

A ROYAL MAGNANIMITY

CHARACTERIZES THE DIVINE AMNES-
TY TO ALL WHO REPENT.

"WHITER THAN THE SNOW"

Sinners of Every Degree Are Urged to
Accept the Offer Which is Made With
a Completeness That Puts Human
Forgiveness to Shame—Black Sins and
Their Everlasting Cure.Entered according to Act of Parliament of Can-
ada, in the year 1904, by William Baily, of To-
ronto, as the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.Los Angeles, Cal., April 24.—In
this sermon the preacher announces
the divine amnesty to all who re-
pent, and sinners of every degree are
urged to accept the offer which is
made with a royal magnanimity and
completeness that puts human forgive-
ness to shame by comparison. The
text is Psalm li, 7, "Wash me, and
I shall be whiter than snow.""Absurd simile," you say; "that
statement cannot be scientifically
true. There is nothing whiter than
the snow, any more than there is
anything deadlier than death, or
blacker than black, or redder than
arterial blood, or emptier than a
vacuum."
Snow, from a chemist's stand-
point, has a superlative whiteness.
The purest of all vapors is that
found far up in the heavens. Along
comes a sudden cold wave and it
freezes that vapor into snowflakes,
just as that cold wave can freeze
falling raindrops into hailstones
which patter upon the pavement.
Then that snowflake slowly drops
through the air it comes to us as
white as it is possible for anything
to be. And yet there is a sense in
which the psalmist is right in say-
ing that God can wash away our
sins until we become "whiter than
snow," the pure snow, the spotless,
wind driven snow.What you state about the snow is
literally true. Scientifically, there
can be nothing "whiter than snow."
But you must interpret these words
of my text with the figurative license
of the poet. When you see through
poetic eyes and hear through poetic
ears you can see sights and hear
sounds never analyzed in any labor-
atory or classified by any earthly
acoustician.We do not bind the imagination of
the poet with the rigid bonds of
scientific accuracy. He is accorded a
license to see and hear with his
spiritual eyes and ears scenes and
sounds not scientifically true.
Though these words of my text may
not be literally true, in the figurative
language of the psalmist they are
poetically so. They may mean in
the common language this: Though
your past lives show stains that
seem to you indelible as scarlet,
though you have committed sins
which have not only corrupted your
own soul, but have laid the souls of
others, like the human sacrifice of
the Aztec sun worshippers on the fiery
altars, yet, even for you there are
pardon and cleansing, if you will ac-
cept them. Like the prodigal in his
rags and tatters, there is a home for
you in the Father's house. Though,
like Paul, you have to acknowledge
yourself the chief of sinners, like him
you may find grace and have the
honor of tolling in Christian service.Christ is ready to cleanse the
drunkard's sins. These are neither
few nor small, for the drunkard's
sins can drag a man down so low
that he will lose all sense of decency
and respect. They can change a man
into a condition more imbruted than
that of a wild beast. The drunkard
after awhile seems to become as un-
recognizable in his passions as the
patient whose voracious appetite is
insatiable after a long attack of
typhoid fever. The drunkard's crav-
ing will make a man lie and steal
and destroy his home and his busi-
ness. The drunkard's sins will eat
out a man's heart as well as his
brain. The drunkard's sins are like
the legion of demons which took pos-
session of the poor maniac who,
naked and alone, haunted the tombs
of the Gadarenes, and, like them,
they may be exorcised by the same
divine power. They are the direct
and indirect cause of countless other
sins.Some people will tell you that men
drink to drown their sorrows. I tell
you that when men drink they stain
their souls. No sooner is the drunk-
ard's poisonous draft taken into the
blood than the man seems to be
possessed with rabies and must go
forth to scatter death wherever he
can.The human being inoculated with
the poison of intoxicants seems to
be endowed with the power to
destroy spiritual and often physical
life, as was the inoculated rabbit of
Australia to destroy the physical
life of beast, bird and man. Many
years ago an Australian colonist was
homesick for the sight of the
English rabbit. He had one of his
friends ship him a couple as pets to
his far off southern home. Those rab-
bits escaped from their master and
began to breed. Their progeny in-
creased until they were almost as
countless as the sands of the sea.The Australian rabbit plague de-
stroyed the crops. They became as
great a curse as is the seventeen
year locust to the American farmer.
They were numbered by the million.
The Australian Parliament was be-
wildered with the problem. A re-
ward of \$100,000 was offered for any
man who could devise a practical
plan to exterminate them. Wire
fences were built across that island
continent. The rabbits were hunted
with guns and dogs and entrapped
everywhere, but still their numbers
grew. At length, as a last resort,
some rabbits were caught and inocu-
lated with the fatal serum of hy-
drophobia. Then a greater danger than
before menaced these southern colo-
nists. These mad rabbits not only bit
other rabbits, but they bit men and
cows and cattle, and even bit men
and women and children. So when
the drunkard's blood is once inocu-
lated with the poison it seems to
create in its victim a mad passion
to destroy life. It seems to make
a man absolutely indifferent how he
might crush out the heart of his
wife, his child or his friend. A man
drinks to drown sorrow? Oh, no!
