

# BEFORE THE HYMN

VOLUME 2

HIGHTOWER BOOKS



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CHARLOTTE HIGHTOWER HUSKEY

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***This book is dedicated to all hymn lovers.***



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The author





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# FOREWORD

Every nation on Earth has been blessed by hymns. From a straw hut to a palace, as men, women, or children sing praise, their souls are lifted into a closer relationship with God. Faithful are the soldiers who have stayed on their knees until the inspiration of praise bubbled over and spilled out through their pen. They minister to multitudes as their lyrics are translated into different languages.

In this book, the author has given us a peek into the lives of these soldiers. Some stood true when their lives were turned upside down. While down, they discovered new victories and wrote hymns about them. Others, while going through smooth sailing, wrote hymns of joy. Many found peace during the storm and wrote hymns of surrender and tranquility. Knowing the experience that inspired the hymn will make the message more meaningful.

After reading this book, I believe you will experience deeper inspiration as you sing these hymns.

*-Irma Sallee*



# PREFACE

*“For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for your learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope.” Romans 15:4*

The best time of my childhood days was the evenings. After my two sisters and I washed the dishes and cleaned the kitchen. Our family gathered in the living room to sing, read the Bible, and pray.

Page 20 in *Evening Light Songs*“, Biblical Trace of the Church”, is the Biblical prophecies of the church, which fascinated me from a small child. I thought, *wow!* God revealed to people what was going to happen years before it actually occurred. Sometimes my dad, Alvin, would read us a prophecy from the Bible, and then read from a history book the accomplishment of that prophecy. It amazed me that a song gave us the different changes in the church, which were recorded in the Bible.

This and other experiences made me curious about the motivation for writing hymns, so I began researching. What a *gold mine* of information I have found!

It is believed that “A Mighty Fortress is Our God” was

## PREFACE

written between 1527-1529. Can you believe we're singing a song that Christians sang almost 500 years ago? It was written for comfort, and it has brought comfort to people for generations. Why did Luther need comfort or a fortress? Is not a fortress for protection? Who wanted to harm the great reformer? I saw the awesome love, humble submission, and strong faith of Mr. and Mrs. Spafford when the most important things in life were ripped away and they were able to boldly proclaim, "It is Well with My Soul." It helped me reflect on my own relationship with God. How far would I trust Him? Do I have such a secure bond with my Savior, Christ Jesus?

Having been healed of polio when I was five years old, I have continually believed in divine healing. However, Emma's faith that her eyes would be opened shocked me. That was the inspiration for "There is Healing in His Name."

I cried when writing "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" for its author, Joseph Scriven, lost the three most important women in his life.

This is *Volume 2 of Before the Hymn*. There is a second book because learning the history of the songs in the first book triggered my interest to learn the history of other hymns. Each song has been inspired by an experience of its author. The research for this second book has been more interesting than for the first book. I hope the book will also be more interesting.

I would love to do more research and write a third volume, however, I think God is saying to write another book titled: *Learning in the Light of Eternity*. As Romans 15:3 says, "For even Christ pleased not himself", I will not continue researching hymns, but will turn my attention to the Word of God and learn what it has to say about: LOVE, JOY, PEACE, HONESTY, etc.

See you in my next book!

Charlotte Hightower Huskey

CHAPTER 1

# A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

LYRICS & MUSIC, MARTIN LUTHER (1483-1546)

*“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.  
Therefore, will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and  
though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; Though  
the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains  
shake with the swelling thereof.” Psalms 46:1-3*

From the 9th to the 19th century, the Holy Roman Empire ruled over much of Western and Central Europe using the threat of fear that God was angry, and they must hurt themselves in repentance.

“Mother, why is God angry with me?” Martin asked.

“Because you stole that hazelnut,” Mrs. Luther answered.

“You must do something to show God you are very sorry.”

“Like what?”

“Punish yourself. Walk on your knees on the sharp stones from the gate to the church door.”

Martin walked on his knees on the sharp stones until his knees bled, but he felt no better. He ran into the forest to hide. His father was in the forest cutting wood. “How can I make God happy?” He asked.

“I wish I knew,” his father admitted. “But I would be happy

## A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

if you would go to school, and then you could help me earn more money in my mining business.”

Martin enrolled in the village school, where Latin was the only language spoken. The teacher punished the students for speaking in German. Day after day, Martin was punished because he would forget and speak in German. At last, he refused to attend classes. Now he felt like both his father and God were angry with him.

Everywhere he looked, people were sad, discouraged, and fighting. He wanted to change the world and see happy faces. *Maybe the Bible would help me know how to make God happy*, he thought. The Bible was in Latin. Now he was glad he had been forced to learn Latin while attending school.

In the Bible, he read that God said, “Children obey your parents,” so he went back to school. The more he studied the Bible, the less he felt God was angry. Martin learned that God loves people and is ready to hear their cries, answer their prayers, and talk with them.

Martin Luther became a lawyer, theologian, monk, professor of theology at the University of Wittenberg, and a dedicated servant of Christ. For the remainder of his life, he did what he believed would please God.

Later, because he spoke out against the evils in the Holy Roman Empire church, he was hunted to be killed. Now, it was men, not God, who were angry. At age thirty-four, while hiding to protect himself, he translated the New Testament from Latin into German. Soon, all of Germany was reading God’s Word and refusing to obey the Pope.

Martin Luther was no longer a respected lawyer or professor; now he was like an animal running for his life. During these dark times, Martin found courage in reading Psalm 46. “A Mighty Fortress Is Our God” is Luther’s rendition of Psalm 46.

It is believed that “A Mighty Fortress is Our God” was written between 1527 and 1529. We are singing a song that Christians sang almost 500 years ago.



A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

*A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*

1. A mighty fortress is our God,  
A bulwark never failing.  
Our helper He, amid the flood  
Of mortal ills prevailing:  
For still our ancient foe,  
Doth seek to work us woe.  
His craft and pow'r are great,  
And armed with cruel hate,  
On earth is not his equal.
  
2. Should we in our own strength confide,  
Our striving would be losing,  
Were not the right Man on our side,  
The Man of God's own choosing.  
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He.  
Lord Sabbath, His Name,  
From age to age the same,  
And He must win the battle.
  
3. And though this world, with devils filled,  
Should threaten to undo us,  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
His truth to triumph through us.  
The Prince of Darkness grim,  
We tremble not at him.  
His rage we can endure, for lo, his doom is sure,  
One little word shall fell him.
  
4. That word above all earthly pow'rs,  
No thanks to them, abideth.  
The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
Through Him who with us sideth.  
Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also.  
The body they may kill: God's truth abideth still,  
His kingdom is forever.

## A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

Luther's 41 hymns were published shortly after they were written. This one appeared in a book published by Andrew Rauscher in 1531, and that book still exists. Today, 37 of his hymns are still being published.

**"A Mighty Fortress Is Our God"** has been translated into English at least seventy times.

CHAPTER 2

# DEAR CHRISTIANS, ONE AND ALL, REJOICE

LYRICS & MUSIC, MARTIN LUTHER (1483-1546)

*“Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.  
Philippians 4:4-6*

Martin Luther struggled year after year, trying to appease an angry God. While he was finishing his education and thoroughly studying the Bible, he found his answer. From the Bible, he learned that God is love, He is merciful, He is kind, He is just, and that “He came not into the world to condemn the world but that the world through him might be saved.” John 3:17.

“Dear Christians, One and All, Rejoice” tells the story of Christ’s holiness and his sacrificial love for mankind. But Martin had fallen deeper and deeper into sin, and his life became a living hell. “My fears increased till sheer despair left only death to be my share and hell to be my sentence.”

Yet in this despair, with “a father’s heart, he turned to me, sought my redemption fervently; he gave his dearest treasure.”

DEAR CHRISTIANS, ONE AND ALL, REJOICE

This song explains that Luther, through faith in Christ, had become the child of a loving Father God, not an angry God.

Religious teachings were done through drama, speaking, and singing. “Dear Christians, One and All, Rejoice” was written to teach truths. It is one of Luther’s first hymns and one of the first hymns the church sang together as a congregation. First published in 1524 in *Achtliederbuch (Book of Eight Songs)*, this hymn was translated from German by Richard Massie in 1854.

*Dear Christians, One and All, Rejoice*

1. Dear Christians, one and all, rejoice,  
    With exultation springing,  
    And, with united heart and voice  
    And holy rapture singing,  
Proclaim the wonders God hath done,  
    How His right arm the vict’ry won;  
    Right dearly it hath cost Him.
2. Fast bound in Satan’s chains I lay,  
    Death brooded darkly o’er me,  
Sin was my torment night and day,  
    In sin my mother bore me;  
Yea, deep and deeper still I fell,  
    Life had become a living hell,  
    So firmly sin possessed me.
3. My own good works availed me naught,  
    No merit they attaining;  
Free will against God’s judgment fought,  
    Dead to all good remaining.  
My fears increased till sheer despair  
Left naught but death to be my share;  
    The pangs of hell I suffered.
4. But God beheld my wretched state

DEAR CHRISTIANS, ONE AND ALL, REJOICE

Before the world's foundation,  
And, mindful of His mercies great,  
He planned my soul's salvation.  
He turned to me a father's heart;  
He did not choose the easy part,  
But gave His dearest Treasure.

5. He spoke to His beloved Son:  
'Tis time to have compassion.  
Then go, bright Jewel of My crown,  
And bring to man salvation;  
From sin and sorrow set him free,  
Slay bitter death for him that he  
May live with Thee forever.

6. The Son obeyed His Father's will,  
Was born of virgin mother,  
And God's good pleasure to fulfill,  
He came to be my Brother.  
No garb of pomp or pow'r He wore,  
A servant's form, like mine, He bore,  
To lead the devil captive.

7. To me He spake: Hold fast to Me,  
I am thy Rock and Castle;  
Thy Ransom I Myself will be,  
For thee I strive and wrestle;  
For I am with thee, I am thine,  
And evermore shalt thou be Mine:  
The Foe shall not divide us.

8. The Foe shall shed My precious blood,  
Me of My life bereaving.  
All this I suffer for thy good;  
Be steadfast and believing.  
Life shall from death the vict'ry win,

DEAR CHRISTIANS, ONE AND ALL, REJOICE

My innocence shall bear thy sin;  
So art thou blest forever.

9. Now to My Father I depart,  
The Holy Spirit sending  
And, heav'nly wisdom to impart,  
My help to thee extending.  
He shall in trouble comfort thee,  
Teach thee to know and follow Me,  
And in all truth shall guide thee.

10. What I have done and taught, teach thou,  
My ways forsake thou never;  
So shall My kingdom flourish now  
And God be praised forever.  
Take heed lest men with base alloy  
The heav'nly treasure should destroy;  
This counsel I bequeath thee.

CHAPTER 3

# HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

LYRICS & MUSIC UNKNOWN - POSSIBLY  
GEORGE KEITH (1639–1716) OR ROBERT KEENE

*“Therefore thus saith the Lord GOD, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation.” Isaiah 28:16*

“**H**ow Firm a Foundation” is a hymn so well-known and loved that it was sung during the funerals of U.S. Presidents Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and General Robert E. Lee. American troops also sang it during the Spanish-American War. And yet, despite its popularity, the composer remains somewhat of a mystery.

“How Firm a Foundation” was written at a time when people truly needed a firm foundation. The Great Awakening began in 1740 with the rise of many great reformers, but most of them formed their own organizations. Although the exact date of its composition is unknown, just two years after its publication, the French Revolution led to the establishment of a new government and a new religion that was highly hostile to Christianity.

It was called “The Cult of Reason,” which executed thousands of Catholics and Protestant clergy. Ten years later, the

French invaded Rome, taking Pope Pius 5th prisoner to France. The Holy Roman Empire had been the foundation of government for many, many years. But we know that the only firm foundation is in our Lord Jesus Christ and the many promises given to us in His Word. The song is almost entirely scripture, put in poetic form.

Much of the text of the hymn is copied from the Bible, such as Isaiah 41:10: "Fear thou not for I am with thee, be not dismayed for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

"My Grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of God may rest upon me." 2 Corinthians 12:9

"How Firm a Foundation" was first published in 1787, in a book titled *A Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors*. John Rippon edited the songbook, and it is believed that the "K" might refer to John Keene, who was the cantor at the church where Rippon served as pastor.

The first title of this hymn was "Scripture Promises." Later, it appeared in Rippon's *A Selection of Hymns*, under the name "Exceeding Great and Precious Promises." It was signed only by a "K," and the author remained a mystery for a long while. John Rippon, a minister in London, compiled the hymn book with the assistance of Robert Keene. Although most hymnals simply list the author of this hymn as "K," it is believed that Robert Keene was the author and simply wanted to remain anonymous. Others, however, have associated 'K' with Kirkham, or John Keith. *Evening Light Songs* attributes the hymn to George Keith.

### *How Firm a Foundation*

I. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!  
What more can He say than to you He hath said—



## HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled. (Hebrew 6:1)

2. “Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid.  
I’ll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand. (Isaiah 43:1)

3. “When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress. (Isaiah 43:2)

4. “When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply.  
The flame shall not harm thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine. (Isaiah 43:3)

5. “The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes.  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I’ll never, no never, no never forsake.” (Hebrews 13:5)

“How Firm a Foundation” is on page 37 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 4

# AMAZING GRACE

LYRICS, JOHN NEWTON (1725-1807)  
MUSIC, WILLIAM WALKER (1809-1875)

*“For by grace you have been saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God. Ephesians 2:8*

“Amazing Grace,” written in 1772, is considered the most popular hymn of all time. It is more than 250 years old and has been, and continues to be, a blessing around the world.

I don’t want to go to school,” John wailed. “The teacher’s cross and the boys pick on me.”

“Very well then, you shall go with me and work on the ship,” said Mr. Newton, John’s father. John’s mother had died, and since her death, John had been staying in a boarding school. At the tender age of eleven, he quit studying and went to sea. His father, the ship’s captain, taught John a lot about sailing and handling a ship. However, he taught him very little self-discipline. Later, John joined England’s Royal Navy but would not submit to its discipline. He was flogged and eventually discharged.

While still in his teens, he received permission to sail on the *HMS Harwick* bound for the African coast. He was thrilled to be going far away, where he could do whatever he wanted.

John's only regret was leaving his girlfriend, Mary. However, that would give Mary's Christian parents time to decide if he was the right husband for their daughter, for they would never know what he was doing far away in Africa.

On this trip, John learned about the slave trade. Thinking it would be an easy way to get rich, he hired out to a slave dealer to learn the trade. Right away, the slave dealer realized that John would be of no use to him unless John learned to obey orders. He promptly stripped off John's nice clothes and gave him only the scanty clothing the slaves wore. Then, he put him to work as one of the slaves. The whip came down hard on John's back whenever he leaned on his hoe or stole a few minutes' rest under the shade of a lemon tree. His attempts to escape brought more lashes from his master's whip.

Years of hard labor and strict discipline hardened John, making him cruel and insensitive to the pain of others. In 1747, when he was twenty-one, he escaped from the slave trader by sneaking aboard the *Greyhound*, an outbound ship.

The captain of the *Greyhound* was a Christian. At first, John avoided the captain like he was poison. He preferred to laugh, curse, and drink whiskey with the rough sailors.

At times, when sailing was good and there wasn't much to do, John would go into the captain's quarters to visit. One day, the captain was reading *The Imitation of Christ*, written between 1418 and 1427, by Thomas à Kempis (1380-1471). "Think that book will help ye?" John asked. "Can a ship captain imitate Christ?"

"Sure," the captain answered. "God can change the meanest man and make him like Christ."

"Tis foolishness," John retorted. "I don't believe there is a God."

"God will make you a believer," the captain answered.

John laughed. "Nothing will make me a believer. I'm too tough to be conquered. The Royal Navy couldn't control me. They gave me a public flogging and demoted me to a common

sailor, but I didn't change. That slave dealer thought he would break me, too, but he didn't." John strolled away laughing about the book.

Not many nights later, John was awakened by the violent tossing of the *Greyhound*. He flung his feet off the bed and discovered his cabin was filling with water. "What's happening?" he shouted.

"Her side's crushed in," he heard from a voice in the darkness. "Get to the pumps! Quick! She'll go down in minutes if we can't keep her pumped out."

John hurried to the pumps. After an hour of pumping, sweat poured from his brow. Another hour passed, constantly pushing and pulling. His back ached, and his muscles groaned with the constant movement. More hours passed with the water rushing into the side of the ship and the men pumping it out. After an exhausting nine hours, John gasped, "Think we'll make it?"

"Our buoyant cargo is all that's keeping us afloat," a sailor working a pump next to him answered.

"But not for long," another shouted. Then John heard a sailor in the distance mutter in great distress, "We're all goners."

Instantly, John remembered seeing his devoted Christian mother praying. At the exact moment, his terrible sins flashed before him. He saw himself as the vilest of the vile, and so he had been. His broken spirit cried, "This won't do. Lord, have mercy on us!"

Morning broke, and the *Greyhound* was still afloat. They were still alive! The captain, every sailor, and workers were all amazed that she had stayed afloat and though crippled, she sailed into the nearest harbor.

The storm made a believer out of John. He borrowed the captain's book and read it. Later, he committed his life to the Lord.

When he landed again in England, he went to see Mary. "I've prayed for you all these years," she told him.

"I've been praying, too," he answered with a smile.

Later, they were married, and John Newton became a preacher. He never tired of talking about God's amazing grace that saved him from his wild, evil ways. At the same time, he was telling of God's saving power, he was also writing about it. Besides writing "*Amazing Grace*," he wrote 279 other songs. He never forgot his prayer on that sinking ship. Each year on that day, he fasted and prayed to celebrate his salvation from a turbulent sea and a life of misery in sin.

When it was suggested that he retire at age eighty-two, due to poor health and a failing memory, he responded, "My memory is nearly gone, but I remember two things: that I was a great sinner, and that Christ is a great Savior!"

John Newton's tombstone tells the story of his life in a nutshell. It says:

*"John Newton, clerk, once an infidel and Libertine, a servant of slavers in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had so long labored to destroy."*

*Amazing Grace*

1. Amazing Grace, How sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me.  
I once was lost, but now I am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved.  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed.
3. Through many dangers, toils and snares  
I have already come,  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far  
And grace will lead me home.

AMAZING GRACE

4. The Lord has promised good to me  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.

5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease  
I shall possess within that veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

6. When we've been there ten thousand years  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we've first begun.

**Have you been blessed by singing this song?**

**“Amazing Grace”** is on page 510 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 5

# COME THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

LYRICS AND MUSIC, SIR ROBERT ROBINSON  
(1735-1790)

*“With my whole heart I have sought Thee; oh, let me not wander  
from Thy commandments!” Psalms 119:10*

“Why doesn’t Daddy speak to me?” little Robert Robinson asked. His mother put her finger to her lips and whispered, “He’s gone to Heaven. Be a good boy so you can go meet him when you die.”

Robert wanted to meet his father in heaven; however, without the strong hand of a father, he became an unruly boy. Perhaps being busy would be best for Robert, Mary thought. At age 14, she sent him away from home to learn a trade. While he was learning his trade, he was also experimenting with the worst aspects of the world, including drinking alcohol, gambling, and the host of sins that accompany those choices.

One evening, Robert said to his friends, “Let’s go have some fun at George Whitefield’s revival.” They didn’t have to walk far to begin listening, because it is recorded that George Whitfield’s voice could be heard for 2 miles. As they walked

and joked along the way, Robert, hearing Whitefield preach, began to feel convicted about the way he was living.

By the time they arrived, the Holy Spirit had made him ready to change his life. Instead of causing trouble, Robert dedicated himself and his intelligence to serving God. By age twenty, he was in full-time Christian service. “Come Thou Front of Every Blessing” was written when he was only twenty-two.

He avidly studied the Bible. In his studies, he was convinced that infant baptism was not biblical. This conviction caused conflict, as he was a preacher at the large Cambridge church and lived near the church with his 12 non-christened children. He preached throughout the week at 15 countryside stations, either at 5 a.m. or in the evening. He also farmed to support himself, while writing several volumes on religion and healing that are still in the Cambridge library.

Later in life, he was offered the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, but he declined it, saying, “I am only a servant of my Savior.”

This hymn appears to be an observation of his spiritual experiences, and it is so clearly portrayed that any reader can easily identify with it, thus prompting self-evaluation and leading to positive changes. Toward the end of the hymn, he confesses that he is often disappointed in his actions because his love has wandered into the ways of the world. He begs God to seal his heart and hold it safely in His hands.

