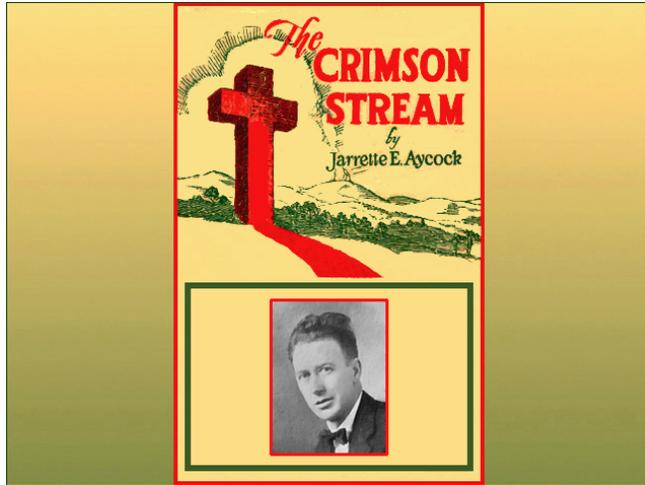


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**THE CRIMSON STREAM**  
By Jarrette E. Aycock



**A Devotional Sermon On The Blood**  
By Evangelist Jarrette E. Aycock  
Author Of "The Nightingale Of The Psalms"  
And "The Grand Old Book"

**Second Printing Tenth Thousand**

**Nazarene Publishing House**  
2923 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

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**Digital Edition 04-17-09**  
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**ABOUT THIS DIGITAL FILE**

I created and numbered the above Table of Contents, which did not appear in the printed booklet. The poem below appeared on the front cover of the booklet beneath the drawing of "The Crimson Stream" flowing from the cross. The print in the graphic was poor, so I replaced it with the picture of the author, which picture appeared opposite page 1 in the booklet. -- Duane V. Maxey, Holiness Data Ministry, Surprise, Arizona, April 17, 2009.]

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**A FOUNTAIN FLOWING FOR ME**

**By Jarrette E. Aycock**

**There's a fountain for the cleansing of the soul,  
Where the wicked wash away their sin and shame;  
Where the heart can be forevermore made whole,  
And lose all its guilty stains.**

**For the healing of the nations is its flow,  
Come ye millions plunge into the crimson tide;  
O the precious blood will cleanse you as you go,  
And you will be satisfied.**

**While the fountain's standing open heed the cry,  
Whosoever will may come into the flood;  
Plunge, O plunge into the fountain ere you die,  
For 'tis filled with Jesus' blood.**

**\* \* \* \* \***

## **INTRODUCTION -- By Roy Tilman (R. T.) Williams**

**The doctrine of the atonement as taught by the Bible and long held as one of the sacred and fundamental teachings of Christianity is today being vigorously attacked by those "unbelievers" who "seem to be religious." The blood of Christ, the shedding of blood, are terms held in derision by many "professors." They frankly tell us that the day of a "blood" or "bloody shirt" religion is at an end. They say Christ came to the world to save men by the power of a right example, the irresistible force of correct ideals, that He came to show men the way of life by precept and example, that the death of Christ was altogether unnecessary.**

**The Bible emphatically states that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. Ought not Christ to have suffered? Was it not said that He could save others but Himself, He could not save? We have redemption through His blood, we are redeemed through the precious blood of Christ, are expressions of the word of God. Such statements must not and cannot be ignored if the Bible is to be considered as authority in matters of salvation.**

**The shedding of blood is a revelation of God's desire to save men. It is a revelation of His hatred for sin. It is a revelation of the basis of salvation. It is a revelation of the value God places upon a soul. It is a revelation of the Love of God and His great passion to save all who come unto Him by Christ Jesus. God alone could make such a glorious plan of salvation and reveal it to the mind and heart of man.**

**It is indeed fitting that books should be written on this fascinating theme. Songs about the blood, sermons on the blood, books emphasizing the blood, will live when the common expressions of human sentiment, gush, and jazz are forgotten forever.**

