

# BEFORE THE HYMN



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CHARLOTTE HIGHTOWER HUSKEY

HIGHTOWER BOOKS

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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. For example, Mrs. Stead's husband died trying to save a drowning boy, and she was left without income. As she learned to lean on Jesus, she was inspired by the lyrics to "Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus."

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

*-Irma Sallee*



# PREFACE

***“O sing unto the LORD a new song: sing unto the LORD, all the earth. Sing unto the LORD, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.” Psalms 96:1-2***

Messages are easily learned through song. Many very young children have learned that Jesus loves them from hearing the song “Jesus Loves Me.” People who are not Christians have learned much about Jesus’ birth by the songs they hear around Christmas-time. Sometimes, when a sermon will not reach a heart to bring about change, a song with the same message will.

Singing has been a way of worshiping God since the early ages:

- The nation of Israel sang praises to God after they escaped drowning in the Red Sea (Exodus 15:1).
- When God instructed Moses to teach the people how to worship, He included singing. The singers were employed day and night (I Chronicles 9:33).
- Deborah and Barak sang of God’s great goodness after Jabin, king of Canaan, was delivered into their hands (Judges 5:1-31).

## PREFACE

- King David wrote many, many songs. These have been preserved in the *Book of Psalms*.
- King Solomon wrote the *Song of Solomon*, which illustrates God's love for His church and the love of a Christian for God.
- Jesus also sang with His disciples (Mark 14:26).
- In prison, Paul and Silas sang praises to God at midnight; then, an earthquake shook the prison doors open (Acts 16:25-26).

God's Word instructs believers to sing. In Ephesians 5:18-19 Paul instructs: "Be filled with the Spirit; Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." He also admonished the church at Colossae: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." Colossians 3:16.

From the very beginning of the Church of God, singing hymns has been an important part of the worship service. In the United States' pioneer days, singing greatly aided its growth. Evangelists traveled in horse-drawn wagons, boats, trains, on horseback, and by foot to spread the truth. In 1886, Daniel S. Warner organized a group of young singers who traveled with him for five years. They were Nancy Kigar (soprano), Frances Miller (alto), Barney E. Warren (bass), and Sarah Smith (high tenor). Warner, when not occupied with other duties, also sang tenor. They sang wherever they went: in the trains, train stations, cafes, hotels, boarding homes, parks, and on street corners. They sang in the horse-drawn wagons as they traveled from place to place.

When this group held their first evangelical meeting at Walkerton, Indiana, a theatrical group was in the town. Most of the town's people were flocking to the meeting. Only a few were going to the theater. The theatrical group came to the meeting place to attract more people to the theater and played instrumental music just

## PREFACE

outside the building. Warner had to shout his sermon to be heard above the music. Then he stopped abruptly and said, "Sing a song." Nancy Kigar began singing, and the others joined her. The musicians left. The people stayed, and the service continued.

This singing group once traveled on *The Floating Bethel*, a chapel boat built by George T. Clayton and used 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 cabin and sang. Great crowds assembled, giving a fine opportunity to announce an evangelistic meeting. Many congregations were raised in towns along the Ohio River.

Most of the songs that this group sang were new. The songs had themes that other hymns did not have. D.S. Warner and his co-worker, J. C. Fisher, had just printed *Songs of Victory*. It contained 94 hymns written mostly by Warner and Fisher. During the five years of traveling with this singing group, Warner wrote many other songs. Barney E. Warren arranged the tunes and harmony for many of these. Barney and many others in the church were also writing songs at that time. (W. Dale Oldham, in *Our Church Musicians*, says that Barney furnished the Church with 7,000 songs.) These early songwriters put Bible truths into their songs. In this way, the truths of God's Word were sung and taught. Fisher said in the preface of *Songs of Victory*, "It is a fact, well known. . . that the hymns of the past fail to express the glorious light and liberty, grace, truth and power, the free and holy Church has attained in this blessed evening light. Hence, the Lord has marvelously given us these new songs so that we may sing more fully our joy and victory in the Lord Jesus Christ." Many of these new songs can be found in *Evening Light Songs*.

These songs have a new message from God. They were written and sung with inspiration from the Holy Spirit. The songs were the topic of daily conversation in every community that heard them. Sing them with your whole heart, soul, mind, and strength!

Charlotte Huskey





CHAPTER 1  
YOU OUGHT TO SING

LYRICS, ULYSSES H. PHILLIPS (1887-1980)  
MUSIC, ELLA PHILLIPS (1881-1974)

*“I will bless the LORD at all times: his praise shall continually  
be in my mouth.” Psalms 34:1*

Ulysses Phillips was a man of the Bible. He had been carefully taught by dedicated parents that he should give his life in service to God and others. He surrendered to Christ and experienced God’s manifold blessings that compelled him to write songs and poems of praise. He began writing at a young age and continued throughout his life of almost 93 years.

In 1892, Ulysses was brought by horse-drawn wagon into Oklahoma Territory. John L. and Hattie Emaline (Sharp) Phillips were fortunate to acquire 40 acres of land around Dover. Here, Ulysses grew up singing and praying with his parents and seven siblings. When he was 19, a train bridge collapsed, plunging nearly 100 passengers to their deaths in the raging waters of the flooding Cimarron River. Seeing so many people hurled into eternity without time to prepare for death disturbed Ulysses greatly.

The following year, when he was twenty, he met the Church of God and embraced the Bible’s doctrines of justification, sanctification, and divine healing. He practiced and taught these doctrines

## YOU OUGHT TO SING

until his death. That same year, he began preaching, helping in the Faith Publishing House when possible, and attending camp meetings in Guthrie, Tulsa, Hennessey, and other localities.

Ulysses was a farmer who loved farming and supported his family by cultivating the land he inherited from his parents. As he worked alone in his fields, he often sang the songs he had written: "A House Not Made With Hands" or "From Death to Life." Sometimes he encouraged himself with "His Hand is Guiding Me" or "There is a City."

Ulysses loved people, and they loved him. He was noted for his meek, humble, and compliant nature. An atmosphere of a Christ-like spirit was present wherever he went. He spoke inspiring words supported by authority and knowledge. Throughout his community, he was often requested to speak at Commencement or Baccalaureate exercises. He became a noted religious leader among the Church of God and other communities in North Central Oklahoma. He pastored a congregation near Dover and ministered to Christians in areas of Long Oak, Hennessey, Enid, Fairview, and Kingfisher.

He was honest; everyone in town knew Ulysses would not cheat, not even an ounce. Instead, he was known to give extra weight when selling his fresh fruit and vegetables at the market. Many times, he would sneak extra into an elderly couple's basket.

According to his diary, he conducted evening prayer meetings, sometimes in the same home for ten to twelve days at a time. Ulysses was extremely busy shepherding his congregation, visiting the sick, and preaching hundreds of funerals as far away as Tulsa (126 miles) and Okmulgee (176 miles). His kind and loving ways made him a favorite for funerals. Occasionally, he was called away from a revival to officiate a funeral, then returned to finish the revival.

Travel was difficult, first on horseback and then on bumpy, narrow roads in cars without heaters or air conditioners. When unable to take his car, he walked many miles to a bus station. Coming home from Guthrie once, he walked twelve miles from the

## YOU OUGHT TO SING

bus station in Crescent to his home near Dover. There was a time when he rode 32 hours on a bus to hold a revival.

Ulysses Phillips was a strong man, both spiritually and physically. At age sixty-one, he dug a forty-foot well by hand. At age seventy-two, he became very ill at Boley but officiated at a funeral in Kingfisher two days later. Still very busy during his seventy-fifth year, he preached funerals in Watonga, Briggs, Tulsa, and Enid. In his seventy-sixth and seventy-seventh years, he was still preaching, getting calls to preach in other churches, praying with the sick, and baptizing new converts.

The following year, he had a wreck in Tulsa, and Ella was hospitalized. He bought another car and went back to the farm near Dover. In December of 1964, they deeded the farm to their only son, Victor (1920-2003).

Heeding their children's advice, they gave up their home and farm, which they loved dearly. They gave away their furniture and moved to San Bernardino, California. He and Ella lived there with their daughter, Olive Davenport (1931-2008). Their other daughter was Joy (1918-2011).

California was another field of gospel labor for Ella and Ulysses Phillips. They helped in the San Bernardino congregation and in the camp meetings at Pacoima, California. He preached his last sermon in Pacoima three weeks before his death in January 1980.

Twenty-one of Ulysses Phillips' songs and one of Ella's are 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. They were published in *Inspiring Poems and Songs by Ulysses Phillips*. This book contains 206 of his many poems and songs with music.

### **You Ought to Sing**

1. Jesus Christ has come to set the captive free,  
He died to take away death's sting;

YOU OUGHT TO SING

His blood as a ransom He gave for thee,  
Then praise to Him you ought to sing.

*Refrain:*

You ought to sing to the Lamb  
Who has washed us in His blood;  
He's our Lord and our King;  
To His name you ought to sing.

2. Jesus came our sorrows and our griefs to bear,  
What love divine, oh, praise His name;  
He says, "Cast on Me all thy load of care,"  
Then praise to Him you ought to sing.

3. Sinner, come to Jesus and be saved today,  
His blood can cleanse the crimson stain;  
He's ready to wash all your sins away;  
Then praise to Him you ought to sing.

4. If you will be faithful through this pilgrim land,  
And live to glorify His name,  
You'll find a sweet welcome at His right hand;  
Then praise to Him you ought to sing.

**"You Ought to Sing"** is on page 467 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 2

# BRIGHTEN THE CORNER

LYRICS, INA DULEY OGDON (1872-1964)

MUSIC, CHARLES H. GABRIEL (1856-1932)

*“Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.” Matthew 5:14*

Ina Duley Ogdon had been selected by the Chautauqua Institution to teach in their summer schools. She traveled to many cities and taught thousands of public and Sunday school teachers. Her assignments were organized perfectly, and all the materials needed were packed in boxes and ready to be used. She knew exactly where she was going, when to be there, and the lessons she would be teaching. All she lacked were a few more skirts and a pair of shoes, so she hurried away to buy the needed clothing.

Then, a letter from home came two days before Ina was to start on the tours with the institution. She read the letter. Her father had been seriously injured in an accident, and she must return home to care for him.

She ran to her room, buried her face in her pillow, and cried like a baby. Must she give up this fabulous opportunity and nurse her invalid father? Was she mistaken about God calling her to teach? Hadn't He opened this door so she could impact hundreds

of teachers, who in turn would teach thousands of students? What a great way to share the Gospel of Jesus Christ. “God, this letter must be a mistake,” she said. “My family knows that my position on this tour is vital to its success.”

At that moment, she saw her Bible lying open on her desk, where she left it after her morning devotion. And there was the scripture staring at her. “For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts,” Isaiah 55:9. She had read it that morning, but it meant little to her. Now it spoke volumes.

