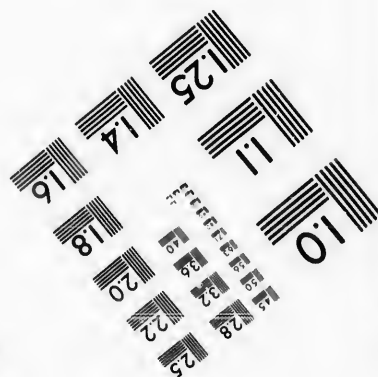
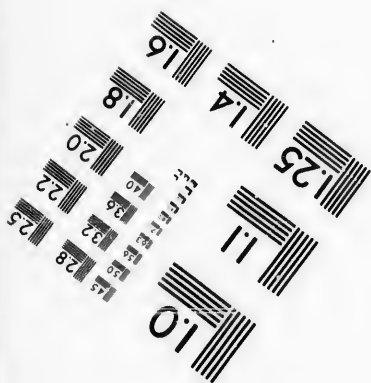
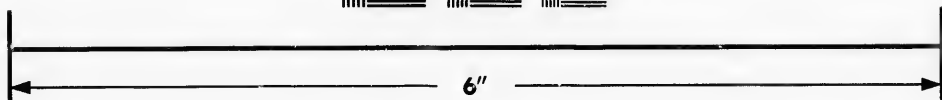
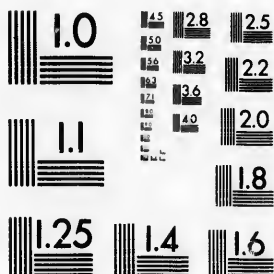


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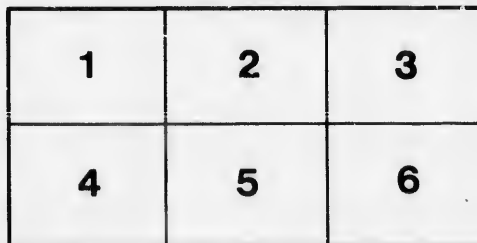
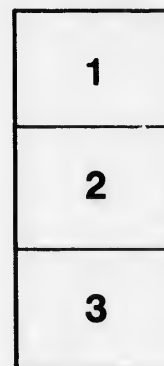
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"IS IT SPRINKLED?"

OR,

*"When I see the Blood I will
Pass over you."*

—o:o—

By W. T. P. W.



MONTREAL FREE TRACT DEPOT,

HART & SON, PRINTERS, 241 ST. JAMES ST.

n.d.
W959

IS IT SPRINKLED ?

“And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are; and when I see the blood I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt. . . . And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the bason, and strike the lintel and the two side-posts with the blood that is in the bason; and none of you shall go out at the door of his house until the morning.”—Exod. xii. 13, 22.

ISRAEL'S redemption and exodus from Egypt give a striking type of the Gospel and its effects now. These verses show God's way of salvation, and the way man must act in order to avail himself of God's rich and wondrous provision for his need. Judgment was about to fall on man. Egypt and all its household were exposed to this sure and certain judgment, the Israelite as much as the Egyptian—true figure of the world's present condition, with God's eternal

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IS IT SPRINKLED ?

judgment of sin looming in the distance. Death is at the very threshold. The Judge is passing by. Can His righteous wrath be averted? Can His entrance in this terrible character be arrested? These are the momentous questions of that night, and also of the present moment. Reader, can you answer them? Unless you know in reality the meaning of the two verses I have quoted, you cannot do so; but if still in darkness, may God in His infinite mercy open your eyes.

There are a great many people who would tell you without hesitation that they fully believe the Word of God as to the death of Christ being the only ground of a sinner's hope before God, that they had given up all ecclesiastical bolts and bars as a means of keeping out the coming judgment: and yet they are not saved. Why is this? They believe Jesus died, and yet they are not saved. Why is this? "Oh," you say, "they have not faith." I suppose that is at the root of it. No sensible man, no honest man, no man who has a notion of what God is, but must come to this conclusion—"I

stand in danger." And then, too, he must believe as a historical fact the death of Jesus. Still, such are not saved. The reason is, the blood is still in the basin and not sprinkled on the lintel and two side-posts. This is an illustration of what I mean. It is as though you had gone into the house of an Israelite that night and put the question to him, "Do you believe judgment is coming? Nine woes are past, but do you believe the last woe is coming?" "Oh, yes; I believe it, and I have done as Moses commanded—the lamb is slain, the blood is shed." "Is the blood in the basin?" "Yes." "Is it on the lintel and side-posts?" "No not yet" "Oh, then the blood is in the basin still?" "Yes." "And why not on the lintel and side-posts?" "I do not know how to put it there." "But are you safe from the destroyer?" "I am not sure; I hope so."