Riding in a stagecoach one day, a woman, not knowing he was its author, read to him “Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing.” Its convicting message resounded in his heart, and a geyser of love sprang out.

For 300 years, this hymn has been God’s voice speaking to generation after generation all over the world. It is one of the most loved hymns of all time.

*Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing*

I. Come thou Fount of every blessing



COME THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

Tune my heart to sing Thy grace  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing  
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2. Teach me some melodious sonnets  
Sung by flaming tongues above  
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it  
Mount of God's redeeming love

3. Here I raise my Ebenezer  
Ever by Thy great help I've come  
And I hope by Thy good pleasure  
Safely to arrive at home

4. Jesus sought me when I was a stranger  
Wandering from the fold of God  
He to rescue me from danger  
Bought me with His precious blood

5. Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily, I'm constrained to be.  
Let Thy goodness like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

6. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it  
Prone to leave the God I love  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it  
Seal it for Thy courts above

7. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it  
Prone to leave the God I love  
Here's my heart, Lord, though it's weakened  
Hold me in Your precious arms

## CHAPTER 6

# SILENT NIGHT

LYRICS, JOSEPHUS F. MOHR (1792-1848)  
MUSIC, FRANZ XAVIER GRUBER (1787-1863)

*“And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.” Luke 2:10-11*

Joseph Mohr and Franz Xavier Gruber are given credit for this stunning Christmas carol.

It seems that in 1818, a small chapel in a village nestled high in the Alps, near Oberndorf bei Salzburg, Austria, was experiencing trouble with the church organ. Some elders claimed it had rusted out, while others alleged that mice had chewed vital parts. Regardless, a group of traveling actors came to the village hoping to use the chapel to present a drama based on the birth of Christ. But the organ repairman had left organ parts strewn all over the floor. The privilege was denied because some vital parts of the precious organ might get misplaced.

The actors then found a large home in which to present their drama. Mohr went to watch the drama. He saw the actors portraying Mary and Joseph traveling on a donkey to Bethle-

hem. He saw Joseph searching for a place where the Virgin Mary could rest. After much searching, Joseph found nothing and had to take weary Mary to an animal's stable to sleep.

While she was in this filthy place, Mary gave birth to her firstborn son. Unknown to Mary or Joseph, an angel appeared to some shepherds and announced that this was no ordinary child, but the Son of God coming in human flesh. "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord," the angel said. After the angels disappeared, the lowly shepherds left their flocks with the servants and hurried into Bethlehem. They hunted until they found a stable with a newborn baby, then reverently bowed before the new King and worshipped Him.

Mohr continued watching as they portrayed wicked King Herod raving at the scribes and doctors of the law, demanding they find where the new King was staying. And the same King Herod, appearing with a fox smile, pleading with the wise men to find the new King so he, too, could worship Him.

Mohr was greatly impressed by the presentation. He walked away from the home, but instead of going to his bed, he walked up a hill to meditate.

The night was clear and calm. In the quietness all around, a holy feeling of awe came over him. "O holy night," Mohr whispered into the stillness. "O silent night, all is calm, yet all is bright."

Lights shone from the cottages in the village below. He wondered if it looked much like Bethlehem. He pictured a stable somewhere in the village with Mary and her baby in the manger. "Round yon virgin mother and Child. Holy Infant so tender and mild, sleep, in heavenly peace, sleep in heavenly peace," he whispered.

Mohr had already written a poem about the birth of Christ. Some of the thoughts of the shepherds returned to his mind as he walked the path back to his home. The remaining words of the carol came to his mind, a few words at a time.

## SILENT NIGHT

He wrote them down that night. The following morning, he gave the words to Franz Gruber, the schoolteacher and church organist, and asked if he could set them to music.

Christmas Eve, Mohr and Gruber sang the song as Gruber strummed his guitar. Some believe that Gruber had already written the music. What is the truth? We do not know. It does seem that the words and music of this heavenly song were divinely inspired.

Thanks to the organ repairman, Mohr, and Gruber, we have the hymn today. A few days after Christmas, Mohr and Gruber shared it with others. Soon, touring groups began to sing it in concerts, spreading it even further. Joseph Mohr and Franz Gruber never dreamed that 200 years after that makeshift Christmas program, millions in many countries would be singing their Christmas carol.

Mohr wrote "Silent Night" in German. According to the December 2023 issue of *The Washington Post*, there are over 3,700 translations and renditions of the original Christmas carol.

It is now in over 300 languages. We thank Emily Elliott and John Freeman Young for translating "Silent Night, Holy Night!" into English.

Now you know how we came to have:

### *Silent Night*

1. Silent night, holy night! All is calm, all is bright  
Round yon virgin mother and Child.  
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace.
2. Silent night, holy night! Shepherds quake at the sight.  
Glories stream from heaven afar,  
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia!  
Christ the Savior is born, Christ the Savior is born!
3. Silent night, holy night! Son of God, love's pure light

SILENT NIGHT

Radiant beams from Thy holy face  
With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth, Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

4. Silent night, holy night! Wondrous star, lend thy light.  
With the angels let us sing, Alleluia to our King;  
Christ the Savior is born, Christ the Savior is born!

CHAPTER 7

# HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

LYRICS, REGINALD HEBER (1783-1826)  
MUSIC, JOHN B. DYKES (1823-1876)

*“And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty, who was and is and is to come!” Revelation 4:8*

Many years before Reginald Heber penned the words to this awe-inspiring hymn, the prophet Isaiah saw the Lord God’s Spirit filling the temple; even the doorposts were trembling while the angels sang, “Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory” (Isaiah 6:3). Isaiah, knowing his sinfulness, cried out, “Woe is me! For I am a man of unclean lips!”

After Isaiah admitted his weakness, the angel brought a coal and touched his mouth, saying, “Thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin is purged.” He was then equipped to go for God.

Years later, Reginald Heber, a minister in the Church of England, likely felt the same awe at God’s holiness as he composed the poem. It was first used in a special service on Trinity Sunday.

God had given Reginald Heber a brilliant mind and the ability to utilize it effectively. Reginald studied carefully and worked hard to develop and use God’s gifts. He received top

grades and was admired and honored for his academic and poetic achievements. Soon after completing his education, Reginald became a full-time minister. However, he did not seek to pastor a wealthy congregation; instead, he chose a humble church and soon gained a reputation for being a devout man of God and a brilliant poet.

Reginald Heber, the son of a wealthy landowner and cleric, was famous at the University of Oxford as a poet. However, he laid down his ticket to success and became a country parson. After sixteen years as a country parson in England, he was called to serve in India, where he became the Bishop of Calcutta, making him the leader of missions in India, the Island of Ceylon, and even all of Australia. He traveled extensively throughout India, helping in every way he could to extend the gospel. His chief ambition in India was to establish a training school for local clergy, ensuring the area would have ministers long after he was gone. He was building this school when his life was cut short. After laboring for only two years in India, he died at the age of forty-three years. He wrote fifty-seven hymns, most of which are still being published.

After being used only once, the hymn lay forgotten until after Heber's death. His wife found the poem in a collection of papers and shared it with musician John B. Dykes. The song was finally published with music in 1861, thirty-five years after Heber's death. God has used this song to impress millions of people with the truth of His holiness.

In the English language, exclamation points are used to emphasize the importance of a statement or idea. In the Jewish language, repetition is used. A prime example of this is when Jesus used "truly, truly" to emphasize his points. So, if a repetition of two is equivalent to an exclamation point, a repetition of three is comparable to someone waving their arms and shouting. Of all God's attributes, there is only one in the Bible where a repetition of three is used. "Holy, holy, holy, is the LORD of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory," (Isaiah 6:3).

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

Most of Heber's hymns were published after his death; 57 of them appeared in *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year* (London: J. Murray, 1827). His long poem *Palestine* was described as "the most successful and popular piece of religious verse of the first half of the 19th century.

*The Life of the Right Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D.D., Lord Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore*, by Reginald Heber, is a popular book today.

*Narrative of a Journey Through the Upper Provinces of India from Calcutta to Bombay, 1824–1825*, and *The Sound of War! In Earth and Air* are also very stirring pieces of poetry. "Holy. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!" is sung often by many different religious groups.

***Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!***

1. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning, our song shall rise to Thee.

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!

God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2. Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea.

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,

Who was, and is, and evermore shall be.

3. Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;

Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy Name,

In earth, and sky, and sea;

Holy, holy, holy; merciful and mighty!

God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!



## CHAPTER 8

# GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS

LYRICS, THOMAS CHISHOLM (1866–1960)  
MUSIC, WILLIAM M. RUNYAN (1870–1957)

*“For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: Thou art God alone. Teach me thy way, O LORD; I will walk in thy truth: Unite my heart to fear thy name. I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: And I will glorify thy name for evermore.” Psalm 86:10-12*

Thomas Chisholm dedicated his life to serving God and became a pastor in Kentucky. However, the stress of leading a congregation, combined with his poor health, caused him to resign. He then supported his wife and two daughters by selling insurance. He saw the hand of God helping him day after day. God guided him to find clients, enabling him to afford mortgage payments, utility bills, food, and to buy shoes when a child needed new ones. He never had much money, but he always had enough to get by.

Thomas did not overlook the small ways that God was faithful every day, such as giving him the strength to continue his office work, driving across town to meet a needy person. He believed 1 Timothy 6:6-10, which reads, “Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having

food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil: which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.” He gratefully proclaimed! “All I have needed, Thy hand hath provided. Great is thy faithfulness, Oh, Lord my God.”

Thomas wrote the lyrics to “Great is Thy Faithfulness” and sent them to William Runyan, musician at Moody Bible Institute and editor of Hope Publishing Company in Chicago.

Runyan loved the poem and began praying that God would give a suitable tune. After he finished arranging the music, those at Moody Bible Institute loved it, and it became a college favorite in 1923. Afterward, the song lay dormant for many years. Thomas Chisholm continued to sell insurance to support his family, and for relaxation, he wrote poems, hymns, and songs, which eventually numbered 1,200. Many of these poems were published as hymns, further spreading the message of God’s faithfulness.

A copy of “Great Is Thy Faithfulness” was given to Billy Graham. He used it in his Evangelist Crusades in the 1950s. George Beverly Shea and Cliff Barrows sang it all across America and in other English-speaking countries.

*Great Is Thy Faithfulness*

1. Great is thy faithfulness, O God, my Father;  
There is no shadow of turning with thee.  
Thou changest not, thy compassions, they fail not;  
As thou hast been, thou forever will be.

*Refrain:*

Great is thy faithfulness, Great is thy faithfulness,  
Morning by morning, new mercies I see.  
All I have needed, thy hand hath provided;  
Great is thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me.

GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS

2. Summer and winter and springtime and harvest,  
Sun, moon, and stars in their courses above  
Join with all nature in manifold witness  
To thy great faithfulness, mercy, and love.

3. Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,  
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;  
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,  
Blessings all mine and ten thousand beside.

## CHAPTER 9

# PRESS THE BATTLE ON

LYRICS, CHARLES W. NAYLOR (1874-1950)

MUSIC, BARNEY .E. WARREN (1867-1951)

*“Thus saith the LORD unto you: be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of the great multitude, for the battle is not yours but God’s.”*  
*2 Chronicles 20:15*

When Charles W. Naylor was twenty-six and Barney Warren was thirty-three, they traveled together, evangelizing in Northwestern Ohio. While in Hickman’s Grove near the city of Meeker, the weather was extremely hot. From what I read in history, many ministers wore a tuxedo-type suit with the back of the jacket longer than the front. In this story, it seems that both Naylor and Warren, wearing long-tailed coats, were struggling to set up a large evangelist tent. It seemed impossible to do their task in their preachy attire, but they wanted people to know the tent was for a revival, not a circus. Being very hot in their heavy dress clothes, Warren said, “Let’s pray for cooler weather.” They prayed.

As they were unrolling the big tent, a cool wind began to blow. They hoisted it up into the air, and the wind caught the heavy tent and snatched it from their grip. It fell in a crumpled

mass onto the ground. The men stretched the canvas again, first north, then south, now east and west, until it lay even on every side. The Lord sent reinforcements with more helpers. Several men crawled under the tent, and together they hoisted the center pole in place. They rushed about barking orders in their tuxedos, "Drive down the corner poles and attach them. Hey, we've conquered it! The tent is standing upright in this fierce wind. Hurry and drive the anchor stakes into the ground."

Sprinkles of rain were falling as they were tightening the ropes. A few minutes later, the dark rain cloud burst open into a downpour, drenching the men as they ran for shelter. Dripping wet, the two preachers dashed into their small sleeping tent. "Perhaps we should not have asked God to cool the weather. Now our only suits are wet," Naylor grumbled.

"Yes, rain will hinder the revival," Warren agreed. "And I feel like I have just fought a big battle. I'm exhausted." After resting a while in their wet clothes, Warren began humming a tune.

"Hey, don't stop," Naylor said, "That sounds like 'Press the Battle On.'" He found an envelope and began writing down the notes Warren was humming. Then he said, "Forward, forward, is the battle cry. Onward, onward to our home on high. We will conquer for the Lord or die."

"Yes, just like we did that tent today," Warren interrupted.

The following morning, Warren and Naylor were able to finish the lyrics and the notes he had scribbled in the darkness. Now you know how "Press the Battle On" became the hymn we sing so often.

### *Press The Battle On*

1. Forward, forward, is the battle cry,  
Onward, onward, to our home on high;  
We will conquer for the Lord or die,  
The foe's retreating, press the battle on.

PRESS THE BATTLE ON

*Refrain:*

Strengthened by the mighty pow'r of heaven,  
We shall conquer, we shall conquer;  
Till the raging foe afar is driven,  
Press the battle on.

2. Forward, forward, never faint or fear,  
Christ, our Captain, is forever near;  
Be courageous, full of hope and cheer,  
With full assurance, press the battle on.

3. Forward, forward, put the foe to flight,  
We are battling for the truth and right;  
We shall triumph in Jehovah's might,  
Then do not falter, press the battle on.

4. Forward, forward, there's a crown before,  
See it shining on that heav'nly shore?  
We shall wear it when the conflict's o'er,  
The prize is waiting, press the battle on.

“Press The Battle On” is on page 130 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 10

# WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

LYRICS, JOSEPH M. SCRIVEN (1819-1886)  
MUSIC, CHARLES C. CONVERSE (1832-1918)

*“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life  
for his friends.” John 15:13*

“T omorrow is our wedding, my sweet, lovely lass. Would you like to go riding along the river one more time?” Joseph Scriven asked.

“Yes,” she answered.

“I’ll meet you at the Rann River bridge.”

The following day, Joseph stood beside the Rann River bridge as his bride-to-be was coming across on her horse. He watched in horror as she tumbled off and fell into the icy river. He ran down the bank and plunged in to rescue her. He only saved her lifeless body. He laid her to rest in the town cemetery.

Joseph Medlicott Scriven graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, with a bachelor’s degree. He came from a well-to-do family, was educated, and was poised for a successful life in Ireland. However, after the accident that claimed the life of his bride-to-be, he migrated to Canada, perhaps hoping to leave his sorrow behind and move forward.

In Canada, Joseph became a friend to everyone in Port

Hope. He was not as jolly as other Irishmen, but he was a good Christian man. After some time, he was engaged to marry a niece of the family where he worked as a tutor. During their engagement, she became sick with pneumonia and died after months of illness.

To forget his new sorrow, Joseph busied himself by helping others. The poor widows called on him to do repair jobs that neither they nor their children could handle. The elderly called on him to chop wood or do the chores for a few days when older sons were away or ill. He shared his food with people experiencing homelessness and often invited them into his bungalow.

Joseph kept very little money, food, or clothing for himself. While other men his age were investing in a comfortable home or improving their farm, Joseph was content to spend his money helping others. Sometimes he'd give a shivering child or a poor man his coat and walk home in freezing wind. People from all walks of life sought Joseph Scriven's assistance. He seldom worked for wages because from morning until evening, he helped those who could not afford to pay. How he managed to do and give so much was a wonder to everyone in Port Hope.

Occasionally, Joseph received a letter from Ireland. One day, a letter arrived from his mother, who lived in a distant land. She was very ill. How Joseph wished he could see her or, at the very least, send her money. "Should I have saved my money instead of giving it to the poor?" he asked himself. "I have none to send her. Oh, Lord, what can I do for my dear mother?" He prayed, he thought, and he hoped. At last, he decided he could at least write her a letter of comfort. He began a letter. The following day, he worked on his letter again. It must say just the right words to comfort her. When it was finally finished, it included the poem, "What A Friend We Have in Jesus." *I hope that will comfort my dear mother*, he thought.

One day, he got so chilled that he went home sick. That



night, his temperature soared. When no one saw Joseph for several days, people began to wonder. “We’d better check on Mr. Scriven,” they said to one another.

They found him in bed. The fire was almost out, and there was no more wood in his bungalow. Now it was their turn to help the man who had helped them. They brought him firewood and food and took turns caring for him. One night, when a neighbor came to sit with Joseph, he saw a piece of paper under the corner of his bed. Fishing it out, he began to read.

“What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear.  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer.”

When he finished reading, he exclaimed, “What a beautiful poem!”

“You like it?”

“That I do.”

“I was reading it to comfort myself,” Joseph said. “It tells where to find comfort.”

“Where did you find such a masterpiece?”

Joseph just smiled. “The Lord gave it to me.”

“What? You wrote this?” he questioned, waving it in his hand.

“The Lord and I did it between the two of us,” Joseph said shyly.

“Well, I’ll say. Port Hope has a poet and didn’t know it,” he said to Joseph as he laughed at his rhyme. “Mr. Joseph Scriven, you are quite a guy—spent most of your life among outcasts, and you might have been a wealthy, famous author.”

“I had to help others,” Joseph explained. “Helping others comforts my heart. It made me feel loved and needed.”

“I thought maybe you were trying to be the patron angel of Port Hope’s children since you had no children of your own. Say, why didn’t you get married and have a family?”

Mr. Scriven cleared his throat. His lips quivered as he

spoke. “I loved a girl in Ireland.” He paused, “She ... she ... drowned the evening before our wedding. I came here trying to escape my sorrow.” He paused again and looked out the window. “Here in Port Hope, I loved another, and—and she died with pneumonia. I could not risk loving again.”

For twenty-one years, Mr. Scriven continued helping the poor in Port Hope. Another winter came, more severe than usual. Snow drifted against the houses. It blocked the doors. Even though Joseph was no longer a young man, he still shoveled snow and chopped and carried wood for those who could not. He brought provisions to those who were unable to get out.

Joseph Scriven wrote more than 116 hymns, 115 of which were published in *Hymns and Other Verses* in 1869, printed by James Stevens of Peterborough, Ontario. However, that book did not include “What a Friend We Have in Jesus,” as it had already been published in 1865 in Horace Lorenzo Hastings’ *Social Hymns: Original and Selected*.

Charles Crozart Converse put music to the lyrics. Ira David Sankey, song leader for D. L. Moody’s campaigns, made the hymn popular. Joseph Scriven was 46 years old when “What a Friend We Have in Jesus” appeared in Sankey’s songbook, *Gospel Hymns No. 1*. Millions of people, both saints and sinners, have been comforted by this song.

Joseph Medlicott Scriven died in 1886 at the age of 67. He is buried in the Pengelley Cemetery, four miles north of Port Hope, Ontario, Canada. The beautiful words “What a Friend We Have in Jesus” are inscribed on a monument that reads, “Here lies Joseph M. Scriven, the philanthropist and author of this extraordinary masterpiece. Do you wonder why the inscription on his monument refers to him as a philanthropist? For 42 years, Joseph had helped the people in Port Hope, Canada. What a Friend!

*What a Friend We Have in Jesus*  
1. What a friend we have in Jesus,

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

2. Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Savior, still our refuge—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In His arms, He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

**“What a Friend We Have in Jesus”** is on page 179 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER II

# BLESSED ASSURANCE

LYRICS, FANNY JANE CROSBY (1820-1915)  
MUSIC, PHOEBE PALMER KNAPP (1839-1908)

*“Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith.”*  
*Hebrew 10:22*

“Please, Grandma,” Fanny begged, “Let me play outside.”

“Fanny, Honey,” Grandma answered. “You cannot go outside alone. You cannot see. You might walk into the creek and drown, then Grandma wouldn’t have a little Fanny. To whom could I read?”

“Oh, Grandma, how I wish I could read.”

