fire, and flood—  
God's sons ! High heaven's nobles !  
Peers ! Princes of the blood !

Warriors who fought their battles  
Beneath one banner blue,  
And lead by one great Captain  
Disaster never knew.

Not by their own dread prowess :  
Their strength was heaven-supplied ;  
By might of Christ they battled  
And held the field or died.

The scars upon their visage  
 Got in those wars abroad,  
 Declare before all peoples  
 Their faithfulness to God.

They enter thro' thy portals,  
 They stand within thy halls  
 Fresh from those fields of slaughter,  
 Or loathsome prison walls.

Thro' thirst and cold and hunger,  
 From springs of grace supplied,  
 They fought their way to heaven  
 Reproached and vilified.

Never again shall summon  
 The trump to battle's roar ;  
 Crushed is the power of evil,  
 The foe shall rise no more.

They rest, thy sons, blest City !  
 They walk with Christ in light,  
 Who succoured them when fainting,  
 And led them in the fight.

Well-disciplined in sorrow,  
 Made wise thro' dire distress,  
 They shall instruct the nations  
 In love and righteousness

O joy beyond all telling !  
O bliss of saints above !  
The heathen now shall hearken  
And hear that God is love.

O happy, holy City !  
O house of festive joys !  
Where comes no cloud of sorrow  
No evil power annoys.

Thy holy light shall gladden  
Dark places of the earth.  
And men shall know no longer  
Disease and death and dearth.

Thy gates are ever open,  
Thy wealth the world shall share,  
Thy heralds to the heathens  
Glad tidings shall declare.

Within thee Life's tree verdant  
Where living water flows  
Free sheds its leaves for healing  
Of all the nation's woes.

No curse, no death, no sorrow,  
Can blight thy bliss above,  
No pestilence envenom  
Thine atmosphere of love.



Thy light is vivifying,  
 And hearts o'er earth abroad  
 Warmed into life, are blessing  
 The holy love of God.

Pale is the sun at mid-day ;  
 The moon and stars by night,  
 Abashed before thy glory,  
 Sink in the blue from sight.

No temple stands within thee,  
 Thou holy City great !  
 No thing that brings defilement  
 Shall enter thro' thy gate.

No veil to drape His glory  
 Who sits upon the throne,  
 And fills with all His brightness  
 Each precious living stone.

In thee He is effulgent,  
 Displayed to mortal sight ;  
 The saved of all the nations  
 Walk in thy holy light.

Thy fulness—Christ ; thy glory—  
 The Father's and the Son's,  
 The Spirit permeating  
 Thy holy living stones.

The heavens are bathed in splendour,  
 The last dark cloud hath flown ;  
 The heralds far are telling  
 That Christ is on the throne.

Before him blooms the desert,  
 All evil disappears ;  
 At His blest presence vanish  
 Sin, sorrow, death, and tears.

The pride of man is broken,  
 The power of Satan bound,  
 And corn and wine and plenty  
 In peace and rest are found.

The veil is rent, and goodness  
 And grace make haste to pour  
 Their rich exhaustless treasures  
 Forth thro' the heavenly door.

The voice of gladness filleth  
 The new and happy world,  
 Where mercy's hand hath freely  
 The flag of peace unfurled.

The sun and moon, Creator,  
 In Jesus gladly own ;  
 God's angels strong do homage  
 Before His glorious throne.

The sea is His, He made it ;  
The heavens high declare  
His glory great, and owns Him  
The firmament of air.

The unexplored creation  
Proclaims in sweet accord  
With everything that breatheth,  
The praises of the Lord.

The winter frosts have vanished,  
The tempests and the rain  
Are past, and lo, the music  
Of birds is heard again.

The flowers wild are blooming,  
Is heard the turtle dove,  
The vine and fig-tree flourish,  
In that bright land of love.

No shade of coming sorrow  
The prospect darken may,  
The thousand years of blessing  
Lead on to endless day.

No more again the desert,  
The wilderness is past ;  
His saints, nor worn, nor weary,  
Have reached His rest at last.

Not one is faint among them,  
Not e'en their garments smell  
Of fiery tribulation  
Which sorely them befell.

The way is all forgotten,  
Upon their souls no trace  
Remains of all their wanderings  
But that of love and grace.