Now this is just your case perhaps. You believe the blood of the Lamb has been shed—you know Jesus died—you know there is only shelter beneath that precious blood; but there has been no

real application of the death of Christ to your own soul. Why is this? There has been no taking the bunch of hyssop and sprinkling the blood with it. The bunch of hyssop is a very insignificant thing—a poor, contemptible thing—and people are not willing to go down so low. Knowledge is a thing that ruins a person if there is not the application of the thing known to the heart. But remember, you may go down to hell with the Bible at your finger ends—for knowledge is not faith nor repentance. But the bunch of hyssop, though a very poor insignificant thing is a Divine necessity. Had it been a bunch of cedar you could have understood it, the cedar with its lofty grandeur, that could almost shelter an army beneath its wide-spreading branches. Solomon spake of all things. "From the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." A little thing that does not take root in a decent fashion even, but springs out from between two stones! The cedar and the hyssop are the two extremes in nature, the

highest and the lowest. You must take the blood up with a bunch of hyssop, that is, you must go and shelter yourself under that precious blood with the full consciousness that you are a *lost soul*, without a particle of innate worthiness or goodness. In Lev. xiv., the hyssop was buried out of sight. In Numbers xix. it was burnt out of sight. David says in Ps. li., "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean." There is no mistake about that man, he wants cleansing." "I will take hyssop," says David. Oh, cast me where you will, treat me as you will, only cleanse me. "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

But listen to this; it was on the end of a bunch of hyssop—that spake of the lowest and most degrading thing in nature—they gave the Lord Jesus a sponge of vinegar in the day of His death, when He was dying to put away sins. Yes, they could taunt Him with the bunch of hyssop in the hour of His agony. His deep, untold suffering, His suffering for

us; and Jesus, in the grace of His heart received it, and said, "*It is finished.*" What does that mean? It means, He there was undergoing from the hand of God the wrath, the dark, bitter agony that was due to you and me. *He died for us that we might live with Him.*

Are you prepared, dear reader, to accept the bunch of hyssop yourself; in other words, to take the place of repentance and self-judgment before God? Mark! there never entered an unrepentant soul within the doors of heaven. Faith and repentance go together. Using the bunch of hyssop is a man going down before God in the acknowledgement of his true lost and ungodly state; not content with saying, "I know Jesus died, but I must *wait* till I go through some edifying experience, as I have heard of others having, before I can know I am saved;" but sheltering himself as a lost man under cover of that precious blood—applying it to his own heart. "But," you say, "I never saw the blood of Christ." Nor did I! I never saw the blood of Christ, and

never shall see it; but I believe what God has told me about it. It is not you that see the blood; but God says, "When I see the blood I will pass over."

But you ask, "Why sprinkle it only on the lintel and on the two side-posts; why not on the ground; why not on the floor or basement?" Ah! I will tell you why. Because it is left to a careless soul like you to trample the blood of Jesus beneath the feet—to despise and scorn it. What does faith do? Faith looks up to it; shelters beneath it, and says, "I stand beneath a blood-stained canopy." There was but one eye saw the blood that night. No Israelite saw the blood. They simply obeyed the word of God; they put it on the outside of their houses in faith, and they remained inside in peace, secure under its shelter. And if God has told you that on the cross His blessed Son died to put away your sins what have you to do? Simply to repose on the truth which God has told you. God bids us shelter ourselves beneath that blood, that precious

blood which has been shed (Heb. ix., 11, 12.) Christ's blood has been shed on the cross, and He having there suffered in our stead once and once only—having borne the judgment—has entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us. He entered in on the ground of His own blood; on the ground of what He is, and what He has done and endured. He has entered in once.

Christ having borne sins, having taken them upon Him, having been on the cross made sin, put Himself in grace as a substitute in a place out of which He could not extricate Himself save by putting away those sins. He was there on the cross with sins upon Him. He was on that tree under the judgment of sin, not His own, blessed be God, but *ours!* *OURS!* On the cross, in the deepest grace, He hung in the sinner's place. He endured the wrath for the sinner; He died for the sinner. He was *sacrificed for us*, "Christ our Passover was sacrificed for us." "*Sacrificed for us!*" Charming word! It might charm the

heart of the most hardened sinner. He *sacrificed Himself*. Yes, **HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF FOR US**, and yet *you* have never sacrificed a single half-hour for Christ. You never sacrificed a bit of pleasure for Christ, you never sacrificed your own will or your own way a single moment for Christ. You have sacrificed many a thing, everything, for your own pleasure, but nothing for Him. Is this not so? Pause! think for a moment. He *sacrificed Himself* for us and then passed into the Holy Place, having obtained eternal redemption for us; and the apostle then adds, "How much more shall the blood of Christ purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God."