**Rev. Jarrette Aycock, the author of this splendid little book, "The Crimson Stream," is presenting to the lovers of truth, the believers in the fundamentals of the faith once delivered to the saints, a publication full of interest, light, and essential facts bearing upon a right attitude toward God, the Bible, and personal salvation. He has placed emphasis where it is most needed. The sacrificial element in salvation and in the lives of God's people cannot be ignored. The book will reveal to the readers something of the secrets of the success that has crowned the efforts of this outstanding young man in the field of evangelism.**

**"The Crimson Stream" should be widely scattered and read by thousands of honest and earnest seekers after truth and righteousness such as will stand the test of time and of eternity.**

**R. T. Williams**

\* \* \* \* \*

## **THE CRIMSON STREAM -- INTRODUCTION**

**We are living in a day when the genius of science and the knowledge of man are attaching a "less" to almost every modern achievement. For example, we have the horseless carriage, the smokeless powder and the reportless gun. In our homes we find the fireless cooker and the iceless refrigerator. Go into the offices and see the wireless telephone and noiseless typewriter; into the fields and see the beardless wheat; into the orchard and find the seedless fruit. So when you go into many churches you will find a bloodless religion.**

**A carriage can run without horses, refrigerators can keep cool without ice, fruit may grow without seed and people may talk across the continent without wires; but man can never be saved without the blood.**

**Some say, "Away with Christianity for it is a bloody religion; away with the Bible for it is a book of gore." But we reply, "If it were not for the crimson stream that flows from Genesis to Revelation, which is a true history of the living stream that flows from the cross of Calvary, our religion would be vain and we would be in our sins."**

**Christian Science says, "The blood of Jesus had no more saving efficacy when it flowed from His wounds upon the cross, than when it flowed through His veins while He walked the earth." But the writer to the Hebrews says, "Almost all things are by the law purged with blood, and without the shedding of blood there is no remission." "And when you take the blood from our religion and the cross from our lives it is like taking the sun from our day and the stars from our night," and leaves us wrecked on the sea of time without compass or chart.**

**I am told that in every rope of the English navy there runs a scarlet thread, this is the identification mark. And the blood is the identification mark of the Christian religion. No matter where you go, when you find Christianity you will find the scarlet thread. No matter how fine the church, how high the steeple, how elaborate the furnishings, how eloquent the preacher, how unctuous the message, if the blood is denied it is not the religion of Jesus. Never line up with any church, subscribe to any creed, or accept any religion unless it bears this trademark: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanses us from all sin."**

Let us follow this crimson stream as it winds through the Book of God and examine some of the blood-red spots along its way from the Garden to the Cross.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 01 -- THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF BLOOD

When Adam sinned he made himself a covering of leaves and hid in the shrubbery and behind the giant oaks of the garden, just as people today are trying to hide their sins with the fig leaves of society, amidst the shrubbery of the church or behind the giant oaks of organization; but the covering was hardly completed when God came, calling, "Adam, where art thou?" And in spite of his hiding place he came forth and was revealed in his true and natural state. And some day God will call the people of today just as He called Adam. And when God speaks, in spite of their covering, men will be revealed in all their sins.

When God found Adam He made him a coat of skin. Some animal was killed, blood was shed, a life was taken, that Adam might be placed in a presentable condition before Him. In that far away crimson spot we get our first glimpse of that blood which was poured out upon the cross that we might be placed in a presentable condition before God. There is only one place man may hide his sins where they will never be uncovered, and that is under the blood of Jesus.

A preacher once asked a little boy, "Is there anything impossible with God?" "Yes," said the boy, "it is impossible for God to see my sins when they are covered by the blood." By shedding the blood of an animal God covered the sin of Adam; and by the blood of Jesus, he washes our sins away.

There's a fountain for the cleansing of the soul,  
Where the wicked wash away their sin and shame,  
Where the heart can be forever more made whole,  
And lose all its guilty stains.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 02 -- WHAT DOES GOD DO WITH OUR SINS?

