

WHITER THAN SNOW

TEXT: *Isaiah 1:18: COME NOW, and let us reason together, saith the LORD: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.*

1. **“Come now”:** This simple and easily understood word “Come” appears over 640 times in the Bible. No delay is allowed. Today, only, is *your* day of salvation. Tomorrow may be too late. There is danger in delay, because sin hardens the heart beyond redemption.
2. Sins, as deep stained as scarlet, is a double-dyed sinner by birth and by choice. Scarlet is a fast color — permanent, fixed. There is no power in chemistry that can take the scarlet color out without destroying the fabric. What is impossible with men is possible with God.

Know ye not that it is sin that is populating Hell, and filling graves, jails, and hospitals? It is sin that blights every home that is broken by divorce. It is sin that those of us who are ministers must hate, denounce, and expose. God hates sin, and if a preacher does not hate it, neither will he cry out against it, nor will his people repent of it. Preach on booze or the scarlet sin of adultery, and many cheeks turn red with shame. Some have become so hardened that they only get mad, but some will come to repentance.

Preach on some of these dances and tell people that it is a rotten activity polluted with sin, and they will get riled up. Preach on the movies and tell the people that God commands Christians to come out from among them and to be separate, or that secret orders belong to the children of the darkness, and someone is going to be puffed up.

Preach against evolution, false cults, and expose the devil’s deception, and all Hell will come down like a flood.

Preach only on **John 3:16 — For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.** — and that is fine and it is in the Bible, but there is another verse in there, too.:



Hebrews 10:31: It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God.

This is also in the Bible.

Romans 6:23: For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

And

Galatians 6:7: Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

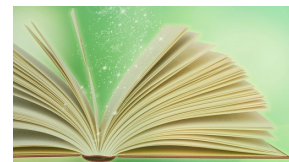
Oh God, give me the grace and power to preach it like it is.

Somebody is going to get mad, that I know. Some will quit giving money. Sure they will, but is that what I am preaching for? Never. Some will leave the church. Certainly they will, sure they will call or write and cut me down with angry words. Stephen was stoned to death. Paul was put into prison. Jesus was crucified. John the Baptist was beheaded. The prophets were slain. God have pity on the preacher who is not willing to suffer like that for the real convictions of his soul. May God put real men in the pulpit these days who are not sissies.



I tell you the truth, the pulpit has lost the confidence and respect of the world. These days of nicety-nice, soft-spoken preachers who never hurt anybody's feelings, never offend anybody, never cross anybody, never cry out against sin, never awaken slumbering consciences, and never arouse anybody, will rarely get anybody saved, either.

Allow me to give you this warning that God gave me. He told me not to diminish from His Word, not to dilute it or water it down, and not to take the truth from His Word from you. If I do, then He will take away my part out of the Book of Life, and the only thing I have in the Book of Life is my name. So I am here to guard my name and also your soul from going to Hell, deceived, for I want to guard your precious soul, also, from eternal ruin.



I want the Presence and Power of the Lord in my preaching, and His blessing to the saving of souls; for this is our main business. The second is to build the saints up on their most holy faith. Evangelistic preaching must have fervor of heart, and it involves tears and heart preparation before its delivery. It must be straight forward

and led by the Holy Spirit. I don't care how informal, awkward, or how lacking in homiletics it is, so long as we blaze away against sin and the devil, and get people to flee the wrath to come.

It was said of Paul and Silas that these men that have turned the world upside down are come hither, also.

Acts 17:6b: These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also;

Remember how Peter and John were dragged before the Sanhedrin, and the priests said, "Ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine."

Acts 5:28: Saying, Did not we straitly command you that ye should not teach in this name [Jesus]? and, behold, ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and intend to bring this man's blood upon us.



When there is a riot and the preacher gets thrown in jail, or someone spits in his face, or he gets hit with rotten eggs or tomatoes, it will all be worth it when drunks, harlots, or drug addicts get saved.

I am here to pull for results, and we must mean business with God. I know some will be offended, but the Bible says:

Psalms 119:165: Great peace have they which love Thy law: and nothing shall offend them.

I want you to know that it takes more than personal magnetism to save a soul. Neither will shenanigans, tricks, chalk talks, motion pictures, or special music *alone* get people saved. They did not have musical songs at Pentecost, nor did John the Baptist have a cowboy suit on and bring out a long lariat into the pulpit. Elijah did not set out to Mt. Carmel with an accordion and cowbells. It takes the mighty power of the Spirit of God to awaken sinners and arouse the sleeping saints, and nobody is going to deliver souls from Hell without the anointing of the Spirit. God's business must be run God's way, only.

