

HEALED THROUGH THE BLOOD

By Anna W. Prosser

ONLY the Holy Spirit can reveal to us the full value and the efficacy of the blood of Christ. During the past week or ten days, while passing through a struggle with La Grippe, several times during the night verses of hymns were brought to my mind by the blessed Spirit, and every one of them referred to the blood of Christ, and were suggested with such power and sweetness that I was enabled thereby to put the enemy completely to rout. We are told to resist the devil and he will flee from us, and I have found no more successful way in which to resist him than to point him to the blood repeatedly, until he retires from the field in dismay. One night during this recent attack, while in a violent paroxysm of coughing, a young friend laid her hands upon me and continued a long while in earnest prayer. While she prayed, the Spirit spoke just one line of a hymn to me, as if in my ear. I had never heard the hymn that I remember, and but one line was given "The blood, the blood, is all my plea." I asked my friend if there was a hymn containing those words, and she said she thought so but could not recall it. I concluded that the Lord saw that that one line was all I needed, and so began to claim the cleansing and healing power of the blood (for the blood does heal as well as cleanse), and soon sank into a quiet sleep from which I did not waken until morning.

The next day was Sunday, and in the afternoon meeting which is held at my house, what was my

astonishment to hear a friend strike up a chorus beginning with those identical words: "The blood, the blood, is all my plea!" The audience joined in it with such fervor and power that it thrilled me through and through. None of them knew that the Lord Himself had whispered it to me in the night watches and that now He was giving me the whole of it in this wonderful way. I felt assured from this that He wished to call my attention forcibly to the power of the blood to heal me, but it was not until several other similar hymns and passages had been given me, a night or two after, that I was able to come off victorious over the enemy and his dark unclean work in my body. A few days after this, I determined to venture out for a walk, and did so, praying every step I took. After retiring at night I was much tempted by the enemy to think I had done a wild, presumptuous thing, and suddenly awoke toward morning seized with a chill. "A relapse!" said Satan, "and you'll never come through it. It will end in pneumonia."

As a friend had just died of that disease a few doors from us, after an illness of only three days, this suggestion filled me with fear, but I immediately met the enemy with the firm declaration that I was entirely healed, though my feelings and symptoms did indeed seem to give my words the lie. Just then came the glorious hymn:

"Jesus is Victor, the work is complete
Crushing all enemies under His feet

Jesus is Victor, the foe in the dust
Never can rise again, if we but trust."

Pointing the enemy to the finished work upon the Cross, and to the blood which there redeemed me from sickness as well as sin, I held my ground fighting "the good fight of faith" and insisting that in spite of all symptoms, the blood did positively heal me completely then and there. Just at this point, it seemed to me I was conscious of a presence at my bedside like "the man with the drawn sword," the Captain of the Lord's host. I said "Yes, blessed Lord, I am standing with Thee in this battle and we're coming off victorious." I was then thrown into a profuse perspiration, which brought great relief, and soon sank into a gentle quiet sleep, from which I did not awaken until morning.

As soon as I opened my eyes, I was greeted with these cheering words:

"I'm more THAN A CONQUEROR *through the blood*
Jesus saves me now," etc.

I joyfully realized it to be a fact. Glory to the name of Jesus! All hail atoning blood! I must not forget to mention another beautiful verse of a hymn, which was brought to my mind during this illness, which conveyed the same truth most forcibly about the healing power of the blood of Christ. It was this:

"How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side;
Who thence their health and strength derive
And by Thee move and in Thee live."

On one other occasion about two years ago, I was shown by the Holy Spirit that I was hidden away in Jesus' side, and at that time wept tears of joy over the revelation, and was greatly comforted. Now I had a second glimpse of myself in that precious shelter, in living union with Him, drawing life from Him even as a little babe upon its mother's breast. This view of the wonderful efficacy of Jesus' blood, for healing as well as cleansing, given me so repeatedly through all these precious hymns, actually brought me out from under the power of that distressing and dangerous disease, La Grippe, and I pass the experience as another of the countless triumphs achieved in His name.

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