Ina hurried down the dormitory steps and into the counselor’s office to ask his opinion of whether she should leave the thousands to nurse one.

After reading the letter, the counselor said, “Man’s first responsibility from God is to care for his family. Although we cannot see it now, it will work for your good. Remember, ‘All things work together for good to them that...are called according to his purpose,’ Romans 8:28.”

“I can’t. I can’t,” Ina sobbed. “I don’t want to go home. Besides, I didn’t study to do nursing.”

They talked and prayed for courage and willingness to follow God’s commandments. “I will continue praying for you,” the counselor said as Ina opened the door to leave.

When Ina arrived home, she dreaded facing her father. She feared he would detect her anger. She kissed him gently, then stood behind him, stroking his thin hair. “I’m so thankful to God that you came,” he said.

Ina said kindly, “I’m glad you are happy.” She wanted to add, “But I’m sure not!” But she knew that would hurt her father. He already had enough pain.

Day after day, Ina thought about the Chautauqua Summer School. Tears rolled down her cheeks and splashed into the dishwasher. Day after day, she prepared food and carried it to her father. She mopped floors and washed clothes while feeling like a bird in a cage.

## BRIGHTEN THE CORNER

When her father was asleep at night, she cried, “Why, Lord? Why did You let me spend my money and energy on an education that I can’t use? Why did You help me meet the right people, be selected for that perfect job, and then snatch me away?”

One day when she was praying and trying to submit joyfully to her situation, this verse came to her mind. “He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much.”

“Lord, I will be faithful in this little job,” she promised. After making that promise, Ina smiled and laughed more often. When her father was resting, she sometimes found time to steal away to her upstairs bedroom and pray. One day when her father was especially depressed, she prayed in her room. God gave her the thought to *brighten the corner where she was living* and, in that way, encourage her father.

Ina had already written many poems. Through the years of teaching children in school, she inspired her students with her poetry. Today she would inspire herself and her father with “Brighten the Corner.” The beautiful poem gives good advice to everyone. The world would be a much better place if each one would brighten the place where they are.

Ina Duley Ogdon wanted to reach thousands by teaching at the Chautauqua Institution. She has reached millions with her songs and poetry. Charles Hutchinson Gabriel created the musical setting that added to the effectiveness of “Brighten the Corner.” He also wrote music for many of Ina Ogdon’s 3,000 poems.

More than 25 million reproductions of “Brighten the Corner” were made in hymn books, radio transcriptions, phonograph records, and movies before 1943. Possibly another 25 million have been produced since that time. There is no way to count all those who have been blessed by the hymn. Yes, “As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts,” Isaiah 55:9.

Homer A. Rodeheaver, director of the Billy Sunday campaigns, used “Brighten the Corner” as the opening song. One time he intro-

## BRIGHTEN THE CORNER

duced Ina Ogdon as one of the greatest living hymn writers. Teddy Roosevelt used it as his campaign theme in 1916. During a Christian Rally in New York Central Park, 15,000 people marched through the park singing, “Brighten the Corner.” It surpassed “Star Dust” and “St Louis Blues,” making it the most published song in the 20<sup>th</sup> century up to that time.

Homer A. Rodeheaver had 16,000 people whistle it.

### *Brighten The Corner*

1. Do not wait until some deed  
of greatness you may do.  
Do not wait to shed your light afar;  
To the many duties ever near you now be true,  
Brighten the corner where you are.

#### *Refrain:*

Brighten the corner where you are!  
Brighten the corner where you are!  
Someone far from harbor  
you may guide across the bar;  
Brighten the corner where you are!

2. Just above are clouded skies  
that you may help to clear,  
Let not narrow self your way debar;  
Though into one heart alone may fall  
your song of cheer,  
Brighten the corner where you are.

3. Here, for all your talent, you may surely find a need,  
Here reflect the bright and Morning Star;  
Even from your humble hand  
the Bread of Life may feed,  
Brighten the corner where you are.



## BRIGHTEN THE CORNER

**“Brighten the Corner”** was written in 1912 and published in 1913. Because of its important message, it became popular immediately.

Let’s all try to brighten the corner where we live.

CHAPTER 3  
**THERE IS A FOUNTAIN**

LYRICS, WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800) - MUSIC,  
LOWELL MASON (1792-1872)

*“In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David ... for sin and for uncleanness.” Zechariah 13:1*

“Where am I?” William asked, glaring at his strange surroundings and the quirky men roaming the halls. A very oversized freak waddled closer and stared at him. “What ye say?” he asked.

“I asked, ‘Where am I?’”

“You’re in the nut house,” he answered. Then he laughed a queer, frightening laugh.

“Why am I in here?”

“Cause you’re crazy like all of us nuts,” the man answered and laughed again. That night, when all the “nuts” (as the man had called them) were asleep and St. Alban’s asylum was quiet, William prayed. “Oh, God, where am I? Why am I here? Please give me peace.” In a few days, William’s mind cleared, and he remembered “suicide.” It was his second attempt. He was locked up for his own protection.

William Cowper’s father was chaplain to King George II. Although Cowper had many advantages in life, he was very

unhappy. His mother had died when he was only six, and he had been sent away from family to a boarding school. There he had little personal attention or love. He was full of fear but found some relief when studying. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1754. He practiced law for only a few years because he saw so many injustices. He was angered and depressed by men abusing others, which he often saw in the courts. Depression led to attempts of suicide and confinement in a mental institution.

To keep from truly becoming insane, he studied the Bible. There he came to understand that Christ's death on the cross had opened a fountain in which he could be delivered from sin that tormented him greatly. In appreciation, he wrote, "There is a Fountain filled with blood..."

Afterwards, however, the devil tormented William, causing him to doubt his salvation. His close friend, Marley Unwin, taught him how to resist Satan. Although he tried, William often failed and was tormented by fears of eternal damnation, sometimes almost to the point of insanity. "You must not listen to the devil," his friend often told him. "The devil is a liar. The Bible says, 'There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.'"

"Maybe I'm not in Christ," William wailed.

"You are because you believe in the blood of Jesus. The hymn you wrote confesses that. Ephesians 2:13 says, 'Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.'"

"That's right," William answered. "I just need to believe God's Word."

"Yes," Unwin agreed.

William's faith caused him to be happy for a few months. Then, again, he was almost insane with fear of damnation.

Unwin rushed to his rescue. He prayed. He gave advice. He scolded. Nothing seemed to help until Cowper began faithfully reading the Bible again. He read, "The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God."

"Yes...yes," William said slowly as faith replaced doubt. "And

## THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin,” he read. “I am not condemned; Jesus has cleansed me.”

Just when William was getting a grip on faith, his friend Unwin died. John Newton came to comfort William and the Unwin family. Newton persuaded them to move to Olney, where he lived.

John Newton had been a rough sailor and even worked as a slave. He was a strong outdoorsman. William Cowper was an indoor man, weak and afraid of his shadow, but they both loved people, God, and poetry. John Newton also knew Cowper had written “There is a Fountain,” so Newton persuaded him to write other hymns to help improve prayer meetings.

“I’m in poor health and fifty years old—too old to learn how to write poetry. Besides, I’m not qualified to do God’s work,” he whimpered. John Newton would not accept the excuse. He pushed William to get busy helping others and to keep his mind off of himself. William did, and that helped him to be much happier. After getting a good grip on Jesus, William began writing other songs. Together, he and John Newton produced *Olney Hymns*. It was published in 1779 and contained 348 hymns. “There is a Fountain” was one of the 68 written by William Cowper.

### *There Is a Fountain*

1. There is a fountain filled with blood,  
    Drawn from Immanuel’s veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
    Lose all their guilty stains:  
    Lose all their guilty stains,  
    Lose all their guilty stains;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
    Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see  
    That fountain in His day;  
And there have I, though vile as he,  
    Washed all my sins away:

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

Washed all my sins away,  
Washed all my sins away;  
And there have I, though vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.

3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its pow'r,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Are safe, to sin no more:  
Are safe, to sin no more,  
Are safe, to sin no more;  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Are safe, to sin no more.

4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die:  
And shall be till I die,  
And shall be till I die;  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing thy pow'r to save  
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Lies silent in the grave,  
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

“**There is a Fountain**” is on page 183 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 4  
SINCE JESUS CAME INTO  
MY HEART

LYRICS, RUFUS HENRY MCDANIEL (1850–1940)  
MUSIC, CHARLES H. GABRIEL (1856–1932)

*“Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in...” Rev. 3:20*

Mr. Rufus H. McDaniel rambled through the park, his head down and his hands pushed deep into his pockets. “Things are going wrong. I have troubles at my job and troubles at home. All is dark. Where is the light Christians sing about?” he scowled.

*Maybe I should try to find that light,* he thought. So, he started attending church and asking his friends about it. Before long, he understood God’s plan for salvation and accepted it. “What a wonderful change in my life since Jesus came into my heart!” he exclaimed. “Now I have the light Christians talk about.”

One day, McDaniel told his friend, “I often wondered where my life was going and what the outcome would be. Now I know, for my sins are gone, and I am on my way to heaven. I have a new hope. I have many of the same problems; you know that, but I have a helper, Jesus.”

“You think Christ will always help you?” the friend asked.

“Sure, He will,” Rufus answered.

Later, Mr. Rufus McDaniel wrote a convincing poem about his

## SINCE JESUS CAME INTO MY HEART

experience after Jesus came into his heart. Hoping it would become a song, he passed his writing on to Charles Gabriel, who wrote exultant music to match the ecstatic words.

It was sung at the famous Billy Sunday's Evangelistic Campaign in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where thousands attended.

Later, a policeman working his usual duty came by a meeting and heard the congregation singing, "Since Jesus Came into My Heart." It gave him the desire to have Jesus in his heart, so he surrendered to Christ. When his fellow policemen saw the change in him, they also desired to change their lives. More than one hundred other policemen surrendered their hearts to Christ.

According to Hymnary.org, "'Since Jesus Came into My Heart' has been included in 224 different hymn books. It has also been recorded by various popular quartets, soloists, gospel singing groups, and many famous choirs. It is sung in almost every church in America, England, and the 49 countries of Asia."

Maybe you, too, would like to have Jesus in your heart. Today is a good time. Jesus is knocking at your heart's door. Bow your head and tell Jesus you are sorry for not loving and obeying Him. If you are truly sorry, your sins will be forgiven and washed away.

### *Since Jesus Came into My Heart*

1. What a wonderful change in my life  
has been wrought  
Since Jesus came into my heart;  
I have light in my soul for  
which long I have sought,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.

#### *Refrain:*

Since Jesus came into my heart,  
Since Jesus came into my heart;  
Floods of joy o'er my soul  
like the sea billows roll,

SINCE JESUS CAME INTO MY HEART

Since Jesus came into my heart.

