

Upon how many of those who now pause to read these words has there rested the Saviour's tenderly-forgiving look? Full well all know the look that *troubles* and the look that *chides*; alas that all should not equally know, by personal experience of its power the look that *forgives*. Beloved! to have seen by faith the face of Jesus when it is all aglow with love,—with a welcome in His glance and forgiveness on His lips,—is to have witnessed a spectacle which must live in the memory throughout eternity; it is to have been emancipated into that liberty which maketh "free indeed;" it is to have been made a conscious heir and citizen of heaven.

"I have not seen that sight as yet" some one exclaims, in voice whose tones are cold and skeptical. Brother! pray that you *may* see it. Pray that you may see it speedily, and with absolute certainty that you actually do see it. Assuredly you will never thereafter forget the gladness of that moment when Christ turned and LOOKED lovingly upon you; and, in the "many mansions" above, because of that look, you will sing with an ever-increasing rapture: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain. . . . Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

Look! Look! Look and Live!

There is life for a look at the Crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for thee!

Who, then, will not *return* the look of Christ, of whatsoever kind it be, with which each is surely at this moment regarded? If it be the *embarrassing* look, return it with a glance which makes an honest inquiry. If it be the *reproving* look, return it with a glance that is moist with the tears of repentance. If it be the *forgiving* look, return it with a confident glance that is vocal of its gladness. Reciprocate that quickening look of His, for it is ever full of power,—constraining power as regards its source, and transforming power as regards its objects. Christ is the Son of God: and to "as many as receive Him, to them *gives He power* to become the Sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." And He who by faith fixes his eyes upon our adorable Redeemer,—so that of his daily life it may truthfully be said: "It was a constant 'looking unto Jesus,'"—gradually comes to be *like* Him upon whom he gazes. For "we all, with unveiled face beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Montreal.

LOUIS H. JORDAN.