Sunday Calls On Hearers to Atone for Sinfulness

Says God Prepared Plan of Salvation and That Sinner Is Alien to It.

In Hebrews the 9th chapter and the 12th and 14th verses, "Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood He entered in once into the only place, having obtained eternal redemption for us. For if the blood of bulls, and of goats and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh:

Paul argued if God were satisfied with the Mosaic law and when they shed its blood, if he was satisfied with that for an atonement for sin, if the blood of bulls and goats and the ashes of an heifer sanctified the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal spirit offers himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?

That's a lesson instead of a text, for my sermon tonight is topical, instead of textual, and the subject is, "The Atonement of Jesus Christ," that central doctrine of Christian religion. More battles, logical and illogical and theological and nonsensical and bloody, have been fought over the atonement than all other doctrines in the Christian religion. Now and then, when some man reads the Bible and gets a little inkling of this idea he runs out and builds a church and starts another denomination by and through which to propagate his idea. By the fifteenth amendment he has a right to do that, but he doesn't stop there. He makes war upon all other denominations that do not interpret or believe as he does. But I can count on the fingers of my two hands all the denominations that hold up the bleeding form of Jesus Christ as God's ultimatum for sin, so with one sweep of the sword I have eliminated 90 per cent of them today and thrown them on the ecclesiastical scrap heap where they belong.

And as I have read it over I am reminded of this little fancy sketch. A man goes to England and he advertises that he is a stereopticon lecturer on Atlantic coast scenery. He flashes upon the canvas pictures that take one's breath away, mountainous heights and great forests of spruce and larch clothed upon its beauty, and a man in the audience arises and says, "I denounce this man as an imposter and a fraud. I challenge his statements. I was born in America and I never looked upon such scenes, and if you will return tomorrow night I will show it to you as I know it to be, for I was born in America and have seen for myself."

The two men almost come to blows, but the audience couldn't determine who was right or wrong, so they recommended the next night to test the veracity of the two men. The challenger flashes upon the canvas long coast lines, innumerable inlets and the tropics and the semi-tropics, vegetable orchards, groves, lemon groves and the banana, and graceful, and great realms of lowlands. The man challenged him as a fraud and imposter. They were both right and both wrong. They are both right as far as they went, neither man went all the way. The first man saw the Atlantic coast scene from Maine to Cape Hatteras, the other from Cape Hatteras to Mexico.

GOD PREPARED FOR HIS PLAN OF SALVATION

God Almighty never undertook to give to this world a view of the plan of redemption in one picture, but in an endless series of views from the day that Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit and were driven from the Garden of Eden, on down until this Lenten hour bleeding on the cross.

When I see the ten plagues sweep over this land, when I see them start, but under the leadership of Moses, when I see the waters of the Red Sea beating back when I see the waters buoyed from the rock in the wilderness and the great flocks of quails come in and slay their herds, and the four hundred and twenty years in the land of a black bondage, when I see the Lamb of God bleeding and dying, for the consummation of His plan of salvation, the gift of His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ.

The atonement is the state or quality or the means perfected whereby a sinner might be made one at-one with God. A sinner has no standing with God. A sinner is an alien in his attitude toward God what an alien is in his attitude. An alien can claim no part in the protection of this government, he is not a citizen. Neither is not a citizen of heaven, he is an alien, and God will not deal in mercy with that sinner until he comes through faith in the shed blood of Jesus Christ, then he can claim the protection and friendship of heaven. An alien cannot claim the protection of this government until that man becomes naturalized, then he can stand beneath the stars and stripes for the same protection that is accorded you and me.

SINNER IS ALIEN, AND MUST SEEK ATONEMENT

So a sinner is an alien, and he must come and be the atonement is the state or quality or the means perfected whereby a sinner might be made one at-one again with God, a new law where an alien can become an American citizen, entitled to our care and protection.