That grace and love that kept them,  
Until their feet were set  
Upon the golden pavement,  
They never shall forget.

That grace and love that furnished  
Each warrior for the fight  
With more than Asahael's fleetness  
And more than Samson's might.

That grace and love that placed them,  
Whiter than falling snow,  
Where emerald and jasper  
With love immortal glow.

The grace and love of Jesus,  
The grace and love of God ;  
Their blest eternal service,  
Eternal love to laud.

For this, the Father gave them  
 In counsel to the Son ;  
 For this, a man of sorrows,  
 Was God's anointed One ;

For this, Thou changeless Lover,  
 The Cross was meekly borne ;  
 For this was disregarded  
 Reproach and shame and scorn ;

For this, Thy night of weeping,  
 When judgment must be met ;  
 For this, Thy holy body  
 Was bathed with bloody sweat ;

For this, the darkness deeper  
 Than plague of Egypt, fell  
 Across Thy spirit, Saviour,  
 With woe no tongue can tell ;

For this, Thou Lord of glory  
 And Prince of life was led  
 From prison and from judgment,  
 And laid amongst the dead.

But, O triumphant Saviour !  
 The darkness all is past,  
 Aside in might eternal  
 The cords of death are cast.

And Thou hast high ascended,  
 All thrones and powers above ;  
 And left us as our portion  
 The Father's name and love.

With all the light which breaketh,  
 Upon us from that home,  
 From that bright world of blessing,  
 The world that is to come.

That world, whose sinless pleasures,  
 No human heart hath guessed ;  
 Whose pure delights can never  
 By mortal be expressed.

The Father's house, His favour,  
 Companionship with Thee ;  
 In courts of stainless glory,  
 The unseen God to see.

To breathe the holy fragrance  
 Of heaven, home, and rest ;  
 Like Thee, the Son, the Firstborn,  
 And Chief of all the blest.

This is our happy portion,  
 The desert soon is crossed,  
 And tho' the way be weary,  
 The time shall not be lost.

As exile home returning,  
 Sees the faint line of blue  
 Rise o'er the waters, bringing  
 His longed-for home in view ;

And bounds his prisoned spirit  
 Impatient of delay,  
 And beats his breast, as longing  
 To leave the house of clay ;

So leaps my spirit forward   `  
 To reach the heavenly land,  
 And join that saintly gathering,  
 That white-robed holy band.

Here, 'round me darkness deepens,  
 There, light doth ever shine ;  
 Here, doubt and death and distance,  
 There, love and life divine ;

Here, self-will and confusion,  
 There, righteousness and peace ;  
 Here, strife and fierce contention,  
 The battle there shall cease ;

Here, Babel and corruption,  
 Man boasting in his shame ;  
 But there, God's holy City  
 His glory shall proclaim ;

Here, 'round me noisome creatures,  
Foul spirits fill the air,  
Whose fiery darts the poison  
Of death eternal bear ;

But there the hosts of heaven,  
Pure as the light of day,  
Spread life and health and healing  
Along the shining way ;

Here, those who follow Jesus,  
Reproach and shame must bear ;  
But there, enthroned, the meanest  
A diadem shall wear ;

Here, down before his idol  
The heathen bends his knee ;  
But there, unveiled the glory  
Of God his eyes shall see.

The light of God shall cover  
The earth's wide fields, as spread  
The tractless wastes of water  
O'er ocean's spacious bed.

O keep us, Holy Father,  
Keep us for that blest day,  
When Jesus' royal sceptre  
Holds undisputed sway.



When Thou shalt have Thy people  
 According to Thy heart;  
 And His beloved companions  
 With Him shall have their part,

To Thine eternal glory,  
 Thy brightness to extol;  
 The fruit of all His sorrow,  
 The travail of His soul.

Come then, all-glorious Saviour!  
 Thy day bring swiftly nigh,  
 With foot that doth for fleetness  
 The winds of heaven defy:

Let it outstrip and distance  
 The wild gazelle, deride  
 The hart upon the mountains—  
 Come, Bridegroom, for Thy Bride!

Come! End the night of weeping,  
 Bring in eternal day;  
 Come, Thou bright Star of morning!  
 For this Thy people pray.