Gethsemane

by Robert Cummins

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CHAPTER SEVEN

This is an age that ought to understand the efficacy of the blood of JESUS. Science is continually in search of blood with sufficient power and vitality to combat the ills of humanity. Great discoveries have been made already. The scourge of diphtheria has been practically conquered because of blood. Human blood does not have the needed vitality and power to combat diphtheria.

But science has discovered that there is a certain kind of horse whose blood is able to conquer and destroy the poison of diphtheria, and that after it has conquered and destroyed those dread toxins it has the power to provide immunity to human beings. So scientists inject the diphtheria germ into the blood of this type of horse. The horse becomes sick, not with its own sickness, but by taking into its blood a human ailment. Then the blood of the horse meets the diphtheria germs in combat, conquers, and destroys them and their poison. Something happens to the blood of that horse. It produces and antitoxin, a serum that is a remedy for diphtheria. And when that victorious blood is injected into the human body, it transfers to the blood of the human body its power of defeating the germs of diphtheria.

What a wonderful type of the blood of JESUS! He knew no sin. His blood was pure and uncontaminated. No offering could be found whose blood could do away with the germs of sins. The blood of bulls and goats could not conquer it. So the Son of GOD offered His blood. He offered His body to be injected with the germs of sin and death, that through death He might destroy the power of death. Just as the horse through being sick with diphtheria, through sickness destroyed the power of sickness, so JESUS, being made sin and yielding His body and His blood to the power of death, met in His body and in His blood the awful might of the power of sin and death, and in that combat between His blood and the germs and powers of sin and death emerged more than victor. Being put to death, in all actuality He met death, and His blood had the vitality and virtue that could meet and conquer death. Man's blood could not meet sin and death and conquer them. JESUS' blood did what man's blood could not do, and now that precious blood, having prevailed over the powers of sin and evil, once and for all had provided an antitoxin, a remedy, that can meet and overcome the sin of any man who will be faith take the injection of the victorious antitoxin of the blood of the Son of GOD - the LAMB slain that takes away the sin of the world.

In Gethsemane CHRIST offered His body and blood to take the sickness of sin and death, the vileness that had destroyed humanity, in order that His blood might fight and destroy this archenemy of man. The cost of taking it was very great, but there was no other way. No power in heaven or in earth could meet sin but the power of His blood. His blood could and did meet and conquer our destroyer. Therefore He drank the cup to the dregs. He became sin for our sakes, and the conflict between His blood and the power of sin and death was no easy, light battle. It cost the Almighty One His Son. It cost the Son Gethsemane and Calvary. But He conquered Gethsemane and broke its power. He conquered the Cross and robbed it of its terror.

The physician who is trying to save the life of a patient suffering from a moral illness, has lost the battle if his diagnosis is incorrect. If he should call the dangerous illness only a slight fever, he is worse than no doctor. Only when he knows the danger facing his patient, and the critical condition, in which he lies, can he be trusted to provide a suitable remedy.

Herein is one of the wonderful virtues of the Bible. It does not mince matters when it comes to diagnosing man's condition. Nowhere else is such a dark picture of man's evil situation painted. This very fact gives us confidence; for if the Bible painted any brighter picture of the sickness that has laid humanity low, we could well question both its divine origin and the remedy it offers.

The tragedy of mankind's fallen condition is very, very great. It is so dark that only a very great Being who has faced and conquered the uttermost depths of sorrow and anguish can speak to humanity's heart. The hearts of men have been so terribly broken that only some Great Heart that has known great crushing will be able to bring them healing and comfort. As we have seen, the word Gethsemane means "oil press." And in that oil press the great heart of GOD went through unutterable crushing that the sweet, healing olive oil of His blessed HOLY SPIRIT might be pressed out to flow to a world crushed in deep anguish.

Gethsemane tells me that it was no weak foe that met my Lord in the garden. Gethsemane reveals to me the cruelty, the almost infinite power of sin, and the dread danger that lurks in its seeming harmlessness. Gethsemane assures me that GOD has not minimized the forces of sin and death, nor has He lightly treated the tragedy of man's fallen estate. Gethsemane shocks me into asking the question, "What is this awful thing -- sin? What is this force that men enjoy and welcome so universally? Is this the power that caused my Lord such deep anguish and such terrible struggle? Is this the thing that wrung from His body the bloody sweat?" Gethsemane makes me stand aghast at the awful horror of sin!

But Gethsemane does something else. Gethsemane tells me that sin has met its match. Evil may be, and is, an unspeakably terrible and cruel foe. But in Gethsemane I see its Mighty Conqueror. Death may be horrible and ruthless and all but infinitely powerful, but in Gethsemane I see Him who challenges its power.

My Lord is mightier than sin. His blood, incorruptible and full of virtue and vitality, has destroyed the power of sin's poison and is an all-sufficient remedy for humanity's sad condition.

It would be a marvelous thing if each of us would go to Gethsemane and linger there until the Spirit shows us our personal part in CHRIST's terrible experience. In Gethsemane I see my sin crushing my Saviour, filling His soul with loathing and horror, making Him exceeding sorrowful even unto death, causing Him a fearful struggle, filling Him with such anguish that His sweat becomes as it were great drops of blood. There I begin to understand the nature of redeeming love. To holiness, impurity is sickness worse than cancer. To righteousness, the ultimate horror is wickedness. To goodness, there is something worse than death -- sin. To love, the deepest agony is plumbed when the dearly loved one falls victim to selfish, debasing wickedness.

I was with my earthly Father when his youngest son, his joy and pride, and best beloved, fell victim to an incurable, swift cancer. Never will I forget his cry, "I'd give anything if I could take your cancer, John, into my stomach and set you free."

In Gethsemane my heavenly Father came down to my low estate. There I saw Him who loves me with an everlasting love, face the full horror of the cancer of my sin. There I saw His face of sorrow unto death when I heard Him say, "I have brought to thee My only Begotten, My Best Beloved. He not only longs to take the deadly cancer of thy sin into His own blood, to set thee free; He has come to do so actually."

I saw His sorrow when He faced my pride, my rebellion, my dishonesty, unfaithfulness, hypocrisy, uncleanness, unbelief, and my stubborn disobedience and self-will. I saw His distress, His agony, His sweat becoming great drops of blood. Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow! How it makes me hate what once I loved! How it makes me long to be holy, as He is holy!

And there I see Him take the full cup of my iniquity and drink it to the dregs. He who knew no cancer of sin has been made sin for me. My sins have been nailed to the cross - to His heart. He has taken the sin into His blood. His soul has been made a sin offering. The Father for my sake laid all my sin on Him!

~ end of chapter 7 ~

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