2. I have ceased from my wand'ring  
and going astray,  
Since Jesus came into my heart;  
And my sins which were many  
are all washed away,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.

3. I'm possessed of a hope  
that is steadfast and sure,  
Since Jesus came into my heart;  
And no dark clouds of doubt  
now my pathway obscure,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.

4. There's a light in the valley  
of death now for me,  
Since Jesus came into my heart;  
And the gates of the City  
beyond I can see,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.

5. I shall go there to dwell  
in that City I know,  
Since Jesus came into my heart;  
And I'm happy, so happy  
as onward I go,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.



CHAPTER 5  
O GOD, OUR HELP IN  
AGES PAST

LYRICS, ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748) - MUSIC,  
WILLIAM CROFT (1678-1727)

*“Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.  
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst  
formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to  
everlasting, thou art God.” Psalms 90:1-2*

While attending church when studying in London, Isaac became increasingly disappointed with the church singing. “The Psalms we sing have no spiritual meaning,” he complained to his father. “They are not translated properly.”

“Canst thou write one better? Then write it.” his father challenged him.

Ignoring his father, he said, “The Psalm I am reading makes us all little imps.”

“If thou canst? Make a better one,” His father told him again.

After studying for four years, Isaac graduated from the Dissenters Academy in London. For the next six years, Isaac translated the Psalms into more up-to-date English while working on other books and teaching. He wrote a textbook on logic which was later used at Harvard, Yale, Oxford, and Cambridge Universities.

Later, he became the pastor of an influential Independent Church in London.

Isaac was 32 when he published his first book of 210 hymns. Before he died, he had written 697 hymns. One collection of psalms and hymns sold as many as 60,000 copies per year, 5000 a month, over 100 years after it was first published. In 1729, Benjamin Franklin reprinted Isaac Watt's *Psalms of David*. That same year, John and Charles Wesley used his hymns in the Holy Club at Oxford University.

Isaac was not attractive, but he gave beauty to English hymn singing. Each time you enjoy hymns, thank God that Isaac Watts had the courage to make the needed changes to hymn singing within the church he attended. Other churches were soon using his methods, which we still use today.

Isaac carefully used only the few meters of the old English metrical psalms. This meant his new texts could easily be sung by congregations that knew these basic melodies.

During the years that Watts pastored a church and wrote university textbooks, he took time out for the children. He wrote religious books, poems, and songs for children ages four to adulthood. He knew the common people wanted his songs. Although he was a very intelligent and educated man, he continued to write songs in simple language. He also wrote many books on religious instructions. It was difficult for a person to read a page without learning or at least wishing to be better. The attention to one's soul was caught by indirect instruction. Even though a man sat down only to read for enjoyment, he would be suddenly compelled to pray.

Perhaps "O God, Our Help in Ages Past" is the best-known of Isaac Watts' 697 hymns.

***O God, Our Help in Ages Past***

1. O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

And our eternal home.

2. Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defense is sure.
3. Before the hills in order stood,  
Or Earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
4. Thy Word commands our flesh to dust,  
“Return, ye sons of men”:  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.
5. A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.
6. The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their lives and cares,  
Are carried downwards by the flood,  
And lost in foll’wing years.
7. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the op’ning day.
8. Like flow’ry fields the nations stand  
Pleased with the morning light;  
The flow’rs beneath the mower’s hand

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.

9. O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

“If you ever visit South Hampton, down on the lower coast of England, you might be pleasantly surprised to hear the city bell tower ring out the tune of, ‘Oh God, Our Help in Ages Past.’ Isaac Watts came from that great city. His song has become a notable hymn, played at critical national events in Britain and at Winston Churchill’s funeral. It reflects some of the words of Psalms 90, which was written by Moses near the end of his life. This song reminds us that, just as God has watched over and guided us in the past, He will do so in the future as well.”

-Rev. L. Codington

## CHAPTER 6

# NEVER BE AFRAID

LYRICS, FRANCES JANE CROSBY (1820-1915)

MUSIC, WILLIAM. B. BRADBURY (1816-1868)

*“Fear thou not; for I am with thee...I will strengthen thee: yea, I will help thee...” Isaiah 41:10*

Ruth placed the small blue-eyed china doll in Fanny’s arms. Fanny felt its soft golden curls, fine little nose, long black eyelashes, and long, slender fingers. While Fanny ran her fingers over the doll, Ruth told her about the big city where she and her father had purchased the doll. Fanny placed the doll against her chest and gave it a big hug. Then she gave the doll back to Ruth and stumbled down the dusty road.

Fanny’s grandmother was watching from the porch of the white cottage where they lived. She always stayed where she could see Fanny. Grandma was concerned that since Fanny was blind, she might wander away or trip and fall over something. “Grandma,” she called as she neared their home, “I want a daddy to take me to town.”

Grandma laid down Fanny’s skirt, which she was mending, and took Fanny on her lap. She told Fanny about her father being very sick. “He died before your first birthday. That’s when I came to live with you, so your mother could get a job to earn money. Come, let’s go for a walk in the meadow.”

She took Fanny's hand and led her to the creek beyond the meadow. It was Fanny's favorite place. "I hear a dove," Fanny shouted, "and a meadowlark! Grandma, do you see its brownish back and its bright yellow throat?"

"Yes, there it goes; the white tail feathers can be easily seen when it flies," she told Fanny. "It may have a nest nearby. Shall we look?"

"Oh, yes, please do."

Before long, Grandma found the meadowlark's nest with five eggs. She carefully lifted an egg and placed it in the blind girl's cupped hand. "It is white, speckled with reddish brown," she told Fanny. Nearby were white daisies with yellow centers and bluebells of Scotland blossoms for Fanny to feel and smell while Grandma explained how they looked. While they were examining a red clover, a hungry bumblebee decided he could wait no longer for a meal of pollen. He landed on the blossom Fanny was examining. "What's that noise?" she shouted, turning loose and quickly pulling her head back.

"That is a bumblebee," Grandma answered.

Fanny was very young, but she could already identify many birds by their song and flowers by their smell. She identified trees by feeling the bark and the shape of their leaves. Today she learned about bees. She would remember the bumblebee by its buzzing sound.

Walking back from the meadow, Fanny quoted the first chapter of Genesis, ending with, "And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good."

"I think everything God made is good, too, even the bees," she added. They laughed.

"Yes, everything that God made is good," Grandma repeated.

That afternoon, Fanny sat very attentively, listening to Grandma read the second and third chapters of Genesis. She repeated each word as Grandma read. After Grandma finished, Fanny repeated all she could remember, and Grandma helped her repeat the parts she did not remember. They spent many hours

every day reading and memorizing the Bible. Before bedtime, Fanny said, "Grandma, please read to me again about God making everything."

When Grandmother finished reading the first chapter of the Bible, Fanny begged, "Please, read them again." Grandma got herself a drink of water, sat down, and, starting at the very beginning, read it again. Fanny clung to the words and repeated the words in a whisper as Grandma read. Much of these she memorized. Every day Fanny begged Grandma to read from the Bible. Whenever possible, she stopped her work to read to Fanny. While Grandma was cooking, sewing, or cleaning, Fanny repeated the scriptures Grandma had read.

Much of Fanny's days were spent sitting in the house listening and memorizing. After Grandma had walked with her over the farm many times, Fanny roamed the meadow by herself. She was careful to stay away from the water. Grandma had warned her of its danger. She learned to ride her uncle's horse, climb the rail fence, and even walk on top of it!

One day Mother brought home a newborn lamb. Fanny fed it milk from a baby bottle until it learned to eat grass. She memorized the nursery rhyme "Mary Had a Little Lamb." She taught her lamb to follow her, and they played together for many hours. While Fanny was enjoying the lamb, it was growing. It grew into a valuable sheep, and Fanny's mother had to sell it because she needed money. Fanny cried herself to sleep that night. Grandma and her mother prayed that God would comfort Fanny's heart. A few days later, Fanny asked Grandma to write this little poem that had come to her mind:

"Oh, what a happy soul am I!  
 Although I cannot see,  
 Contented I will be.  
 How many blessings I enjoy  
 That other people don't;  
 To weep and sigh because I'm blind,

NEVER BE AFRAID

I cannot, and I WON'T!"

It is recorded that before Fanny was ten years old, she could quote a great part of the first four books of the Old and New Testaments.

One of Fanny J. Crosby's first songs was:

*Never be Afraid*

1. Never be afraid to speak for Jesus,  
Think how much a word can do.  
Never be afraid to own your Savior,  
He who loves and cares for you.

Refrain:

Never be afraid, never be afraid,  
Never, never, never.  
Jesus is your loving Savior,  
Therefore, never be afraid.

2. Never be afraid to work for Jesus  
In His vineyard, day by day  
Labor with a kind and willing spirit  
He will all your toils repay.
3. Never be afraid to bear for Jesus  
Keen reproaches when they fall  
Patiently endure your every trial,  
Jesus meekly bore them all.
4. Never be afraid to die for Jesus  
He the life, the truth, the way.  
Gently in his arms of love will bear you,  
To the realms of endless day.



## CHAPTER 7

# RESCUE THE PERISHING

LYRICS, FRANCES JANE CROSBY (1820-1915)  
MUSIC, WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE (1832-1915)

*“And the lord said, Go out into the highways and hedges, and  
compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.” Luke  
14:23*

Very often, successful people excel after they have conquered many difficulties. Fanny J. Crosby met trouble from early childhood. While other blind, fatherless children were not able to contribute to their community, Fanny not only blessed those near her, but her hymns continue to bless thousands around the world today. Her success was costly. Fanny would have been more comfortable staying at home, where her grandmother tenderly cared for her. But she took hold of God through faith and went far away from her comforts to a school for blind children. There, among strangers and suffering many adverse situations, she learned to have compassion, control her emotions, and be thoughtful and kind to others. There, she learned to read and write and was inspired to be creative. Throughout her life, 8,000 poems, songs, and hymns have blessed the world. Many of these have been translated into multitudes of languages.

Blind Fanny Crosby did not have a computer on which to

## RESCUE THE PERISHING

quickly type out the poems and hymns that came into her mind. She had to punch many dots on braille paper to form each letter. This took much time and patience, but Fanny worked faithfully. Sometimes God's Spirit flooded her mind with words so fast she could not get them punched out in Braille. She would then ask others to write them for her. It is said that one day, three songs came to her mind at almost the same time. She kept repeating them to herself until a helper came. Then, one by one, she spoke the words as the helper wrote them down. At other times, Fanny struggled to get her poem to express her thoughts. "Rescue the Perishing" was one of those.