So I have sometimes imagined that when God said, "For in the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die," the reason I think, is the fact that they had never seen a dead one. They had seen an image of women from whom the breed of mankind came, therefore I imagine they might have thought it separation. For the Bible says, "Your sins have separated between you and your God." Sin is the violation of the law and the violation of that law separates him, puts him in jail. Sin separates him from God, and he can't return to his allegiance to God until he pays the old debt he owes the sheriff, and he pays it with the fig leaves, with which to hide it and from that he gets his whenever a man does honest penance to the Divine Father, that God is just and righteous and holy, he seeks to get through philosophy and culture and education, through science and all her possibilities, worship the eternal being himself, but God tears down through their fig leaves, through their human garments. God looks through your philosophy and science and culture.

God slew Abel for he offered the lambs and slew the beasts. He took the skins from their dead bodies and wrapped them around Adam and Eve and from that minute until Christ, wherever a sinner has been screened and shielded and protected of the wrath of a just God, it has been by and through faith in the blood unto the Mosaic law.

CHRIST'S BLOOD BETWEEN SINNER AND GOD

You had to bring to a high priest a turtle dove or a heifer or bullocks or ram, and when Jesus Christ died on the cross, the lamb of salvation switched from a bullock and heifer and ram to Jesus Christ, and it is His blood that comes between God and the sinner, and there is no way to ever get back to God except through Jesus Christ.

Oh, a man said to me out in Illinois, an old infidel, he said to me, "Bill, I don't believe in atonement, the doctrines of substitution, in the innocent suffering for the guilty."

I said, "Why don't you?"

He said, "It doesn't come up to my ideas of what is right."

"Well, if you have an idea contrary to the word of God, I suppose God is wrong and you are right. Well, you are a big fool," I said to him.

So, men go to hell because of their opinions. There are men in prison because of their opinions. The laws said one thing, and they acted another; they followed their opinions and that was contrary to the law so they are there doing time. If they'd have followed the law they could have been sitting here listening to me.

So, you see the difference between them. Now let me tell you, I've read about everything that any man or woman would read who values his time. I haven't read it all, won't have time. I've read about everything that was ever written from the infidel's standpoint against the doctrine of atonement and I am free to tell you that I have yet to find the first argument that would ever stand the test of common sense and reason.

SILLY INFIDEL WOMAN WROTE WORTHLESS BOOK

Why, not long ago I read a silly infidel book by a silly infidel woman and she proceeded to rip up the plan of redemption as revealed in the Bible. Then she proceeded to set up her theories and opinions. Lo and behold, when she finished, if the little fool had had sense enough to go into any orthodox church she could have heard the preacher dilating upon the same basic principles which she had advocated and she thought she found something new in the world to offer to the people.

Why, there is many an infidel that is decent tonight; he is moral and virtuous and honest in business, but his morality and his virtuousness and his honesty aren't due to infidelity; it is due to the restraining influence of Christianity. A man can run away with another man's wife and still be a consistent infidel.

I say to you, sir, that I find the rule of life that the innocent suffer with, and far more, than the guilty.

He said, "I don't believe in the innocent suffering for the guilty."

I said to him, "Then you haven't seen life as I have seen it or you wouldn't talk like that."

I say it is the rule of life that the innocent suffer with and for and even more than the guilty.

Look at that old mother. She weeps and prays for the coming footsteps of him whom she brought into the world in pain and suffering.

INNOCENT MOTHER SUFFERED MORE THAN HER SON

She builded high her hopes; he has proved himself an leprosiest to her prayers and tears, and when at last he staggers and reels and vomits and spews and mutters and sputters and pukes into her arms and nuzzence, to damn her for her just rebuke of his infamy, and then he reels and staggers to his bed and he is snoring in his drunken stupor, filth is his excrement, she worries all night long and weeps her pillow with her tears of anguish, wrung from a broken heart, while he snores in his drunken stupor. Who suffers the most? That drunken, bloated loafer sleeping off a drunk or that innocent, broken-hearted mother, praying for a drunken boy?

You only have to be unfortunate enough to be the mother of a drunken wretch like that to know who suffers the most, the guilty or the innocent. So don't you charge it upon God to be a piece of foolishness to have His Son suffer for us reprobates, the sinners.

