

“Is it Sprinkled.”



“AND why ask that, my son? Why so anxious about a thing so unimportant?”  
“Oh, father, do not speak so! You know how God, by Moses, has commanded the blood to be sprinkled on the lintel and the two side-posts before midnight, else the first-born must die.”

“The Almighty is merciful, my son; and surely we are not Egyptian sinners, that we should be so terribly afraid of a judgment intended only for them.”

“Yes, father, merciful indeed,—wonderfully merciful to choose and spare a people like us, more guilty, it seems to me, than Egypt itself. But then, the mercy is—to provide the blood as the means of deliverance, not to save us without it, much less in contempt of it.”

“Well, then, is not the blood already shed?—and does not that satisfy you? Were you not with me in the afternoon when I slew the lamb, and collected the blood in the basin? Do you call that contempt of it?”

“I know it, father. I saw the blood shed, but is it *sprinkled*?”

“And why so particular about that, my boy? Can you not be satisfied when you know that the blood was rightly shed, at the right time?”

“Oh, father, do not treat me so. Is the blood *sprinkled*? That is the thing for me. If it is not, you know I am the one to suffer for it.”

“Well, really, my child, I am not sure whether this thing, that so concerns you, has been done or not. I hope it has; but I have been so busy with other things, and so many of the neighbours have been in and out talking over matters, that I cannot speak for certain about this sprinkling. Nor can I think, after all, that it matters so much as you seem to fancy.”

“Fancy! What do you mean, father? If God is true, then in an hour or two I shall be dead, unless this thing be really done. Mother!

sister! bring here the lamp, and let us see whether the blood be on the door-post or not. . . . Oh, what is this!—no sign of blood? Yet look again—look all round—on this side—on this—on the lintel. Alas! no—nothing of the blood here!”

“Well, surely, I told the lad to have the thing done, and it seems he has overlooked it. But, since you are so anxious about the matter, I hope the basin may still have the blood in it.”

“Hope, father! and is that the thread on which your first-born's life now hangs? Well, let us put an end to the hoping, and know the worst!”

So they seek for the vessel, and it is found; the hyssop branch is dipped in it—the blood is sprinkled on the door-post. And now the fevered youth can rest, and quietly wait for the appointed hour. The hour arrives—the agent of destruction goes forth—each unsprinkled house is entered.

“And it came to pass, that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh on his throne, to the first-born of the captive in the dungeon.” And there was a great cry throughout all the land, because “there was not a house where there was not one dead.” But as true as is the sentence of judgment, so true is the word of mercy. To all the blood-sprinkled houses there comes nothing worse than a glorious *passover*. “When I see the blood, I will pass over you,” saith the Lord; “and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you.” (Exod. xii. 13.)

And now I ask every one who has read thus far, can you suppose such a case, or can you not? Probably not. You can hardly fancy to yourself a father at once so profane and cruel on that terrible night. A son's life was at stake. Not likely, then, that it would be thus recklessly trifled with. But now there is a greater blood that has been shed, even the blood of God's Son; and there is a greater life that is at stake, and that life, reader, is *thy soul's* life of endless well-being. And so I cannot but come, and, with somewhat of the agony of that youth, ask of thee, brother, “*Is it sprinkled?*” This and this only, you know, could avail in the case of that first-born. It was not the shed blood, but the shed blood *sprinkled*, that could save him from the overhanging sword. And so now. The blood has been shed, truly enough, most perfectly and gloriously shed, once and forever, and for all, on Calvary. And there surely enough, has the eye of God seen it; but, has He seen it *on thee*? That is the question. *Is it sprinkled?* It may seem strange, but so it is;—not even the ocean fulness of the Lamb's blood, as overflowing our earth, but only the blood, *as sprinkled on thee*, can save thy soul. Do you say, “The Almighty is merciful. We are not so bad as many. Our Saviour died for us. We hope it is all right, or