Have you ever considered what becomes of our sins when they are covered by the blood? Ask David, and hear him answer, "As far as the east is from the west so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." Do you know how far that is? It is so far that should you start east now and travel in that direction until you again reached this spot, you would not have reached the west, but would still be going east; and "So far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

Ask Micah, and hear him say, "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." Some have called this "The sea of forgetfulness." Where it is I do not

know. The histories of the world in their list of seas do not mention it, the maps of the world do not mark it, no explorer has brought us news of its location, no mariner has ever sounded its depths; yet in this unknown and undiscovered sea God hath cast all our sins. And should some far traveling explorer discover it, would he find our sins? No! for God hath cast them into the depths.

Ask Isaiah, and he will say, "Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Where God's back is I do not know, His face seems to be everywhere. But somewhere behind God's back, where man can't see, and where man can't go. There He hath cast all my sins.

Ask Jeremiah, and he will tell you God said, "I will forgive their iniquity, I will remember their sin no more." When a young man, I caused my mother many tears and much worry because of my wayward ways and indifference to religion. And for years she prayed for my conversion. Some fifteen years before her death her prayers were answered and I was saved, and then I tried in a measure to atone for the heartaches I had caused her. A few months before her death, when she was in her eightieth year, together with Mrs. Aycock and my only living sister, I visited her at the old home place. The day we were to leave, mother sat by the open door nervously picking at her apron, a habit of her declining years. My sister was telling Mrs. Aycock (whom I did not meet until after my conversion), what a bad boy I used to be, and the picture she was painting was not a good one. For a time mother said nothing, but presently she turned to my sister and said,

"Allie, what are you talking about? I never new Jarrette was such a bad boy." My sister replied, "Why mother! He kept you crying half the time and you were worrying from morning till night."

"Well if he was a bad boy," said mother, "I have forgotten it, for it seems to me he has always been a good boy."

What was that? A mother's love. And if the love of my mother could forget the sins of my youth, do you think our Savior who has forgiven us is still harboring the sins of our past? I tell you no, for He says, "I will remember thy sins no more," and "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

\* \* \* \* \*

### 03 -- MAN'S FORGIVENESS VS. GOD'S

What a difference in the forgiveness of our Lord and that we see manifested among so many individuals today! When you take the promise in Isaiah and the one in Jeremiah and place them together it virtually reads, "I will place them behind my back and remember them no more." That is God's way. That is covered by the blood. Man's way is too often different.

To illustrate: John has been an awful sinner, his life was bad, he has wronged his neighbor, but repenting of his sins he gets forgiveness from God and then coming to his neighbor says,

"Bill, I want to live a Christian life; I have wronged you shamefully, but I am sorry, and want you to forgive me."

Bill answers, "All right, John, I freely forgive you; we will count it all settled and let by-gones be by-gones."

That is what he says to John, but by his actions and after life he says, "John, I do forgive you and I will just place these old wrongs behind my back and never forget them as long as I live. Yes, John, I forgive you but every time I see you I will think of the way you treated me. When the pastor comes I will tell him, I will rehearse it to the evangelist when he arrives, and will keep it behind my back but never forget it as long as I live."

What a shame and what a pity; and yet often, far too often, human forgiveness is like that. But O, when Jesus forgives, He forgets and sends us away singing,

"They are covered by the blood,  
They are covered by the blood,  
My sins are all covered by the blood.  
My iniquities so vast have been blotted out at last,  
My sins are all covered by the blood."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 04 -- BRUCE, KING OF SCOTS