If, in Exodus xii., the blood of the lamb could preserve the greatest sinner all through that long night, so that no death or destruction could enter in there—"how much more," O careless sinner, "how much more shall the blood of Christ purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God,"—that blood which has met the claims of God

—that precious blood which has silenced the accuser, “how much more” shall it bring a defiled guilty sinner into God’s presence, pardoned, blessed, forgiven, saved to serve *Him*! Scripture all through speaks of the blood of Christ, and points the sinner to the blood of Christ that has met God, and satisfied His claims. And now there is nothing for you to do but trust it. If you despise it, you must perish. If you shelter beneath it, you receive eternal life.

It is an awful thing to despise the blood of Christ. Mark well the word in Exodus xi., which God whispers, as it were, in the ear of Moses to tell to Pharaoh—“Yet will I bring one plague more.” Mark it, you who care not to be ranked among the despised followers of Jesus, who have trampled under foot His precious blood; there remains for you one plague more—*one plague more*; and, oh! tell me what will you do when this plague overtakes you? Will you try and escape it? Impossible! Will you try to put it off? Impossible! impossible! Will you say as a dying man,

a rich man, once said to his physician, when he told him the plain truth, that he could not live much longer, "O, Doctor, I will give you all I possess, if you can only give me one day more of life?" "Impossible! impossible!" That day he died. And, sinner what will you do the day that plague overtakes you? the day the iron hand of death seizes you in its relentless grasp? "It is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this the judgment.*" God had only "one plague more" for Pharaoh. But, O Christless soul, God has two plagues more for you! "After this the judgment." "*After this the judgment!*" How will you meet it? Oh! if you have never decided for Christ before, will you not decide for Him now? will you not come to Him now? will you not put yourself under the shelter of His precious blood before this coming judgment-day arrives? I put my queries to you specially who have been moved under the word of God before, but are still undecided for Christ, still unsettled. Oh! I appeal to you, risk no longer meeting these two plagues

more. No longer let the god of this world blind your eyes to the coming danger, or harden your heart. Let not procrastination lead you astray.

I would you knew my Saviour! my Jesus! the Saviour I know, the Jesus I know; my blessed, precious Saviour. Now just tell me, would you not like to know Him? Does not your heart sometimes long to know rest and peace? You will find it nowhere else, but you will find rest in knowing Him. Do you tremble to meet these two plagues more—these two coming plagues from which there is no escape? then listen to this—*“So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.” “So Christ.”* If my sin demands death and judgment, so Christ was once offered, bearing sins, and enduring judgment from the hand of God to bring me salvation. *“I am content.”* I say, *“I am content.* Beneath the shelter of that precious blood I will crouch—I am safe, I am happy. I am to stay in the house until the morning, peaceful and happy, keeping the feast within, feeding on Christ, enjoying

Christ, feasting on Him each day. 'None of you shall go out at the door of his house until the morning.' I have clean done with the world, I want nothing from outside, outside there is only death and destruction."

The long dark time of Jesus' absence, He calls the night. In the morning Jesus comes and takes us right out of the scene, and until then we are to remain in the house, safely resting beneath the shelter of that blood—done with the world, and only waiting till the morning, that bright, that sunny morning, when He shall come to take us into the Father's house—when we shall hear His own voice calling us, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." "Ah," you say, "I would like to be there in that morning." Well if you would be there *then* decide for Jesus *now*. Who can say you will see another opportunity! And mark! mark!

there are two plagues more! *Two plagues more!* But not for me—He has taken those two plagues for me, and now what is a Christian looking for? Looking for Him! “To them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation.” An unconverted man is looking for two plagues more. He may shut his eyes to the fact, but there they are before him. Do you ask me, “What about the two plagues for you?” I answer, “They are behind me. Jesus has taken them for me, and I am looking for Him.”

May the Lord bless His word, and give strength and courage to those who receive Him to come clean out of the world, and to live only to please and serve and follow Him. Do you think that is hard work and dreadful bondage? That is because you know nothing about it! It is hard work and dreadful bondage to labor in the brick-kilns of the world and then go down into the depths of hell at the end. I call that dreadful bondage. To go on serving Satan now, then to go down with him where

no drop of water shall ever cool your tongue, where the voice of God is never heard—into the darkness of an eternal night, which no ray of light shall ever penetrate. Shut out from Jesus? Yes, shut out from Him then for ever! Oh, decide for Him now. You must decide for yourself, no one can decide for you. What a difference! Shut out from Him forever in the depths of hell, or going to be forever with Him! Oh, will you not decide? I made my choice long ago. So now I know that death and judgment are behind me, and only Jesus before me. Will you not make your choice and choose Him just now? The Lord grant it. God has provided the "Blood"—do you use the "Hyssop."

W. T. P. W.

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