After Fanny was sixty-five years old, she spent many hours, days, and years helping in the Bowery Mission in New York City. Although both old and blind, she ministered to the lowest, the outcasts, the drunkards, the addicts, and the hopeless. The song "Rescue the Perishing" resulted from her experiences at that mission.

The mission was a place where homeless people (mostly men in those years) could come out of the weather and, after listening to an evangelistic message, could eat a warm evening meal. Sitting in the mission one night, Fanny remembered that Mr. Doane, her musician friend, had sent her a theme for a new song, "Rescue the Perishing." Those words, "Rescue the perishing, care for the dying," kept running through her mind. At the same time, she kept thinking that some young man in the audience must be rescued from Satan that very day, or he would be lost forever in hell.

After Fanny Crosby spoke a stirring message, she pleaded with the men to surrender to God that night. "If there is a boy present, who has wandered from his mother's home and teaching, please come to me at the end of the service," she begged.

After the service ended, a young man came forward and said, "You must have meant me. I promised my mother to meet her in heaven, but as I now am living, that will be impossible."

That night at the mission altar, they knelt and prayed together. He repented of the way he was living and promised not to sin

## RESCUE THE PERISHING

again. After praying awhile, a new light shone in his eyes. He arose and said, "Now I can meet my mother in Heaven. I have found God."

That night, Fanny Crosby stayed awake until she had finished writing the song "Rescue the Perishing." She gave the song to Mr. W. H. Doane. He added an extraordinary tune and rhythm that stirs one to rush after lost souls. It was first published in 1870 in Doane's *Songs of Devotion*. "Rescue the Perishing" is one of the 8,000 hymns written by Fanny J. Crosby. It has been translated into many languages and sung in many countries worldwide.

Ira Sankey sang it often in the great Moody evangelistic campaigns in the latter part of the nineteenth century. It stirred souls and brought conviction and repentance to many hearts.

It was also used in other missions throughout America. The following story shows how this song aroused conviction in one sinner. It comes from Bowery Mission in New York City. On a stormy night, a dirty, unshaven drunkard staggered into the mission. He sank into a seat and gazed around as if wondering where he happened to be. "Rescue the Pershing" and several other hymns were sung. From the expression on his face, the leader thought the drunken man's heart was opening.

As the speaker was giving the message of Christ's love for sinners and His desire to rescue them from death and hell, he also spoke of his own experience of being saved from death on the battlefields. At the close of the meeting, the drunkard staggered up to the speaker and, in a slow, slurred voice, asked, "Can you recall the name of the captain of your company at that time?"

The speaker gave him a name.

"I am that man. I'm your former captain." He paused for a moment as if battling with embarrassment, then admitted, "Now I'm a wreck. Drink dragged me down until I lost everything I had. I don't know what to do or where to turn for help. Can you save me?"

"Well, I can't, but Jesus can," answered the speaker. Then he

## RESCUE THE PERISHING

instructed the old captain to confess his sins, forgive everyone, and promise God that he would never take another drink.

The old captain was saved that night. He often told the story of how God used his former soldier to rescue his perishing soul.

### *Rescue the Perishing*

1. Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;  
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,  
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

### *Refrain:*

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,  
Jesus is merciful; Jesus will save.

2. Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive;  
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently,  
He will forgive if they only believe.

3. Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;  
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4. Rescue the perishing; duty demands it,  
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;  
Back to the narrow way, patiently win them,  
Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.

RESCUE THE PERISHING

Fanny Crosby's songs printed in the *Evening Light Songs* are:

"Blessed Assurance" p. 194

"He Hideth My Soul" p. 190

"Pass Me Not" p. 478A

"Rescue the Perishing" p. 325

"Safe in the Arms of Jesus" p. 65

"Savior, More Than Life to Me" p. 460

"Watch and Pray" p. 236

CHAPTER 8  
EVERLASTING JOY

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

*“Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice.”  
Philippians 4:4*

Daniel Warner’s childhood was challenging with an alcoholic father. However, his mother was deeply rooted in God. She taught her family to fear God, to love their neighbors, to be honest and responsible, and to develop godly character. Daniel agreed with Abraham Lincoln’s comment about his mother. Lincoln said, “All I am, all I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.” Daniel said, “I remember hearing my mother’s prayers. They have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life.”

Even as a child, Daniel had a God-given talent for poetry and entertainment. He was usually placed near the end of the school programs. After all the boring poems and readings had been recited, he would step to the podium and have the audience in a riot of laughter within minutes.

Because he felt there were many hypocrites in the churches, as soon as he was old enough to make a choice, he stopped going to church and claimed to be an atheist. Later, his love for music drew him to attend Sunday afternoon singings held in parlors or in yards

## EVERLASTING JOY

under the shade of large trees. Most of the songs they sang were religious.

Daniel joined in the singing, and before long, he felt condemned and quit many of his sinful ways. But his misery still increased. During a time when he was very miserable, his friends persuaded him to attend a meeting in the schoolhouse. There, he surrendered his life to Christ.

That night, Daniel received God's everlasting joy in his heart. Years afterward, he wrote the song "Everlasting Joy," which expressed his feelings that evening. Those feelings stayed with him until his death, although he endured many challenging times.

Do you have that "Everlasting Joy?" If not, surrender your heart, soul, mind, and strength to God, and He will give you "Everlasting Joy."

### *Everlasting Joy*

1. Can the spirit of a mortal,  
Live beyond the reach of trouble?  
Knowing not a painful struggle,  
Ever joyful in the Lord?

### *Refrain:*

Glory to my Savior's name!  
Walking on His holy plane,  
Nothing can my peace disturb,  
Free and happy as a bird,  
Singing joyful praise evermore.

2. He who is our great salvation,  
And our high and strong munition,  
Is to us a full fruition,  
Of His peace and endless joy.

## EVERLASTING JOY

3. I no trouble and no sorrow,  
See today, nor will I borrow,  
Gloomy visions for the morrow,  
In my Jesus, all is bright.

4. To my soul, all grace is given,  
And all gloom afar is driven,  
Walking in the light of heaven,  
All is everlasting peace.

5. Jesus bids be joyful ever,  
He Himself, the wondrous Giver,  
Flows within a constant river,  
And my spirit must rejoice.

Of the 512 hymns that were composed by D. S. Warner, 111 of them are in *Evening Light Songs*.

“**Everlasting Joy**” is on page 66 in *Evening Light Songs*.



CHAPTER 9  
A CHILD OF GOD

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

*“He hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world,  
that we should be holy and without blame before him in love.”  
Ephesians 1:4*

“You are not saved,” whispered Satan to Barney.

“Yes, I am,” Barney answered.

“If you were saved, you would not feel so bad.”

“But God forgave me of my sins and delivered me from chewing tobacco,” Barney protested again.

“But you don’t feel the same as you did then.”

Barney, the third child of Tom and Anna Marie Warren, was born in Buffalo, New York. When Barney was five, Mr. Warren moved his family into a log house near Bangor, Michigan, where the family heard Gospel Truth. Many members of the Warren family were musicians and actors. For relaxation, they gathered each evening after working all day on the farm to sing or perform skits, singing popular songs at the time.

In those days, twelve-year-old boys were expected to earn money. When Barney was twelve years old, he attended school in the morning and cared for a neighbor’s sheep in the afternoon. Because he was earning money, he thought he was an adult. He

began chewing tobacco, as most men in the community were doing.

Joseph and Mary Smith lived in a log house a few miles from Barney's home. The Smiths accepted Jesus as the Lord of their lives, and when a minister came into the community, evangelistic meetings were held, usually in their home. The Warren family, or at least the mother and children, attended these meetings. Soon, hymn singing became a part of the Warren family's entertainment. By the time Church of God preachers came into the community, the family sang hymns impressively.

When Barney was sixteen, he was working for Mr. Abbott, a godly man. J. C. Fisher and a company of gospel workers came into the community and held a meeting. The whole community was stirred. The Abbott family reconsecrated their lives to God and opened their home for prayer meetings. For many months, prayer meetings were held almost daily.

Barney began believing he was a wicked person because he'd heard that chewing tobacco and other things he was doing was sinful. One weekend, it was a rainy, gloomy day, and he'd battled the guilty feeling all the way to town. On his way back, he stopped his horse, stood up in the wagon, and spit his cud of tobacco as far as it would go. Then he took the three plugs he had just purchased from his pocket and threw them into the tall grass.

By sunrise the following morning, the craving for tobacco was almost driving him crazy. Before the week had ended, he found the plugs he had thrown in the tall grass beside the road. He took a chew, and immediately the craving stopped. However, the torment of his conscience started again. He struggled for ten days. All the while, the heaviness in his heart grew.

While Barney struggled to gain victory over chewing tobacco, Mr. Abbott invited him to his house for a prayer meeting. Barney went. He saw other men and boys bow on their knees and cry. He didn't want to cry, but he sure wanted to feel as they seemed to be feeling when they got up after praying.

"Come to the altar with me," his friend whispered one night.

“You go if you want,” Barney said. “I’m just wondering what this change will cost me.” (He knew part of the cost would be giving up tobacco.)

After that, whenever Barney prayed, the tobacco came between him and God. He struggled and struggled until he finally said, “Yes, Lord, I’ll give up anything to have peace in my heart.” The following night he went to the altar in Mr. Abbott’s home and gained power to resist the temptation of tobacco.

During this time, the community was ablaze with God’s burning zeal. Several of the young people started testifying to their friends and neighbors. Soon, they began holding meetings in adjoining neighborhoods, in schoolhouses, churches, rented halls, or homes. The older Smith boys, Barney, and his two brothers, became a part of this evangelistic group. They sang, preached, and exhorted. Barney was one of the best singers and often spoke after a sermon to encourage people to give their all to God.

Years later, the devil came to rob Barney of his happiness. He accused Barney of not being saved. God brought to his mind Isaiah 59:19. “When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.” *This is Satan, my enemy*, he thought.

Then he remembered hearing Bro. D. S. Warner say, “I have so much confidence in God that I would be willing to hook my little finger over the least of His promises, swing out over the infernal regions, and feel perfectly safe.”

Barney’s faith was more secure after he gripped this promise from God’s Word. “God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.” (I Corinthians 10:13). Barney reviewed his life and saw that he was as committed to God as he was the day he gave up his tobacco and became a child of God.

Yes. “I am a child of God!” Barney exclaimed. Then he wrote in a poem the reasons why he knew he was God’s child. Later, he

A CHILD OF GOD

wrote the music, and people all around the world are singing it today.

*A Child of God*

1. Praise the Lord! my heart with His love is beaming,  
I am a child of God;  
Heaven's golden light over me is streaming,  
I am a child of God.

*Refrain:*

I am a child of God, I am a child of God;  
I have washed my robes in the cleansing fountain,  
I am a child of God.

2. Let the saints rejoice with my raptured spirit,  
I am a child of God;  
I will testify that the world may hear it,  
I am a child of God.