“I am praying that God will open a way for you to go to the Blind Institute so you can learn,” Grandma answered. She and Fanny prayed and waited and then prayed some more. While they waited, Grandma read the Bible to Fanny every day. Sometimes, on rainy days, she read almost all day. How surprised Grandma was when she heard Fanny teaching her doll.

“Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”

“Fanny!” She shouted. “I am surprised that you have memorized that.”

“I’ll tell you some more,” Fanny said, and she repeated the entire chapter. She had also memorized the sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters of Matthew.

After that, each day, Grandma read the Bible to Fanny and helped her memorize new verses. Learning a portion of one chapter every day, Fanny memorized all four Gospels (Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John). Throughout her life, she continued to memorize, eventually committing the Pentateuch (Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy), the book of Proverbs, the Song of Solomon, and many of the Psalms to memory.

At age 15, Fanny enrolled in the New York Institution for the Blind (NYIB). There, she learned to read, play the piano, organ, harp, and guitar. The great storehouse of Biblical promises kept her full of assurances, although she was away from home, living in a dark world among strangers. Her remarkable ability to create poetry was discovered and became a blessing for her and the school. Doctors of all sorts came to examine her. Each one was amazed that she could compose three or four hymns and retain them in her memory until the proper time when someone could write them down on paper for her.

She was often requested to write hymns. Sometimes, a minister would ask her to compose a song about a specific subject or for a particular occasion. At other times, musicians would first compose the music and then ask Fanny to write words to blend with the music. Mrs. Joseph Knapp, wife of the founder of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, composed a tune and played it for Fanny. “What does this tune say?” she asked.

“Why that says, ‘Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine.’” Fanny told her. Then Fanny wrote the beautiful words that Christians in many parts of the world are now singing.

Fanny J. Crosby was forty-four years old before she started

## BLESSED ASSURANCE

writing songs. Historians estimate that she wrote more than 8,000 gospel songs. For several years, she worked for a music publisher, writing three hymns each week. During this time, she used 200 pen names. Songs are still being discovered that were written by her under a pen name. Probably no other person has contributed more hymns to American gospel music than Fanny J. Crosby.

Fanny J. Crosby died at age 95. Inscribed on her tombstone are these words, “She has done what she could.”

### *Blessed Assurance*

1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,  
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

### *Refrain:*

This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Savior all the day long;  
This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Savior all the day long.

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;  
Angels, descending, bring from above  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
I in my Savior am happy and blest,  
Watching and waiting, looking above,  
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love

“Blessed Assurance” is on page 194 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 12

# JESUS PAID IT ALL

LYRICS, ELVINA MABEL HALL (1820-1889)  
MUSIC, JOHN THOMAS GRAPE (1835-1915)

*For we know that we were not redeemed with corruptible things  
such as silver and gold, . . . but with the precious blood of Jesus.” I  
Peter 1:18-19*

Baltimore, Maryland, is overflowing with interesting events. Francis Scott Key wrote “The Star-Spangled Banner” while watching the British bombard Fort McHenry in the Baltimore Harbor. Today, you can visit the National Monument, the Baltimore Museum of Art, the National Aquarium, and the Botanical Gardens, or explore historic ships. Another place you might want to see is the Methodist Episcopal Church on Monument Street. It is an old and beautiful structure, but it is not exactly as it was initially.

John T. Grape was the organist and choir director at the church of Pastor Schrick. While the building was being remodeled, he took the church organ to his home during the reconstruction. While it was in his house, he composed a tune that he named, “All to Christ I Owe.” He played it for the pastor and several others, but no one seemed excited about it, except his wife. So, Mr. Grape laid his music aside and continued directing the church choir.

Now, what Mr. Grape did while Pastor Schrick prayed his long prayers and preached his long sermons we do not know, but we know what Elvina Mabel Hall did on at least one Sunday morning. She leafed through her hymnal. Imagine the rustle of pages if all the choir members had been turning pages, but the others were not. Perhaps she was listening to his sermon on the price Jesus paid for our redemption, when a poem about Jesus paying it all came to her mind. Well, she had a pen but no paper, so she continued turning the pages of her hymn book. The last page was blank—a perfect place to write her thoughts.

Before Pastor Schrick quit speaking, she had finished her poem, “Jesus Paid It All.” Sometime later, Mabel gave a copy of “Jesus Paid It All” to Mr. Grape. He read it over a few times, then remarked, “These words may fit the tune I composed.” They did. Later, Mrs. Hall and Mr. Grape wrote a chorus to fit Mr. Grape’s music.

“Jesus Paid It All” first appeared in the new *Lute of Zion* hymn book, which was printed in 1868. It had already been published in *Sabbath Carols* titled “All to Christ I Owe.” “Jesus Paid It All” is very popular in countries all over the world. It comes from Romans 5. Maybe you would like to sing it?

*Jesus Paid It All*

1. I hear the Savior say,  
“Thy strength indeed is small;  
Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
Find in Me thine all in all.”

*Refrain:*

Jesus paid it all, All to Him I owe;  
Sin had left a crimson stain,  
He washed it white as snow.

2. For nothing good have I  
Whereby Thy grace to claim;



JESUS PAID IT ALL

I'll wash my garments white  
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

3. And now complete in Him,  
My robe, His righteousness,  
Close sheltered 'neath His side,  
I am divinely blest.

4. Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy pow'r, and Thine alone,  
Can change the leper's spots  
And melt the heart of stone.

5. When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
"Jesus died my soul to save,"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

6. And when before the throne  
I stand in Him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.

"Jesus Paid It All" is on page 466 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 13

# THE BLOOD OF JESUS

LYRICS & MUSIC, BARNEY ELLIOT WARREN  
(1867-1951)

*“How much more shall the blood of Christ... purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God.” Hebrews 9:14*

When D. S. Warner and B. E. Warren were having a revival in the Red Lion School near the Allegheny River in Western Pennsylvania, homes had no radio or television, and very few had a telephone. Fueled by curiosity, many attended any community function, including revival meetings. Mertz came to this revival several times.

Mertz was large, strong, and a terrible drunkard. Everyone in the community feared tangling with him. One evening, after attending the revival, he stopped by the tavern on his way home. About midnight, when he arrived home, his loving wife sat at the table waiting to serve his dinner. Being intoxicated, he shouted loudly and with one sweep of his long, strong arm, he hurled the two kerosene lanterns off the table and through the window. The curtain and all the shattering glass went out with the lanterns. He turned over the table and flopped on the bed. Soon, he was in a drunken sleep.

## THE BLOOD OF JESUS

However, the convicting Holy Spirit kept hovering over Mertz. He kept coming to the revival. A few nights later, while servicing an engine in the boiler room at the power plant where he worked, he dozed off to sleep. He dreamed Jesus walked into the room where he was working. Jesus showed Mertz the wound in his side. It was dripping blood. Then he said, "I will make a small cut in your jugular vein and drain your blood out and put mine in. Then you will be able to live the way you wish to live."

"But I might die before your blood takes effect," Mertz cried in fear. "Then I'd be lost forever."

"No. I promise you will not die."

The following night, Mertz surrendered his heart, mind, soul, and spirit to Christ. He became a loving husband, a great father, and a kind neighbor. He was loved by all who knew him. His Holy Spirit-filled preaching swept many into the presence of God.

Mertz lived victoriously because the blood of Jesus made him a new creature. "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." (2 Corinthians 5:17).

This miraculous testimony inspired B. E. Warren with two songs about Jesus' saving blood: "The Blood of Jesus" and "Power in the Blood of Jesus."

### *The Blood of Jesus*

1. Must I in sinful bondage be,  
Deprived of peace and liberty,  
When in the promise I can see  
The blood of Jesus cleanseth?

### *Refrain:*

The blood, the blood, The precious blood of Jesus;  
The blood will work a perfect cure,  
Will cleanse the heart and keep it pure;  
The blood, the blood, The precious blood of Jesus.

## THE BLOOD OF JESUS

2. Must I be doubting, full of fear,  
And gloom obscure my pathway here,  
Be up and down in life's career?  
The blood of Jesus cleanseth.

3. Must I be under guilt and sin,  
And have its blighting force within,  
Beset by wrong, no vict'ry win?  
The blood of Jesus cleanseth.

4. Must I suppose I'm right today,  
Tomorrow think I've gone astray,  
Let demons hold me in dismay?  
The blood of Jesus cleanseth.

5. Must I by Satan be accused,  
And with his galling yoke abused,  
Until at length from heav'n refused?  
The blood of Jesus cleanseth.

“The Blood of Jesus” is on page 127 in *Evening Light Songs*.

### *Power in the Blood of Jesus*

1. There's power in the blood to save from sin,  
To bring the peace of God where guilt hath been;  
A new and happy life will then begin,  
There's power in the blood of Jesus.

### *Refrain:*

There's power in the blood of Jesus,  
There's power in the blood of Jesus;  
To save the soul today, Wash every sin away,  
There's power in the blood of Jesus.

2. There's power in the blood today, I see,  
As when He set the palsied sinner free;

## THE BLOOD OF JESUS

And now His saving grace extends to me,  
There's power in the blood of Jesus.

3. No righteousness of ours can e'er avail,  
But through the Lamb of God we shall prevail;  
There's power in His blood, all else will fail,  
There's power in the blood of Jesus.

4. There's power in the blood for our release,  
There's power in the blood to bring soul-peace;  
The merits of His blood will not decrease,  
There's power in the blood of Jesus.

**“Power in the Blood of Jesus”** is on page 105 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 14

# SOFTLY AND TENDERLY

LYRICS & MUSIC, WILLIAM L. THOMPSON  
(1847-1909)

*“The son of man is come to seek and save that which was lost.”  
Luke 19:10*

“Whoa! Whoa!” Will Thompson called to his pair of bay horses as they were going down a hill. “Easy now. Easy— not too fast or the piano will slide out the front of the wagon.”

“We heard you’sa comin’!” Shouted a man who was plowing beside the road. “Everybody in town is waiting fer you. You will sing fer us, won’t you?”

“Sure, that’s why I came,” Will shouted back.

Will grew up in East Liverpool on the Ohio River. He loved to row his boat on the river, bask in the sun, or walk along the shore gathering seashells. He began writing songs at a very young age. Although he was a Christian, his first songs were not religious. Many of his songs were about his love for nature.

“My Home on the Old Ohio” and “Gathering Shells from the Seashore” tell of his love for the river. Will sold these songs in New York City, and music dealers from other cities picked up thousands of copies. Soon, people across Ohio were

singing them. Before long, newspaper reporters were calling him “the millionaire songwriter.”

Realizing he owed his success to God, Will Thompson started writing songs to glorify God. Four of the many he wrote are:

“Softly and Tenderly,”  
“Jesus Is All the World to Me,”  
“There’s a Great Day Coming,”  
“Lead Me Gently Home, Father.”

“Softly and Tenderly” was written when he was thirty-three years old, after he had already written many other songs. Will Thompson wrote so many hymns that he established his own publishing firm to produce hymn books. More than two million copies of his gospel quartet books have sold.

Through writing and publishing songs, Will had become friends with the famous evangelist D. L. Moody and his song leader, Ira Sankey. Sometimes they sang Will’s songs in Moody’s evangelistic campaigns. Will saw firsthand the good that is done by sharing the gospel in song as well as in preaching.

These were the days before many had a radio, and there was no television. Will knew many people in farming communities and small towns who wanted to hear gospel singing and preaching. He was not a preacher. He was a singer. So, he bought a heavy two-horse wagon, loaded his upright piano on it, and drove into the Ohio countryside to sing his gospel message across the state.

In December 1899, D. L. Moody lay ill in his home in Northfield, Massachusetts. He was so sick that visitors were not allowed, but when Moody heard that Will Thompson had arrived, he requested that Will be allowed to enter. The once strong, robust (but now feeble) Moody took Mr. Thompson’s hand and said, “Will, I would rather have written ‘Softly and Tenderly’ than anything I have been able to do in my whole

## SOFTLY AND TENDERLY

life.” It has been said that Moody “placed one hand on America and the other on England and shook both for God.” He preached to thousands and personally led many to the Savior.

Thousands have already yielded themselves to Christ after hearing “Softly and Tenderly,” and thousands more will continue to do so wherever this simple invitation song is sung.

### *Softly and Tenderly*

1. Softly and tenderly, Jesus is calling,  
Calling for you and for me;  
See, on the portals, He’s waiting and watching,  
Watching for you and for me.

### *Refrain:*

Come home, come home,  
Ye who are weary, come home;  
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,  
Calling, O sinner, come home!

2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,  
Pleading for you and for me?  
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,  
Mercies for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,  
Passing from you and from me;  
Shadows are gathering, deathbeds are coming,  
Coming for you and for me.
4. Oh, for the wonderful love He has promised,  
Promised for you and for me!  
Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon,  
Pardon for you and for me.

“Softly and Tenderly” can be found in many hymn books.



## CHAPTER 15

# HOW GREAT THOU ART

LYRICS & MUSIC, C. G. BOBERG (1859-1940)

ENGLISH TRANSLATION, STUART K. HINE  
(1899-1989)

*“O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!  
Who hast set thy glory above the heavens. Out of the mouth of  
babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine  
enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger. When  
I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the  
stars, which thou hast ordained; What is man, that thou art  
mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For  
thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast  
crowned him with glory and honour. Psalms 8:1-5*

“**H**ow Great Thou Art” is Carl Boberg’s rendition of Psalm 8. It was written when Carl was a young pastor in Sweden, under the title “O Store Gud (How Great Thou Art).” It seems that Carl and his friend are walking through a high forest on a late Sunday afternoon when a horrible thunderstorm breaks. They found shelter nearby and watched from their perch high on the mountain as the storm swept in, accompanied by bolts of lightning and massive claps of thunder. The storm hurtled through the

## HOW GREAT THOU ART

meadows and grain fields, reverberating across the countryside with the sound of its astounding power.

Later that day, safe at home, Carl Boberg looked out the window over the bay. Now, the sun was shining, the birds were singing, and a rainbow arched in the sky over the bay. “What an awesome God! How great Thou art,” he whispered in his native language. He fell on his knees and there proclaimed, “My God, how great Thou art!”

That experience sparked the thoughts for his nine-stanza poem beginning with the Swedish words “*O Store Gud, nar jag den varld beskader.*” They captured his feelings of exaltation for God.

The poem was later set to a Swedish folk tune. In 1907, Manfred von Glehn translated it into German, and five years later, a Russian pastor named Ivan Prokhanoff created a Russian adaptation.

In the early 1920s, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart K. Hine left their home in England to serve as missionaries in Poland. It was there that they learned the Russian version of Carl Boberg’s hymn, “How Great Thou Art.” Stuart Hine wrote the original English lyrics and made his own arrangement of the Swedish melody.

It is one of the most beloved hymns of all time. “How Great Thou Art” captures the essence of God’s greatness and man’s response of awe and reverence. Written in 1885 and translated into English by Stuart K. Hine in 1949, this hymn has found its way into the hymnals of many churches and is sung by people worldwide.

Carl Boberg was a very busy man, serving his country in parliament and making significant contributions to its agricultural development. He received many fabulous honors and blessed his country and the world with sixty hymns, poems, and gospel songs.

“How Great Thou Art” is the second most popular hymn of all time, topped only by “Amazing Grace.”

HOW GREAT THOU ART

*How Great Thou Art*

1. O Lord my God, When I in awesome wonder  
Consider all the works Thy hands have made,  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,  
Thy pow'r throughout The universe displayed!

*Refrain:*

Then sings my soul, My Savior God, to Thee;  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!  
Then sings my soul, My Savior God, to Thee;  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

2. When thru the woods And forest glades I wander  
And hear the birds Sing sweetly in the trees,  
When I look down From lofty mountain grandeur  
And hear the brook, And feel the gentle breeze,
3. And when I think That God, His Son, not sparing,  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in –  
That on the cross, My burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died To take away my sin!
4. When Christ shall come, With shout of acclamation  
And take me home, What joy shall fill my heart!  
Then I shall bow In humble adoration  
And there proclaim, My God, how great Thou art!

CHAPTER 16

# IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

LYRICS, HORATIO G. SPAFFORD (1828-1888)

MUSIC, PHILLIP P. BLISS (1838-1876)

*“The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of  
the Lord.” Job 1:21*

“My, you look happy today,” Mrs. Spafford said to her husband, Horatio.

“I am happy. I have everything I want: a devoted wife, a son, four lovely daughters, and a beautiful home. And I have a successful business in a city that is a center for manufacturing and commerce. Yes, things couldn’t look better.”

“That’s right. And thanks to God and our friend D. L. Moody, our children are all saved and living for Christ. There are no dark clouds in our sky,” she said.

“Not one,” he agreed. Then he kissed his wife, and they laughed together.

Weeks later, however, their only son was lying in bed with scarlet fever. Now they were crying and praying. Often, Mr. Spafford would say to his family, “We know that all things work together for good to them that love God. We must submit to God’s plan.”

Soon afterward, their only son died. In the days, weeks, and months that followed, Mr. Spafford tried to honestly believe in his heart that “All things work together for good to them that love God.” He tried in vain to comfort his wife and daughters, but they were inconsolable.

“Maybe getting away for a vacation will help,” Mr. Spafford suggested. “I hear Mr. Moody will be preaching in England this fall. Let’s all join in his Evangelistic Campaigns.”

“It may be just what we need,” Mrs. Spafford agreed. “Moody has helped our family immensely.”

“Well, the majestic French steamer *Ville du Havre* will be leaving for France in early October. That would get us there in time,” Mr. Spafford answered. He bought tickets for the remaining family members, including his wife, four daughters, and himself.

There were many things to do before the trip, one of which was buying and sewing new clothes. Mr. Spafford purchased a couple of new outfits for himself. Mrs. Spafford and the girls checked their wardrobes and began sewing. Months passed while they prepared for the trip.

When the sewing was finished and they were packing their trunks, a fire broke out in Chicago. Fanned by strong winds, the flames raced north and east through the city. The gigantic flames leaped across the Chicago River and chased panic-stricken families fleeing north toward Lincoln Park on the lake. Rather than being burned alive, hundreds of families jumped into the chilled waters of Lake Michigan on October 8, 1871.

The fire raged for twenty-four hours. It destroyed 17,500 buildings. Since most everything was made of wood, it burned quickly. The massive grain elevators, hundreds of factories, hospitals, hotels, churches, mansions, huts, wooden bridges, streets, and sidewalks disintegrated into piles of ashes. When it was finally under control, the largest city in Illinois was mostly cinders. At least 300 people were dead, and 90,000

were homeless. Graves were being dug beside churches, in cemeteries, in gardens, and sometimes right where their lovely homes once stood. Across the vast city, people were weeping and wailing for missing family members. Thousands were in despair and homeless.

The Spafford family thanked God that they and their four daughters were still alive, although they had lost their only son, their home, the family business, and their wealth. Since they already had tickets, Mrs. Spafford and the girls went ahead to England to get away from the suffering. Mr. Spafford would come as soon as he could.

Mrs. Spafford and her four daughters waved from the deck of the *Ville du Havre* when it pulled away from the harbor. Mr. Spafford threw kisses to them and felt sad that his son was not traveling with them.

“Will Daddy be okay alone?” Twelve-year-old Annie asked.

“Yes, Daddy will be okay. He is a brave man, and he believes God allows only what will work for our good.”

The sun was bright. The ship moved smoothly over the Atlantic. Soon Annie and Maggie were running over the steamer, examining everything between the bow and the stern. The captain even showed them his cabin.

All was going well until the fog began to crowd in so thick that the captain could barely see. In the darkness of the night, a great iron sailing vessel smashed into their ship, the *Ville du Havre*. Panic raged. The girls clung to their mother. They were screaming and crying. “Girls, we must pray,” Mrs. Spafford said.

As she hugged the praying girls, they felt the ship going down. “Oh, my Lord Jesus, help us this day. Be our lifeboat! Help us submit to Thy will. If this is our day to meet You, please give us the grace to die in peace. We have no one to save us but You. We know all things work together for good...” Clinging to each other, they were flung out into the raging Atlantic Ocean as the ship went down. One by one, the violent

ocean waves tore the girls out of their mother's arms and away from each other. In the foggy darkness, Mrs. Spafford could barely see as each daughter bobbed up and down in the swells for a few minutes, and then, one by one, each disappeared. She was the only one rescued by a lifeboat.

The rescue ship took the survivors to Cardiff, Wales. There, Mrs. Spafford cabled her husband.

Mr. Spafford smiled when the telegraph boy handed him the telegram. He was anxious to hear what his family was enjoying. Quickly, he ripped it open and spread it on the table.