Look at that young wife. She prays and waits and longs and hopes until the small hours of the morning, waiting for the coming footsteps of him whose name she bears, who promised to come into the fibers of her heart, who swore to love, honor, cherish and obey as long as the sky was blue, and when at last he comes into her presence stinking with the foul stench of his unfaithfulness and his sin, look at her eyes, so bloodshot, look at her lips become ashen, look at her cheeks become anaemic, look at her form totter and reel.

WAS YOKED TO TRIPLE EXTRACT OF HELL

Who suffers the most, that innocent, virtuous, pure wife, who has been true to the man she swore to honor at the wedding or that infamous, God-forsaken, whitened sepulched, black-hearted, reprobate, manacious buffoon? Who suffers the most, the innocent or the guilty?

Oh, hear me! You only have to be unfortunate enough to be yoked up to a Godless home, bring extract of hell like that to know who suffers the most, the innocent or the guilty. I have your sympathy right now. It is the rule in life that the innocent suffer with and for more than the guilty. Even if we do vindicate Jesus Christ became He was innocent suffering for the guilty, God have mercy on you.

This incident occurred in the Chicago Police Court some years ago. A man was arrested on a charge of vagrancy brought before the magistrate to be sentenced. A letter which he received from his wife was produced as evidence. It ran:

Husband, I hope you will not have far to go and hope to look until you can get work in order to be with you again. What little money you have left has been for house rent and food. Tom sells a few papers, and I do get a little work over in the Whitney Candy Kitchen. Be careful, a woman around with candy, carried baby home and it went on an only a woman could write.

Even unused to tears in that court went. Judge himself brushed the tears from his eyes, and said, "I have no alternative in this matter, but you can all see how one man lives unto himself and alone. Others have to suffer for our wrong doings or relive our sweetness. So I send the man for three months to Bridewell."

HUNGRY CHILDREN CLING TO SKIRT OF MOTHER

Who suffers the most that man or that poor, broken-hearted, discouraged mother in a distant city with nothing but her frail body between her and the poorhouse? You only have to be unfortunate enough to be a mother with a little brood clinging to your skirts crying for bread, with a drunken father to know who suffers the most.

So it is the law of all life that I see exemplified every day that the innocent suffer with and far more than the guilty. From the fall of man in the Garden of Eden until now, it has no needle cease from sorrow until the coming of Jesus Christ, it has been and is the rule that the innocent suffer for the guilty. So don't you charge the plan of salvation with being a piece of foolishness on God's part unless you are a fool, an idiot, an ass—all three are gross flatterys at that.

Salvation to any one who rejects Jesus Christ is impossible. Out of Christ there is no redemption, and there could be none, and if there were mercy could not reach them, Jesus Christ died in vain on the cross. If salvation could have been attained otherwise than by the death of Jesus then all He went through was useless. If I could save myself by my culture and morality and virtue through Jesus Christ needed to have come into the world to die. If I was perfectly moral, if I can save myself, and if salvation is to be gotten by some other way other than through the faith in Jesus Christ, it was useless for Him to come and suffer. There is no salvation in any other way.

MEN ACCEPTING JESUS CHRIST ARE SAVED

According to the Bible, men are saved because they accept Jesus Christ, and men are lost not because they are worse than others, but because they reject Jesus Christ. Now, mine is to be forgiven must be conceived somewhere and God laid on Jesus Christ our iniquity, so I accept the one who bears my guilt, and that lets me escape. Now if the world would be firmly convinced that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, then, and accept Him as our Savior, instantly the man would stagger home drunk, nobody would lie and defame another's character, and tonight I want to present to you the only power that can set you free from the sins which hold you an unwilling prisoner, chained to your evil habits, and I can't imagine the possibility of anybody of ordinary intelligence entertaining the least doubt about Jesus Christ being the Son of God.