3. Let a holy life tell the gospel story,  
I am a child of God;  
How He fills the soul with His grace and glory,  
I am a child of God.

4. Saved from sin today, every band is riven,  
I am a child of God;  
Through the tests of life I have peace from heaven,  
I am a child of God.

We can defeat the devil by singing and believing this song.

“A Child of God” is on page 123 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 10

# PERISHING SOULS AT STAKE

LYRICS, DANIEL SIDNEY WARNER (1842-1895)  
MUSIC, ANDREW LINNEAUS BYERS (1869-1952)

*“It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these...should perish.” Matthew 18:14*

Horse-drawn wagons rattled over Ohio’s dusty roads near Jerry City as people were coming to hear D. S. Warner preach. The harvest rush was over and the women had most of their fruits and vegetables stored away for winter. Now, they could relax and enjoy the cool September evenings.

D. S. Warner saw C. Ogun as he stepped from his wagon. “You look like you might not feel well,” Warner said to Ogun after they had greeted him.

“I had a challenging vision that disturbs me,” Ogun answered. “Last evening, a vision came before me while I was fully awake. God was holding a banner that read, ‘Perishing Souls are at Stake.’ I believe I and the Church must do more to help perishing souls escape the flames of hell!”

“My soul is also heavy with an awful sense of many souls perishing,” Warner answered. “In almost all the meetings this fall, that same great burden has come upon the souls of the group trav-

eling with me. I believe men and women of God must go forth and boldly hold up the light of His saving truth.”

A serious, intense feeling settled over the meeting. Warner pleaded for workers to consecrate their time, energy, and work in the vineyard of the Lord. He said, “Oh, ye that have the real fire of God in your souls, can you tarry at home to take care of a few earthly things when there is such a sore famine for the word of God in all the land? You who have found the true salvation of Christ Jesus are the only ones who can bring the living bread to others. Sermons learned in college will not do. Babylonian priests are full of darkness. They cannot do the job that a saint full of Jesus’ light can do. Oh, how sad is this world with no Gospel but the inferior material from Babylonian preachers! Souls are dying all around. Oh! If you have any gratitude in your heart for what Christ has done for you, GO and tell others. Some will surely receive the joyful tidings. Almost everywhere, there are at least one or two HONEST people longing for the light of Christ. Can YOU stay at home working for things that will eventually return to dust and let eternal souls perish? Oh, fly to the rescue, don’t delay. Bring the needy to Jesus Christ!”

Hearts were melted. When Warner finished preaching, many rushed forward and knelt at the altar. They cried! They prayed! They laid *everything* at Jesus’ feet. Their lives, homes, jobs, and farms were placed on the altar for God to use as He wanted.

“God has commissioned me to go into his vineyard,” Bro. Ogun quickly testified. “I am breaking all earthly ties and will be giving all my time to the Lord’s work.”

Several others were called that day and went forth witnessing to their perishing friends and neighbors.

That evening, Warner wrote in his diary:

September 19,

“We pray that all whom this day confessed the call of God may go forward, lest that ‘woe is me’ be upon them, and perishing souls be lost for whom the blessed Savior died.”

PERISHING SOULS AT STAKE

The blessing of this meeting and the vision of C. Ogun of Latty, Ohio, inspired D. S. Warner to write the words of “Perishing Souls at Stake.” A. L. Byers wrote the music. The tune may be unfamiliar because the song is not sung often, but you can read the words.

*Perishing Souls at Stake*

1. Perishing souls at stake today!  
Says the banner of Christ unfurled;  
Pleading in love for help to save  
Blood-bought sinners all o’er the world.

Refrain:

Perishing souls at stake, my brother,  
What is all this world beside?  
Perishing souls at stake, my brother,  
For whom the blessed Savior died;  
Perishing souls, Perishing souls,  
Oh, who will help to save the lost?

2. Perishing souls at stake we see,  
Yet the Savior has died for all;  
Go and invite them earnestly,  
Some will surely obey the call.

3. Perishing souls at stake, go tell  
What the Savior has done for you;  
How he redeemed thy soul from hell,  
And is able to save them too.

4. Perishing souls at stake today,  
Can you tarry for earthly dross?  
Fly to the rescue, don’t delay,  
Bring the needy to Jesus’ cross.

## PERISHING SOULS AT STAKE

Here is what one little girl did for perishing souls.

The little girl heard a missionary speak. She had only one penny but gave it to the missionary because she loved the Lord Jesus and wanted to help spread His Name among those who did not know Him.

The missionary remembered the child's penny while in a far-off land, and he used it to help buy a Gospel tract. He gave the tract to a young Burmese chief and followed it with prayer. The chief could not read it, but his desire to know the meaning of the words on the little piece of paper became so strong that he traveled many miles to get someone to read it to him.

God spoke to the heart of this young chief. He believed in the Gospel and was converted to God. Then he returned to his people and began to tell them what the Lord had done for his soul.

Later, he invited missionaries to preach to his people. Many received the Savior and became true and devoted followers of the Lord Jesus.

All this sprang from the little girl's penny, given for Jesus' sake, hoping that some perishing souls would be saved. How great a fire this little spark kindled! How vast the growth from this tiny seed! A little done in the name of Jesus may have great results. Get busy, do whatever you can to help perishing souls be saved.

**“Perishing Souls at Stake”** is on page 327 in *Evening Light Songs*.



CHAPTER II  
**JOY UNSPEAKABLE**

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

*“Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.” 1 Peter 1:8*

“Say, Barney Warren, ye got a right good voice there. Ever thought of using it for the Lord? Music is an important part of God’s work.” Bro. Abbott asked. “You’d make a good bass for a Gospel Quartet.”

“I would love to sing in a Gospel quartet,” Barney answered.

“Then do it, boy, do it, and God will bless you.”

“But my dad says that I shouldn’t, that traveling around singing when there is work to be done on the farm would ruin my character.”

“Hm-Hm- Well, son, the Bible says, ‘Obey ye pop and mom, so best just stay home with them until they give you permission to go. I’ll be praying for God to change your pop’s mind.’”

A few months later, D. S. Warner was again preaching at Joseph Smith’s house, and Barney’s family came.

When the meeting was over, Warner approached Barney’s dad and said, “Sure appreciate your presence tonight, and I want to especially thank you for bringing Barney to sing with us. Your son

has a beautiful voice, and I'm glad to see him using it for the Lord. Have you changed your mind about letting Barney travel with our quartet?"

"It's not good for boys to be loafing around when there is work to do at home," Tom Warren answered as he put on his coat. Daniel Warner looked Mr. Tom Warren straight in the eyes. He took one step closer as if to be sure Mr. Warren would hear what he was about to say. "Tom Warren, you are fighting against God. You cannot fight with God and come out a winner. No one can." At that instance, Mr. Warren began to tremble and slumped to the floor.

"Oh, Lord!" Warner cried. Then thinking that perhaps God had caused him to fall, he added with authority from the Holy Spirit. "God has smitten you, and you cannot get up until you are willing to let Barney do what God wants him to do."

Mr. Warren made multiple aggressive efforts to get to his feet. But he could not. Each time he got halfway to a standing position, he would fall again to the floor. In desperation, he pounded the floor with his fists. After many attempts to get up, he stopped fighting, relaxed, and said, "Barney is the Lord's. He may go!" In a flash, Mr. Tom Warren got to his feet. Hanging his head in shame, he finished putting on his coat and hurried away in his wagon.

Barney soon joined the Gospel Quartet with the "double blessings" of God and his parents. He traveled and sang with the quartet for the next four years. After that, he traveled as a singing evangelist and composed both words and music for many of the songs he sang. He also composed the tunes for many other hymn writers in the early years of the Church of God in the USA.

Barney Warren has contributed much to the Evening Light Reformation. I believe there are more than 110 lyrics and 200 tunes for hymns in the *Evening Light Songs*.

"Joy Unspeakable" is just one. It has been translated into many languages and is being used by churches worldwide.

Become a servant of God as Barney did, and see what a blessing you will become.

JOY UNSPEAKABLE

*Joy Unspeakable*

1. I have found His grace is all complete,  
He supplieth every need;  
While I sit and learn at Jesus' feet,  
I am free, yes, free indeed.

*Refrain:*

It is joy unspeakable and full of glory,  
Full of glory, full of glory;  
It is joy unspeakable and full of glory,  
Oh, the half has never yet been told.

2. I have found the pleasure I once craved,  
It is joy and peace within;  
What a wondrous blessing, I am saved  
From the awful gulf of sin.
3. I have found that hope so bright and clear,  
Living in the realm of grace;  
Oh, the Savior's presence is so near,  
I can see His smiling face.
4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell,  
How its waves of glory roll;  
It is like a great o'er flowing well,  
Springing up within my soul.

**“Joy Unspeakable”** is on page 88 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 12

# WHO WILL SUFFER WITH JESUS?

LYRICS, DANIEL SIDNEY WARNER (1842-1895)  
MUSIC, LUDOLPH SCHROEDER (1893- ? )  
HARMONY, BARNEY E. WARREN (1867-1951)

*"And they departed from the...council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name." Acts 5:41*

The song "Who Will Suffer With Jesus?" was written in the winter of 1889-90, while Daniel S. Warner and his evangelistic company traveled through the southern United States on a preaching tour. The old-time Methodists and their circuit-riding preachers had educated the Southerners to believe that God expected people to live holy. There were also many ex-slaves who were deeply religious. Although they had formed separate congregations, most who attended churches were seeking God's approval with their whole heart. It would seem that Warner's preaching would have been readily accepted under these circumstances.

Warner, Barney E. Warren, Nancy Kigar, Frances Miller, and Mother Sarah Smith traveled in horse-drawn wagons in Mississippi. Near Meridian, they met with a holiness group led by W. W. Bradley and S. H. Bozeman. For many years, all Christians in this community worshiped in the same building. But when Bradley and Bozeman began teaching that to be saved from hell, a person must live holy, they were ordered out of that community church.

## WHO WILL SUFFER WITH JESUS?

They built a small chapel, and Warner and his company were invited to hold meetings in this small building. They sang songs about living holy, such as:

“The Blameless Church,” page 28 in *Evening Light Songs*:

“Without spot and blameless, so holy,  
see the church in her beauty sublime,  
She lives in the bright hills of glory,  
She reigns over sin all the time.”

“The Church Triumphant,” page 15 in *Evening Light Songs*:

“Men speak of a “church triumphant”  
as something on earth unknown,  
They think us beneath the tyrant  
until we shall reach our Home.

Thank God for a church triumphant,  
all pure in this world below.  
For the kingdom that Jesus founded,  
does triumph o’er every foe.”

They testified of sin-free lives. In a farming community where tobacco was the money-making product, Warner preached that raising, selling, chewing, spitting, and puffing tobacco was unholy.