Only TWO WORDS greeted him. "Saved alone," he read. He reread it. "Saved alone." "What has happened to my four lovely daughters?"

He hurried to the dock and went straight to the ticket agent of the French steamer. "Is there news from the *Ville du Havre*?" he asked.

"Yes, there's been a terrible tragedy. In mid-ocean, a large iron sailing vessel, which was blown off course, struck its side. The ship went down in less than thirty minutes."

"My girls, my four lovely daughters, went down with it," he cried.

"I'm very sorry," the agent said sadly. "Two hundred and twenty-two others were lost also."

"Change my ticket to the first ship sailing for England," Mr. Spafford demanded. "I've got to get to my wife as soon as possible."

Spafford left on the next ship. As they were crossing the Atlantic, the captain pointed out the place where he believed the *Ville du Havre* had gone down. Mr. Spafford sighed, "Oh, Lord! My God!" Then murmured, "It is well with my soul." *His only son had died, everything he owned had burned, and in this great ocean, his lovely daughters had drowned.* "It is well," he said again.

Mr. and Mrs. Spafford agreed, "Our troubles have come like the waves of an angry ocean. First, our only son died, the

fire took our home, our business, almost everything we had, and now we have lost our daughters. It's been extremely hard, but we say, 'the will of God be done.'"

Two years later, Mr. Spafford added to what he had written on the ship and finished the beautiful hymn that has comforted millions of broken hearts.

*It Is Well with My Soul*

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,  
When sorrows like sea billows roll;  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

*Refrain:*

It is well with my soul,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2. Though Satan should buffet,  
Though trials should come,  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!  
My sins, not in part but the whole,  
Are nailed to the cross, and I bear them no more,  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
4. For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:  
If Jordan above me shall roll,  
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life  
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.
5. But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,  
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;  
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!



IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul!

6. And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;  
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,  
Even so, it is well with my soul.

CHAPTER 17

# WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

LYRICS, FRANCES HAVERGAL (1836-1879)  
MUSIC, LUISE REICHARDT (1779-1826) OR  
CARADOG ROBERTS (1878-1935)

*“He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not  
with me scattereth abroad.” Matthew 12:30*

In Exodus, we read a story about the rebellious Israelites. While they were slaves in Egypt, God performed awesome miracles to convince them that he was indeed the most powerful God and that Moses was His servant and their leader. They had escaped Egypt, crossed the Red Sea, walked on dry land, and were in the wilderness. On the other side of this wilderness was the excellent land God had promised (Exodus 32:15-26).

While in the wilderness, God led Moses up the mountain to give him the rules and regulations by which the people would live together. Aaron, Moses' brother, was second in authority, so when Moses did not come down for forty days and nights, the people hurried to Aaron and cried, “Moses must be dead! We have no leader. Please make us gods to go before us.”

“Bring me your earrings and all your gold,” Aaron answered. They did, and he made a golden calf and an altar of worship.

While Moses was on the mountain fasting and praying for God's guidance, God spoke, "Go down to this proud, rebellious people and watch while I destroy them all."

"Oh, please don't do that," Moses begged. "The Egyptians will say that you were not able to lead your people through such a horrid wilderness. It will make you look powerless. 'That You don't care for them.' 'That You brought them out to destroy them.' Please, Savior, have mercy," he said as he was coming down the rugged mountain. As he drew nearer, he saw people dancing around a golden calf. Angrily, Moses threw down the ten commandments that God's finger had written on slabs of stone. Then he raised his voice into a roar and bellowed into the gate of the camp, "Who is on the Lord's side, come unto me." At least all of Aaron's family ran to be with Moses.

About 3,000 other rebellious men died that day because they had made a golden calf and worshiped it as God. Inspired by this Bible story, Frances Havergal wrote:

*Who is on the Lord's Side?*

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King?  
Who will be His helpers, other lives to bring?  
Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?  
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?  
By Thy call of mercy, by Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side—Savior, we are Thine!
2. Not for weight of glory, nor for crown and palm,  
Enter we the army, raise the warrior psalm;  
But for love that claimeth lives for whom He died:  
He whom Jesus saveth marches on His side.  
By Thy love constraining, by Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side—Savior, we are Thine!
3. Jesus, Thou hast bought us, not with gold or gem,  
But with Thine own lifeblood, for Thy diadem;

With Thy blessing filling each who comes to Thee,  
Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free.

By Thy grand redemption, by Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side—Savior, we are Thine!

4. Fierce may be the conflict, strong may be the foe,  
But the King's own army none can overthrow;  
'Round His standard ranging, vict'ry is secure,  
For His truth unchanging makes the triumph sure.

Joyfully enlisting, by Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side—Savior, we are Thine!

5. Chosen to be soldiers, in an alien land,  
Chosen, called, and faithful, for our Captain's band;

In the service royal, let us not grow cold,  
Let us be right loyal, noble, true and bold.

Master, wilt Thou keep us, by Thy grace divine,  
Always on the Lord's side—Savior, always Thine!

Frances Havergal is best known for her hymn "Take My Life." She was educated at home and began writing at age seven. After her mother's death, she was sent to a school in Germany, where her talent for singing, writing songs, and poetry was recognized. "Take My Life" expresses the consecrated devotion of her heart. Despite facing personal health challenges and setbacks in her publishing career, her contributions to hymnody have endured, with her songs appearing in various Protestant hymnals. Frances Ridley Havergal passed away at the age of 43, leaving a lasting legacy in sacred music and poetry.

CHAPTER 18

# ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

LYRICS, SABINE BARING-GOULD (1834-1924)  
MUSIC, SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN (1842-1900)

*“Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand  
against the wiles of the devil.” Ephesians 6:11-17*

“Onward, Christian Soldiers” is one of the greatest marching hymns ever composed. The lyrics were written by L. Sabine Baring-Gould, a Christian school teacher and pastor in Horbury.

White Monday was a great day for school festivals in West Yorkshire, England. Children often marched from one village to another, carrying banners and crosses. White Sunday replaced the Jewish Pentecost, which was a Thanksgiving festival at the end of the harvest. It was called White Sunday because newly baptized converts wore their white baptismal clothes on that day. In 1865, the students from Horbury Bridge School were invited to Yorkshire to join other pupils for the celebration. Teacher Sabine wanted to make it a special day to help his students remember to be thankful for God’s many blessings. To make the walk to Yorkshire an exciting time, he thought singing and marching was a sure way to do it. But where could he find a song with a marching tune?

He looked and looked but found none, so he decided to

write one. He sat up late the night before the celebration march and penned the words of “Onward, Christian Soldiers.”

“It was written in great haste, and I am afraid that some of the rhymes are faulty,” Sabine apologized. However, on White Monday, students from the Horbury Bridge School in the little mill town of Horbury marched to Yorkshire. As they marched, they sang:

*Onward, Christian Soldiers*

1. Onward Christian soldiers marching as to war  
With the cross of Jesus going on before  
Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe  
Forward into battle see His banner go.

*Refrain:*

Onward Christian soldiers marching as to war  
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee  
On then Christian soldiers on to victory  
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise  
Brothers lift your voices loud your anthems raise.
3. Like a mighty army moves the church of God  
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod  
We are not divided, all one body, we  
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.
4. Onward then ye people join our happy throng  
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song  
Glory laud and honor unto Christ the King  
This thru countless ages men and angels sing.
5. Crowns and thrones may perish  
Kingdoms rise and wane  
But the church of Jesus constant will remain

Gates of hell can never 'gainst the church prevail.  
We have Christ's own promise and that cannot fail.

6. What the saints established that I hold for true  
What the saints believed that I believe, too  
Long as earth endureth men the faith will hold.  
Kingdoms, nations, empires in destruction rolled.

Can you see the happy faces praising God as they marched along the road? I think God smiled as He looked down on them. What do you think? Would you like to sing it now and see if you can march as they did?

Sabine Baring-Gould was thirty-one years old when he wrote, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Six years later, Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote the music. The song has been translated into many languages and sung in almost every church around the world. Children especially love to sing it.

Sabine Baring-Gould wrote fifty-two books during his ninety-year life. He wrote about mythology, biography, travel, folklore, and theology. He is honored in the British Museum as the author of the most books in his era. But he is chiefly remembered as the author of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Sir Arthur Sullivan was a genius of music. He wrote a wide range of vocal and instrumental music. The rhythm of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" is almost irresistible.

## CHAPTER 19

# I MUST TELL JESUS

LYRICS AND MUSIC, ELISHA A. HOFFMAN  
(1839-1929)

*“Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time: Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.” 1 Peter 5:6,7*

“Come, Elisha, it’s time for family worship,” Mrs. Hoffman called to her young son.

Elisha ran into the kitchen. He pitched his ball and bat into its basket in the corner, hurriedly washed his face and hands, and sat himself cross-legged on the carpet in the sitting room beside his father’s chair.

Pastor Hoffman smiled at his son, who showed such interest in singing praise to God. “Shall we learn a new song tonight?” He asked.

“Let’s learn, ‘Amazing Grace’,” Elisha shouted, “and can you please tell the story of the song?”

Every evening was the same, worshipping in ‘songs and hymns and spiritual Psalms,’ Elisha never tired of Bible study nor music. His father taught him how to read the notes and helped him train his voice and ears to recognize the proper note. Music was as natural as breathing in the Hoffman home. Conducting worship service in the church building



was just an extension of the home, and singing solos, playing instruments, or harmonizing in duets and quartets came naturally.

Elisha A. Hoffman is listed as one of the most popular hymn writers. From early childhood, he served God and the people God placed in his life. He worked with the Evangelical Association, with which his father had been affiliated for 60 years. He also pastored several churches. At the age of 34, he got married. However, his wife died, leaving him a single parent with three small boys. Six years later, he married again, and they had a son as well.

Elisha lived ninety years, writing hymns and caring for the souls of men, women, and children. Over 2,000 hymns carry his name. He also edited over 50 Hymn books.

After Elisha became a pastor, he prayed often with a woman to whom God had permitted many sorrows and afflictions. One day, he came to visit and found her very discouraged. She told him of the many different problems that seemed insurmountable. Finally, after sharing all her cares, she asked, "Brother Hoffman, what shall I do?"

He opened his Bible and read from First Peter 5:6,7, "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time: Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

"How can I cast them on Jesus?" She questioned.

In the silence that followed, she sat with her head down, hands clasped in her lap. Then, raising her head and looking at Pastor Hoffman, her eyes brightened as she exclaimed, "I must tell Jesus."

Her words resounded in his heart, "Yes, you have the answer!"

As he walked the pathway toward his home, he could see her joy-illuminated face...and "I must tell Jesus. I must tell Jesus." Repeated itself in his mind.

Then Elisha Hoffman reached home, he retrieved a pen and paper, and wrote these words. Soon after writing the

## I MUST TELL JESUS

lyrics, notes for the tune came to his mind—a song sent from heaven.

### *I Must Tell Jesus*

1. I must tell Jesus all of my trials;  
I cannot bear these burdens alone;  
In my distress, He kindly will help me;  
He ever loves and cares for His own.

### *Refrain:*

I must tell Jesus! I must tell Jesus!  
I cannot bear my burdens alone;  
I must tell Jesus! I must tell Jesus!  
Jesus can help me, Jesus alone.

2. I must tell Jesus all of my troubles;  
He is a kind, compassionate friend.  
If I but ask Him, He will deliver,  
Make of my troubles quickly an end.

3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Savior;  
One Who can help my burdens to bear;  
I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus;  
He all my cares and sorrows will share.

4. O how the world to evil allures me!  
O how my heart is tempted to sin!  
I must tell Jesus, and He will help me  
Across the world, the victory is to be won.

“I Must Tell Jesus” is on page 280 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 20

# ALMOST PERSUADED

LYRICS & MUSIC, PHILIP P. BLISS (1838-1876)

*“Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.” Acts 26:28*

How many times have you been “almost persuaded” to do something you wished later you had done? I have been many times. Once, I was almost persuaded to buy some land on the lake for \$15,000. Because of fear, I did not buy it. Someone else bought the land and put another “for sale” sign on the gate. In about a year, it sold for \$30,000. I could have earned \$15,000 if I had been persuaded. It was a great opportunity. How many times do we lose opportunities because we are not fully persuaded?

King Agrippa also lost a great opportunity. Paul explained to Agrippa why he was a Christian and how Agrippa could also become one; however, when Paul said, “King Agrippa, do you believe the prophets?”

King Agrippa answered, “Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.”

“How I wish that not only you, but all who listen, would be not almost, but altogether persuaded to be as I am, except these bonds,” Paul answered (Acts 26).

“Almost. Almost, but lost,” is the sad wail of many when they are facing death. Will “Almost, but lost” be your last thought? Please don’t let it be. Surrender your heart to Jesus now! He is ready to save you today. Come to Him while you have the opportunity.

Philip Bliss was raised in a Christian home. One Day, he heard Pastor Brundage preaching about being persuaded. Brundage concluded his sermon with these solemn words:

“He who is almost persuaded is almost saved, but to be almost saved is to be entirely lost.”

Philip was so profoundly impressed by these words that he wrote the hymn, “Almost Persuaded.” It became one of his most useful hymns. During the Moody revivals, many souls were persuaded to yield to Christ by the appeal of this hymn.

*Almost Persuaded*

1. “Almost persuaded” now to believe;  
     “Almost persuaded” Christ to receive;  
 Seems now some soul to say, “Go, Spirit, go Thy way,  
     Some more convenient day On Thee I’ll call.”
  
2. “Almost persuaded,” come, come today;  
     “Almost persuaded,” turn not away;  
 Jesus invites you here, Angels are ling’ring near,  
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wand’rer, come!
  
3. “Almost persuaded,” harvest is past!  
     “Almost persuaded,” doom comes at last!  
 “Almost” cannot avail; “Almost” is but to fail!  
 Sad, sad, that bitter wail— “Almost,” but lost!
  
4. Oh, be persuaded! Christ never fails—  
     Oh, be persuaded! His blood avails—  
 Can save from every sin, Cleanse you without, within—  
     Will you not let Him in? Open the door!

5. Be now persuaded, oh, sinner, hear!  
Be now persuaded, Jesus is near;  
His voice is pleading still, Turn now with heart and will,  
Peace will your spirit fill— Oh, turn today!

In 1865, Bliss began working for the music publishing house of Root & Cady of Chicago, which hired him to conduct musical conventions throughout the northwestern United States. Later, he assisted evangelists D. L. Moody and Daniel Whittle, and he toured the country, singing and occasionally preaching. By the 1870s, Phillip Bliss began to devote a great deal of energy to composing sacred music. Some of his earliest songs were set to music by his friend George F. Root, but he soon composed both words and music. He had four collections of songs published. Bliss and his wife, Lucy J. Young, died tragically in a railway disaster near Ashtabula, Ohio, on December 29, 1876. “I Will Sing of My Redeemer” was found after his death.

*I Will Sing of My Redeemer*

1. I will sing of my Redeemer  
And His wondrous love to me  
On the cruel cross, He suffered  
From the curse to set me free

*Refrain:*

Oh, sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer  
With His blood, He purchased me  
On the cross, He sealed my pardon  
Paid the debt and made me free.

2. I will praise my dear Redeemer  
His triumphant power I'll tell  
How the victory He gives me  
Over sin, and death, and Hell.

ALMOST PERSUADED

3. I will sing of my Redeemer  
And His heavenly love for me  
He, from death to life, has brought me  
Son of God, with Him to be.

4. Oh, sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer  
With His blood, He purchased me  
On the cross, He sealed my pardon  
Paid the debt and made me free.  
He paid the debt and made me free  
He made me free.

Paul Bliss published five songbooks, including *The Sunshine for Sunday School* and *Gospel Songs for Gospel Meetings and Sunday School*.

CHAPTER 21

# IS YOUR ALL ON THE ALTAR?

LYRICS AND MUSIC, ELISHA A. HOFFMAN  
(1839-1929)

*“Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God.”*  
*Romans 12:1*

God is calling His children to consecrate their time and talents for his service. He is asking us to become living sacrifices. To sacrifice an animal, the animal had to be put to death. Dying is the opposite of living. If we could present ourselves to God in a solemn ceremony one time and then do with the remainder of our lives what we wanted, I would say that would not be a death to self. But God’s Word tells us to present our bodies as a living sacrifice.

A living sacrifice is a continual presenting or giving of our time, talents, and all we have in his service. Our first duty in the morning is to praise God for another day and ask Him how we should use it. This may seem impossible for parents with several children. Every day is filled with bathing, dressing, preparing meals, training, and a multitude of duties that continually demand a parent’s attention. I understand. I had four children in five years and one month. While I was running here and there, taking care of my children, I was also praying, “God, give me heart food for these little lambs. Help

## IS YOUR ALL ON THE ALTAR?

me to know how to train them. Give me patience, love, mercy, and other graces that I need.”

Even among all these obligations, you must be laying yourself on the altar by yielding your mind and heart to the still, small voice that is guiding you and wooing you closer to Christ. Just keep yourself surrendered to His plan for your life. That allows God freedom.

Have you put your life on the altar?

*“O we never can know  
What the Lord will bestow...  
Till ...our all on the altar is laid.”*

Try surrendering ALL to Jesus and see how blessed your life will become!

Elisha Hoffman was a man who truly put his life on the altar in service for the Lord. He was working at the Evangelistic Society Publishing Company in Cleveland, Ohio, while also traveling from congregation to congregation to preach regularly. He also worked at the Bethel Home for Sailors and Seamen. During his life, he wrote more than 2,000 songs.

“Is Your All on the Altar?” is an old camp meeting evangelistic song. I have seen times when the conviction of this song has drawn young children and old, hardened men to kneel weeping at the altar. According to one source, it was written in 1900. No information has been found about the inspiration for the hymn. The 1940 *Broadman Hymnal* printed the song. Since that time, at least twenty-two publishing companies have included “Is Your All on the Altar?” in their publication.

### *Is Your All on the Altar?*

1. You have longed for sweet peace,  
And for faith to increase,  
And have earnestly, fervently prayed;  
But you cannot have rest, Or be perfectly blest,



IS YOUR ALL ON THE ALTAR?

Until all on the altar is laid.

*Refrain:*

Is your all on the altar of sacrifice laid?  
Your heart does the Spirit control?  
You can only be blest, And have peace and sweet rest,  
As you yield Him your body and soul.

2. Would you walk with the Lord,  
In the light of His Word,  
And have peace and contentment always?  
You must do His sweet will,  
To be free from all ill, On the altar your all you must lay.

3. O we never can know What the Lord will bestow  
Of the blessings for which we have prayed,  
Till our body and soul He doth fully control,  
And our all on the altar is laid.

4. Who can tell all the love He will send from above,  
And how happy our hearts will be made,  
Of the fellowship sweet, We shall share at His feet,  
When our all on the altar is laid.

**“Is Your All on the Altar?”** is on page 481 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 22

# O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

LYRICS, PHILLIPS BROOKS (1835-1893)

MUSIC, LEWIS H. REDNER (1831-1908)

*“And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Judea: for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people, Israel.” Matthew 2:6*

“**I** finished memorizing another hymn today,” Phillips told his mother.

“I’m so happy you are using your mind for something good,” Mrs. Brooks said. “So many boys these days are wasting theirs on the foolish pleasures of the world.”

“Not me,” Phillips answered. “I want to do something useful with my time and mind.”

“How glad I am that you aren’t seeking a career in some sport. With your six-foot-six-inch height, you would be good in almost any game. You could be king of the basketball court,” his mother answered as she looked up admiringly at her son’s tall, muscular body.

“I know. I’ve thought about that, but I think I would rather do something of more value.”

“Like what?”

“Maybe help children or become a pastor,” Phillip answered.

"You could do both—pastor a church and work the Sunday school yourself," Mrs. Brooks assured him. "You seem to love children and music. Both are qualities that will make you a better minister. You can use music to attract the children. Most children love music."

Phillip continued to memorize songs. Before he left home to attend college, he could sing more than 200 hymns from memory.

He did not lose his love for God and hymns while attending college, nor did he lose his love for children. Even after he became a busy pastor, he would gladly interrupt his study to romp with boys or girls. While serving a church in Philadelphia, God blessed him with a grand helper, Lewis H. Redner. Mr. Redner loved children equally as well as Pastor Brooks. The Sunday school grew from 36 to over 1,000 students.

One year, just before Christmas, Pastor Brooks and Mr. Redner were finishing up the last details for the children's Christmas program when they realized a new song was needed. No song they knew or had found seemed to fit with their program. "Maybe I could write a song," Pastor Brooks said.

"That would be fine," Mr. Redner answered.

