

# THE PRESBYTERIAN

NOVEMBER.

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## AWAKE !

Awake and sing ye that dwell in the dust. *Isaiah 26, 19.*

It is high time to awake out of sleep. *Romans 13, 11.*

Awake to righteousness and sin not. *1 Cor. 15, 34.*

Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead, and CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT. *Ephesians 5, 14.*

Awake up, my glory: Awake psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early. I will praise Thee O Lord among the people. *Psalms 57, 8.*

As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake, with thy likeness. *Psalms 17, 15.*

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## WHEN I AWAKE.

When I awake shall I Thine image bear,  
O Thou Adored ?  
The image lost, in some pure Otherwhere,  
Oh, shall it be restored ?

Already stealeth o'er my trembling soul  
Some semblance sweet—  
The wavering outline of the perfect whole  
Thy touch shall yet complete.

When I awake shall I indeed cast by  
All earthly taint  
And walk with Thee in white, Thy white, on  
high,  
As seraph walks, and saint ?

Through endless blessed ages shall I know  
Thy Will alone—  
Its all-pervading, perfect motions grow  
More than mine own, mine own ?

The glories that no vision can forestall  
With crystal gleam;  
The peace, the rapture, and the holy thrall  
Of love that reigns supreme;

The death of all that meaneth self and time;  
The Gain of Thee,  
My Lord, my God! the victory sublime  
When only Thou shalt be;

Thou all in all; all in Thy glory lost  
And all, all found  
Dear beyond price: no aspiration crossed;  
Thou, only Thou, our bound!

Shall I behold, receive, possess, attain  
All this, and more  
To tell whereof all tongues would strive in vain  
In vain all language pour ?

O unconceived! Thine own divine surprise  
Prepared of old!  
Hid even from faith-unsealed, enkindled eyes  
Till Thou shalt say, "Behold!"

Life—Very Life! God-gift wherein are blent  
All gifts beside!

When I awake—O heaven of Heaven's content!—

*I shall be satisfied. —Christian Union.*