He drinks to gratify his insatiable
craving, reckless of the consequences,
though they may involve his becom-
ing recreant to his duty to the help-
less woman and the innocent child-
ren who are dependent on his exertions
and have the strongest of all
claims on his loyalty, his truth and
his honor.Young man, you who to-day are
having your life's blood squeezed out
of you by the upper and the nether
millstones of a drunkard's sins, will
you not accept this salvation for
your emancipation from evil? Will
you not seek Christ as a refuge from
the destruction of the drunkard,
which seems to be going on every-
where? For general the drunkard's
eternal overthrow is few people stop
to realize. Many years ago these
sardonic lines fell into my hands; let
me read them to you:There was an old decanter, and its
mouth was gaping wide;
The rosy wine had ebbed away and
left its crystal side,
And the wind went humming, hum-
ming—up and down the sides it
flew,
And through the reedlike, hollow
neck the wildest notes it blew.
I placed it in the window, where the
blast was blowing free,
And fancied that its pale mouth
sang the queerest strains to me;They tell me, puny conquerors, the
plague has slain his ten,
And war his hundred thousands of
the very best of men,
But I—'twas thus the bottle spake
—"but I have conquered more,
Than all your famous conquerors, so
famed and feared of yore.
Then come, ye youths and maidens
all—come, drink from out my
cup.The beverage that dulls the brain
and burns the spirit up,
That puts to shame the conquerors
who slay their scores below,
For I have deluged millions with the
lava tide of woe!
Though in the paths of battle dark-
est waves of blood may roll,
Yet while I killed the body I have
also damned the soul!
The cholera, the plague, the sword,
such ruin never wrought
As I, in mirth or malice, on the in-
nocent have brought.
And still I breathe upon them, and
they shrink before my breath,
And year by year my thousands
tread the dismal road of death."From this awful doom of the
drunkard will you not escape and in
sin.Christ's name escape how? Will you
sit, O drunkard, promise with God's
help to let your scarlet sins be
cleansed whiter than the driven
snow?Christ is ready to cleanse also the
debauchee's sins. By that I mean
Christ is ready to forgive those who
have immorally broken up the sanc-
tity of the home. He forgave the
sins of Rahab, who concealed the Je-
brew spies; he forgave the sins of
David, who stole the poor man's
ewe; he forgave the sins of the dis-
solute woman who talked with him
at the Samaritan well; he forgave
the sins of the woman denounced by
the scribes, to whom he turned and
said: "Woman, where are thine ac-
cusers? Doth no man condemn thee?
Neither do I condemn thee. Go and
sin no more." Christ is ready to for-
give the social outcast's sins, as he
was ready to forgive the scarlet sins
of the dying thief and the murderer.But, though the Bible declares
there is but one unpardonable sin,
and that is the sin against the Holy
Ghost, yet, strange to say, most
people are not willing to forgive the
sins of libertinism, especially if the
social outcast belongs to the female
sex. Alas, alas! Even the best of
men, the leaders in our churches and
pulpits, are often ready to look upon
the breakers of the seventh com-
mandment as moral degenerates who
have no chance for ultimate rescue
either in this world or in the next.But, oh, my brother and sister,
though man is hard upon fallen men,
and woman especially hard upon fall-
en women, yet God to-day offers par-
don and peace for every penitent
Moralist. Though your sins against
modesty may be as scarlet, they
shall be whiter than the driven
snow.St. Vitalis was a poor monk who
in the seventh century was supposed
to haunt the evil resorts of the
Alexandrian capital. For many years
the people thought he was a hypo-
crite and a libertine. One early morn-
ing, when seen coming out of a place
of evil resort, he was fatally struck
down by a passerby, with the scath-
ing words, "How dare you, rascal—
how dare you outrage Christ by not
mending your wicked ways?" But
hardly had the breath left the body
of the humble monk than it was
found out by testimony that for
years he had given his life to saving
social outcasts. What Christian wo-
men are doing for ex-convicts and
fallen women. At his funeral these
social outcasts, whom he had by the
power of the Holy Spirit rescued,
marched in front of his bier, chant-
ing this hymn: "We have lost our de-
liverer! We have lost our instructor!
God help us! God help us!" To-day
Christ is willing to go into the low-
est brothel and into the haunts of the
immorally vile and to say: "Come
unto me and I will make thee pure.