And if I were the only man in the world who believed in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, my belief would be all the evidence that I needed for myself. It would make no difference what you believed. My believing is the evidence on the side of Christ that it is impossible for anybody to deny, that Jesus is the Christ without committing intellectual and moral suicide.

I know of a world that is sunk in shame,
Of hearts that are sick and tired;
I know of a name, a name, a name
That can set that world on fire,

and that can cleanse every sinner and make every drunkard sober and every thief to steal no more, and am presenting to you that name tonight, Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Some one has said:

WOULD WELD GREAT GOLDEN SCEPTER FOR HIM

Give me all the gold of the earth and I will melt it in a furnace for Him. Give me all the mountains of the earth, and I will build a throne for Him. Give me all the stars of the night, and I will weave a garland for His brow. Give me all the years of time, and I will weave a garland for His brow.

Now, the blood stands for several things: first, for poured out life. Your life is in your blood. Draw the blood from your veins and arteries and you are dead. A life poured out.

Jesus Christ gave His life a ransom for me. Some of our hymnology and a great deal of our so-called theology is misleading. I never like the clarifying process of the blood. I believe the blood flowing from the wound of Jesus would stain my linen as much as the blood flowing from the wound of the saloonkeeper would have stained my linen. The blood of Jesus wouldn't make my linen be white, the blood of Jesus was red, when we are speaking from that standpoint.

When it is charged upon us that our Bible is a bloody Bible, and our gospel is a bloody gospel, we tell the world, is a bloody world. I have never apologized, and, so help me God, I never will. You take the blood of Jesus Christ out of the plan of atonement and that book we call the Bible won't be worth the paper it is printed on. You take the blood out of your body and you are dead a lifeless thing. It is the blood that gives us life, and it is the blood of the atonement that gives the Christian religion life. Without that we've got nothing to offer to the world.

That's why a lot of preachers are failures, they are preaching a lot of tommy-rot, poppy-cock, nonsense and they think they've got an improvement over the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

DIDN'T LIKE SUNDAY'S SLAUGHTER-HOUSE TALK

Whatever the blood touches it redeems, and as long as the blood is on the mercy seat the sinner may return. I am not like an infidel who came to me out West and said, "Bill, I don't like your slaughter-house religion."

I said, "You godless old reprobate!" I said, "if your old carcass is ever kept out of hell it will be by repentance and faith in what you sneeringly term this slaughter-house religion. There has never been a sinner that has ever been saved in any other way and never will be."

I don't blame the people half as much as I blame a lot of mutts who call themselves preachers.

Now, it stands for redemption. We are not redeemed with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of Christ. You are not redeemed by your culture, your philanthropy, your education. We are redeemed by the blood of Christ.

Now, listen! Redemption is more than salvation. When Jesus died on the cross He redeemed mankind, the price was paid for everybody, but everybody won't be saved. And the doctrine of universal salvation is an infernal lie; it crawled out of the pit of hell. While everybody has been redeemed, everybody won't be saved, but redemption will avail you nothing if you refuse and reject Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ died for every saloonkeeper and every thug and every murderer and prostitute; He died for all and redeemed all, but all will not be saved, for all will not accept the redemption. They will go to hell.

SALVATION FOR THOSE WHO ACCEPT REDEMPTION

So, redemption is more than salvation. While redemption was for everybody, salvation is only for those who will accept redemption. So salvation is not universal. It will be if everybody will accept redemption. They all can be saved if they will. The vilest sinner has been redeemed. Redeme means buy back, and so we have been bought back.

Now, then, if you had something that belonged to me and I could prove that Jesus Christ redeemed us when He died on the cross, and you wouldn't give it to me, I could go down to the courthouse and make you do it. I can prove you are a thief, you are withholding from God what rightfully belongs to Him by virtue of purchase with the blood of His only begotten Son, and I am glad to put my flat under your nose and tell you you are an old thief. You are not a man, you haven't got a shark of womanhood or manhood in you. If you haven't got what Jesus Christ paid for in His own blood.