"I'll get at it as soon as I'm finished with a sermon for Sunday," Brooks promised.

Pastor Brooks went to his office and settled down to serious work on the needed sermon. He thought and he prayed. He prayed and thought, but his thoughts kept returning to what he loved most—the children. It was just as his mother had said: "Children are attracted by music." How disappointed they would be without a Christmas song. What could he write?

It seemed God led his mind back to three years ago when he had taken a trip to the Holy Land. He remembered the Christmas Eve service at the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem. This church was built in the place where it is believed

the shepherds found Jesus wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.

He imagined how Bethlehem must have been the night Jesus was born. Multitudes of people were soundly sleeping, while the angels watched over the city. The Earth was silently spinning in the darkness. Yet, in the dark streets of that little town, an everlasting light was shining (Jesus). All generations would someday see this Light.

Then Pastor Brooks thought about the shepherds calmly watching their sheep when suddenly the sky was filled with angels singing and praising God. At the same time, Mary was giving birth to a Savior who would impart blessings to every human heart that received Him.

He was caught up in the grand feeling of children opening their hearts to Jesus, so he wrote, “cast out our sin and enter in, be born in us today.”

Now, the ideas for the song were fully formed in Pastor Brooks’ mind. He wrote them. He made some minor adjustments here and there. Perhaps he rewrote the song several times, as most poets do before the words say just what they want them to say.

He gave the poem to Mr. Redner. Day after day, Mr. Redner thought about a tune to fit the beautiful words. It was the day before Christmas, and he still had no tune. That night, he was awakened by what seemed to be angels singing. He jumped out of bed and wrote down the notes of what he was hearing. The following morning, he completed the harmonization, taught it to the children, and they sang it at the Christmas program.

*O Little Town of Bethlehem*

1. O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth, The everlasting Light—  
The hopes and fears of all the years,  
Are met in thee tonight.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

2. For Christ is born of Mary— And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep,  
Their watch of wond'ring love.  
O morning stars, together, Proclaim the holy birth,  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.

3. O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, The silent stars go by  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth, The everlasting light,  
The hopes and fears of all the years,  
Are met in thee tonight.

**“O Little Town of Bethlehem”** is one of America’s favorite Christmas Carols. It can be found in many hymn books.

CHAPTER 23

# LORD, I'M COMING HOME

LYRICS AND MUSIC, WILLIAM KIRKPATRICK  
(1838-1921)

*And the young man said, "I will arise and go to my father." Luke  
15:18*

**I**t was camp meeting time! All around Rawlinsville, Pennsylvania, wagons rumbled over the dusty roads coming toward the camp meeting. Grandfathers, remembering blessed camp meetings of the past, looked with anxious eyes for another outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Grandmothers wrapped in shawls hummed familiar hymns. Mothers wiped tears, hoping this camp meeting would humble the hearts of rebellious sons or haughty daughters. Young parents hoping for better relationships prayed the camp meeting might bring change in their family. Children peering from under the wagon flaps saw flower-covered hills, rivers, and farms they had never seen before. Red and Silver Maple trees swayed in the wind before their curious eyes.

"Give me that old time religion; Give me that old time religion," could be heard in the distance from a wagonload of singers. Over the meadows and through the woods, the

wagons rolled. Fathers slapped the horse's rumps, hurrying them to the camp meeting!

By the time the Camp Meeting Tent was erected, many wagons had arrived. Weeks earlier, men of the town had cut down trees and hewn off the branches. Then, splitting the logs, they made crude benches. These were placed in a semi-circle under the tent. People brought other crude benches, chairs, and kegs and put them together with the log benches. Soon, the seats were filled, and the singing started.

William J. Kirkpatrick was appointed to lead the congregation in singing, and Sam Hunt (name is fiction) to sing solos. Sam's voice was clear as a bell, and he sang so persuasively that it moved listeners to tears, but as soon as he finished singing, he disappeared into the darkness. Bro. Kirkpatrick wanted Sam to hear the message, to give himself to God, and use his singing voice for God.

*If he didn't, some theater manager or movie producer would offer him a lot of money,* Kirkpatrick thought. "This voice must be used for Christ," Kirkpatrick often told himself. "Lord, what can I do to win him?" He sometimes talked with Sam about his soul, but Sam was unconcerned. "I'm a good man, living as good as any Christian in the community," he would say. "I don't need to be saved. I can help the world by singing good songs."

We do not know why he had not entirely surrendered to Christ. Neither did Mr. Kirkpatrick, but he was determined to win Sam.

Day after day, he prayed for Sam. One morning after the service, Mr. Kirkpatrick went into his tent and knelt in prayer. "I've come again," he said to God. "Please give me a message that will convict Sam so he will surrender to You. I do love You, Lord, and I love Your work. I hope You will forgive me for coveting, for I covet Sam's voice for Your work." Kirkpatrick stayed on his knees a long time waiting to hear what God would say. After a while, God began pouring words into his mind. First came:

## LORD, I'M COMING HOME

“Coming home, coming home. Never more to roam.  
Open wide thine arms of love. Lord, I’m coming home.”

“Is this a new song for Sam to sing?” Kirkpatrick questioned.

“Yes,” God seemed to say.

Soon, more words came. He wrote the words down just as they came to him. Before the day was over, the words and music of “Lord, I’m Coming Home” were written. Kirkpatrick gave the song and music to Sam so he could sing it during the camp meeting.

Each evening, boys in bib overalls and girls with long pigtails, together with their parents and grandparents, filled the benches under the tent. On one end of a log bench sat a father, on the other end a mother.

The service opened as Mr. Kirkpatrick sang from his heart,

“My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine.

For Thee all the follies of sin I resign.

I love thee for wearing the thrones on thy brow. . .”

When the many people in the tent joined in singing, the awesome words floated out over the city. Sinners sitting on their porches, criticizing the camp meeting bunch, felt the spirit of worship. Men sitting on the log benches, spitting tobacco juice out the tent flaps, felt the convicting power of the Holy Spirit.

After the minister had finished his sermon, Sam stood to his feet, threw back his head, and began singing the new song God had given him to sing:

“I’ve wandered far away from God,

Now I’m coming home.

The path of sin too long I’ve trod.

Lord, I’m coming home.”



## LORD, I'M COMING HOME

Never had his voice sounded better. Never had he sung with more passion or conviction. Before he finished the song, tears were running down his cheeks. He realized he had been in sin too long. He realized he had wasted many precious years and that he was tired of sin. He repented and came home to Jesus that evening.

Although this song was written to reach Sam, it brought many others to the “mourners’ bench” as the altar was called in those days. Since then, thousands of others have been brought into the Kingdom of God by the convicting power of this hymn.

### *Lord, I'm Coming Home*

1. I've wandered far away from God,  
Now I'm coming home;  
The paths of sin too long I've trod,  
Lord, I'm coming home.

### *Refrain:*

Coming home, coming home,  
Nevermore to roam;  
Open wide Thine arms of love,  
Lord, I'm coming home.

2. I've wasted many precious years.  
Now I'm coming home  
I now repent with bitter tears,  
Lord, I'm coming home.

3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord,  
Now I'm coming home;  
I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word,  
Lord, I'm coming home.

4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore,  
Now I'm coming home;

LORD, I'M COMING HOME

My strength renew, my hope restore,  
Lord, I'm coming home.

5. My only hope, my only plea,  
Now I'm coming home;  
That Jesus died, and died for me,  
Lord, I'm coming home.

6. I need His cleansing blood, I know,  
Now I'm coming home;  
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,  
Lord, I'm coming home.

William James Kirkpatrick wrote the music for such familiar hymns as "Lead Me to Calvary," "Jesus Saves," "Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus," "We Have an Anchor," "Redeemed," and "Meet Me There." Together with John R. Sweney, they produced and published over 1,000 gospel hymns and over sixty hymnal books.

CHAPTER 24

# I'VE FOUND IT, LORD, IN THEE

LYRICS, DANIEL SIDNEY WARNER (1842-1895)  
MUSIC, BARNEY ELLIOT WARREN (1867-1951)

*“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:  
for they shall be filled.” Matthew 5:6*

While the crew that traveled with D. S. Warner was having a revival meeting in Bangor, Michigan, not far from Kalamazoo, an interesting stranger attended. He came night after night. The very first night, Bro. Warner welcomed him warmly and asked if he was a Christian.

“I don’t know,” he answered slowly. “I had wonderful parents, who taught me to be honest, respect others, and do good to all my acquaintances. I have done all of those things, but I feel like I’m lacking something. I don’t think I truly believe that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the world.”

“Being restless has caused me to use most of my money traveling. I have enjoyed meeting interesting people, reflecting on how they live, visiting museums, and exploring historical sights. It’s driven me into risky adventures. I have toured all over this beautiful country. Due to the awe-inspiring landscapes, I must admit that I believe in a creator. All nature did

not come from nothing. However, all these wonderful experiences have not calmed my inner craving.”

“God is what you are craving for,” Warner said. “In the beginning, when God created man, he breathed into man the breath of life and man became a living soul.’ We humans are never content until that desire for God is satisfied.”

“Could it be that the shade of God’s hand outstretched over me has caused my restlessness?” He questioned. “I cannot believe that. I must think about it for a while. Thanks for your suggestion. Goodnight.”

Night after night on his bed, the young man was thinking through his past. He remembered the happy time fishing. The boring days at school. He had heard of Christ all his life. However, to trust that God loved him and to take His promises of love, joy, and peace for himself, he had not. He had never thought of Christ or God as a personal friend. Nevertheless, in the stillness of the night, he whispered, “God, if you are real, let me know that your love, joy, and peace are for me. Please, Jesus, satisfy the craving in my heart.”

The following evening, he came again to the revival meeting.

When Bro. Warner invited people to come forward and pray, the young man came. He bowed at the altar and asked again, “Please, Jesus, satisfy the craving in my heart.” In a few minutes, a feeling of bliss thrilled his soul, and while beating on the altar, he shouted, “I have found it, Lord in thee! I have found it, Lord in thee! I have found it, Lord in thee!”

After the congregation was dismissed, the young man shared this testimony with Daniel Warner. His testimony inspired Warner to write the lyrics for “I’ve Found It, Lord, in Thee.” Barney Warren composed music for the hymn.

*I’ve Found It, Lord, in Thee*

- I. My soul in trouble roamed  
Upon a weary plain,  
And ever restless, longed

I'VE FOUND IT, LORD, IN THEE

A perfect bliss to gain.

*Refrain:*

I have found it, Lord, in Thee,  
An everlasting store  
Of comfort, joy, and bliss to me:  
How can I wish for more?

2. Oppressed with guilt and woe,  
With fears of hell o'ercast,  
My soul no comfort knew  
Until I came to Christ.

3. I bore within my breast  
A deep and painful void,  
I wanted inward rest,  
And peace that would abide.

4. My foolish soul had thought  
To fill itself with mold  
From earthly mines yet bought  
No true and lasting gold.

5. All in this world is dross;  
Its pleasures soon decay;  
Its honors prove a snare;  
Its treasures fly away.

“I’ve Found It, Lord, in Thee” is on page 215 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 25

# MY SOUL IS SATISFIED

LYRICS, DANIEL SIDNEY WARNER (1842-1895)

MUSIC, BARNEY ELLIOT WARREN (1867-1951)

*“My soul shall be satisfied... and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips. Psalms 63:5*

Frances looked straight into Daniel’s blue eyes. “But why shouldn’t we be married?” she asked. “You’ve served two years in the army, and you’re free. You have already asked Papa, and he said it’s okay.”

Daniel Warner believed a person’s eyes are a window to their soul. Frances’ eyes were dark and gloomy. Her father was an infidel.

“I know, Frances, but now I’m a Christian and you aren’t.”

“We’ll be happy with or without religion,” she cooed.

“I won’t be going to dances anymore.”

“That’s all right. I still love you.”

“I love you, too, and you’re beautiful, intelligent, and educated. What more could I want?”

“Then we will?”

“I promised you. I will try to keep my promise, and you try to open your heart to Jesus. I want to do God’s will. Don’t you want God’s will in your life? I must study for a while. I’ll be going to Oberlin College for a couple of years. Charles G.

Finney is the president, and he teaches the doctrine of Christian perfection, emphasizing the power to live above sin. That is what I believe. We'll talk when I get back."

Daniel felt heaviness in his chest as he walked home. Before going to bed, he prayed, "God, should I marry Frances? I already promised."

"You follow Me, and I will take care of this situation," God seemed to say.

Daniel Warner had been saved only seven months when he entered Oberlin College on September 5, 1865. In the spring of 1866, he was still studying at Oberlin and also teaching at a school.

Teaching school may have brought back memories of how he played tricks so cleverly on his teachers. They could seldom discover when he was responsible. He was so well-liked that when blame was laid at his feet, his friends often wanted to share his punishment. One time, however, he was caught and was to be whipped the following morning. He padded himself well with extra clothing before going to school.

Most of Daniel's childhood was not pleasant. His father owned and operated a tavern for eight years. After he sold the tavern and became a farmer, he developed a habit of drinking heavily. Daniel, however, had some happy times fishing and hunting raccoons. The following is part of a poem D.S. Warner wrote about his childhood. (I've personalized it to make it easier to understand.)

It seemed the special pleasure of another certain one  
To quite demolish everything I set my heart upon;  
To chafe my spirit and escort the flow of bitter tears  
Out of a soft and pensive heart through all my tender years.  
If angels blessed my thorny path, it may be said in truth,  
Only two showed their smiling face in all my suffering youth.  
One was my mother, ever kind, a blessed providence;  
The other, pure and lovely friend, was angel Innocence.  
I never knew that "Father" was a sweet, endearing name;

Its very mention was a dread, his life's most deadly bane.  
The demon of intemperance there infused the wrath of hell.

And most upon this sickly head the storm of fury fell.

Like chickens, when the mother bird gives signal of a foe,  
The little peeps are quickly hushed, all chicks are laying low,  
When returning from the town, the dreaded steps we heard,  
All ran and quickly settled down, and not a lip was stirred.

The relationship with Frances grew cold. Growing closer to Christ had smoothed the pains of his childhood and satisfied his need for love. *I am so happy, I wish I knew how to tell others about it*, he thought.

Sometime later, he visited with a group of young people. First one and then another told of different things they had tried in search of happiness. Each admitted that the experiences did not bring lasting happiness. As soon as the fun stopped, they felt empty again.

One young man shared a story about his friend who had inherited a substantial sum of money. With it, he had traveled about the world, enjoying many things. But after returning home, he said, "What a fool I have been, trying to buy satisfaction. Happiness cannot be obtained by rushing from one exciting thing to another."

Warner stood with his head down, thinking seriously about what he was hearing and realizing he felt good about his life. He was happy giving himself to the service of the Lord Jesus. Suddenly, he realized, "This is my opportunity to share Jesus." He looked up, smiled, and said, "I am satisfied with my life!"

Shortly after this, D. S. Warner wrote the words for the hymn, "My Soul Is Satisfied." Later, B. E. Warren set it to the music we sing today.

*My Soul Is Satisfied*

1. All this world, its wealth and honor,  
Cannot sate the human breast;



MY SOUL IS SATISFIED

But when filled with God, our Father,  
Every want is fully blest.

*Refrain:*

My soul is satisfied, My soul is satisfied;  
I am complete in Jesus' love,  
And my soul is satisfied.

2. All my soul can wish forever  
I do find in Christ replete;  
Every blessing and the Giver  
In my peaceful bosom meet.

3. Is thy life bereft of comfort?  
And thy heart a cheerless spot?  
Say not Christ is in thy desert—  
For we can believe it not.

4. Can a bird drink up the ocean,  
Thirsting still from shore to shore;  
Or the God of all creation,  
Leave thy heart yet craving more?

5. Would my soul could more encompass  
Heaven's glory, willed to me;  
Oh, the love of God so precious,  
'Tis a deep and shoreless sea.

“My Soul Is Satisfied” is found on page 97 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 26

# THE SAINT'S BATTLE HYMN

LYRICS, DANIEL SIDNEY WARNER (1842-1895)  
MUSIC, WILLIAM STEFFE (1830-1890)

Daniel S. Warner had a wonderful gift for writing spiritual hymns. His first songs, however, were only adaptations of existing hymns, either by rearrangement of words or by new words to fit an already existing tune. One of his first songs was “The Saint’s Battle Hymn.” It was an adaptation of a popular song, “The Battle Hymn of the Republic,” written by Julia Ward Howe.

Warner was pleased that God had preserved the truth, as Jesus had proclaimed it. For almost 2,000 years, the truth had been victorious over evil, Satan, and all his attacks. Several times through those years, it had been hidden from the public. False Christianity had hidden the pure truth for 1,200 years. However, during those times, the truth itself was still pure and holy.

God used many people, such as Huss, Luther, Tyndale, the Wesley brothers, and many others, to revive hidden portions of truth so the public could again know it. Warner said in “The Saint’s Battle Hymn”: “Eighteen hundred years of victory are tinting earth with gold.” Tinting means adding a little color. When God’s truth was again preached, it added spiritual gold to the earth. It was golden nuggets from God’s Word. This song

## THE SAINT'S BATTLE HYMN

has a great message. Please read it. Think about the words. If you are in a class, discuss it. This hymn was published in the early 1880s in one of the first copies of *The Gospel Trumpet* magazine.

It is sung to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

### *The Saint's Battle Hymn*

1. On the mountaintop of vision,  
What a glory we behold!  
Eighteen hundred years of victory  
Are tinting earth with gold:  
For the saints are overcoming  
With their testimony bold,  
The truth is marching on.

### *Refrain:*

Glory! Glory, Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory, Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory, Hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.

2. For the glory of the Father,  
Jesus taught in Galilee,  
He preached the great salvation  
That delivers you and me.  
And a million voices shout it,  
"Redemption's full and free,"  
The truth is marching on.

3. Precious knowledge is increasing,  
Evening light begins to glow,  
With the trump of full salvation,  
Many running to and fro;  
And the song of glory echoes,  
Christ has washed us white as snow,

## THE SAINT'S BATTLE HYMN

All glory to His name!

Jesus said, "Whoever sins is a servant to sin." Sinning is serving Satan. Satan is a slave master. He doesn't give justice. Satan binds with hatred, envy, jealousy, pride, family problems, drugs, alcohol, and a million other things. Satan robs freedom, drains happiness, and beats his servants to death with fear. Yet sin is not guilty. The person who sins is guilty. We should shun sin so we will not become slaves to Satan. The theme of "The Saint's Battle Hymn" is that *God's truth, which frees men from sin, is marching on*. When Jesus walked the shores of Galilee, He gave us this truth, and it will continue until He comes again. Join the army of the Lord. Stand up and fight against Satan to help free men from his slavery. Try marching like a soldier while singing "The Saint's Battle Hymn" to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

CHAPTER 27

# I KNOW MY NAME IS THERE

LYRICS, DANIEL SIDNEY WARNER (1842-1895)  
MUSIC, BARNEY ELLIOT WARREN (1867-1951)

*“And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: And another book was opened, which is the Book of Life. And the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works... And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire.” Revelations 20:12*

**D**uring a Revival where D. S. Warner was preaching, he asked the audience to give their testimonies. Several gave their personal experiences with Christ. One woman said, “I think I am a Christian, so I hope I will go to Heaven when I die.”

Another lady said, “I believe, therefore, I profess to be a Christian.”

After the meeting had been dismissed, Bro. Warner spoke with the one who said, “I hope I will go to Heaven.” He asked, “Sister, are you married?”

She raised her eyebrows as if wondering why he should ask such a personal question, then answered, “Yes?”

“Do you have a home?”

“Yes, I have one.”

“How do you know the home is yours?” was his next question.

“Why, my husband and I paid for it. Also, we have a title,” she answered somewhat annoyed with his questions.

Calmly, Warner answered. “Christ gives knowledge of salvation to the people by the remission of their sins (Luke 1:77). Also, in Romans 8:16, does it not say, “His spirit witnesses to our spirit that we are the Sons of God?”

“Yes,” she answered.

“Just as you know you are married and own your home, you can also know your name is in the ‘Book of Life’ and you are going to Heaven.”

The following song was inspired by the conversation mentioned above.

*I Know My Name is There*

1. My name is in the Book of Life,  
Oh, bless the name of Jesus;  
I rise above all doubt and strife,  
And read my title clear.

*Refrain:*

I know, I know, My name is there;  
I know, I know, My name is written there.

2. My name once stood with sinners lost,  
And bore a painful record;  
But by His blood the Savior crossed,  
And placed it on His roll.

