

We would fain draw back into a satisfied complacency. But if our religion is to occupy its rightful position in our lives, it must not deal merely with superficialities. It must touch the very elemental facts of existence. It must grapple with reality.

Blood has come to be a figurative expression for the very utmost. We speak of a man as so absorbed in a task that he sweats blood. Heb.12.4 speaks of the necessity of resisting unto blood, striving against sin. When one gives his blood for a cause, we understand that he is doing all that he can possibly do.

When man became estranged from God, through sin, some great sacrifice was necessary to restore him. A righteous God could not accept sin, nor look with anything but the strongest of disfavor upon it. Only by the payment of life could the demands of justice be met. This is made very clear in Lev.17.11: *For the life of the flesh is in the blood; and I have given it to you upon the altar, to make an atonement for your souls: for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.* Without shedding of blood is no remission of sin. Life for life, and blood for blood-- only so can the harm done by sin be covered, and man restored to relationship with God.

Even heathen nations grasped something of this great truth. It would be interesting to trace blood sacrifice through the history of the races of antiquity-- to see to what lengths they went to overcome the barrier which could not but be felt between themselves and the Unseen. Parents would often sacrifice their children-- a most revolting custom, to our eyes; yet when we