There is a story in Scottish history of Bruce the king, how that when he was being pursued by his enemies, they secured his own bloodhounds and put them on his trail. When he heard their baying and realized that they were his own dogs, knowing their keenness of scent, he gave himself up for lost. But as he ran through the forest he came upon a stream, plunged in and swam across. And when the hounds reached the stream they lost the track and Bruce was saved. And so in our life when the hosts of sin were assailing us, and the forces of hell were pursuing us, they placed the bloodhounds of our life, our passions and appetites upon our trail, and when we heard their voices we, too, thought we were lost; but as we ran through the forest of sin we came upon Calvary's stream, and plunging in, the bloodhounds lost the trail, the hosts of hell were defeated and we were saved through the blood of Jesus.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 05 -- CAIN AND ABEL

The next crimson spot I would call to your attention is the story of Cain and Abel, told in the 4th chapter of Genesis. They were born of the same parents, reared under the same environment and evidently came to God about the same time. Cain brought an offering of the fruit of the ground, beautiful to the eye, pleasant to the touch, and easily prepared; but God had cursed the ground and Cain and his offering were rejected. Abel evidently acted under previous instructions, for the book of Hebrews tells us, "By faith Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice than Cain;" and faith literally means, taking God at His word. And taking God at His word, he brought an offering of his flock, not the work of his hands, but the sacrifice of a life, blood was shed, and he was accepted. In this far away incident, we have a story of the redeeming blood.

God started with blood when He made coats of skins, Cain planned a new way but was rejected. All down through the ages we have had the two ways, God's way and man's way, the blood and the bloodless; the religion of Cain and the religion of Calvary.

"I've often heard tell of a popular way,  
To mansions of gold in the skies,  
Of an easier route than the way of the cross,  
To reach that blest home upon high,

"No thorns line this path and no clouds ever come,  
From trims and crosses it's free.  
Let others who will take this popular line,  
The old fashioned way suits me."

I believe it was Charles G. Finney who illustrated the value of the blood by picturing people as they approached the city of God and demanded an entrance. The gates to the city were closed, the angel gate-keeper stood in his place. There approached the gate an officer of the army; his uniform was spotless, his buttons shone, his saber gleamed in the light, his trappings denoted that his rank was that of a general. Saluting, he said, "Sir, will you please open the gate, I would like to pass in."

"By what right?" asked the angel.

"Because," replied the General, "I have fought for religious liberty; I have fought for the widow and orphan; I am an officer from a Christian nation and have kept our flag from the grasp of the heathen."

"That is all very good, sir," said the gatekeeper, "and there are times when people must fight, but that is not the password; I am sorry but I cannot let you in." In sorrow the General turned away and was soon lost in the distance and darkness.

Another approached whose paraphernalia bespoke wealth and culture, and when he asked that the gates be opened, the angel asked,

"Upon what, friend, do you base your right to enter here?"

"I have given of my wealth to the causes of Christianity," said the rich man, "I have builded schools, established orphan asylums, sent missionaries to the heathen and builded churches in the home land."

"You are to be commended," said the angel, "for money is needed to carry on the work of the Lord in the world, but we cannot open these gates because of any work that you have done."

He too turned away and was soon lost to sight, and in the distance was heard wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Behold, another approached the city. It was a woman; her clothing showed signs of poverty, her face of suffering, her hands of toil. But as she neared the gate she lifted her hand and began to sing,

"O the blood, the blood 'tis all my plea,  
Hallelujah it cleanses me,  
O the blood, the blood, 'tis all my plea,  
Hallelujah for it cleanses me."

The angel without a word stepped to one side, and of their own accord the gates swung open and she marched in and all heaven joined in the chorus,

"O the blood, the blood 'tis all my plea,  
Hallelujah it cleanses me,  
O the blood, the blood, 'tis all my plea,  
Hallelujah for it cleanses me."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 06 -- ABRAHAM AND ISAAC

Another marked place on this river of blood is the offering of Isaac by his father Abraham. He was about 22 years of age, they tell us, when God said to Abraham, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee to the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

Without hesitating, Abraham took Isaac with all the necessary equipment for an offering and made his way to the mountain top. He erected an altar, and binding

his son, he placed him upon it. But just as he was about to drive the knife into his son's heart, God stayed his hand. And Abraham lifted his eyes and saw a ram caught by the horns in the bushes near by, and taking that he offered it up instead of his son. Isaac was spared, "but not without blood." There was a death that morning on the mountain, a life was sacrificed; blood was shed and the crimson spots could be seen upon the rocks round about the altar; and in that age-old story of the ram taking the place of Isaac upon the altar, dying that he might live, we see a type of the Lamb of God taking our place upon the cross and dying for us.

