

# The Look of Faith

OUR Father, we have listened to Thy gracious words. Truly Thy paths drop fatness. Wherever Thou art, mercy abounds. Before Thy feet, rivers of grace spring up. When Thou comest to man, it is with the fulness of pardoning love. Thou hast bidden us come to Thee and seek Thee while Thou mayest be found. We would come now. May Thy Holy Spirit help us! May Jesus lead the way and be our Mediator now!

Blessed be Thy name. There are many who sought Thy face many years ago. We have since then tasted that Thou art gracious and we know by a delightful experience that Thou dost indeed give milk and honey to such as trust Thee. Oh! we wish we had known Thee earlier.

Lord, Thou hast been full of truth and faithfulness to us throughout every step of our journey and though Thou hast not withheld the rod of the covenant from us, we are as grateful for that this morning as for the kisses of Thy lips. Thou hast dealt well with Thy servants according to Thy Word. Blessed be Thy name forever and ever.

But there are some who have never come to Thee. They are hearers, but hearers only. They have listened to gracious invitations thousands of times, but they have never accepted them. Say unto them, "Thereto hast thou gone, but no further shalt thou proceed in thy carelessness and trifling. Here shalt thou stay and turn unto Thy God." O Savior, Thou hast all power in heaven and earth, therefore Thou canst through the preaching of

Thy Word influence the hearts of men. Turn them and they shall be turned. Oh! do it this day.

We would now in our prayers come, as we came at first, would we come again. We would renew our vows. We would again repeat our repentance and our faith and then look at the brazen serpent and touch but the border of Thy garment. We would begin again. O Lord, help us to do it in sincerity and truth. And first, we do confess that we are by nature lost and by practice ruined. We are altogether as an unclean thing and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags. We would lie at those dear pierced feet, bleeding at heart because of sin, wounded, mangled, crushed by the fall and by our own transgression. We confess that if Thou shouldst number our sins upon us and deal with us accordingly, we should be sent to the lowest hell.

We have no merit, no claim, no righteousness of our own. Oh! now, dear Savior, we look up to Thee. Oh! that some might look for the first time and those of us that have long looked would fix our happy gaze again upon that blessed substitutionary sacrifice wherein is all our hope. Dear Savior, we do take Thee to be everything to us, our sin-bearer and our sin-destroyer. We have not a shadow of a shade of a hope anywhere but in Thyself, Thy life, Thy death, Thy resurrection, Thine ascension, Thy glory, Thy reign, Thy second advent. These are the only stars in our sky.

We look up to Thee and are filled with light. But O Thou dear, dear Savior, we dare not turn to ordinances, we dare not turn to our own prayers and tears and

almsgivings. We dare not look to our own works. We only look to Thee. Thy wounds, Immanuel, these bleed the balm that heals our wounds. Thy crowned head, once girt with thorns, Thy body, once laid in the silent tomb, Thy Godhead, once covered and concealed from man, but now resplendent amidst triumphant hosts. If we can perish trusting in Thee, we must perish, but we know we cannot, for Thou hast bound up our salvation with Thy glory and because Thou art a glorious Savior forever, none that trust in Thee shall ever be confounded.

But we do trust Thee now. If all our past experience has been a mistake, yet we will begin at the cross today or if we have never had any experience of Thee before, we would begin today. Oh! hear Thou, hear Thou the prayer—

***“Dear Savior, draw reluctant hearts,  
To Thee let sinners fly.”***

By His agony and bloody sweat, by His cross and passion, by His precious death and burial, we beseech Thee, hear us now! We plead with Thee for some that are not pleading for themselves, O Spirit of God, let it not be so any longer. Now sweetly use Thy key to open the fast-closed door and come into men's hearts and dwell there that they may live. We have a thousand things to ask. We should like to plead for our country and for all countries. We should like to plead with Thee for the sick and for the dying, for the poor and for the fatherless. We have innumerable blessings to ask, but somehow they all go away from our prayer just now and this is our one cry, Save, Lord, we beseech Thee, even now send salvation!

Come Holy Spirit to open blind eyes and unstop deaf ears and quicken dead hearts.

Father, glorify Thy Son that Thy Son may glorify Thee. Holy Spirit, do Thine office and take of these things of Christ and reveal them unto us. We gather up all our prayers in that salvation through the blood of the Lamb. Amen.