One day in Chicago when I quit playing baseball and was in the I. M. C. A I was going West on Madison Street and out in front of a grocery store between Dearborn and Clark, a group of newsboys, and one of them had something in his hand and I walked up and peered in and saw a fledgling of a sparrow. I said, "What's the matter?"

He said, "What's the matter with you, you guy?"

I said, "Give it to me."

He said, "I would say not."

I said, "I will give you a bonus for it."

He said, "Nothin' doin'."

I said, "I'll give you a nickel for it."

WANTED TO FIRST SEE ALL THE DOUGH

He said, "I'm from Missouri; let me see the dough first."

So I gave him a nickel, and he said, "Well, that looks good to me," and he said, "Give it to the guy there."

I changed the nickel to the boy, and I said to the guy, "Give me the bird he's got for my money."

He gave me the sparrow and I let it sit on my hand and it started and labored and panted and I saw that it had pitched and struggled and by and by it reached the window ledge on the second story of the Japanese grocery store.

There it sat and several sparrows in bird lore seemed to talk to it. I said, "Hey, you chump, what did you let me give for?" Why didn't you touch the nickel in the sewer?"

I said, "Bird, the devil has you in his hands like you had had that bird, and I came along and gave you the nickel. Then the bird was mine so I could do whatever I pleased with it, and I wanted to let it go, and I did. I said, 'Jesus came into the world and died on the cross, and He paid the price for our souls, so we all belong to Him. When you got my nickel the bird was mine, and I have bought it back.'"

Redemption means to buy back, and Jesus paid the price. Don't be a fool; give Him what belongs to Him. We are redeemed, not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of Jesus Christ. It stands for God's hatred of sin.

Now, a skillful man can argue against the validity of the Scriptures, and if you are tree rooted in Christian faith doubt will seem more reasonable to you than faith. I am going to say something that may startle some of you. Listen now!

MIGHT BE PREACHING INFIDELITY NOW, HE SAYS

If I hadn't been four years under the care and instruction and example of men who believed the Bible, as the word of God and Jesus Christ as the Son of God in the formative period of my Christian manhood I am free to confess that I would make no difference what you believed. My believing is the evidence on the side of Christ that it is impossible for anybody to deny, that Jesus is the Christ without committing intellectual and moral suicide.

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Of hearts that are sick and tired;
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I wanted to preach to you the only power that can set you free from the sins which hold you an unwilling prisoner chained to your evil habits, and I can't imagine the possibility of anybody of ordinary intelligence entertaining the least doubt about Jesus Christ being the Son of God. Some one has said:

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O police, flash your lanterns. You can't make me believe but that all of these pens of laughter and leprosy are the pit of hell for sinners, and for that sound doesn't come from hearts pure, noble, happy, but from lips whose hearts are black and vile and are the nests of sin that is cursed.

It is 10 o'clock. Well, it is 10 o'clock. Wouldn't you like to go to the Harrison Street Police Station?

MEN WERE PILED ON FLOOR OF JAIL

It's 10 o'clock. Yes. We went back, and I said to my friend, Ted Larkin, the desk sergeant (he used to give me passes for the ball game), "Ted, the missus and I would like to go below."

He called a man clothes man and said, "Jack, stay here a little while."

He went down and there were fifteen or twenty men piled up on the stone floor, nothing but newspapers for a bed, and I said, "Phew! It's 'Sh! Sh!'"

We walked out and stopped in front of a cell. On one side stood a tall man, made to his waist, his boxy was covered with great blotches that looked like carbuncles of black and purple and green and yellow. His hair matted and his eyes bloodshot and vermin was wriggling over him, and I said to Ted, "Is he nuts and bughouse?"

He said, "No, he is a coke fiend. It is done."

My God, it is almost hopeless when dope sinks its fangs into you. A fellow will sneak away from the booze game and win out, and if he is a thief he will become insane, but there are enough few of them ever get away from the grip of opium, I said, "Will you give him dope?"

He said, "We will have to or he will die."

And the doctor came with the hypodermic syringe and shot it into his arm, and he cooed like a baby tugging at its mother's breast. I said, "There it is now, 'Sh!' You can't argue against sin.