Two thousand years later Jesus said to the Jews, "Abraham saw my day and was glad." Mr. Moody said, "I think it must have been from the top of Mount Moriah that Abraham saw his day." He had just seen a substitute for his son, a death in his stead and looking down through the years, he saw the world guilty before God, every man about to die for his own sins, seemingly no eye to spare and no one to pity, when lo the windows of heaven were opened and a Lamb without spot or blemish came and took His place at the head of that company and marched to the cross of Calvary and was "there made to be sin for us, who knew no sin that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." "There he bore our sins in his own body on the tree." There he tasted death for every man and shed his blood that you and I might live. O thank God for the blood! Thank God for the blood!

Someone has said, "One drop of blood could well atone for all my sins, one drop alone." But I do not think so, if one drop would have sufficed, surely those brought forth during His agony in the garden would have been sufficient. Why not one drop from that thorn pierced brow? Then He would have been spared the cross. But no! instead of one drop, it took the blood from His brow, the blood from His hands, the blood from His feet, the blood from His lacerated back, and his heart blood that poured forth from His spear-pierced side.

The lamb that took the place of Isaac was placed on the altar without consulting it, but Jesus gladly gave His life for us, and said, "I lay it down of myself and no man taketh it from me." Thank God for redeeming blood.

No wonder the man who was about to have an operation on his tongue, on being told by the surgeon he would never speak again asked him to wait until he could sing once more,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains."

\* \* \* \* \*

I read of a man who was spending the winter at a noted resort, the guests noticed him from time to time, as he sat around the hotel, take a little book from his pocket, and when he would open it there would come an expression of sadness upon his face, he would turn the page and his expression would change to one of love and appreciation, then turning the second page a look of happiness would come, and with a smile he would close the book and return it to his pocket. They saw this repeated so many times and always these same expressions following each other as he turned the pages, that the curiosity of many was aroused. After he had been there some days, a guest more bold than the others engaged him in conversation and finally said, "I have noticed you a number of times looking at a little book and from the expressions on your face I would judge that you value it very highly."

"Yes," said the gentleman, taking the book from his pocket, "this is my biography."

"Your biography," said the questioner, "it does not look large enough for that, it only has a few pages."

"Only three," said the gentleman.

"And it is your biography?" he asked, "how can that be?"

"This," he said opening the little book to the first page which was black, "was the natural condition of my heart." Then turning the next page which was red he said, "This stands for the blood of Jesus." Then turning to the last page which was white, he continued, "This is how my heart has looked since it passed through the blood."

This is also our biography, if we have been cleansed through the blood of Jesus.

"Savior, thou the debt hast paid,  
By thy cleansing I am made  
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 08 -- THE PASSOVER

When it looked as though escape from the hand of Pharaoh for Israel was impossible, God said to Moses, "Tell the children of Israel to take a lamb without blemish, put it up on the 10th day of the month and on the 14th day kill it and take of the blood and sprinkle it upon the door post and on the lintel, and in that night I will pass through the land and destroy all the first born, and the blood shall be to you for a token and when I see the blood I will pass over you." They did as the Lord

commanded and when the night arrived the only token they had of safety was the blood. But that was enough, for had not God said, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." And the angel who executed the judgment of God did not look for the name plate on the door, he noticed not whether it was a palace or hut, a mansion or hovel. He looked for the blood and when he saw that he passed over. Friend, when he passes your way he will not look for your church letter, your social, your political or your financial standing; he will look for the blood.

