

DR. WILSON'S STORIES OF SOUL-WINNING

by

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CHAPTER NINE

SHE WAS NOT UNDER THE BLOOD

Two hundred boys and girls, most of them teenagers, were gathered in the log house at the Bible camp out in the woods. They had gathered together on that beautiful summer morning to enjoy and be blessed by the morning Bible lesson before going out to play. I had chosen for my subject on that morning, "How to find the gospel in the Old Testament." Most of these young folks had never been interested in the Old Testament. Somehow they felt that it was filled with difficult words, and dry genealogies, and wars among people that they did not know. The subject was very interesting to them, and so they were waiting eagerly for the message.

This was a convention of young people from various young people's groups out of different denominations, and from different parts of the state. The sponsor of each group had come with the group to spend the week at this lovely lake resort. Among these sponsors was a lady about fifty-five years of age, who had brought with her seventeen teenagers, who came with their Bibles, and with buoyant spirits to enjoy physical and spiritual blessings. When I was introduced to this teacher, I noticed that her Bible was well worn, and revealed that she had used it a great deal. It was "dog-eared," and many passages of Scripture had been underlined for emphasis. She sat on the front bench in this log house, with her young people arranged around her.

The subject of the message on that particular morning was proving to be of great interest to the young people, and to the teachers. It was a new line of thought to them, for the pictures of Christ in the Old Testament had not been pointed out to most of them. I told them the story of Cain and Abel, and showed how that the offering of the lamb as a substitute for the man was acceptable to God, whereas the offering of good works by Cain was not acceptable. The offering that is made for sin, and for sinners must be a blood offering, and the sacrifice must die. Then I told them the story of Abraham and Isaac on Mount Moriah, and how that the ram caught in the bush was taken as a substitute and a sacrifice for Isaac, for again there must be the death of the sacrifice for the offerer.

As I finished telling these two stories, I noticed that my friend, the lady teacher on the front seat, was weeping. She turned her back toward me, and leaned over the back of the bench on which she was sitting.

I continued my explanation by using the story of the Passover Lamb, as told in Exodus 12. It is a wonderful picture of the Lord Jesus and is referred to as such in I Corinthians 5. I explained an imaginary case, and told how that God had instructed Moses to tell the people of Israel that every man must take a lamb, kill it, catch the blood in a basin, and sprinkle the blood on the two sides and the upper lintel of the door on the front of the house. The blood was sprinkled on the outside of the door, and God said to Moses, **“When I see the blood, I will pass over you.”**

I imagined there would be a prominent Jewish family in which the oldest daughter was named Sarah. She was a lovely girl, she was obedient to her parents, she attended to the teaching of the Rabbis, and lived an exemplary life. On the evening that the Lord had designated, she was studying at her books, when she called to her father, “Daddy, did you put blood on the outside of the door? Did not God tell Moses that every man must do it, and that the blood must be on every door?” She was quite interested because she was the first-born in the family. The father replied, “No, dear, I have not put out blood, because God did not mean this to apply to nice people like we are, and to lovely children like you are. You must always take God’s Word for what it means, and not what it says. Go back to your lessons, my daughter, your father knows best.”

She did return to her lessons, but about 11:00 o’clock she was so disturbed that again she called her father and said, “Daddy, did God say that all the bad people must do it, or that everybody must do it? You know, Daddy, I am the oldest one of the children, and I do not want to die.”

Her father was irritated by this persistence of his daughter, and said rather sharply, “Sarah, I told you that you must not take God too literally. You know very well He was not talking about you, because our home is a good home. He was talking about that family down the street that lived such wicked lives. Go to bed, dear, and quit worrying; your father knows best.”

The dear girl was too distressed to go to bed, and could not sleep. She had heard that God had said to Moses that every house must be sheltered under the blood. She knew there was no blood on the door of the home where she lived. Just before 12:00 o’clock, midnight, she called her father again, and said, “Daddy, I am awfully afraid, for there is no blood on our door, and God told Moses that the blood must be on every house.”

As the clock struck 12:00, the father heard a strange noise and hurrying to the bedroom of his daughter found that she was lying dead on the floor. God had kept His word. The father had interpreted it to suit his own feelings and fancy. If he had put the blood on the doorpost, as he had been instructed, it would have shown to the angel that he believed God. The absence of the blood proved he did not believe God. I then continued addressing the audience with the plea that each one of them believe God, trust the living Saviour, and get under the blood of Calvary.

The lady on the front seat continued to weep as I told the story, and as I concluded the service. An appeal was made for those who would trust Christ to rise and say so. Many of the young people did rise, and in a very intelligent manner told that for the first time they had seen the value of Jesus Christ, and His death for them at Calvary. After the confessions were made, I left the platform and went to the weeping teacher to ask her the reason for her grief. She told me quickly that she was quite sure she had never come under the blood. She decided she was a hypocrite, a professing Christian, but never had believed God about the Lord Jesus.

This stirred my heart, and so I kneeled beside her and said, “I certainly shall tell the Lord Jesus how He has neglected you. It isn’t fair that He should shed His blood for others, and omit you.”

Having said this to her, I began to pray and said, “Lord Jesus, I cannot understand why You neglected this woman, and did nothing for her while You were dying for others.”

She took hold of my shoulder and exclaimed, “Don’t tell Jesus that, that isn’t right, and it isn’t so!”

Of course, I wanted her to see that fact, and so I said again to the Saviour, “Do tell this friend why You did nothing for her at Calvary. You shed Your blood for others, You died for sinners; why did You not do something for this person?”

My friend exclaimed quickly, “How foolish it is to talk that way! Of course, the Saviour did not neglect me, He was dying for me, and He blotted my sins out—His Bible says so. How ever could I doubt it!”

The peace of God filled her heart, and the joy of the Lord changed her countenance from sadness to smiles. Christ Jesus had become real and precious to her.

~ end of chapter 9 ~

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