

Look Up.

A man sat in his study. Books lined the walls around him, and all over the table were scattered books. There lay open before him a huge volume, and he was earnestly studying its pages. His face was lined with anxious thought, and his eyes, when he lifted them—which he did but rarely—wore a baffled and an almost hopeless look. Though he was still but in the prime of his manhood, his hair was white at the temples.

He was one of those whose cry had entered into the ears of the Son of God. And the Son of God came into this book-lined room, and stood where, if the man did but lift his eyes, he could see him; but the man lifted not his eyes, and the time passed on—but still the Son of God stood there.

And the face of the man grew more sad and gloomy. At last he spoke:

'I cannot find him,' he said, in accents of despair; 'I cannot see him! I have read books of theology till my brain reels with the knowledge in them, but I cannot see him in them. I would give them all for one sight of his face!'

And yet he did not look up, or thrust the books from him.

'If I could have but one sight of his face,' he said, 'only one glimpse, my loveless life would not matter, for my lost ambition I would not care one iota! But I cannot see him. Surely if ever I am to see his face on this earth, and catch the radiance from it so that it may shine out from my face, and show to the world that I have been with Jesus, I shall find out how to here,' and, with a sigh, he drew again towards him the ponderous volume. And all the while, if he had but cast the book from him and looked up, he would have seen that which his heart ached to see—the face of the loving Jesus, the face of the Son of God! But he looked not up and the Christ passed on.

And the Son of God came to a garden. The bees hummed in the air, and the carnations and roses and lilies made it sweet with their perfume. Overhead was a deep blue sky, with little cloudlets tinged with gold floating therein, and under foot was the sweet green grass.

And a woman walked in the garden. She was tall and lovely to look upon, but her face was sad, and her eyes were cast on the ground as she walked slowly along. And she also was one of those whose cry had entered into the ears of the Son of God.

And the Son of God walked near her in the garden, but she saw him not.

'I am weary,' she said, 'weary of hope. I have hoped and longed and prayed to see the Son of God, and the vision has not been granted! And doubts are thick closing in on my brain. Oh, for the faith that can see thee! Oh, for the heart that can realize thee! Oh, my God, my God, why has thou forsaken me? Why hast thou hidden thy face far from me? For as the hart panteth after the water-brook, even so panteth my soul after thee! Oh, I pray thee, reveal thyself, let me see thee. Oh, God, dear father, the agony, the pain of my soul, surely there is no agony so awful as the agony of a soul striving after God, if haply it may find him and see him! Oh, Christ, make me to know thee, make me to feel thee within me, and above all, oh, let me see thee!'

And he, whom she thus agonized to see, stood near her; but she still looked downwards, brooding over her doubts; and so she missed the glorious vision of the Son of God, who stood there waiting for her but to raise her eyes and see him.

But she went by him, and raised not her eyes, and the Son of God passed on. And it was to him as the agony of Gethsemane and Calvary, and he travailed in soul exceedingly.

And the Son of God came to a chapel, and he entered in.

It was deserted save for one man who knelt there.

And he also was one of those who had prayed that he might see the face of the Son of God.

And the Christ stood near him, but the man saw him not.

And the man prayed.

And he prayed that people might see that they were and must be eternally lost unless they accepted his creed. And he forgot that it is not creeds that save, nor good works, but the Lord Jesus alone.

And the man thought that unless people accepted a certain doctrine that he believed in they could never see the face of the Son of God; and he was so certain himself of inheriting eternal life, and seeing the face of Jesus, because he accepted that doctrine, that he rose from his knees, and, passing by his waiting Lord, went out of the chapel without seeing his face.

And the heart of the Son of God grew very sorrowful, and his brow grew sad and again he passed on.

And the Son of God came to a forest, and lying on the green sward under the shadow of the trees, with the sunlight playing through the leaves above and glancing down on him, lay a man.

And he also had cried that he might see the face of Jesus. And the Son of God, Jesus of Nazareth, came and stood over him, but the man lifted not his head, and so saw not the marred face of the living Christ! And the man agonized in spirit.