3. Yet inward trouble often cast,  
A shadow o’er my title;  
But now with full salvation blest,  
Praise God! It’s ever clear.

I KNOW MY NAME IS THERE

4. While others climb through worldly strife  
    To carve a name of honor,  
    High up in Heaven's Book of Life,  
    My name is written there.

**"I Know My Name is There"** is on page 87 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 28

# I OUGHT TO LOVE MY SAVIOR

LYRICS, DANIEL S. WARNER (1842-1895)

MUSIC, JOSEPH C. FISHER (1845-1917)

*“We love him because he first loved us.” 1 John 4:19*

“**I** Ought to Love My Savior” was one of the first songs written and sung by a group of people that worshiped together under the headship of Christ and the direction of His Holy Spirit. During the Second Great Awakening in America, many people believed this to be true.

Many different churches laid aside their differences and came together in great revivals and large worship services, but afterwards, people returned to their separate organizations. This song expresses the core feeling of the body of Christ operating under His love and headship. The members rejoice in freedom from the burden of sin and in freedom from the rules and regulations of men. Preachers and teachers are free to say what the Holy Spirit impresses them to teach. Instead of serving an organization, they love and serve their Savior, who gave his life for them.

Can you not feel the pain of Jesus when he prayed in the garden saying, “O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not my will but thine be done,” or, on the cross when He cried, “My God! My God! Why hast thou



## I OUGHT TO LOVE MY SAVIOR

forsaken me?” Should we love Him more than our lives, in return for His love for us? My answer is, “Yes, I ought to love my Savior.”

In the fourth verse of “I Ought to Love My Savior,” the author thanks God for sanctifying his nature and keeping him a victor over sin. Few people believe a human can live without sinning. It was the same when Warner penned these words. However, he boldly proclaims his freedom from having to sin, and we should also proclaim it today.

In verse five, he falls in humble adoration, “Oh, Christ! I can but love thee! What heart could err withhold? A love that cost so dearly the offering of Thy soul?” Is that not also the cry of your heart when you reflect on all that Christ has done for you?

### *I Ought to Love My Savior*

1. I ought to love my Savior,  
He loved me long ago,  
Looked on my soul with favor,  
When deep in guilt and woe.  
And though my sin had grieved Him,  
His Father’s law had crossed,  
Love drew Him down from Heaven,  
To seek and save the lost.

2. I ought to love my Savior,  
He bore my sin and shame;  
From glory to the manger,  
On wings of love He came.  
He trod this earth in sorrow,  
Endured the pains of hell,  
That I should not be banished,  
But in His glory dwell.

3. I ought to love my Savior,  
Upon the cross He died—

I OUGHT TO LOVE MY SAVIOR

Behold the world's Creator,  
"My God, my God," He cried.  
Oh, listen to those accents  
Of love divine so free:  
"Tis finished!" My salvation;  
Thine shall the glory be.

4. I ought to love my Savior,  
He pardoned all my sins,  
Then sanctified my nature,  
And keeps me pure within.  
He fills me with His glory,  
And bears my soul above  
This world—oh, wondrous story,  
'Tis love, redeeming love.

5. O Christ, I can but love Thee,  
What heart could e'er withhold  
A love that cost so dearly,  
The offering of Thy soul?  
O King of love immortal,  
Reign in my heart alone,  
And flood this earthen temple  
With glory from Thy throne.

This timeless hymn first appeared in *Songs of Victory*, a small book of 96 songs written mainly by Warner and Fisher. Since that time, it has been printed in several other hymnals. We know it will continue to be published because it draws the reader into a spirit of adoration.

"I Ought to Love My Savior" is on page 264 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 29

# THE CHURCH HAS ONE FOUNDATION

LYRICS, SAMUEL J. STONE (1839-1900)

ADAPTED, C. W. NAYLOR (1874-1950)

MUSIC, A. L. BYERS (1869-1952)

*“For other Foundation can no man lay than that is laid; which is  
Jesus Christ.” 1 Corinthians 3:11*

The original title was “The Church’s One Foundation,” by Samuel J. Stone (1839-1900). The first three verses were written as a tool to help solve a conflict between bishops serving the Church of England in South Africa. It seemed that Bishop Robert Gray of Cape Town held firmly to the viewpoints of his conservative brethren. They held to the authorship and traditional dating of the Pentateuch.

John William Colenso (1814-1883) of Natal, South Africa, and his popular colleague held a different view. Colenso was the author of several biblical commentaries, including the Pentateuch and the *Book of Joshua, Critically Acclaimed* (1866). He favored another method of biblical criticism for dating and establishing the authorship of Scripture.

The conflict between the brethren became so intense that Robert Gray attempted to pressure the church into excommunicating Bishop Colenso. Samuel John Stone wrote, “The Church’s One Foundation,” hoping to close the breach. The following are four of the original verses.

THE CHURCH HAS ONE FOUNDATION

*The Church's One Foundation*

*Samuel J. Stone (1839-1900)*

1. The Church's one foundation, Is Jesus Christ her Lord;  
She is his new creation, By water and the word;  
From Heav'n he came and sought her To be his holy bride;  
With his own blood he bought her,  
And for her life he died.

2. Elect from ev'ry nation, Yet one o'er all the Earth,  
Her charter of salvation One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
One holy name she blesses, Partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses, With ev'ry grace endued.

3. 'Mid toil and tribulation, And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation, Of peace forevermore;  
Till with the vision glorious, Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious,  
Shall be the Church at rest.

4. O happy ones and holy! Lord, give us grace that we  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with thee;  
There, past the border mountains,  
Where in sweet vales, the bride  
With thee, by living fountains, Forever shall abide!

*The Church Has One Foundation*

*Adapted by C. W. Naylor (1874-1950)*

1. The church has one foundation,  
Tis Jesus Christ her Lord;  
She is His new creation, Through water by the word.  
From heav'n He came and sought her  
To be His holy bride;  
With His own blood He bought her,

THE CHURCH HAS ONE FOUNDATION

And for her life He died.

2. Elect from every nation, Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation—One Lord, one faith, one birth.  
One holy name she blesses, Partakes one holy food;  
And to one hope she presses, With every grace endued.

3. Long with a scornful wonder  
Men saw her sore oppressed,  
By schisms rent asunder, By heresies distressed.  
Yet saints their watch were keeping To hail a brighter day,  
When God should stop their weeping,  
Take their reproach away.

4. The evening sun is shining, The cloudy day is past;  
The time of their repining Is at an end at last.  
The voice of God is calling To unity again;  
Division walls are falling, With all the creeds of men.

5. Back to the one foundation,  
From sects and creeds made free,  
Come, saints of every nation, To blessed unity.  
Once more, the ancient glory Shines as in days of old,  
And tells the wondrous story—  
One God, one faith, one fold.

**“The Church Has One Foundation”** is on page 5 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 30

# THE ALL-CLEANSING FOUNTAIN

LYRICS & MUSIC, JOSEPH FISHER (1845-1917).

*“In that day there shall be a fountain open to the house of David  
and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness.”*

*Zechariah 13:1*

**T**he Evening Light Truth is spread through songs, as well as preaching. At one time, a singing group traveled on a boat called *The Floating Bethel*. It was a chapel boat built by George T. Clayton and used for evangelizing on the Ohio River. They stopped at most towns and cities on both sides of the river. As soon as the boat was safely anchored, the singers gathered on the flat roof of the chapel and began singing. Great crowds assembled on the banks of the river. This gave a fine opportunity to announce the location of the gospel meeting that would follow. Many congregations were raised in towns along the Ohio River.

Most of the songs this group sang were new to them. D. S. Warner and his co-worker, J. C. Fisher, had just printed *Songs of Victory*. It contained 94 hymns, written chiefly by them. During the five years of traveling with this singing group, Warner also wrote many other songs. Barney E. Warren arranged the tunes and harmony for many of Warner's lyrics.

Barney and many others in the church were also writing songs at that time. These early songwriters put Bible truths into their songs. In this way, truths of God's Word were sung as well as preached.

Fisher wrote in the preface of *Songs of Victory*, "It is a fact, well known, ... that the past published hymns fail to express the glorious light, liberty, grace, truth and power, the free and holy Church has attained in this blessed evening time. For this reason, the Lord has given us these marvelous new songs, that we may more fully sing the joy and victory we have in the Lord Jesus Christ." They were written and sung with the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and there were conversions in every community that heard them. Let us sing them with our whole heart, soul, mind, and strength.

"The All-Cleansing Fountain" was one of their first original songs.

*The All-Cleansing Fountain*

1. There's a fountain opened in the house of God,  
Where the vilest of sinners may go,  
And all test the power of the crimson flood,  
Of the blood that makes whiter than snow.

*Refrain:*

Praise the Lord, I am washed  
In the all-cleansing blood of the Lamb,  
And my robes are whiter than the driven snow,  
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2. When that fount was opened in the Savior's side,  
How the thief did rejoice in that day!  
And when dying, "Lord, remember me," he cried,  
Oh, the blood washed his sins all away.
3. "Will you come and reason," saith the Lord, "with Me;  
Though your sins red like crimson do glow,

## THE ALL-CLEANSING FOUNTAIN

And if dyed with scarlet stains your heart may be,  
I will make it as white as the snow.”

4. Yes, a broken spirit and a contrite heart  
Thou wilt never despise, O my God!  
But wilt fully cleanse it now in every part,  
Till I'm whiter than snow by the blood.

5. I have overcome now by the blood of the Lamb,  
And I'm clothed in my raiment so white;  
And I'm on my journey to that glorious land,  
Where forever I'll dwell in the light.

6. What are these in spotless robes and whence came they,  
As they're singing with palms in their hands?  
These through tribulation gained the victory,  
Having washed in the blood of the Lamb.

**“The All-Cleansing Fountain”** is found on page 156 in *Evening Light Songs*.



## CHAPTER 31

# T'M REDEEMED

LYRICS & MUSIC, JOSEPH FISHER (1845-1917)

*“And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.” Revelations 5:9*

When only sixteen years old, Joseph Fisher, a migrant from England, showed his attitude toward slavery by enlisting in Company A of the Eighteenth Michigan Infantry. He fought in some of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War, thus proving his love for slaves and earning his citizenship in the United States of America. Later, he, along with his wife, Alice Smith, dedicated their lives to serving Jesus Christ and became citizens of heaven.

J. C. Fisher was an evangelist before meeting D. S. Warner. He also preached that God's holiness within a human made it possible to live without sinning. The majority of Christians at that time believed, as they do today, that men and women sin more or less every day. Another likeness of the two men was their anti-denominational mentality. The Church of God Reformation, of which D. S. Warner was one leader, taught

that God had one bride (His church) and that every born-again Christian was redeemed from sin upon repentance. At that time, they became a part of His church. Also, both considered all races equal. There were Germans, Italians, English, Afro-Americans, and Irish among those who worshiped together with him.

Soon after meeting D. S. Warner, they began working together in the Gospel Trumpet office. Fisher, besides being educated and a great editor, was also a talented musician. He was already composing tunes to his own hymns, and he soon began writing music to many of Warner's poems.

"I'm Redeemed" is a song of praise for deliverance. In the first verse, he praises God for redeeming him from darkness and praises Him for the light that has come. In the second verse, he praises God for being redeemed by Christ's blood from darkness and death. The third verse relates to the sanctifying power that redeems a person from sinful nature and fear. "I've no fear now within for the terror by night nor the arrow that flieth by day."

In the fourth verse, he shows how those who are redeemed grow in their new life in Christ. It grows brighter and brighter until they can talk with "the bright Angelic hosts, and sorrow and sighs flee away." What a blessed experience a sanctified person may enjoy!

*I'm Redeemed*

I. I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,  
From the darkness of the night,  
That so thickly enveloped my soul;  
In my heart, there have gleamed  
Rays of wonderful light,  
Where the waves of Thy glory do roll

*Refrain:*

I'm redeemed, praise the Lord!  
I'm redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;

## I'M REDEEMED

I am saved from all sin,  
And I'm walking in the light,  
I'm redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.

2. I'm redeemed by Thy blood,  
From the power of the grave,  
And the vict'ry I have over death;  
Oh, that wonderful flood!  
Oh, I felt its pow'r to save,  
When I plunged in its fathomless depth!

3. I'm redeemed from all sin  
And I'm walking in the light,  
And Thy Spirit illumines my way;  
I've no fear now within  
"For the terror of the night,  
Nor the arrow that flieth by day."

4. The redeemed, they shall walk  
In the pathway of the just,  
Which shines brighter and brighter each day;  
They shall sing and shall talk  
With the bright, angelic host,  
Where all sorrow and sighs flee away.

"I'm Redeemed" is found on page 186 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 32

# HE LIVES

LYRICS & MUSIC, ALFORD HENRY ACKLEY  
(1887-1960)

*“And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him.” Mark 16:6*

“Come to the revival; come to the revival,” Pastor Ackley reminded each member of his congregation. Come worship the Lord and bring a guest.”

They came, and so did a stranger. He sat toward the back and listened carefully, then slipped away into the darkness. The following night, he was there again. He sat in the back. He listened quietly. After the sermon, he was gone. Five evenings the stranger appeared at the church, and for five nights he disappeared without speaking to anyone. On the sixth evening, the stranger came again, but this night he stayed after the service was dismissed.

Pastor Ackley introduced himself and said, “I appreciate the interest you’ve shown by attending every night. Can I be of some help?”

“You certainly may,” answered the stranger. “I’m troubled about what I should do if all you have said about Jesus is true.”

“You know you are a sinner?” asked the Pastor.

"Yes, I know I sin. Doesn't everyone?"

"Well, we won't discuss that right now. Are you looking for peace with God?"

"Yes."

"Then you must ask God to forgive you for sinning."

"That I will do."

"And you must accept Jesus as your Savior."

"Now, there is where I have some questions," said the stranger.

"I'll certainly be glad to answer any questions you have."

"Then tell me, why should I believe in a dead Jew?"

"A dead Jew?" Pastor Ackley explained. "Who told you that Jesus was dead?"

"I'm a Jew myself," he answered. "I've been taught all my life that Jesus rising from the dead is not true."

"The Bible says, 'Be not afraid: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him.'"

"I don't believe that."

"But it is true," contended Pastor Ackley. "Jesus is not dead. He lives! I tell you, He is not dead. He lives here and now! Jesus Christ is just as alive today as ever before. I can prove it by the Bible and my own experience, as well as the testimonies of hundreds of other people."

"Then prove it to me," the stranger challenged.

The two men talked for a long time.

The following day. Pastor Ackley reread from the four Gospels the story of Jesus' resurrection. He read: Matthew 28, Mark 16:1-14, Luke 24:1-40, John 2:1-23. The words "He is risen" took on new meaning for him. They thrilled him so much that he prepared a sermon about Jesus' resurrection.

The scriptural evidence, the thrill within his own heart, and the lives he had seen changed proved that Jesus lives. "The Bible tells us an 'innumerable cloud of witnesses' testify Jesus is alive," he said to himself.

Pastor Ackley sat down at his piano, and he played two

## HE LIVES

notes in step. It seemed to say, "He Lives! He Lives!" The rest of the tune came with words. "Christ Jesus lives today! He walks with me and talks with me along the narrow way. . ."

Pastor Ackley was sure Jesus is living, although the stranger and thousands of others may say, "He is not alive." Jesus had helped Pastor Ackley many times, so he wrote, "Just the time I need Him, He's always near." In the second verse, Pastor Ackley writes that all nature testifies to Jesus' life. In the last verse, he invites all Christians to rejoice because Jesus, our King, lives!

### *He Lives*

1. I serve a risen Savior, He's in the world today:  
I know that He is living, Whatever men may say;  
I see His hand of mercy, I hear His voice of cheer,  
And just the time I need Him, He's always near.

### *Refrain:*

He lives, He lives, Christ Jesus lives today!  
He walks with me and talks with me  
Along life's narrow way.  
He lives! He lives! Salvation to impart!  
You ask me how I know He lives?  
He lives within my heart.

2. Rejoice, Rejoice, O Christian, Lift up your voice and sing  
Eternal hallelujahs to Jesus Christ the King!  
The hope of all who seek Him, The Help of all who find.  
None other is so loving, So good and kind.

This account comes from a true story. We often sing "He Lives" at Easter. Maybe you would like to sing it today.

CHAPTER 33

# WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER

LYRICS & MUSIC, JAMES M. BLACK (1856-1938)

*“He that overcometh shall be clothed in white raiment and I will not blot his name out of the Book of Life, but I will confess his name before my father, and before the holy angels.” Revelations 3:5*

Brother James Black was knocking on doors and inviting people to attend Sunday School when he met a girl playing on the sidewalk. He asked. “Would you like to learn to sing and learn Bible stories?”

“Sure,” Bessie answered.

“Every Sunday afternoon, you may come to the little church down the street and learn about Jesus. It will be starting in about an hour. Ask your mother if you may come.”

She dashed into a shack of a house. Returning slowly with her head down, she answered. “My mommy said that people must dress in fine clothes to attend church, and all I have are old and worn-out.”

“Oh, no, that isn’t true. Anyone can come in the clothes they have. But you would come if you had better clothes?”

“Yes, Sir,” she answered happily.

Brother Black informed his congregation about the girl and the reason she was unable to attend. They were poor folks

themselves, but each one gave the little that they had. Soon they had enough money to buy a dress and shoes. Some ladies of the congregation went to visit Bessie's family and got her dress size. Days later, they presented Bessie with a new dress and shoes,

The following Sunday, Bessie was at Sunday School, and her name was added to the Sunday School Attendance roll. Each Sunday, when her name was called, she answered "present." Weeks and months passed. Then one Sunday, not a sound was heard when Bessie's name was called.

As soon as church was dismissed, her new friends hurried to see Bessie. She was sick with a high fever. The following Sunday, she missed again. Still sick. Never again did Bessie answer when her name was called at the little church. The last time Brother Black visited, Bessie pointed up toward heaven and whispered in a weak voice, "When ... the roll .... is called .... up yonder I.... will... be there."

Her words, "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there," stuck in James Black's mind as he went home. They were on his mind that night and the following day.

What will it be like to hear Jesus call my name after I die? Does God keep a record of our lives? Does God have a trumpet? Day after day, he began searching the scriptures.

He read "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. . . . And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. . . . And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire. Revelations 20:11-15.

James Black wrote "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder" in 1893 at a time when many were dying. Between 1817 and 1908, 41,000 people in New Orleans alone died from the influenza epidemic. During the same years, many also died from Yellow Fever.

The song's lyrics were first published in a collection titled



*Songs of the Soul*. The song has since been translated into at least 14 languages and sung worldwide in various Christian denominations.

James Milton Black was an American hymn composer, choir leader, and Sunday school teacher. He worked, lived, and died in Williamsport, PA. He started his music career with John Howard of New York and Daniel B. Towner of the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. He edited a dozen gospel songbooks and wrote nearly 1500 songs. He also served on the commission for the 1905 Methodist Hymnal.” – *John Perry*.

James M. Black died in an auto accident in Colorado in 1948. He will always be remembered for “When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder.”

Even Prime Minister Winston Churchill of Britain seemed to believe that a time would come when all men would stand before God. When asked, “When will the ‘Big Three’ come together?” (In World War II, the Big Three Allied powers were Great Britain, the United States, and the Soviet Union), he answered, “When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder.” And he was right. On that day, people from all nations will stand before God and give an account to God for their actions and attitudes while living on earth.

Are you prepared to answer to your name when God calls for you?

*When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder*

I. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,  
And time shall be no more,  
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;  
When the saved of earth shall gather  
Over on the other shore,  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

*Refrain:*

When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder,

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER

When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

2. On that bright and cloudless morning  
When the dead in Christ shall rise,  
And the glory of His resurrection share;  
When His chosen ones shall gather  
To their home beyond the skies,  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

3. Let us labor for the Master  
From the dawn till setting sun,  
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;  
Then when all this life is over,  
And our work on earth is done,  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

4. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound  
And time shall be no more  
And the morning breaks eternal bright and fair  
When the saved on earth  
Shall gather over on the other shore  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

**“When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder”** is on page 507 in  
*Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 34

# THERE IS HEALING IN HIS NAME

LYRICS, BARNEY ELLIOT WARREN (1867-1951)  
MUSIC, CLARENCE E. HUNTER (1869-1945)

*“They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.” Mark  
16:18*

For three years, Emma Miller had lain in bed or sat in a chair in darkness. Yes, for three long years. Since she had surrendered her life to Christ, however, a little ray of hope that Jesus could heal had shone into her heart. This hope had grown for nine months, until now she was quite sure Jesus could not only heal her but was *going* to heal her blind eyes.