We went back, was a cell about as long as my platform, but a little wider. In it were fourteen girls with the dew of youth on their brow.

NOT CLOTHES ENOUGH TO MAKE CRUTCH PAD

Some of them didn't have clothes enough on them to make a pad for a crutch. They were so beastly drunk they could not stand and one of them leaned to her feet, seized what had been the remnants of a silk waist and bought with the price of her shame, she ripped it from her body and stood nude to her waist and the vilest profanity and obscenity that I ever heard. I have heard men swear, and damn but I think when those girls were finishing and the epithets all the devils in the pit of hell stopped their ears and cried, "Enough! Enough! Enough!"

I said, "There it is, sir, 'Sh!' You can't argue against sin. Its in the world; you can't get away from it.

"Hello!

"Good morning, sir.

"How do you do?"

"What is your name?" I am glad to meet you.

A letter to the Y. M. C. A. secretary of Chicago: "This will introduce James O'Toole, who is coming to America and Chicago to win fame and fortune. We'd be glad if you could give him a little protection and advice in a strange country." And I went to the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Belfast, Ireland.

I said, "Jim, my name is Bill."

He said, "Have you got any good boarding houses?"

I said, "Yes." So I gave him the numbers, and I said, "Jim, let me know which one you select."

So he notified me he had selected one on LaSalle Street on the north side. I was sending out a letter inviting the homeless young men to come to our annual banquet. Jim had received my letter and had gone down to go to bathe in Lake Michigan, and in diving from the pier his head struck the bottom of the lake and he broke his neck. They dragged his body onto the sand and summoned the police and the police found my letter, and they notified me to go to the Cook County morgue to identify his body. So I hurried to the Western Union, sent a telegram to his mother in Belfast, jumped on the street car and hurried to the morgue.

"HOW LONG, O GOD, SHALL HELL CURSE?"

I put a claim in for his body. They said, "We will keep the body for two months, and if that isn't enough just let me know and we will stretch it for another month." I was getting ready to return away, thinking of that broken-hearted mother across the seas when up dashed the patrol and took out a body of a woman. Her hair was like a raven's wing, large, lustrous, brown eyes, her lips looked like coral and her teeth like ledges of pearl and snow-drifts of the Arctic, her symmetry of form was attractive. I looked at her fingers and they were long and tapering and nicely manicured. I looked at her fingers and they were covered with jewels. I looked at her garment and it was the finest of texture, and I looked and I staggered back as I recognized the inanimate form of this affection. Going to be the mother of an illegitimate child, she had ended it and they had fished her body out of the river.

As I stood and looked at her as they laid her on the marble slab and the water dripped, dripped, dripped into her face, oh! it seemed to me from every broken home, from every blighted life, from every haunt of sin, from every wrecked virtue, from every stale beer joint, from every prison cell, from every death house, from every home of squalor and of want, from all of the sources of humanity crushed by sin there rose up to heaven one endless cry, "How long?" O God, how long shall hell curse and crush and trample humanity and damn its victims of men?

Oh, you old reprobate, you can't argue against sin. You can argue against the Bible, you can argue against Jesus Christ and against heaven, but you can't argue against sin. It is in the world, the only power that will set you free from its curse is faith in Jesus Christ, that's your only hope.

"DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU," SUNDAY TELLS AUDIENCE

I don't understand you. I'd think a lot of you if you would have jumped to your feet and be down the way here now and wouldn't let me kill myself here preaching. When the children of Israel were getting ready to leave the Egyptian bondage they sent word out:

"Get ready! Kill the sacrifice. Tonight the angel is going throughout the land and is going to kill the first born in every home where the blood isn't on the doorpost."

I hear two Jews talking about it. What is this I hear? Are you going to do it? I should say I am. Don't you hear that lamb bleating? I am waiting for the hour of evening sacrifice. I'd no more go to bed tonight without the blood on that doorpost for I don't want to lose my boy."