Daniel Sidney Warner loved black people and encouraged them to sing, exhort, teach, and preach in the meetings he held. This was beyond what even the holiness groups in the area had done. He preached boldly against every aspect of racism, discrimination, prejudice, intolerance, and chauvinism.

Violence followed. One evening as Warner and the singing group traveled to church, they found a large tree blocking the road to the little church house. The second evening, rocks and bricks were hurled through the windows, showering the congregation

## WHO WILL SUFFER WITH JESUS?

with sharp, jagged pieces of glass. Women and children screamed. Some cried. For a time, confusion reigned. Then a sharp rock blasted into Bro. Warner's face. Blood trickled down his cheek as he continued preaching.

God had spared him at another nearby community when he was pelted with buckshot that missed him and was embedded into the wall behind the pulpit. Another evening, they arrived for a meeting and found the church house locked. They promptly began singing. When the people arrived, Warner preached in front of the building in the moonlight.

Each day of the meeting, the violence increased. One afternoon, a terrible storm settled in the area, keeping them from going to the little churchhouse. Later, they discovered that a disguised group of terrorists had been hiding in the building, waiting to harm the listeners when they arrived. The storm prevented anyone from going, and no one was hurt.

The evangelistic team was staying at the home of J. M. Smith. One night, a mob of 75 to 100 men on horseback gathered around the Smith's home. Warner was captured and beaten, but he managed to escape and hide in the dark woods. The mob circled around the house, shouting insults and shooting guns into the air. The horses neighed in protest, and the group inside prayed. At midnight, the angry men, some ex-convicts, shot their guns in unison and raced away into the darkness.

Warner wrote in his diary that the mob actions "mimicked the din of war." But having been a soldier and now a soldier with a most powerful Captain, he did not take flight as they had hoped. The meeting continued.

Despite this opposition, the Church continued to grow. Out of this tumultuous beginning, five strong Church of God congregations developed in Meridian, Mississippi and the surrounding area. Perhaps you know someone from this area or someone whose grandparents attended one of those churches.

From this experience came the beautiful song, "Who Will Suffer with Jesus?"

WHO WILL SUFFER WITH JESUS?

*Who Will Suffer With Jesus?*

1. Who will suffer with the Savior?

Take the little that remains  
Of the cup of tribulation  
Jesus drank in dying pains?

*Refrain:*

Lord, we fellowship Thy passion,  
Gladly suffer shame and loss;  
With Thy blessing pain is pleasure,  
We will glory in Thy cross.

2. Who will offer soul and body  
On the altar of our God?

Leaving self and worldly mammon,  
Take the path that Jesus trod?

3. Who will suffer for the gospel,  
Follow Christ without the gate?  
Take the martyrs for example,  
With them glory at the stake?

4. Oh, for consecrated service  
'Mid the din of Babel strife;  
Who will dare the truth to herald,  
At the peril of his life?

5. Soon the conflict will be over,  
Crowns await the firm and pure;  
Forward, brethren, work and suffer,  
Faithful to the end endure.

**“Who Will Suffer With Jesus?”** is on page 241 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 13  
**RIVER OF PEACE**

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

*“For thus saith the LORD, Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river...” Isaiah 66:12*

When Daniel S. Warner came to Geneva Center for a revival meeting, he found people eager to receive the truth. About eighty Christians, mostly young people, testified that they did not live in sin. Barney Warren, his brothers, and Joseph Smith’s boys were some of those young people. After a few services, Warner recognized that Barney could help sing and exhort in evangelistic meetings.

Tom Warren, Barney’s father, was among the farmers who crowded into the schoolhouse each evening to see what was happening. Although people called Tom an infidel, he knew his Bible well. Each Sunday, while his wife and children went to church, he stayed home and studied the Bible so he could point out the mistakes of ministers and deacons. He then justified his own evil by pointing out the mistakes of church leaders.

Since Barney and his brothers were obeying the Bible and he could not reproach them, Tom Warren became quite miserable. He was vehemently searching for someone to censure. For this reason,



he attended the meeting where Warner was preaching. Instead of finding something to condemn, the Word of God plowed into his heart.

Tom Warren saw his sins condemned by God's Word. He saw the love and pardon God was offering. But his proud heart said, "I cannot humble myself before these people. I am a strong wrestler, not a crying man."

The conviction grew until sometimes his body trembled, and his seat shook when ministers pleaded for people to surrender to God. Sometimes, he held tightly to the bench in front of him, but Tom Warren did not yield to God.

Several years later, however, Tom surrendered himself to Christ. He also preached in his home community for several years before he died. Four of his boys became ministers. George was a pastor in Battle Creek, Michigan. Barney helped Warner in many evangelistic meetings. I have no information about the others.

One afternoon, while preaching a revival in western Pennsylvania, Barney Warren and Daniel Warner hiked along the Allegheny River. They sat down on a log and looked at the river as it curved and flowed gently down into the valley beyond. Barney thought, "How beautiful is the world God has made!"

After a time of quiet meditation, Warner said, "The constant flowing of this river fittingly represents the continual flow of the river of peace in the soul of those redeemed from sin. Isaiah 66:12 says, 'For thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river.'" They talked over ideas of a song about a river of peace, and before leaving their pew on the log, they had written the basic parts of the lyrics and the music for "River of Peace."

They perfected the song as they traveled around the country, holding meetings in schoolhouses, homes, and rented buildings. Later, as the three wagons carrying Warner's evangelistic group were traveling, Herbert M. Riggle and his father were working in a field over the hill and heard them singing.

"These must be the people who are to have a revival meeting in

## RIVER OF PEACE

the old Shell Hammer Church. We will go and hear them,” said Herbert’s father.

Later, Herbert Riggle told Barney Warren, “I was won to the Church of God by your singing. I was only a boy and was not saved until some years later. But that incident when your wagon team drove past our farm singing ‘The River of Peace’ drew me to want the experience you all had.”

Sing the song those people in the wagons were singing.

### *River of Peace*

1. I’ll sing of a river divine,  
Its waters from trouble release;  
More precious than “honey and wine,”  
That River sweet river is peace.

### *Refrain:*

Oh, this river of peace  
Makes me perfect and whole;  
And its blessings increase,  
Flowing deep in my soul.

2. It reaches from heaven to earth,  
It issues from under the throne;  
Great peace! oh, thy infinite worth!  
Sweet peace in my Jesus alone.

3. Oh, wonderful life-giving flood,  
Thy waters so crystal and pure  
Make glad all the “City of God,”  
Forever thy blessings endure.

4. Oh, Jesus, the tempest of sin  
Is hushed into heavenly rest,  
Since tasting the pure, living stream  
That flows from Thy crucified breast.

RIVER OF PEACE

5. My moments as angels appear,  
All gliding so gently along;  
Each dropping a blessing so rare,  
Enraptures my soul with a song.

**“River of Peace”** is on page 57 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 14

# O LORD, THOU HEALEST ME!

LYRICS, DANIEL SIDNEY WARNER (1842-1895)

MUSIC, BARNEY ELLIOT WARREN (1867-1951)

*“Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.” James 5:16*

**M**ystical healings were common in Battle Creek, Michigan, where Mr. and Mrs. Warden lived. Mrs. Samuel Warden was known around the country for her supernatural power. Newspapers in different cities published accounts of those unusual healings. Letters poured in, and strangers often came to her for healing.

When the Church of God held a camp meeting near Battle Creek, Mrs. Warden came and asked for prayer.

“Are you saved by the blood of Jesus?” The minister asked.

“No. I am not saved and filled with the Holy Spirit, although I heal in the name of Jesus,” she confessed. Later during the camp meeting, she again came to the altar seeking peace with God. After praying for a while, she arose and went home without being satisfied in her soul. She continued seeking God every day for several days. Then, one day, she said, “Thank the Lord, I am saved now and will consecrate my life for sanctification.” She prayed, and the brethren prayed, but she went home unsatisfied.

On Sunday, the power of God came upon the camp. Four persons were healed instantly. Mrs. Warden came forward for healing. "I have suffered for years with a perplexing headache," she said. "Please pray for my complete healing."

After many long prayers, she announced, "My body is completely healed." Within minutes, however, her body began to twitch and belch as if something was trying to come out. Promptly, she cried out, "Bro. Warner, pray the devil be cast out of me."

The brethren laid hands on her and commanded that the demons be rebuked in the name of Jesus. Poor Mrs. Warden fell into a spasm. She shook violently and was choking from time to time. After a hard struggle, she sat up rather dazed and looked around, very troubled. Bro. Warner and the brethren kept praying.

After a while, they laid hands on her again and demanded all evil spirits to leave. Again, she trembled, twitched and choked. When she got quiet, Bro. Warner said, "For complete deliverance, you must give everything to God."

"I have," she answered.

"Your family?"

"Yes."

"Your money?"

"Yes."

"Your reputation?"

"Yes."

"Your body and soul?"

"Yes."

"The devil is answering these questions," Bro. Warner said to himself. "Lord, rebuke him. Let this woman speak for herself."

"Have you confessed every sin?"

"Yes."

"Lord, help this poor woman." Bro. Warner prayed again, for he knew the devil was still talking.

"Do you love anything more than you love God?"

Struggling to answer, she said, "Yes— I— I— do." She was quiet again, then began crying and confessing humiliating, secret

O LORD, THOU HEALEST ME!

sins. At the end of her confession, she said, "And I love the Spiritualist church."

"Glory to God," Bro. D. S. Warner shouted. "Satan's nest is now revealed. The devil must go."

"Cast him out," she cried. "I want every evil spirit out, even if it kills me. Several times these spirits have almost caused me to be locked up in a mental hospital." A long, hard struggle followed. The devil tried again to choke her to death, but Jesus conquered. Mrs. Warden raised her hand in praise as the ministers sang praises to God.

Two days later, she realized she still loved the Spiritualists. She confessed it to the ministers working at the camp meeting. They prayed again, and other evil spirits came out. Poor Mrs. Warden, the famous healer, was finally delivered from the devils that had tormented her for years. She raised her hands and shouted, "O Lord, Thou Healest Me!"

This experience inspired D. S. Warner to write the song:

*O Lord, Thou Healest Me!*

1. Where shall we look for help in affliction?

Or whither shall we send?

"The prayer of faith will save," it is written,

'Tis truth till time shall end.

*Refrain:*

I touch the word of His promise,

As firm as heaven's throne;

And trusting Him this very moment,

I know the work is done.

2. Thy love, O God, abideth forever,

Thy mighty pow'r the same;

And all Thy word declares Thou art willing

To heal the sick and lame.

O LORD, THOU HEALEST ME!

3. Thy heart, dear Lord, is full of compassion,  
And touched with sympathy;  
Why then should I continue to suffer?  
I know Thou healest me.