Every true Israelite had the blood of the Lamb upon his door on that memorable night long ago, and every true Christian has the blood of Christ upon his heart in the life that now is. Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr., has beautifully told this story of the ancient passover and of Christ, our paschal Lamb, in his poem, "The Blood Upon the Door."

"When the Lord pass'd over Egypt,  
There was weeping everywhere,  
For the angel smote the first-born  
Of each family dwelling there;  
But some houses he passed over,  
As his word had said before,  
And death entered not the portals,  
Where the blood was on the door.

"Not the blood of lambs or cattle,  
Sprinkled over any part,  
But the blood of Christ, the Savior,  
Can redeem a human heart,  
Then when death these ties shall sever,  
And we walk on earth no more,  
We may live with Christ forever,  
If His blood is on the door.

"Precious blood upon the door,  
Saving blood upon the door,  
O my soul, there is no danger,  
When the blood is on the door."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 09 -- CONSECRATING OF PRIESTS

How crimson that spot in the wilderness where the first priests were consecrated; and among many other things for which blood was used, they sprinkled it round about the altar. Now if they sprinkled it round about the altar, to get to the altar meant the passing through the blood, and it means the same today. Jesus tells us in the tenth chapter of John, "He that entereth into the sheepfold

except by the door but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." And in the ninth verse, He says, "I am the door, by me, if any man enter in he shall be saved and go in and out and find pasture." Jesus is the door now, it was Jesus who shed His blood; therefore to get into the Kingdom now, means passing through the blood of Christ as much as getting to the altar in the days of Moses meant passing through the blood of the animals slain.

There are many hills in the world, but there is only one Calvary. There are many trees in the world, but only one that is streaked with blood. There are many fountains in the world, but only one that was opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness; and if we ever find God we must climb that hill; we must pass that tree, we must wash in that fountain.

While the fountain's standing open, heed the cry,  
Come ye, millions, plunge into the crimson flood.  
Plunge, O plunge into the fountain ere you die,  
For 'tis filled with Jesus' blood.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 10 -- ON THE TRAIN WITH BRYAN

I once rode on the train with the late William Jennings Bryan, a man known all over the world and loved and respected by thousands. I shall never forget how, when he entered the coach, men quit reading their papers and turned in their seats to watch the great commoner as he passed down the aisle; how some moved their grips from their seats thinking perhaps he would sit by them; and how attentive the old Negro porter seemed to be. When I got on the train it was different. No one quit reading his paper to look at me, and no one made a place for me to sit. The old Negro porter did not even seem to notice me. I had to find a seat without help. As the train pulled out, I sat musing on the greatness of the man, his world-wide reputation and the influence he wielded in the affairs of our country, when I was aroused by the voice of the conductor saying, "Tickets please, have your tickets ready."

And I noticed this great man had to produce a ticket to ride on the train the same as I did. So it is on the trip to glory. Your money, your prestige, your reputation may get you by many places and through many things in this life, but on that trip, it will take the blood.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 11 -- SALVATION THROUGH THE BLOOD

Wherever you find a sinner saved, you will find the blood of Jesus. For salvation comes only through the blood. Scripture after scripture and verse after

verse point us to the, "Fountain opened to the house of David for sin and uncleanness."

Ask for a testimony from the books of the New Testament, and hear Romans say, "Much more then, being now justified by his blood; we shall be saved from wrath through him."

"My testimony," says Ephesians, "is in whom we have redemption through his blood the forgiveness of sins."

"If you will look in the 14th verse of my first chapter," says Colossians, "you will find Ephesians' testimony is mine exactly."

"Peter, do you know the blood?"

"Yes," he answers, "for we were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ."

"Is there another?"

"Yes," replies the book of Hebrews, "I have a long testimony, 'Into the second went the high priest alone once every year, not without blood, which he offered for himself, and for the errors of the people. But Christ being come an high priest, -- Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood entered once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us. And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without the shedding of blood is no remission.'"

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, is my testimony," says Revelation.

"Let me speak," says the Old Testament, "for it is the blood that makes an atonement for the soul."