He turns to the other one, and he says, "I should say not. If I put blood on there I'd have to scrub it off tomorrow. I believe what is to be will be, and so I am not going to do it."

Here stands an Egyptian. He listens to this colloquy between these Jews. He says, "That's a great God they worship."

He said, "I think I will do that," and he kills the sacrifice and puts the blood on the door.

That night the angel drew his sword, the gates of heaven swung open and he made his way to this old earth. He came to the home with the blood on the door and passed it by. He came to the home of the Jew without the blood and he went in.

Alright, if you are under the blood, Hallelujah, I congratulate you. If you are not, God pity the sword that hangs above your head.

CAN MAKE BLACK HUMANITY WHITE AS SNOW

When the Standard Oil Company was trying to refine petroleum, they had a black, odiferous substance left they couldn't dispose of. They tried to burn it; they tried to bury it. It accumulated faster than the company could dig its grave. In their desperation, not knowing what to do, they offered a vast sum to any one who would dispose of it.

The chemists took it and forgot to eat and sleep. They worked and labored for days and months. One day a man, tired, weary, trembling from the loss of food and sleep, walked into the office of John D. Rockefeller and on his desk a substance as white as snow called paraffine.

You can take this black humanity, cursed and damned by sin, faith in Jesus Christ will make it as white as snow. So the only power to cleanse is through faith in Jesus. You who reject Jesus, what are you building your hope on? It will not answer to that despoiled Moses law and without mercy. Where are you going to do if you despise the blood of Christ?

If a man couldn't bring his carcass to the high priest he couldn't escape punishment under the Mosaic law. If you don't come through faith in Jesus Christ you can't escape today.

A man dreamed he was going to heaven by his good deeds, and every time he did something good it put a rung in the ladder, and just as he was getting ready to perform the last one the door swung open and Jesus Christ leaped over the battlements of glory and shouting into his face said, "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

You can climb up in your dead and your morality, you can climb up by any other way. God pity you! There is no other way you ever can do it than by faith in Jesus.

Years ago there was a steamer crossing the Atlantic and a terrible storm arose and the sailors were swept away. She struck a leak and they summoned the men to pump, and they pumped and pumped and pumped and the captain summoned his crew and said:

TELLS OF ACCIDENT TO STEAMER CROSSING ATLANTIC

"I have made a careful investigation, the leak is in the engine room and at the present ratio of the increase of water in twenty-four hours we will be at the bottom of the sea. Have I one that will volunteer and go and stop the leak? It is about as large as a man's arm and with some clothes you can stop it."

The men said, "We will remain at the pumps, sir."

They went back and pumped and pumped and pumped until men fainted at their posts, and he summoned the crew again and said, "Men, I have taken my bearings and I find that my calculations and at the present ratio in eight or ten hours we will be at the bottom of the sea. Have I not one that will volunteer his life for the crew and save the one not saved?"

The men stood in silence when suddenly one stepped forth and saluted and said, "Yes, father, you have one." The man stepped back and was pale. "Yes, I will go."

He laid aside his clothes, he threw his arms around his father and kissed him and made an good-by, taking with him a handful he went to the hold and plunged down. He found the leak and stuffed in the rags and stopped the flow. The men pumped and pumped and pumped, and summoned the crew again and said, "Men, I have taken my bearings and I find that my calculations and at the present ratio in eight or ten hours we will be at the bottom of the sea. Have I not one that will volunteer his life for the crew and save the one not saved?"

The men stood in silence when suddenly one stepped forth and saluted and said, "Yes, father, you have one." The man stepped back and was pale. "Yes, I will go."

He laid aside his clothes, he threw his arms around his father and kissed him and made an good-by, taking with him a handful he went to the hold and plunged down. He found the leak and stuffed in the rags and stopped the flow. The men pumped and pumped, and summoned the crew again and said, "Men, I have taken my bearings and I find that my calculations and at the present ratio in eight or ten hours we will be at the bottom of the sea. Have I not one that will volunteer his life for the crew and save the one not saved?"

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