Come, every man. Come, every wo-
man. Though your sins be as scar-
let, they shall be as white as the
driven snow, though they be red as
crimson, they shall be as wool."Christ is ready to forgive the mur-
derer's sins. By that I mean that
he is ready to forgive the highway-
man who, with lifted gun, shoots
down the innocent pedestrian? By
that I mean that Christ is ready to
forgive the fiend who poisons the
helpless child or who in the dark
night drives the knife into the heart
of his sleeping adversary. Yes,
Jesus is ready to forgive the convicted
murderer though he may be stand-
ing upon the scaffold under the hang-
man's noose, about to expiate his
awful crime. "Pardon for all" is the
meaning of my text—pardon and
peace and eternal life for all, no
matter how vile, if in sincere repen-
tance they will come to him and
plead for his mercy through his aton-
ing sacrifice.But among the murderers who are
to be pardoned I would also class
those who have slain their victims
by false signs, as well as by bullet
or by gun. He is ready to forgive
those who have slain by the lip as
well as by the hand. In olden times
the pirates along the coast of Eng-
land used to change the positions of
the lights. Then the sea captains,
watching the beckonings of the false
lights, would drive their boats upon
the rocks and be wrecked. The pi-
rates would ride the drowned bodies
as they would be floated upon the
shore, and gather together the
wrecked cargoes. They were murder-
ers—murderers whose weapons were
false lights. So God will forgive ev-
en those murderers who have de-
stroyed their fellow men by false ex-
amples as well as he will forgive
those who have murdered them with
the dagger or the gun."What some murderer says,
"Pardon for my scarlet sins? Oh,
no! It cannot be true. Why, you do
not know what you are saying. My
sins are worse than scarlet. They are
black with the hopelessness of de-
spair. There can be no pardon for
me. Let me tell you my awful story:
When I went to college, I was a very
wild boy. I had there a roommate
who was the son of a minister. He
was a ruddy-faced lad and as pure
as a little child. I taught him how
to drink and how to gamble. I ar-
gued him out of his belief in the
Bible. I led him on, step by step,
into the paths of sin. One night—I
can remember the time as though
yesterday—he sat upon the corner of
his bed, and, with a strange light in
his eyes, he turned and looked at me
and said: 'Jim, do you really believe
that my mother's Bible is only a
pack of superstitions? Do you believe
there is no hell?' 'Yes, Harry,' I an-
swered. Then I went on to convince
him of it. Then he laughed a horri-
ble laugh. Then he turned and
said: 'Well, old superstition, good-
by, good-by! May you live long
enough to soften the dying pillow of
my mother and father, but as for
me, good-by, good-by! Come, Jim,
let's go and take a drink.'
"From that moment, sir, that
young fellow left loose all his evil
desires. He seemed to leap into a
very whirlpool of sin. Within a few
months he was expelled from college.
Within two years he committed sui-
cide, and this is the letter he wrote
on the night of his self murder:
"Dear Mother,—This is the last letter
you will ever receive from me. I havebroken your heart, but try to forget
and forgive. If there is no hell, as
Jim says, this world is hell enough
for me. From your disgraced and
dying boy." "Did you do all that?""Yes," he answered. "Well, my
friend, I know not how God will for-
give, but he can and he will. The
blood of Jesus Christ will ever
cleanse you, if you will only ask
for Christ's forgiveness. 'Whosoever,'
Ah, that is the word. 'Whosoever,'
whosoever! That means you. Yes, it
means you. 'Though your sins be as
scarlet they shall be as white as
snow; though they be red like crim-
son, they shall be as wool.'"Christ is ready to forgive also the
merciless thief's sins, even as he for-
gave the thief upon the cross. He is
ready to forgive the thief's sins,
whether you have by evil jealousy
stolen away a man's good reputa-
tion or have rifled a widow's pocket-
book; whether you have stolen a
good name or a financial income."But," you say, "this appalling
enumeration of crime has no applica-
bility to me. I have neither robbed
nor slandered nor slain, nor am I
either drunkard or gambler." Assur-
edly not; but, though by divine grace
you have been mercifully kept from
such depths of human infamy and
degradation, your heart must still
tell you that you are a sinner in
need of a pardoning God. And if he
stands ready to forgive the greatest
of criminals and to wash away their
scarlet sins how much more is he
willing, O man, O woman, to give
to your soul pardon for penitence
and to welcome you into the gospel
sheepfold!Paul, the greatest of the apostles,
in his abasement called himself the
chief of sinners. Like him, by God's
grace you may become more honored
spiritually than ever you have been
in all your past life. After Mar-
shal Lannes on account of insubor-
dination had been deprived of his
command Napoleon Bonaparte de-
clared he should never be allowed
again to draw his sword in the ser-
vice of France. What did Lannes
do? Did he go over to the enemy?
Oh, no. He shouldered a musket and
said to himself, "If I cannot draw a
sword for my own country I can at
least fire a private's gun." When
Napoleon found his late marshal
fighting in the ranks he not only re-
stored him to his old rank, but gave
him a greater command than he ever
had before. So, my friends, if you,
like Marshal Lannes, are repentant,
if you will throw yourself upon the
divine mercy, if you will say, "Oh,
God, forgive my past sins and let
me be a humble servant in thy house-
hold," the father will welcome you
back as his child. As with the pro-
digal son, he will put a ring upon
your finger and sandals on your feet
and a white robe of spotless purity
about your shoulders and evilly seam-
ed shoulders. He will make you part
of himself and part of his throne.
"Though your sins be as scarlet,"
you shall be recognized through heav-
en as his loving child. Will you, O
man, O woman, accept the omni-
potent and endless and eternal forgive-
ness of God? Will you have your sin
stained garments washed in the blood
of the Lamb?Hoax—He talks through his hat.
Hoax—But he's a high hat.
Hoax—Well, I know, but then he
uses low language.JUST ONE MORE
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