"The blood, the blood, our only hope," rings again and again from the book of God. Paul said to the Ephesians, "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." The sinner, we see, is dead. "The life," says the Scriptures, "is in the blood." Therefore the sinner must come in contact with the blood of Jesus in order to become alive unto God.

"Nor silver nor gold hath obtained my redemption,  
No riches of earth could have saved my poor soul,  
The blood of the cross is my only salvation,  
The death of my Savior now maketh me whole.

"I am redeemed, but not with silver,  
I am bought, but not with gold,

**Bought with a price, the blood of Jesus,  
Precious price of love untold."**

\* \* \* \* \*

## **12 -- THE BLOOD CLEANSSES**

**By the blood we are redeemed and by the blood we are cleansed. How often the Scriptures make this clear. Let us hear a few testimonies from the Book.**

**"How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God."**

**"He that despised Moses' law died without mercy. . . . Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden underfoot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing."**

**"Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate."**

**"If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."**

**"O now I see the crimson wave,  
I hear the speaking blood;  
It speaks, -- polluted nature dies,  
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood,  
The cleansing stream I see, I see,  
I plunge, and Oh, it cleanseth me!"**

\* \* \* \* \*

## **13 -- NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD**

**Nothing in the Bible receives more prominence than the blood, and all through the book you will find those blood-red arrows pointing toward the cross.**

**"Adam, what was shed when the Lord made coats of skins?"**

**"Blood."**

**"Abel, will you please tell us what was the peculiar difference in your offering and that of Cain?"**

He answers, "Blood."

"Tell us, Moses, what was sprinkled on the door post the night the destroying angel passed through Egypt."

And we hear him answer, "Blood."

Ask the priest what flowed from the altar of the ancient sacrifice, and he will tell you, "Blood."

"Rahab, what is the color of that thread in your window?"

"Red as blood."

"O priest of God, what have you in your vessel and why enter the holy of holies?"

He answers, "Blood for myself and the errors of my people."

"O Jesus, like what were your sweat drops in the Garden?"

"Like blood."

"O Savior, what flowed from your wounds upon the cross?"

From every wound, we hear the answer, "Blood."

"O Apostle, tell us what the sacramental wine typifies.

He tells us, "Blood."

O sinner, what can wash away our sin?

"Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

"O precious is the flow,  
That makes me white as snow,  
No other fount I know,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

The redeemed whom John saw in glory had "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." They had overcome through the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony. And the new song he heard them singing was, "For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." Thank God for the blood of Jesus.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 14 -- THE ONLY WAY

There is a story, that during the Civil War the conduct of some of the soldiers in the camps near Washington, D. C., was such that President Lincoln issued an order that no more furloughs be granted. Shortly after this order was issued, a soldier received word that his wife was at the point of death; "Come home at once." He applied to his commanding officer for leave of absence but was refused on the ground of the President's order. He made his way to the General's headquarters and placed the letter before him; he read it and as he brushed the tears from his eyes he said, "My dear man, I wish I could grant you this, but Mr. Lincoln has issued an order that no furloughs be granted, I am sorry but I cannot do it."

With a sad heart the man turned from the General's tent and started back to his own quarters. He had gone only a little distance when he heard the General calling him. As he turned back to the officer's tent, the General said, "Don't let your hopes get too high, but I have been thinking if you could get into the presence of Abraham Lincoln and get his signature on a furlough you could go home. There is not one chance in a thousand that you can see him, but here is a pass that will get you through the lines and it is up to you to see the President when you get to the White House."

Taking the pass he thanked the General and made his way past guard after guard until at last he stood outside the door leading into the president's office. As he approached, a guard standing on either side of the door lifted their guns and said, "Halt."

"What do you want?" they asked. "I want to see the President."

"You can't see him."

"But I must."

"But you can't," said the guards.

"It is a case of life and death," said the man, "and I must see him."

"It is also a case of life and death with us," the guards replied, "and you cannot."