4. O Christ, Thou art my perfect Physician,  
Thy faith now makes me whole;  
Thy healing touch pervadeth my body,  
And thrills with joy my soul.

**“Oh Lord, Thou Healest Me!”** is on page 304 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 15  
**ANTICIPATION**

LYRICS & MUSIC, CHARLES WESLEY NAYLOR  
(1874-1950)

*“Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things that are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” Philippians 3:13-14*

**C**harles Wesley Naylor was a winner, alright. He had been rightly named Charles, which means “man” or “one who overcomes.” What did Charles overcome? Read on.

Charles left the Methodist Church at age nineteen to fellowship with the Church of God. He was pastor of a congregation in Columbus, Ohio. He was a successful traveling evangelist for thirteen years. In August of 1907, he did an evangelistic tour through the southern United States. The following year, his life turned upside down in Sidney, Florida. He dislocated one kidney while helping to remove a large pole from under the Gospel tent. Before being completely well from the kidney problem, he was again injured in a bus accident. After the bus accident, he was in severe pain and unable to walk.

Pain-filled days lasted into weeks and stretched into long



## ANTICIPATION

months while he and the church were begging earnestly for his healing. Ministers also came time after time, anointed him with oil, and prayed for his healing. He did all he could to convince God that he was a candidate for healing. After six months of hoping and praying and no noticeable results, he became terribly depressed.

One day while battling depression, he looked out his window. Charles saw glistening snow covering the ground and ice-covered branches sparkling like thousands of diamonds in the sunlight. Such beauty should have brightened Charles. Instead, gloom and despair flooded him. He closed his eyes and prayed, "God let me die. My life has no ray of sunshine."

Still moaning and groaning about his condition, he again opened his eyes. A bright red Cardinal had flown onto a snow-covered branch outside his window. The bird's black eyes looked straight at Charles. Then turning his head back and forth, he chirped and hopped as close as he could to the window. As the Cardinal continued dancing and chirping, words formed in Charles's mind. "You, you, you, cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!" Mr. Cardinal seemed to be saying. The red Cardinal flittered about and chirped as Naylor watched. The hands on his clock slowly moved around one hour and then two before Mr. Cardinal flew away.

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!" echoed in Charles' mind. He was sure God had sent the bird to wake him. He began thanking God for the beautiful snow, for love, for mercy, and for other blessings. The more he praised, the better he felt.

A few days later, he began thinking of ways to serve God and others in this present condition. His father wrote poetry, a cousin wrote songs, and another cousin wrote books and a newspaper column. *Maybe I could write while I'm in bed*, he thought. *Maybe I could write a book to encourage people like myself who must stay in bed both night and day*. He had worked several years for the Gospel Trumpet Printing Company and had already published some songs he had written.

Charles began writing. For the following five years, he wrote

## ANTICIPATION

the “Questions Answered” department for the *Gospel Trumpet* monthly magazine. At the same time, he was writing many other stories and articles. Some of these were made into a book called *Heart Talks*. Charles Naylor also wrote: *The Secret of the Singing Heart, When Adversity Comes, Winning a Crown, God’s Will and How to Know It, The Secret of Being Strong, and The Teachings of D. S. Warner*. Eight books.

“*The Secret of the Singing Heart*” was first published in 1930. He also made audio recordings for the blind. Some of his books are being printed by different publishing companies. Faith Publishing House had some.

Charles Naylor overcame many obstacles and did great work for the Lord during the forty-one years he had to lie in bed. He suffered much pain but learned to rejoice in suffering. What he experienced helped him to be an encouragement to others. He said, “Adversity is quite certain to come... We ought to be ready to meet it bravely, confidently, and resourcefully so that we shall not be overwhelmed.”

The devil kept Charles Naylor from working for only six months. How long has he kept you from doing something Jesus would like you to do? Can you sing? Is the devil keeping you from singing for the Lord? Can you write? Is the devil keeping you from writing letters of encouragement, an article, a journal, or that book you have always wanted to write? Can you talk on the telephone? Then call anyone who is discouraged. Notice when a person is missing from regular worship at church and give them a call. Tell them they were missed. There are many things to do for God. Try something.

Writing “Anticipation” helped Charles Naylor to overcome depression. During his years in bed, he wrote eight books and 133 songs. Forty-three of his hymns are in *Evening Light Songs*.

### *Anticipation*

1. When the last earth-tie is sundered,  
And my soul set free;

## ANTICIPATION

When life's cares and toils are numbered,  
I shall haste to be  
With my Lord, in realms of light,  
Where no sin can ever blight,  
Where ne'er comes the shades of night;  
To His arms I'll flee.

2. Often here I'm sad and weary,  
As the days go by;  
Oft the scenes are dark and dreary,  
Teardrops dim my eyes;  
But when this short life is o'er,  
We shall weep and sigh no more,  
But rejoice forevermore  
In our home on high.

3. Now I look with eager longing,  
Where I soon shall stand,  
Where the happy spirits thronging,  
In the heav'nly band,  
Taste the joys of love divine,  
In refulgent glory shine—  
This great heritage is mine,  
In that happy land.

4. Shall I shrink at death's cold river,  
When on yonder shore  
Stands of every good the Giver,  
Whom I now adore?  
Untold pleasures beckon me,  
Untold joys by faith I see,  
Untold happiness to be  
Mine forevermore.

“**Anticipation**” is on page 457 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 16

# I AM THE LORD'S

LYRICS, CHARLES WESLEY NAYLOR (1874-1950)  
MUSIC, DANIEL OTIS TEASLEY (1876-1942)

*“I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me...” Galatians 2:20*

Charles Wesley Naylor traveled over the eastern part of the United States, preaching messages from the Bible that others had never heard. He said, “Every born-again Christian is part of God’s church. The church is Christ’s bride. Christ has only one bride. Quit bickering about church rules. Believe and obey the Bible; it will bring and keep all true Christians together. Jesus is coming back for his spiritual bride, which is the people in the different congregations. Christ has only one church,” he emphasized.

Charles loved to pray with repenting people. He was happy to help men, women, and children get their names written in the *Book of Life* in Heaven. He felt he was snatching them out of the devil’s claws and putting them into Jesus’ loving hands. For thirteen years, he preached boldly.

But now God had given Charles other duties; a dull, lonely job. He saw only the same people every day. There were no blessed praise services where the happy women clapped and men shouted praises to God. There were no fiery, convicting sermons to amen.

No excitement with drunken men upset by his preaching. All was quiet, far too quiet. Only the sighs and groans of his suffering broke the stillness of lonely days and nights.

"I really wish I had something to do for God," he mumbled almost daily. "I've been here in this bed for months now, doing nothing. I do wish I could start working for the Lord again." He looked out the window at the dark sky. Rain was falling rapidly.

After some time of watching the rain, his thoughts turned from the dark clouds to thinking of God's goodness. He hadn't died in the accident, and for this, Charles was thankful. However, he would never again be traveling, preaching, praying with new converts, or raising up new congregations in new places. "Although I cannot be working for the Lord, I am the Lord's anyway," he said to himself.

The thought warmed his heart with gratitude to the Lord. He took his pencil and paper and began to express the feelings in his heart. He was just worshipping God for the blessedness of being the Lord's, although he felt as if he were useless. First, he wrote: "Whether I live or die, whether I wake or sleep, whether upon the land or in the stormy deep." On and on, he wrote until his thoughts were on the paper. Naturally, the title of his writing would be "I Am the Lord's."

Later, D. Otis Teasley put music to Naylor's poem.

This beautiful song has given many people comfort and help in times of trouble or frustration. It comforted me many times when I was in a foreign country away from family and friends. One time, I was dreadfully frightened while traveling through dangerous, rugged mountains. Suddenly, almost without thinking, I began singing, "When I am safe at home, or in a foreign land...."

When I finished singing, I was calm.

I looked out over the mountain cliff. Hundreds of feet below, I saw a beautiful green valley. It was so awesome I exclaimed, "I'd love to live in that valley." Years later, God sent us to live there. I've published *Growing Up with God in the Valley*. In that book, I

## I AM THE LORD'S

shared some of our experiences while living in that valley I saw when I was singing: "I Am the Lord's."

### **I Am the Lord's**

1. Whether I live or die, whether I wake or sleep,  
Whether upon the land, or on the stormy deep;  
When 'tis serene and calm, or when the wild winds blow,  
I shall not be afraid—I am the Lord's, I know.

2. When with abundant store, or in deep poverty,  
When all the world may smile, or it may frown on me;  
When it shall help me on, or shall obstruct my way,  
Still shall my heart rejoice—I am the Lord's today.

3. When I am safe at home, or in a foreign land,  
When on an icebound shore, or on a sunlit strand;  
When on the mountain height, or in the valley low,  
Still doth He care for me—I am the Lord's, I know.

4. Nothing shall separate, From His unbounded love,  
Neither in depths below, nor in the heights above;  
And in the years to come, he will abide with me;  
I am the Lord's indeed, for all eternity.

When you are lonely or sad, try singing "I Am the Lord's." It will cheer you.

"**I Am the Lord's**" is on page 143 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 17

# I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

LYRICS, KATHARINE HANKEY (1834–1911)  
MUSIC, WILLIAM G. FISCHER (1835-1912)

*“And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.” Mark 16:15*

“**A**nd the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.” Kate’s eyes shone as she smoothed open the next page. “For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.”

Tap. Tap. The door cracked open, and the crisp white ruffled cap of the maid appeared.

“Miss Kate, your mother wishes to see you in the drawing room.”

“Thank you, Lucy,” Kate’s head remained bent over her Bible. “Tell her I’ll be down in a minute.”

“Excuse me, Miss Kate,” Lucy insisted uncomfortably, “She said she wishes to see you immediately.”

Kate sighed softly as she closed her Bible. She slipped it carefully back into its place on the bookshelf and grinned at Lucy. “For what important matters must she be needing me so promptly?” Kate questioned as the two descended the curved stairway.

Lucy only smiled.

“Catherine, darling!” Mrs. Hankey rushed over to straighten her daughter’s collar. “What have you been doing all this time? Reading that book again, no doubt. Well, no matter,” she patted Kate’s hair. “Go back to your habitat and have Lucy help you into your best Sunday frock. The Carlsbad’s are coming for dinner tonight. We only have half an hour! And Catherine,” she pleaded, “please don’t bring up your Bible studies while they are here.”

The visitors arrived with their daughter, Lorraine. She and Kate became instant friends. After dinner, the adults settled down for a game of Bridge, but Kate headed for the stairs with Lorraine.

“Mother, Lorraine and I are going up to my room for a while.”

Mrs. Hankey shot Kate a warning look, and the girls were gone.