In the early part of the American War, one Saturday morning in the dead of winter, there died at Commercial Hospital in Cincinnati a young woman, over whose head only 22 summers had passed.

She had once possessed enviable beauty. She had been, as she herself said, "flattered and sought for the charms of her face". Alas, upon her fair brow had long been written that pitiable word – unfortunate!

Once she was the pride of respectable parentage. Her first wrong step was the beginning of the “same old story over again”, which has been the life history of thousands. Highly educated, accomplished in manner – she might have been seen in the best of society. The evil hour which proved her ruin was but the door from childhood, and having spent a young life in disgrace and shame, the poor, friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken–hearted outcast.

Among her personal effects was found the manuscript “*Beautiful Snow*”. It was immediately carried to Enos B. Reed, a gentleman of culture and literary tastes who was at that time the editor of the *National Union*. In the columns of that paper, on the following morning after the girl’s death, the poem appeared in print for the first time.¹ When the paper containing the poem came out on Sunday morning, the body of the victim had not yet received burial. The attention of Thomas Buchanan Read, one of the first American poets, was soon directed to the newly published lines. He was so taken with their stirring pathos that he immediately followed the corpse to its final resting place.

Such are the plain facts concerning her who’s “*Beautiful Snow*” will long be regarded as one of the brightest gems in American literature.²

BEAUTIFUL SNOW

***Oh, the snow! The beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below,
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing – flirting – skimming along.***

***Beautiful snow! It can do no wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady’s cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love.***

***Oh! The snow; the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go
Whirling about in maddening fun;
Chasing – laughing – hurrying by.***

It lights on the face, it sparkles the eye;

¹See bbc-lawton.org/beautiful-snow.

² There is a lot of controversy as to the true author of this poem. Some attribute it to a dying prostitute, saying it was later published by John Whittaker Watson (1824-1890) – *Beautiful Snow And Other Poems* (Peterson & Brothers: Philadelphia, 1869) – whom others say is the true author.

***And the dogs, with a bark and a bound
Snap at the crystals as they eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of the beautiful snow***

***How the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song.
How the gay sleighs like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing – swinging – dashing they go.***

***Over the crest of the beautiful snow;
Snow, so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.***

***Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,
Fell – like the snowflakes, from heaven to hell;
Fell – to be trampled as filth in the street,
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading – cursing – dreading to die.***

***Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! Have I fallen so low!
And yet, I was once like the beautiful snow.***

***Once I was fair, as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Father – Mother – Sisters – All!***

***God and myself I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide sweep, lest I wander nigh;
For all that is on or above me I know
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.***

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow

***Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strangely disturbing it should be, as night comes again;
That the snow or the ice has struck my desperate brain.
Fainting – freezing – dying alone.***

***Too wicked for prayer; too weak for a moan
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy over snow coming down!
To be, and to die, in my terrible woe
Then for a shroud of the beautiful snow.***

***Helpless and soiled as the trampled snow,³
Sinner, despair not! For Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in sin
And raise it up to life and enjoyment again.
Groaning – bleeding – dying for thee.***

***The Crucified hung on the cursed tree!
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear,
“Yes there is mercy for thee.
He hears prayers, do not fear!”
For in that stream that for sinners did flow
He will wash thee and make thee, whiter than snow.***

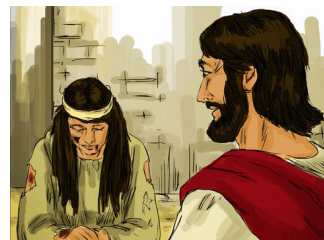
Note:

Did you know how a gardenia’s petals reveal any telltale marks? They betray the fingermarks by turning brown. Your lives are like that, friends, if you ever give anything to the world to destroy. Never be ashamed of high ideals, pure thoughts, or holy living in this Sodomite generation.

I can wish nothing better for you than that God will wash you whiter than snow in the Blood of the Lamb, and prepare you blameless until the Lord’s Coming.

1 Thessalonians 5:23: And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Jesus did this for the poor, castaway woman who was



³ These last 2 stanzas are said to have been added over time for evangelistic purposes, but were not considered to be part of the original poem.

cast at His feet, in contempt. Then, He called her to holiness of life in these words:

John 8:11b: “neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.”

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