

THE MIND UNDER THE BLOOD

Pro..16:3 NKJV Commit your works to the LORD, And your thoughts will be established.

Rom.12:2 NKJV And do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that you may prove what *is* that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

The mind has been likened unto the room of a house where visitors are entertained. All visitors to one's three-fold being come in through the mind. They first enter the mind, then drop down into the spirit and take root, then possess the whole man.

Thoughts are bold and daring things, and strong and persistent. Like armed men they force themselves in on the mind. They come enticingly. They come insinuatingly. They come threateningly. They come in a thousand ways. They come singly; they come in droves. Some wait at the door of the mind and push and crowd to get in while the room is full. They keep up a din and chatter and strain the nerves and chill the heart. Fear dashes into the mind and captures us and holds us fast.

A thought knocked at the door of the mind. It was admitted and entertained. Passion enters the mind. It is looked at a while, then possesses the whole being and leads to sin and shame.

Anxiety and nervousness appear and drive off rest and keep one sleepless all night for nothing.

Doubt, as full of death as hell itself, is let in and consulted with, and blows out every light and fills the room with darkness.

Trouble, many-faced, many-handed, big and squatty, will fill the mind and stay all day, and return in the morning by the time you open your eyes.

Cares, weighing a thousand pounds each, come to unload in the room.

Old Self, under God's judgment, and refusing to die, wants to stay on hand all the time, with a ready sword of protection and having pitying attendants on hand with fans and camphor bottles in case it is hit or wounded or slighted or knocked down. It wants the best chair in the mind and the most attention notwithstanding it is the most unwelcome visitor on hand. It has been deposed of God and is under His everlasting curse, and yet wants to lurk around all the time.

And friends and foes and husbands and wives and children, and tomorrow, and houses and lands, and the work on hand of whatever nature, and what was and what is and what is to be, and this and that and the other, real and imaginary, and demon impressions and suggestions, and the thoughts of friends, and foes toward you, coming to you in dream and while awake as swift messengers – all these things in the different shapes and sizes and sounds will harass and possess and occupy and claim all the attention of the mind, if allowed.

Thousands are in the grave and the madhouse, and other thousands are in physical torments and sickness because of the mind thus occupied. And many honest souls are craving deliverance. How is it found? These visitors cannot be humanly driven off. They are too many and too strong and too smart for us. They have no shame, nor feeling. Kick them out and they get right up and come in again. Lock the door and every one of them have a master key.

But thank God there is a way of deliverance from these tormenting thoughts, spirits, things. And that way is through the precious blood of the Lamb of God once slain.

When my eyes opened from sleep these thoughts of past, present and future trouble were on hand to torment me. They had made an early start. They would come trooping in. I was helpless. I knew not what to do with them. Then the Lord showed me that door in Egypt with the blood sprinkled over and around it (Ex.12:21-24) into which no evil, tormenting spirit could come and that I was just simply to be willing to commit my mind unto Him in helplessness and then to claim and believe and see the blood of Christ over and around it, just like that door, that room in Egypt.. It was a new and blessed thought to me.

I did so. They came again and I said, "The blood is over the door. The world is dead to me and I am dead to the world. You cannot enter under the blood." They back off. Again and again they would come, but I simply pointed to the blood over the door; the mind. I thought on the blood whenever they came; and soon their power was gone and they ceased their visitations; my torments ceased; my mind had rest, as I committed all to God and thought on the blood. The spotless Lamb of God has shed His most precious blood for you, to cleanse and cover and free and keep you, not only from sin and sickness, but in mind from torments and distractions as well.

The blood is your one safety. Not a death-dealing, troubling, tormenting, fearful visitor could enter the room that night in Egypt where the blood was on the door. And dear, tormented soul, a thousand-fold more real and powerful than the blood of that little lamb is the precious blood of the Lamb of God. See by faith His blood sprinkled over the mind, the door to your being, and when these things appear and knock for attention, throw up your hands, helpless souls and point them to the blood on the door. By faith put the blood between them and you. Consent to your death in that blood and take your place definitely and continually under its protection.

Say to thoughts and all hindering visitors to the mind's distraction from God and peace, "I am dead to you and you are dead to me". Say it in faith; say it over and over; say it persistently, believe that the blood is on the door of your mind and that it is protecting you as God said it would.

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