'Oh, God,' he cried, 'I have repented, ay, bitterly, of my sins. Wilt thou grant unto me the vision of the face of thy Son?'

But he raised not his head, else would he have seen it.

'I have repented so earnestly of my sins,' he went on, 'and yet has not the vision been granted unto me. Oh, Christ Jesus, wilt thou let me see thy face?'

And he had but to raise his head and see the full glory of it.

But he raised it not. Truly he had repented, but he had forgotten to bring forth the fruits meet for repentance—he had forgotten to rise and get to work for his master—not yet had he passed beyond the first stage of repentance.

And the Christ stood there; but at last he passed on. And his face grew more sad, and his heart waxed more sorrowful, and he travailed in soul more exceedingly.

And the Son of God came to a city, and he passed through the broad streets where the grand houses were, till he came to a narrow street, in the houses of which the people lived together more like animals than men and women. And the Christ entered a room in one of the houses.

It was a small room, with only a bed and a chair and a rickety table in it, but it was very clean. And a woman was in it, standing by the bed, and she also had prayed that she might see the face of the Son of God. On the bed lay a little child, pale and thin, fast asleep. And the woman stood and looked at the child, and a smile played round her mouth, and lit up her sad and patient eyes.

And the Son of God stood near her.

The woman's face bore the seal of suffering, but her own pain had but led her to feel more for others in like case. And as she looked at the child an infinite pity

yearned within her for it, and such as it, who are called to suffer pain, and have naught to help them bear it!

'Dear God,' she prayed, 'I thank thee so, that thou hast given me the means whereby I may help these little ones to bear their pain! Oh, father, thou hast led my feet by a rough way, and I could not always see the wisdom of it, but I knew that thou didst know best! And it has been well with me—oh, God, I can say that! It has been very well with me. Though thou didst cast me down to the depths, though thou didst take from me the one whom I loved better than my own life, I can say, "it is well," for it was in thy great wisdom that thou didst so. It was far better for me! Oh, God, make me perfect in suffering. I am so unworthy of thy mercies! And she raised her eyes, full of tears, to heaven. 'And, oh, dear Lord,' she entreated, 'let me one day see thy face!'

And this woman, who had been tried in the furnace of suffering, and had come out purer, with a forgetfulness of self, only wishing to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, turned towards the door, and standing there, with a radiance on his face and a splendor in his marred visage which dazzled her, stood the Son of God.

And so the woman saw Jesus, and the radiance on his face was reflected in hers, and the people round about her knew that she had seen Jesus.—London Sunday-school Times.

What a Little Book Did.

Often the most bitter opponents of the Christian religion are turned to it by the medium of a seemingly trifling circumstance.

Mr. S. A. Blackwood relates that he was travelling on the top of a coach from London to Croydon, and after discussing the topics of the day with one who sat beside him, he turned the conversation to the things of heaven, to the disgust of another passenger sitting near, who talked of 'canting hypocrites,' etc., and when the coach stopped left his seat. In descending, the pocket of his coat opened, and Mr. Blackwood dropped in a little book entitled 'Eternal Life.'

When the gentleman reached home and emptied his pockets he found, amongst other things, a small book that he knew nothing of, and, reading its title he at once guessed who had put it there, and in his rage he tore it to pieces, and threw it inside the fender.

When he returned from town the next day his ire was increased by finding the pieces on his toilet table. He immediately rang the bell, and asked the servant why they had not been destroyed. And when she replied that in gathering them up she had seen the word 'eternity,' and did not like to burn them, she was angrily ordered from his presence.

When the servant had gone he began to look for the word that had so arrested her attention, and then he sought to connect sentences by strips of paper that one buys around stamps, and managed in this way to fasten the book together. He became converted by reading it.

One day when Mr. Blackwood was walking in Cheapside he was startled by the exclamation, 'You are the man!' and a ragged book was held up to his astonished gaze. He disclaimed all knowledge of that particular book, and was then informed of the circumstances related above, and of the spiritual change in the heart of the gentleman that had taken place by means of it.—'Gospel News'