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“WHITER THAN SNOW.”

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I mourn o'er the years that are wasted,
That might have been bright with His love;
I mourn, but I cannot recall them,
They have gone with their record above:
Oh say! is there hope, is there mercy?
Say, where can a guilty soul go?
I will fly to the opened fountain,
That washes “whiter than snow!”

I cannot bring price or merit,
I am all undone and lost;
But the Lord has bought my ransom—
Oh! at what a bitter cost!
I will bring to Him my burden,
And He cannot say me “No,”
For I plead the Blood atoning,
That washes “whiter than snow!”

Oh yes! the Fountain is flowing!
Its waters have cleansed my soul;
I hear the voice of the Spirit—
“Christ Jesus maketh thee whole!”
Gone is the sigh and the sorrow!
Gone is the burden of woe!
And Heaven is above, within me,
As the Blood makes “whiter than snow!”

And soon, 'mid the hosts of the ransomed,
With crown and with harp of gold,
I will sing of Him who redeemed me—
Of His love that never was told;
And loud and sweet as the angels',
Shall be my song, I know—
For I'll sing of the Blood of Jesus,
That washes “whiter than snow!”