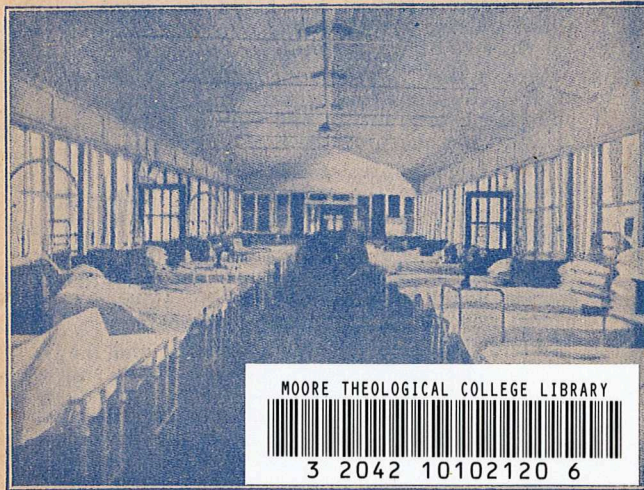


By Blood Alone



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"Yes, she is very ill; in fact, dying; and her only hope is a transfusion of the right type of blood. Already we have had many volunteers in response to our radio message, but not one can supply the type of blood for this case."

So spake an anxious sister to a Christian woman, who visited a large city hospital in the service of her Lord, and who had made inquiry concerning the sad condition of a young Jewess.

"Do you think my blood might be camptible?" asked the Christian worker, lifting up her heart in prayer to God for an opening to present the Lord Jesus to the dying Jewess.

After some words of protest the sister agreed for a test of her blood to be taken, which quickly revealed it as the needed thing for the life of the sufferer.

Would this volunteer be willing to act at once, because the case was urgent? Certainly, and may God grant an opportunity to witness to this "lost sheep of the house of Israel."

In a few minutes' time both women were stretched out in the operating theatre, while the doctors worked hurriedly to save the life of the one by the blood of the other. As the vital blood was transferred from the strong to the weak, much was spilt, so that the Jewess could not fail to see the substance which was freely given for her healing.

When the operation was completed and the older woman had rested for an hour, she asked if she might speak to the young sufferer. Permission was granted and, in a little while, the Christian was next to the Jewess to complete the work of that memorable day.

"It was very good of you to give your blood to save a Jew," said the sick girl.

"Ah," replied her friend, "a Jew once gave His blood on the cross to save me, and now, because He is my Saviour, I gave my blood to help one of His ancient people."

"Teach me to love your Saviour as my Saviour," was the girl's yearning reply.

"My dear, He is quite willing for you to love Him; so willing that He went to the cross and carried your sins with Him there, so that you might be forgiven, and have life through His name. Recall how the Bible states, 'the blood is the life thereof.' Sin is a deadly disease which ever brings forth death, and thus to save us from sin and death Jesus Christ gave His life, a ransom for many. Like the passover lamb, He was slain in place of the sinner, and His shed blood is the sinner's only hope of protection from the judgment of death. **'When I see the blood,' God said, 'I will pass over you.'**

"Surely you will remember Isaiah's prophetic words: 'But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.'

Well, just as my blood was necessary for your healing, so the blood of Jesus Christ is essential for your salvation, for without the shedding of His blood there could be no remission of sins. All the Saviour asks you to do is to trust His blood to cleanse you from all sin, and to accept Him into your heart as your life. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not got the Son of God hath not got life."

Softly and tenderly the light of the Gospel dawned upon the heart of this daughter of Israel, and there and then she accepted Christ as her own Saviour, and thanked Him for shedding His blood for her soul.

Day by day she grew stronger in body by the blood twice given by her benefactress, and day by day she grew in grace and in the knowledge of her Lord and Saviour Jesus

Christ. Her love to Him was deep and real. She prayed much, and drank in all the truth that her Christian friend would impart to her. It was a great joy to hear the emphatic way in which she closed her prayers with the words **"For Jesus' sake. Amen."**

Although cursed and persecuted by her own people, she remained true to her Lord in the hospital, and in the days which followed her discharge. About twelve months later, the same Christian worker was called to visit this converted Jewess, who was dying in the same hospital where she saw the Light. When the Lord's servant approached her bed the thin, dark face lit up with a glow of glad recognition, and, lifting a pale, dying hand, she pointed upward and whispered: "With Christ which is far better." Some hours later she passed to her Saviour's presence, **redeemed by blood alone.**

My reading friend, whether you be Jew or Gentile, hear the Word of God concerning Jesus Christ: **"That He by the grace of God should taste death for every man"** (Heb. 2:9). **"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin"** (1 John 1:7). **"Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures"** (1 Cor. 15:3).

"He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to Heaven
Saved by His precious blood."

Think not that this is only a theme for children, the uneducated, or the poor in intellect. The bravest and best of our race, morally, mentally, and physically, have trusted their souls to **"the precious blood of Christ."**

William Cooper, the poet, sang his praise
to—

“The fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins.”

Captain Hedley Vicars, the Crimean hero, who was converted by the text, “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin,” said: “Those words are the sheet-anchor of my soul.”

Dr. Andrew A. Bonar, a Presbyterian minister of profound scholarship, once said: “Suppose that I, a sinner, be walking along yon golden street, passing by one angel after another. I can hear them say, as I pass through their ranks ‘A sinner!’ ‘A crimson sinner!’ Should my feet totter? Should my eye grow dim? no; I can say to them, ‘Yes, a sinner—a crimson sinner, but a sinner brought nigh by a forsaken Saviour, and now a sinner who has boldness to enter into the holiest through the blood of Christ.’”

Ah, my friend, there is **no other way** into the holiest place—into Heaven and the presence of God, **but by the blood of Christ.**

Will you seek to climb up some other way? God forbid! Enter “**by blood alone,**” and you will be welcomed, pardoned, cleansed, received. **Come now** to the Saviour of the world with this simple prayer upon your lips:

“Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.”

JOHN G. RIDLEY,
Evangelist.