He handed them the letter he had received from home; they read it and as the tears trickled down their cheeks they handed it back saying, "We are sorry we cannot help you, for we too have loved ones at home; but we are placed here with an order to allow no one to pass without permission from the President and if we broke that order we should be shot before sunrise, and we cannot let you by."

So close and yet so far, the poor man turned away and walked out of the White House; his heart was crushed and the tears were flowing freely down his cheeks.

When he reached the entrance the President's little son sat on the steps playing; looking up at the man and seeing the tears on his cheeks he said, "What's the matter, mister?"

Not knowing who he was, but glad to find someone who wanted to share his sorrow, the man told him of his dying wife at home; how she was calling for him, and of the efforts he had made to see the President and get a furlough, but had been unable to see him.

"You come with me," said the boy.

Taking him by the hand, he led him down the hall until they came to the president's door, the guards again placed their guns across the door and said, "Halt." The boy said nothing but stopped in front of the door and waited.

Presently it opened from the inside and a gentleman who had been talking to the President walked out; the guards stepped aside to let him pass and quick as a flash the boy sprang to the door and said, "Papa, can I come in?"

"Yes, son," said Mr. Lincoln, "you may come in."

"Papa, can I bring my friend in?"

The great President for a moment forgetting the affairs of war, and anxious to please his son said, "Yes you may bring your friend in if you want to."

The guards then lowered their guns, the boy reached back and caught the man by the hand and led him into the presence of his father. He handed the letter to Mr. Lincoln who read it, and taking up a pen he wrote out for the man a furlough, and with a grateful heart and a word of thanks the man hurried away to the loved ones at home.

The thought I want you to get from this story is the fact that the only way this man could get into the presence of Abraham Lincoln was through his son; and the only way you and I will ever get into the presence of God is through the blood of his Son the Lord Jesus Christ.

\* \* \* \* \*

The most precious thing ever poured out upon this earth was the blood of Jesus, it is the only remedy for sin, the only cure for iniquity, the only hope of the sinner anywhere you find him, and turn where you will you cannot escape the blood. Suppose our government took possession of a fountain and placed a soldier there to guard it, how would you ever be able to enter? Only in one way, and that by the soldier. There would be two ways you could gain entrance by him, one through his kindness and courtesy, the other in defiance of him and in opposition to him. If you entered through his courtesy all right, if in defiance of him you would subject yourself to the severest punishment, and if while thrusting him aside he took your life, our government would clear him of crime for he would do it protecting the fountain he had been placed there to guard.

Just so God has opened a fountain to the house of David for sin and uncleanness and placed the Holy Ghost as perpetual guard. We can enter only by the Holy Ghost, either through His kindness and courtesy for pardon and cleansing, or in defiance and opposition to Him, thus trampling it under foot. Beyond that fountain are the gates of heaven, beyond that fountain are the doors of hell. If we go to heaven we must pass through the blood for pardon and cleansing; if we go to hell we must trample it under foot. Man cannot get away from the blood; it must be reckoned with. If we enter that fountain by the kindness and courtesy of the Holy Spirit, well and good; but if in spite of Him and in opposition to Him we enter to trample it underfoot, we become transgressors, and blood rejectors and make ourselves two-fold more the children of hell; for there is no sin under heaven like trampling under foot the blood of Jesus; and when you do this, if the Holy Ghost should strike you dead, or if He should lift His glistening wings and leave you forever, all heaven would clear Him of folly, for in doing so, He would do it in defense of the most precious and valuable thing in the universe of God; and if it were not for the love of God, the compassion of Christ, and the patience of the Holy Ghost, that is what He would do.

O sinner, that crimson stream flowing from Calvary's cross is at your feet; will you plunge in for pardon and cleansing, and be saved, or will you trample it under foot and be eternally lost?

For the healing of the nations is its flow,  
Come, ye millions, plunge into the crimson tide;  
O the precious blood will cleanse you as you go,  
And you will be satisfied.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END