When Emma heard of a Church of God camp meeting in Bangor, Maine, she begged her parents to take her to the camp meeting. “I will be healed at the meeting,” she told her friends when they came to see her before she left. “If you will give me a piece of paper and an envelope, I will write you a letter after I am healed.”

Emma was so excited that the long, rough wagon ride to the meeting fifty miles away did not tire her. She was going to be healed! She was sure that on her return trip home, she would be able to see the maples that she had heard blowing in

the breeze and the honeysuckle she had smelled along the road.

On the fourth morning of the meeting, after continued earnest prayer and fasting, Emma told the Sister taking care of her, "I will be healed today. Sit me up on the rostrum so that everyone can see when God does it."

Emma's caregiver obediently helped her up the steps to the rostrum, where only the principal speakers usually sat. No one asked Emma to leave, so all morning, Emma waited patiently in total darkness on the rostrum. All afternoon, she sat patiently on the hard seat facing the crowd in front of her. When the crowd went away for lunch, she stayed and prayed. At about 5:00 p.m., when the afternoon service was ending, suddenly Emma's paralyzed eyelids raised.

She gazed at the congregation! They gazed back at her. Then Emma shouted, "I am healed! I am healed!" Others began shouting. They continued praising God for at least one hour.

Afterward, Emma walked by herself down the rostrum steps, through the large tent, and out into the bright sunlight. She felt no pain in her eyes, which had been in darkness for three years.

When the church visited Emma thirty-eight years later, she could still see very well.

B. E. Warren wrote the story in poetic form.

*There Is Healing in His Name*

I. Simply trusting in the Savior,  
Healing virtue now receive;  
You must never doubt or waver,  
His unfailing word believe.

*Refrain:*

Casting all your care on Jesus,  
Sickness, sorrow, grief, and pain;  
Oh, believe His blessed promise,

THERE IS HEALING IN HIS NAME

There is healing in His name.

2. Come, ye helpless, sick and suffering,  
At His feet in meekness kneel;  
Soul and body to Him offering,  
He will all your sickness heal.

3. He is just the same forever,  
Cast away your doubts and fears;  
From affliction He'll deliver,  
Though you've suffered many years.

4. Listen to the declaration:  
Christ forever is the same;  
All the pow'r in earth and heaven  
Is in His majestic name.

“There Is Healing in His Name” is on page 303 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 35

# BRING THEM IN

LYRICS, ALEXCENAH THOMAS (1857-1910)

MUSIC, WILLIAM B. OGDEN (1805-1877)

*“Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room. And the Lord saith unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.” Luke 14:21-23*

Alexcenah Thomas did just as the Bible verse says, she loved and shared her knowledge with the poor, the disabled, the blind, and the downtrodden. She lived in a time when children were taught to be good workers and contribute to the family's productivity. Many families were impoverished, so the children had to work in factories to support their families. A national weekly magazine published this: “Factory work is not for able-bodied men, but rather better done by little girls from 6 to 12 years old.” The greedy factory owners saw an opportunity to employ children and pay them a lower wage. By 1870, the census shows that one out of every eight children was employed. This rate increased to more than 1 in 5 children. Between 1890 and 1910, 18 percent of all children ages 10–15 worked 12 to 14 hours a day.

These children would grow up without any education because they worked every day instead of going to school. Sunday was their only day off. Sometimes, when Alexcenah invited a child to attend Sunday school, the child snapped back, "This is my only free day. I want to play, not sit in church." Others complained, "It's too far to walk. I can't make it." However, she did not give up.

She made meeting places in homes near the children. The children felt welcome even in their raggedy clothes. They could've never attended the fancy churches with the rich children. Alexcenah did all she could to teach the children Bible verses, math, and reading on their only day off.

Miss Thomas knew these girls would see marriage as an escape. They would marry, have many children, and repeat the cycle. She started classes for these laboring girls in the New England states while Robert Raikes worked in England helping laboring children learn Bible lessons, reading, and simple math on Sundays, their only free day.

After teaching the children of the street, Miss Thomas taught primary and intermediate students for eleven years. Later, she became the Primary Supervisor for all public schools in Atlantic City, New Jersey. During her six years in Atlantic City, she supervised fifty-nine classrooms, eleven of which were African American. This was at a time when black and white students did not attend the same school.

Alexcenah Thomas is credited as the author of "Bring Them In." Throughout her life, she brought many underprivileged children to know Jesus and receive some education. Charles and John Wesley continued the practice of gathering street children and teaching them on Sundays. They taught their followers important methods for spreading the gospel. For this reason, their followers were called "Methodists."

Although little is said about Alexcenah Thomas as a hymn writer, forty hymns bear her name. Here are a few:

BRING THEM IN

**Bring Them In  
Peace Be Still  
Beautiful Star  
Easter Bells are Sweetly Pealing  
Blessed Harvest Home  
The Precious Promise  
Tell the Whole World the Story  
'Tis a Story Full of Wonder.**

“Bring Them In” is an evangelistic hymn. Its very name gives a feeling of urgency to get busy and bring boys, girls, men, and women to Christ.

*Bring Them In*

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear,  
Out in the desert dark and drear,  
Calling the sheep who've gone astray,  
Far from the Shepherd's fold away.

*Refrain:*

Bring them in, bring them in,  
Bring them in from the fields of sin;  
Bring them in, bring them in,  
Bring the wand'ring ones to Jesus.

2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind?  
Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?  
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,  
Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?

3. Out in the desert hear their cry,  
Out on the mountain, wild and high;  
Hark! 'Tis the Master speaks to thee,  
“Go, find My sheep where'er they be.”

4. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear,



## BRING THEM IN

Out in the desert dark and drear,  
Calling the sheep who've gone astray,  
Far from the Shepherd's fold away.

William Ogden put music to the words of "Bring Them In." He began studying music at the age of eight and, within a decade, was serving as the choirmaster in his home church. While serving in the American Civil War, he organized a male choir. After his time in service, he studied with music masters such as Lowell Mason, Thomas Hastings, and Benjamin Baker, President of the Boston Music School. He published his first songbook in 1870 and taught throughout the United States and Canada before becoming the superintendent of music in the public schools of Toledo, Ohio, in 1887. He died in Ohio on October 14, 1897, four days after his 56<sup>th</sup> birthday.

Let us each heed the message of this song and bring others to Christ.

CHAPTER 36

# EVERY HOUR FOR JESUS

LYRICS & MUSIC, BARNEY ELLIOT WARREN  
(1867-1951)

*“He saith, Awake thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. See then that ye walk circumspectly and not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time because the days are evil.” Ephesians 5:14-16*

“**E**very Hour for Jesus” was written at a camp meeting in Moundsville, West Virginia. At that time, many people were rejoicing in the Lord and wanted to share their joy. Many wished they could be in a ministry, but there were few congregations, and not many pastors were needed. The church was new, and there were not many missions, schools, or orphanages where workers were needed.

Barney Warren addressed the problem. He read, “For the kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey. Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents. And likewise, he that had received two,

he also gained other two. But he that had received one went and digged in the earth and hid his lord's money.

After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them. And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents. His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant. He also, who had received two talents, came and said, Lord... I have gained two other talents... His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant;... Then he who had received the one talent came and said, I was afraid and hid thy talent. His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant. Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance."

Warren encouraged the audience to work for Jesus wherever they were living, in whatever situation they found themselves, reminding them that life is very short and that it might end at any moment. He said, "God has given each one a gift or talent to be used to further the Kingdom. We are all stewards of the Lord, and we must give account to him for our stewardship. We must care for and utilize the talents God has given us. Time is an important commodity that God has given to each person." He read, "See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil." Ephesians 5:15,16

Every person should ask themselves: Am I redeeming the time that Jesus is allowing me to live? No one can take silver or gold, or any success, and present it to Jesus. We will only stand and face him with a clear conscience or a guilty one. Our sins are under his blood if we have repented. Those sins will not appear because Christ has put them "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." (Psalms 103:12).

But how about wasted time? Will we be allowed to apologize to God for the time we wasted? Although we are saved by

His blood, when we are facing that last breath, will we be wishing we had used our time (our life) in a better way?

Now, don't get me wrong, I'm not implying that our importance in Jesus' eyes depends only on our performance. No, he loves us always. Even though He loves us, "Faith, if it hath not works, is dead." James 2:17. Working for Him is our way of loving Him back.

We have only one life, and that life is very short. B.E. Warren, author of "Every Hour for Jesus," felt this urgency. This same urgent feeling has inspired a great host of gospel workers. Knowing the prophecies of the Bible that it is now the evening time of the Gospel Day, they, with urgency, traveled over hills and valleys, spreading the good news of salvation through faith in Jesus' death on Calvary. Many left their homes and lived on the road, traveling by horse-drawn wagons or buggies from one community to another, singing, preaching, and teaching. Many schools, missions, and orphanages were established, and congregations started in many countries. "Only one life will soon be passed, only what's done for Christ will last."

What are you doing with your time? Is it being spent for Jesus?

God gave "Every Hour for Jesus" to B.E. Warren one afternoon during a camp meeting in West Virginia after he had preached a message about working for the Lord. He went into the woods to meditate more on the subject, and God gave him this encouraging hymn.

*Every Hour for Jesus*

- I. Every hour for Jesus! shall my motto be,  
There is plenty of work we may do;  
We may all keep busy till the Lord we see,  
Till He comes for His faithful few.

*Refrain:*

Every hour for the Lord,

## EVERY HOUR FOR JESUS

Every hour for the Lord let us spend;  
Every hour for Jesus till He comes again,  
When the labor of life shall end.

2. Every hour for Jesus! We must work and pray,  
We should never be slothful or tire;  
For the time is coming, so His Word doth say,  
When our work shall be tried by fire.

3. Every hour for Jesus! and whate'er I do,  
I must have His approval on me;  
If I do heart service with the Lord in view,  
He will bless me and keep me free.

4. Every hour for Jesus! There is work for all,  
Spend your time in His service alone;  
Be ye ready, waiting for His every call,  
Soon he'll say, "'Tis enough, come home."

Each of us must account to God for how we use the time He has given us. What will God say on the Day of Judgement to those who have wasted their lives in foolish, selfish living? Will they hear, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant"? Or will they be cast into outer darkness?

"Every Hour for Jesus" is on page 313 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 37

# WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

LYRICS & MUSIC, BARNEY ELLIOT WARREN  
(1867-1951)

*“Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting.” Daniel  
5:27*

In an evening service in Anderson, Indiana, D. Otis Teasley read the story of the handwriting on the wall from Daniel, chapter five. Belshazzar, the ruling son of Nebuchadnezzar, king of the great Babylonian Empire, made a feast and invited a thousand of his lords. He had his servants bring the gold and silver vessels that his father had stolen from the temple in Jerusalem. These goblets were consecrated for use only during worship of God. However, he and his friends, along with their many wives, were using them. As they drank wine, laughed, and talked, an enormous hand appeared on the banquet wall and wrote: *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* (Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.)

Teasley painted in words the cruel armies of the Medes and Persians bursting into the hall and slaughtering the banqueting Babylonians. The listeners could see the proud princes and lords running here and there, screaming for help, but it was too late for help. Trembling sinners in the congregation questioned, “Is it too late for me to find repentance?”

“What is the doom of my soul?” was the question on many hearts as they listened to Teasley that night. Many fell on their knees and began praying.

While Teasley was giving these profound thoughts, Barney Warren, who was usually thinking in rhyming words, wrote the following words:

**“Weighed in the balance of justice true,  
Sinful the path thou hast trod;  
Weighed and found wanting—will it be you?  
Weighed by the word of God.”**

The Holy Spirit also inspired the music for this new hymn. The following morning, Warren wrote the remaining verses, went to a piano, and played the notes in his head. The words or music needed no corrections. We sing it just as he composed it that day, so long ago.

***Weighed in the Balance***

1. Weighed in the balance of justice true,  
Sinful the path thou hast trod;  
Weighed and found wanting—will it be you?  
Weighed by the word of God.

***Refrain:***

Weighed and found wanting,  
Weighed and found wanting,  
Rejected at heaven’s door.

2. There, it will hurt like a wounding dart  
When this dread answer shall fall:  
“Weighed and found wanting”; ’twill pierce thy heart  
At the last judgment call.

3. Weighed by the word which is given now,  
Search it and know thou art pure;

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

Unto its mandates in meekness bow,  
Then thou shalt be secure.

4. At the tribunal where Christ is judge,  
Where every deed is made known,  
“Weighed and found wanting” each guilty soul  
Stands there before His throne.

“**Weighed in the Balance**” is on page 395 in *Evening Light Songs*.



CHAPTER 38

# IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL

LYRICS & MUSIC, BARNEY ELLIOT WARREN  
(1867-1951)

*“I have set the LORD always before me: Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved. Therefore, my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth.” Psalms 16:8-9*

“It is Truly Wonderful” was written after an experience B. E. Warren had with a young convert. While praying at the altar, she asked, “May I continue to attend dances after I become a Christian?”

“Why don’t you just surrender your heart to Jesus and then decide what you should do about dancing?” He answered. “Didn’t you come to surrender to Jesus?”

“Yes,” she answered. She continued praying until Jesus came into her heart. She looked up with a smile.

Sometime later, Bro. Warren had a conversation with the young woman. He asked, “How many dances have you attended since you prayed that day?”

“None!” She answered excitedly.

“And why haven’t you?”

“That’s simple,” she answered. “I didn’t because I did not want to go.”

“And why didn’t you want to go?”

## IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL

“I don’t know.” She paused, then added, “I feel wonderful! Yes, this is truly wonderful.”

“You think it is truly wonderful?” he questioned.

“Yes. It is truly wonderful!”

This experience inspired Barney Warren to write this amazing hymn. Barney started singing with a gospel quartet that traveled with D. S. Warner. As a skilled musician, he quickly began setting music to many of Warner’s poems and later wrote numerous hymns for the group.

### *It is Truly Wonderful*

1. He pardoned my transgressions,  
He sanctified my soul;  
He honors my confessions,  
Since by His blood I’m whole.

### *Refrain:*

It is truly wonderful! What the Lord has done!  
It is truly wonderful! It is truly wonderful!  
It is truly wonderful! What the Lord has done!  
Glory to His Name.

2. He keeps me every moment  
By trusting in His grace;  
'Tis through His blest atonement  
That I may see His face.
3. He brings me through affliction,  
He leaves me not alone;  
He’s with me in temptation,  
He keeps me for His own.
4. He prospers and protects me,  
His blessings ever flow;  
He fills me with His glory,  
He makes me white as snow.

IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL

5. He keeps me firm and faithful,  
His love I do enjoy,  
For this I shall be grateful,  
And live in His employ.

6. There's not a single blessing,  
Which we receive on earth.  
That does not come from heaven,  
The source of our new birth.

Although it is a Church of God hymn, it was not chosen to be published in the *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 39

# BEAUTIFUL

LYRICS & MUSIC, BARNEY ELLIOT WARREN  
(1867-1951)

*“He that overcometh shall be clothed in white raiment and I will not blot his name out of the Book of Life, but I will confess his name before my father, and before the holy angels.” Revelations 3:5*

Barney Warren’s life turned around at a revival meeting near Bangor, Michigan. Two years later, he joined the Church of God evangelistic singing group as a bass singer. Afterward, he also became a traveling evangelist and later took on pastoral duties. While pastoring different congregations, he studied and taught music and continually wrote hymns. Some say he usually carried a clipboard to quickly jot down ideas for poems, hymns, or tunes that came to mind. He is credited with writing 7,000 songs. Church of God records indicate that he penned lyrics for 355 songs and composed music for 288 of them. I believe 99 of these hymns are in *Evening Light Songs*, and many are being sung regularly.

He was a very busy man; however, he made time to meditate and appreciate the beauty of God’s creation. One day, he was reveling in the beauties of nature, when he said to himself, “God has made all this beautiful nature for us to enjoy here on

earth. How glorious must be that place, ‘He has gone to prepare for our eternal abode.’” His mind wandered higher, and he began imagining things that might be in Heaven. He was so thrilled with awe and a feeling of rapture that he wanted to express it.

He sat down at his piano. His fingers automatically flew across the keys, and the music for “Beautiful” was created. As quickly as the music came, so did the words. In about thirty minutes, the hymn “Beautiful” was finished just as we sing it today. Isn’t it amazing what the Holy Spirit can do?

In each verse, he names many different things that he imagined he would see and experience in Heaven. “Beautiful” was first published in 1897 in a hymnal named *Songs of the Evening Light*. Almost immediately, it became popular. Bro. B. E. Warren was human, as we all are, and when approached by a buyer, he sold the rights to his song. Later, he realized he had no right to sell it, for the song belonged to God. He had only been granted by God the privilege to write it. He tried, without success, to return the money and set the song free again.

In the first verse, Barney Warren describes the white robes that are given to each of God’s children. (Revelations 7:13) “Who are these in white robes and from where did they come? They are those who came through great tribulations and have washed their robes in the blood of the lamb.”

In the second verse Warren shows his longing to be free from life’s cares and forever with Jesus as Apostle Paul showed in Philippians 1:21-24, “For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.... having a desire to depart and be with Christ...nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you.”

In the third verse, Warren speaks of what each Christian has stored up in Heaven, perhaps in reference to this verse in 1 Timothy 6:17-19. “Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to

distribute, willing to communicate [to share]; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.”

Many people like to invest for the future. There is some sound investment advice in the book of Matthew. “Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doeth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doeth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal.” (Matthew 6:19-20). You will never be sorry for placing your treasures in heaven, where you will enjoy them with the beauty of eternity.

To me, nothing is more heart-warming than standing in a cemetery beside the casket of a loved one who has gone to Heaven, and listening to friends singing:

*Beautiful*

1. Beautiful robes so white, beautiful land of light,  
Beautiful home so bright, where there shall come no night;  
Beautiful crown I'll wear, shining with stars o'er there,  
Yonder in mansions fair, gather us there.

*Refrain:*

Beautiful robes (of white), beautiful land (of light),  
Beautiful home (so bright), beautiful band (of might),  
Beautiful crown (beautiful crown),  
shining so fair (yes, shining so fair),  
Beautiful mansion bright,  
gather us there (yes, gather us there).

2. Beautiful thought to me, we shall forever be  
Thine in eternity when from this world we're free;  
Free from its toil and care, heavenly joys to share,  
Let me cross over there; this is my prayer.

3. Beautiful things on high, over in yonder sky,

## BEAUTIFUL

Thus I shall leave this shore, counting my treasures o'er;  
Where we shall never die, carry me by and by,  
Never to sorrow more, heavenly store.

At such times, my heart soars away with the spirit to where my  
loved one has flown.

“Beautiful” is on page 182 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 40

# THERE IS A CITY

LYRICS AND MUSIC, ULYSSES H. PHILLIPS  
(1887-1980)

*“In my father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.” John 14:2*

Ulysses H. Phillips, author and composer of “There is a City,” lived from 1892 to 1965 (73 years) in the Dover, Hennessey area of Oklahoma. In early childhood, he came to know Jesus as his Savior and committed himself to serve God and his fellow men.

Everywhere he served, it was with a loving, kind heart and hands. Joyful in heart, he often sang as he worked. When alone in his fields, he sang praises to God. He sang about his “House not Made with Hands,” or about his change of heart, “From Death to Life.” Sometimes he encouraged himself by singing, “His Hand is Guiding Me,” or “There is a City.” These are some of the many songs he wrote. If he was enjoying home-made ice cream on a hot summer day or carrying food to a hungry widow during a snowstorm, he was the same. In his presence, one felt a desire to be more like Christ.

He was swamped, shepherding his congregation, visiting the sick, conducting cottage prayer meetings, and preaching.



## THERE IS A CITY

Here are some quotes from his diary that reveal his activities:

*2-6-39 Mary (Ross) Caldwell passed away. Cottage prayer meeting started in the Ross home.*

*2-7-39: Cottage prayer meeting at Frank Phillips' home.*

*2-8-39 At Bro. Sam White's home.*

*2-9-39 Meeting at the schoolhouse.*

*2-10-39 Cottage Prayer meeting at Mother's Phillips.*

*2-II-39 Met at Sis. Dunnigan's.*

*2-12-39 Service at Long Oak school house, morning and evening.*

*2-13-39 At Mr. Ben Hobby's.*

*2-14-39 Met at Bro. Sam Gracey's.*

*2-15-39 ...Bro. White's home was filled to capacity.*

*2-16-39 Thursday: back at the schoolhouse.*

*2-18-39 At Paul Owens' home. Talked on "The Church Question."*

*2-19-39 At Mother Phillip's, Sis. Miles is sick, Bro. Gracey repented.*

*2-20-39 Prayer meeting again at Bro. Paul Owens' home.*

*2-21-39 At Mother Phillip's Bro. Gracey reclaimed.*

*2-22-39 At Bro. White's home on sanctification.*

*2-23-30 At Long Oak.*

*2-26-39 At Hennessey, morning and evening. "I Have Set The Lord Before Me."*

*2-27-39 At Bro. Gracey's. Dudley was sick, and I prayed for him.*

*2-28-39 We gathered at Bro. Robert House's home for prayer.*

One Sunday morning in 1946, the back door of the little wooden chapel at Hennessey opened. Everyone turned around to see who had so abruptly swung it open. Brother Phillips, who had a better view, sitting in the side front bench, jumped up from his seat and hollered, "Victor! Victor!"

"He's home from India!" They shouted. The singing stopped, and everyone gave praises to the Lord for sending Victor home after three and a half years.

Let's skip back to July 1947. Brother Phillips was both a cotton farmer and a preacher. He and his family wanted to go

to the camp meeting at Monark Springs, but his cotton needed to be thinned. If the plants grew too close together, the cotton would not produce. The brethren in the area heard about his need and came to his aid. Bro. McCray, Bro. Caldwell and Sis. Wiley, too, helped Bro. Ulysses and his family. They chopped his huge cotton field so he could go. They all rejoiced at the camp meeting, had sweet fellowship, and met H. P. Huskey (the author's father-in-law). This he noted in his diary.

Ulysses Phillips' kind, loving nature made him a favorite for funerals. He was called as far away as Tulsa (126 miles) and Okmulgee (176 miles). Sometimes he was called away from preaching in a revival meeting to officiate a funeral, then would return to finish preaching the revival. This was on bumpy, narrow roads of yesteryears, sometimes by horseback, or wagon, later in cars without good heaters or air conditioners. When unable to drive a car, he would walk six miles to the nearest bus station in Dover and then ride the bus to his speaking appointments.

Ulysses Phillips was a strong man both spiritually and physically. At age sixty-one, he dug a forty-foot well by hand. Coming home from Guthrie, Oklahoma, he would catch a ride to Crescent, then walk twelve miles to his home. At age seventy-two, he became very ill at Boley, but officiated at a funeral in Kingfisher two days later. He was still very busy during his seventy-fifth year, officiating in funerals in Watonga, Briggs, Tulsa, and Enid. In his seventy-sixth and seventy-seventh years, he continued to preach, receiving calls to preach in churches of various organizations, pray with the sick, and baptize new converts. That same year, he baptized Sis. Emma Taylor, Bro. James Scott and another brother, in a water tank.

The following year, he had a car wreck in Tulsa, Oklahoma. His wife, Ella, was hospitalized. When she was released, he bought another car and drove it back to the farm near Dover.

Ulysses and Ella had worked together in the Lord's service

for many years. After the accident, their children persuaded them to relinquish the farm. In December of 1964, they deeded the farm to their only son, Victor (1920-2003).

They gave away their furniture, left their beloved home and farm, and relocated 1,300 miles away to the large city of San Bernardino, California. There they lived with their daughter, Olive Davenport (1931-2008). California was another field of gospel labor for Ella and Ulysses Phillips. They served in the San Bernardino congregation for fifteen years and at the Camp Meetings in Pacoima, California. Bro. Phillips preached his last sermon in Pacoima three weeks before his death at 93 years of age.

There are twenty-one of Ulysses Phillips' songs and one of Ella's published in *Evening Light Songs*. He also wrote three books: *Inspiring Poems and Verses*, *Golden Rays*, and *Songs and Poems*.

His son, Dr. Victor B. Phillips, collected many of his father's poems and songs and published them in *Inspiring Poems and Songs by Ulysses Phillips*. This book contains 206 of his many poems and songs, accompanied by music.

*There is a City*

1. There is a city, so I've been told,  
With gates of pearl and streets of gold;  
It's a walled in city, on eternal heights,  
Where it's always day, with never a night.

*Refrain:*

Let's go to the city, and a land of song,  
Where all is right and there's no wrong;  
I'm just awaiting for the trumpet sound,  
Goodbye, old world, I'm heaven bound.

2. There is a city, so bright and fair,  
There is no death, no sorrows there;  
It's a beautiful place, come and go with me

THERE IS A CITY

To that happy home by the crystal sea.

3. I've been invited, so I must go,  
And meet my Lord, who loved me so;  
There I'll see His face, and His glory share,  
And ever rejoice with the angels there.

4. There is a city with mansions fair,  
All the redeemed shall gather there;  
Hurry and get washed in the crimson flow,  
For your robe must be whiter than the snow.

“There is a City” is on page 497 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 41

# GOD IS EVERYWHERE

LYRICS AND MUSIC, ULYSSES H. PHILLIPS  
(1887-1980)

*“Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into the heavens, thou art there;... if I dwell on the uttermost part of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, thy right hand shall hold me fast. If I say, “Surely the darkness shall cover me... even the night shall be light about me.”*  
*Psalms 139:7-11.*

“Say, Mr. Phillips, would you be so kind as to speak at our Baccalaureate exercises on May 14? I am the president of the student body at Booker T Washington High School in Hennessey. Since you are a poet, preacher, and musician, the graduating class has agreed *you* will be the perfect speaker,” said the tall, slim young man.

“Yes, I have written a lot of poems and songs, but I’m not much of a speaker; unless I am speaking for my Savior, Christ Jesus. Well, yes, then I can say a lot, and I do travel around the country trying to persuade people to believe in Him. But at heart, I’m just a happy, humble farmer,” Ulysses Phillips answered while smiling happily.

“Happy, yes! Sometimes when we go past your farm, we

can hear you praising God as if you were in church, while you are guiding the plow behind a horse.”

“Sure thing,” Mr. Phillips said, and snapping his fingers to a rhythm, he burst into singing,

**“God is everywhere, Yes, God is everywhere, God is in the valley, God is in the air. God is in the mountain, God is in the sea. Anywhere we may go, there God will be.”**

He spread his arms wide and looked up toward Heaven and whispered, “Yes, HE is everywhere!”

“But nothing seemed too hard for you to tackle,” the young man continued. “After long hours of heavy-duty farm work, you are walking all over town, visiting the sick or conducting prayer meetings almost every day of the week, sometimes ten or twelve days in the same home. My grand-mama says you love everyone, and everybody loves you. That you helped many bury their dead when that train bridge collapsed into the flooding Cimarron River.”

“Yes, I was young and strong, only twenty years old. They said about 100 people died. But we don’t know for sure. The rushing, flooding river washed many bodies downstream. Also, some sank into the quicksand and were buried alive. It was horrid! I helped dig lots of graves. That terrible accident awoke in me a burning desire to help people be saved from sin, so if they died suddenly, they’d be ready to meet God. Yes, I walked from one home to another to have prayer with the sorrowing families. I still visit a lot in this area.”

“Oh yes, I know. Everyone calls on Ulysses Phillips to pray for the sick and suffering, the atheist as well as Christians. And everyone knows you are honest, that you would not cheat, not even an ounce. Instead, you are known to give extra when selling your fresh fruit and vegetables at the market. Many times, you sneak extra into an elderly couple’s basket before they totter away. That’s what my grandmama says.”

“But I would be willing to speak to you youngsters. I’ll tell you about my Lord.” Ulysses answered.

“Thank you, thank you. The students will be thrilled to have you.”

Ulysses Phillips was a man of the Bible. He had been carefully educated by dedicated parents who taught him to dedicate his life to serving God and others. He met the Church of God when he was about twenty years old and embraced the Bible doctrines of justification, sanctification, and divine healing. These he experienced and taught throughout his life, until his death. That same year, he began preaching, assisted at the Faith Publishing House when possible, and attended camp meetings in Guthrie, Tulsa, Hennessey, and other localities. After surrendering to Christ, he received many blessings, which he wrote about in songs and poems of praise.

An aureole of his Christlike spirit was present everywhere he went. He spoke inspiring words supported by knowledge and authority. Throughout his community, he was frequently asked to deliver devotionals or invocations at public events. He became a noted religious leader in North Central Oklahoma, not only in his hometown but in other communities. He pastored a congregation near Dover and ministered in the areas of Long Oak, Hennessey, Enid, Fairview, and Kingfisher. From his diary, we have a record of his conducting evening prayer meetings almost every day. He expected no compensation for these services, but he supported his family by cultivating the land he had inherited from his parents.

*God Is Everywhere*

- I. See, the Lord hath made us by His mighty pow’r,  
And He watches o’er us every day and hour;  
This we do remember when we kneel in prayer,  
God is up in heaven, God is everywhere.

*Refrain:*

God is everywhere, yes, God is everywhere,

## GOD IS EVERYWHERE

God is in the valley, God is in the air;  
God is in the mountain, God is in the sea,  
Anywhere we may go, there God will be.

2. Nothing can we hide from His all-seeing eye,  
Whether on the land, or in the sea or sky;  
Darkness cannot hide us from His blessed face,  
For His holy presence dwells in every place.

3. All our words and thoughts are to Him fully known,  
We shall surely reap the deeds that we have sown;  
From Thy holy presence we can never flee,  
For the day and night are both the same with Thee.

4. Look down in our hearts, Lord, let us see today  
If there should be in us any wicked way;  
Help us ever serve Thee with a Godly fear,  
Help us know that Thou art present everywhere.

“God Is Everywhere” is on page 476 in *Evening Light Songs*.



CHAPTER 42

# T'LL KEEP HOLDING ON TO JESUS

LYRICS AND MUSIC, PHILIP A. MATTHEWS  
(1946-)

*“I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee,  
Fear not, I will help thee.” Isaiah 41:13*

Written by Philip A. Mathews:

**I**n 1974, five years before this song was written, my wife, Segatha Ruth Douglas, and I relocated from Los Angeles to Fresno, California, to assist in the local ministry. Although we arrived childless, we had had four boys by 1979. As could be expected, we were experiencing numerous tests and trials during those years. I was getting lots of inspiration as we learned lesson after lesson as God sanctified & refined us. I was 28, and she was 30, supposedly way too young to understand the deep principles expressed in my songs at the time. But we experienced every bit of it!

On the day God poured this song into me—I use that terminology because that’s how inspiration felt many times when my songs were prophetically given, sometimes by hearing angels sing them to me or even through a dream—one of the mothers in our congregation, Sis Merlean Phillips, lost her husband, Mr. Julius, to kidney failure. He was one of the

old saint's sons, having left the church like many church kids do, to pursue his own thing for many decades. He didn't like the saints. But his wife, who was not raised in the Church of God, encountered Jesus and His love and lived faithfully to God despite the unsaved and often discouraging condition of her husband.

However, as he grew older, Mr. Julius's kidneys began to fail. He required dialysis. He suffered greatly. The congregation prayed a lot for him and his family. In today's world, he would likely have received a kidney transplant, but in the 1970s, that wasn't a common occurrence. One day, he told her that he wanted to get saved. The whole congregation rejoiced over that with her. Then he decided to trust God to heal him and quit his dialysis. He was aware that he might actually die, and one day he did—God took him home.

The earliest date I have recorded is October 25, 1979. As one of the ministers in the congregation, I was very concerned for this mother of the church, having lost her lifetime companion. But at least she and we were comforted that he was saved. I remember sitting in a room meditating and praying for Sis Merlean Phillips, when the words of a song dedicated to her began to fill my heart and mind, while I wrote them down as fast as I could:

**"When I started long ago to trust Jesus,  
I was seeking for security,  
For I needed something steady to hold to,  
And something that would hold to me.**

***Refrain:***

**"I'll keep holding on to Jesus,  
For no other Friend so faithful could be...."**

The rest of the song just poured out, along with the tune. I knew immediately that it would be a "hit," at least in our church. And it was. When Segatha sang her version, it just moved people to tears. In fact, on several occasions, as we sang

## I'LL KEEP HOLDING ON TO JESUS

it as a special song, someone in the audience would leave their seat and run to the altar to get saved! Others would follow, and we never got to the prayer or the preaching! The Spirit of the God Who gave it accompanied the singing with its message. I let Uncle Robert Sherman and Sis Mildred Sherman of the *Bakersfield Evening Light Singers* “have” it, and they sang their version all over the country on their missionary trips. It was our most popular song. Thank God.

### *I'll Keep Holding on to Jesus*

1. When I started long ago to trust Jesus,  
I was seeking for security,  
For I needed something steady to hold to,  
And something that would hold to me.

### *Refrain:*

I'll keep holding on to Jesus,  
For no other Friend so faithful could be.  
I'll keep holding on to Jesus,  
For I know He's holding on to me.

2. Well, I'm learning every day now to trust Him,  
And I'm finding really, He's all I need.  
Earthly gods can only fail and betray you,  
But my Jesus is a Friend indeed.

3. Yes, I put my all and all in Jesus,  
And I'm trusting in His grace all the way.  
In the shelter of His will I am resting,  
With a peace that's growing sweeter each day.

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CHAPTER 43

# FAIREST LORD JESUS

LYRICS & MUSIC, UNKNOWN.

*“My son, attend unto my wisdom, and bow thine ear to my understanding: That thou mayest regard discretion, and that thy lips may keep knowledge.” Proverbs 5:1-2*

“I don’t want to go!” complained Anna, a Moravian maid. “We will go,” demanded her mother, Mrs. Nitschmann. “Thy father says we must leave since he and John have escaped the church prison.”

“And leave all my acquaintances?”

“Thy father and thy brother’s safety is more important than thy acquaintances. Thy acquaintances and their families might also be leaving. They are not safe here in Czechoslovakia.”

“Not everyone is in danger,” retorted Anna. “Only the rebels.”

“Anna, call not the holy men of God rebels.”

“Pardon me, Mother dear, but I’d love to stay here.”

“Does thou also love thy life and that of thy family?”

“Yes, Madam,” Anna answered softly.

“Then tend the baby whilst I pack the cart, so thy father

nor John be seen. We must leave tonight and travel in the darkness.”

They traveled up steep, treacherous mountain trails and over the high pass by only tiny drops of moonlight which leaked through the heavy forest. They gave up a peaceful, prosperous farm to live in a commune of Christian refugees fleeing persecution in surrounding countries—Christians who were now arguing about Bible doctrines.

Anna hated it. In a short time, she had established herself as a *real rebel*. When anyone pressed her to be converted, she would snap, “First convert thyself, and thou canst speak with me.” Three hundred years before Ann came to Herrnhut, the followers of John Huss, called “Hussites,” had refused to accept the pope as the leader of God’s church. The Church sent armed men to destroy them. Without a chance to defend himself, Jan (John) Huss was tied to a stake and burned. Persecution increased until his followers were forced to flee and hide. At that time, those hiding shared all things as the early church had done.

In every country in Europe, the true Christians were persecuted by secular and religious powers. Men, women, and children were beaten or jailed, and others were tortured. Homes were also burned in Poland, Transylvania, and Germany. Wherever the true believers went, they met persecution.

Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf owned a large area of land in Germany. In 1722, he invited the persecuted believers to live safely on his estate. Many of these were Moravians. Although these Moravian Christians lived in poverty, they gave the Czechs rich spiritual resources. They translated the Scriptures into Czech and composed hymns that are still sung in Czech churches today. They developed the tradition of singing hymns for comfort and encouragement. Some of their hymns have been translated into other languages, including “Fairest Lord Jesus,” which is believed to have originated from these Moravians. According to some research, it has been translated

into 2,000 languages and has been claimed by many authors under various titles.

In the first years, these refugees lived in peace, but by 1725, when Anna and her family arrived, dissensions had begun to emerge. As contentions grew, Zinzendorf and other leaders prayed earnestly about these problems. Two years afterward, on August 13, 1727, a spiritual awakening spread through the community. People dropped their petty ideas. Those with bad attitudes repented, and relationships were restored. An around-the-clock prayer meeting began, with teams of both young and old praying for one hour at a time.

Many young people and children were saved. Twelve-year-old Anna was one of them. Anna, the *rebel*, became a worker for the Lord. Immediately, she organized the girls into a kind of club, where they prayed together, sang, and ministered to the needs of others in the community.

In this group, leaders were chosen by drawing lots. One day, her mother said to Anna, "Daughter, thou art highly respected among the brethren. Thou art being considered to become the 'chief eldress' of the women."

"But Mother dear, I am only fourteen, too young for such a position."

"God has given thee much wisdom. If the lot falls on thee, it will be because God hath chosen thee. Be strong, my child."

Days later, the community gathered for a solemn prayer service. A shroud of seriousness hung over the proceedings. It was the day God would choose the new "Eldress" for the women. Bishop Daniel Ernest Jablonski and other church elders and deacons were present when the lot was cast.

It fell on Anna.

This caused quite a stir among the leaders. A lengthy discussion followed, then Count Zinzendorf went to Anna, "Thou art too young for the responsibilities. It would be best for thee to refuse the appointment."

Anna was respectful to Count Zinzendorf, but she replied, "Sir, I accept the appointment as from the Lord."

Six weeks later, Anna led eighteen sisters to the Lord. This group grew, and from it came a stream of courageous missionaries. Anna also became a missionary, traveling to many countries, including the United States, where she helped found Nazareth and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. She also ministered among various Indian groups.

When you sing, "Fairest Lord Jesus," think of Anna and consecrate yourself to the Lord as she did. God can use you as He used her.

*Fairest Lord Jesus*

1. Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature,  
O Thou of God and man the Son,  
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,  
Thou, my soul's glory, joy and crown.

2. Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,  
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;  
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,  
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3. Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonlight,  
And all the twinkling starry host;  
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer  
Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

4. All fairest beauty, heavenly and earthly,  
Wondrously, Jesus is found in Thee;  
None can be nearer, fairer or dearer,  
Than Thou, my Savior, art to me.

5. Beautiful Savior! Lord of all the nations!  
Son of God and Son of Man!  
Glory and honor, praise, adoration,  
Now and forevermore be Thine.

## FAIREST LORD JESUS

**“Fairest Lord Jesus”** was written in 1677, making it almost 350 years old. God used Anna when she was very young; He can also use you. Please dedicate yourself to his service. Just think of the millions of people who have been blessed by this song and reading about Anna.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Charlotte was a stay-at-home mom in her late forties when she started writing. She had raised five children while helping her dentist husband with missionary work in Baja California, Mexico. Those five children had left home. Her sixth child was in school all day, and she was home alone. One day, when she wanted something constructive to do, she called the Faith Publishing House and volunteered her help. "Sure, come on over," Wayne Murphey, the publisher, told her.

She hopped on her bicycle and rode to the shop. There was plenty to do, so she went every day that week. Toward the end of the next week, Bro. Wayne said to me, "The editor of the Sunday School curriculum quit last week. Would you be interested in taking her place?"

Charlotte could hardly believe what he was offering! From a little child, she had hoped to become an author. In her mind, she had already written many stories about a little girl and her pet bear. "I have no experience, but if someone would train me, I would love to try," she answered.

She talked it over with her husband, James. They prayed about it and felt God's approval.

Soon she was spending all day writing, editing, and studying the Bible. The things she loved to do! For fifteen years, Charlotte wrote a children's Bible lesson for each week. In the year 2000, she and her husband were again living in Mexico. The mission work needed her time, so she resigned from that job.

In 2016, God began giving her Bible verses indicating she should begin writing again. That year, she wrote her first book, *Mabel, a Demonstration of the Power of God's Word*.

*Before the Hymn - Volume 2* is the ninth book she has published.

## ALSO BY CHARLOTTE HIGHTOWER HUSKEY

*Mabel: A Demonstration of the Power of God's Word*

*A Faithful Father*

*How Big is God?*

*Growing Up with God in The Valley*

*Traveling with God*

*Growing Children in the Light of Eternity*

*Coincidence or God? You Decide*

*Before the Hymn - Volume 1*

The first six of Charlotte's books are sequels. They appeal to all ages because they are about days gone by when life was slower, simpler, and safer. They are historical nonfiction that reads like fiction, making them an excellent resource for parents who want to build their children's faith. Many homeschooling parents are using these books. They appreciate the large print, simple vocabulary, and the questions for discussions at the end of each chapter.

Books published in Spanish:

*Mabel: Una Demostración del Poder de Dios*

*¿Qué tan Grande es Dios?*

*Creciendo con Dios en el Valle*

*Criando Hijos a la Luz de la Eternidad Great*



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