The first thing Kate did was read the story of Jesus’ birth to Lorraine. “Can you imagine God’s Son coming to Earth for you and me?” Kate said, almost glowing. “Then they crucified Him, who was their only hope,” she said sadly.

“But if they hadn’t crucified Him, neither they nor we could have been redeemed. Isn’t that right?” Lorraine questioned.

“Yes. He’s our promise of redemption from sin. But I think if the Jews hadn’t killed Him, God would have used someone else,” Kate added. “I believe He had to die to redeem the world. Let’s see what the Bible says.” She got her Bible, and the girls began studying.

An hour later, Lucy interrupted from the doorway, “Girls, the Carlsbad’s are ready to leave.” She closed the door behind herself.

“Pity,” Lorraine moaned. “This was so interesting. I love to learn about the Bible.”

“We’ll do it again,” Kate promised.

Lorraine agreed, “Maybe we could have a Bible study!”

Kate brightened. “Elizabeth and Susan have been wanting to study also!”

“But where?” Lorraine questioned.

“We could have it here...except...Mother,” Kate faltered, then set her jaw. “Well, I’ll ask.”



“Absolutely not,” Mrs. Hankey exclaimed. “It’d be scandalous!” She raised her hands in horror. “We’d be the talk of the town!”

“Papa, please,” Kate addressed her father, who was standing in the doorway.

“Charles,” Mrs. Hankey warned. “Do not contradict me on this. All our friends will be laughing at us.”

“But why?” Kate pleaded. “What’s wrong with a Bible study?”

Mrs. Hankey folded her hands majestically. “Sixteen-year-old young ladies do not study the Bible,” she ruled. “They’re too young to understand it. They might get the wrong ideas.”

“Now, I don’t know about that,” Mr. Hankey disagreed. “Kate’s got a very good head. I think it’d be okay,” he declared.

Mrs. Hankey closed her gaping mouth. She smoothed her shirt-front, then whirled around and defiantly looked at her husband, whom she normally highly respected.

“Go ahead, Catherine, do as you wish. It’s okay,” Mr. Hankey assured her.

For two years, Kate led Bible studies with her friends and, sometimes, their friends. Two years later, Kate bounced into the room. “Guess what, Papa!” she said, “I have an offer to teach a Bible class in New York!”

“My dear girl,” Mr. Hankey rose with a smile to take her hands.

“What is it, dear?” Mrs. Hankey entered the room with a book in her hand.

“She’s been offered a job teaching in New York,” Mr. Hankey explained.

“Lovely, my dear,” Mrs. Hankey sat down gracefully on the sofa. “And what will you be teaching?”

Kate set her chin. “A Bible class for factory girls.”

“Factory girls!” Mrs. Hankey laid her hand on her head. “Charles, please,” she begged, “Talk some sense into Kate. If she does that, she’ll pick up the coarse, rude ways of those girls.”

“God will take care of Kate. Get your things packed and I’ll

take you there and find a good place for you to stay,” Mr. Hankey said with a smile. Then he took his wife’s hand and hugged her.

This was the beginning of a lifework for Kate. After that class was established and had a good teacher, she went on to start other Bible classes for factory girls. In her early thirties, however, she caught a serious illness.

“No more teaching,” the doctor ordered sternly as he closed his black bag. “I want you to have complete bed rest for twelve months.”

Kate frowned.

“No exceptions,” he said with a gruff voice.

But Kate couldn’t stop telling the story. Even when she couldn’t teach the class, she was praying about it. Two months into her illness, she wrote “Tell Me the Old, Old Story” and ten months later, “I Love to Tell the Story.”

As soon as she was well, she was out teaching again. When she got too old to teach regularly, she started a prison ministry. All her life, she continued telling the story of Jesus.

### *I Love to Tell the Story*

1. I love to tell the story of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and His love;  
I love to tell the story, because I know ’tis true,  
It satisfies my longings as nothing else would do.

#### *Refrain:*

I love to tell the story, ’twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the old, old story, of Jesus and His love.

2. I love to tell the story, more wonderful it seems  
Than all the golden fancies of all our golden dreams;  
I love to tell the story, it did so much for me,  
And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.

3. I love to tell the story, ’tis pleasant to repeat,

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

What seems each time I tell it more wonderfully sweet;  
I love to tell the story, for some have never heard,  
The message of salvation from God's own holy Word.

4. I love to tell the story, for those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting to hear it like the rest;  
And when in scenes of glory I sing the new, new song,  
'Twill be the old, old story that I have loved so long.

**“I Love to Tell the Story”** is on page 286 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 18

# SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

LYRICS, WILLIAM W. WALFORD (1772-1850)  
MUSIC, WILLIAM B. BRADBURY (1816-1868)

*“I will therefore that men pray every where, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting.” 1 Timothy 2:8*

“Sweet Hour of Prayer” appeared in the New York Observer on September 13, 1845. Thomas Salmon had brought it with him when he came from England.

In England where he had lived, also lived a friend who was blind. One day when Mr. Salmon visited the home of his friend, the friend asked him to write down a poem he had in his mind. Mr. Salmon wrote each verse one by one as his friend spoke them to him. He then copied the poem in its entirety, gave one copy to his friend, and kept the other copy.

Three years later, Thomas Salmon was in the United States and gave the poem to the editor of the New York Observer. William Walford’s name was in the paper as the author. People read “Sweet Hour of Prayer, “ and they loved it. Someone began searching for the author.

They found a minister named William Walford in Homerton, England. He had written a book on prayer that expressed many of the same thoughts as expressed in “Sweet Hour of Prayer.” Was this the author?

## SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

William Walford was a blind pastor who owned a curio shop. He loved the Bible and had committed great portions to memory. He quoted it so perfectly and frequently when he was preaching that some in his congregation thought he had memorized the entire book. When he wasn't busy selling, studying, or preaching, he also wrote poetry. He formed a poem in his mind and then would ask someone to write it down for him. Was this the author? You decide.

Prayer fits the experience of every sincere Christian and is therefore accepted by people of all denominations. After William B. Bradbury put music to the beautiful words, it was printed in the hymnals of almost every Christian church. It has been translated into many languages and is sung around the world in large cathedrals, simple chapels, and humble thatch-roof meeting houses.

Every Christian has experienced a blessing in prayer. When we put aside our duties and go to Jesus in prayer, our troubles lose their weight.

The phrase in the third verse, "From Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home and take my flight," refers to Moses. Although Moses did not get to go into the Promised Land from Mount Pisgah, he looked over it before he died. This has a spiritual meaning for Christians today. Surrendering all situations completely to Christ enables a person to focus on our promise of heaven.

Beyond the fact that William Walford was blind and the few details recorded by Thomas Salmon, we know little of him. But this hymn, "Sweet Hour of Prayer," expressing the genuine joy found in prayer, has blessed hundreds of thousands of lives worldwide. Keep praying, and you, too, will be blessed.

### *Sweet Hour of Prayer*

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known.  
In seasons of distress and grief,

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

The joys I feel, the bliss I share,  
Of those whose anxious spirits burn  
With strong desires for thy return!  
With such I hasten to the place  
Where God my Savior shows His face,  
And gladly take my station there,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless.  
And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His Word and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

4. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

May I thy consolation share,  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home and take my flight.  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize,  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

**"Sweet Hour of Prayer"** is on page 312 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 19  
JESUS I MY CROSS HAVE  
TAKEN

LYRICS, HENRY FRANCIS LYTE (1793-1847)  
MUSIC, ARRANGED FROM MOZART (1758-1791)

***“He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.” Matthew 10:38***

Henry Francis Lyte sat by the bedside of a terminally ill friend. “I’m afraid to die,” his friend confessed. “Afraid to die? Why? You’re a clergyman (preacher).”

“Being a clergyman doesn’t assure me I am saved from hell. Are you sure you are?”

Henry sat with his head down. *Am I saved? When was my conversion? I was ordained a minister in the Anglican Church. Is that a passport into heaven?* After a long silence, Henry admitted, “Neither am I sure.”

His friend moaned. “How dreadful! I hoped you could help me.”

Days later, Henry wrote, “I was greatly affected by the whole matter and brought to look at life and its issues with a different eye than before, and I began to study my Bible and preach in another manner than I had previously done. My friend died happy under

the belief that, though he had deeply erred, there was One whose death and suffering would atone for his delinquencies ...”

Knowing that he had helped his friend die in peace stimulated Henry with the desire to help others to also die in peace. With new enthusiasm, he began visiting the sick, praying with the lost, and helping the poor outcasts. He continued studying his Bible diligently and preaching with heavy conviction the true teachings of the Holy Bible. Little by little, he submitted his personal desires for a successful future preaching to rich church-goers and committed himself to helping poor, despised persons. It is believed that “Jesus I My Cross” was his personal testimony, written after he had totally committed himself to God.

Henry’s young life had been peppered with hard struggles. His family was plagued with poverty, and he was the youngest child. Both of his parents died while he was still young. Henry had to work hard and pay for his own education. He won honors for “writing the best English verse” while attending Trinity College in Dublin, Ireland. After completing his education, he pastored various congregations. At some congregations, he received large offerings.

Henry, however, chose rather to move to Lower Brixham in Devonshire to pastor poor fishermen and live from the meager offerings they could give. There he preached for twenty-three years. During those years, he learned that many blessings are found during suffering. Asthma and tuberculosis kept him weak and unable to work like the strong fishermen to whom he preached each Sunday. In spite of his physical frailties, Henry was a tireless worker. He coined the phrase: “It is better to wear out than to rust out.” He showed by his actions that he believed in working diligently. As a poet, musician, and minister, he was greatly loved and admired by those to whom he ministered.

In *Sacred Poetry*, the first of four books that Henry Lyte published, “Jesus I My Cross Have Taken,” appeared as a poem, signed only with a “G.” Nine years later, in *Poems Chiefly Religious*, he published it with his name.



## JESUS I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN

Henry Lyte committed his few talents to further God's kingdom. He started out in adverse conditions and struggled through a lifetime of sickness. However, he built up a Sunday school where hundreds of children learned about Jesus. He also wrote and published several books. He died a happy man and was buried in the English cemetery in Nice, France.

We thank Henry Lyte for "Jesus I My Cross Have Taken." It has encouraged many weary Christians along life's pathway. I hope every reader will study this song and commit his entire body and life into Christ's hands as Henry did.

### *Jesus I My Cross Have Taken*

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
all to leave and follow Thee;  
Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shall be.  
Perish every fond ambition,  
all I've sought or hoped or known;  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and heav'n are still mine own.
  
2. Let the world despise and leave me,  
they have left my Savior, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
Thou art not, like them, untrue.  
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love and might,  
Foes may hate and friends disown me,  
show Thy face and all is bright.
  
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!  
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!  
In Thy service pain is pleasure; with  
Thy favor, loss is gain.  
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father,"

JESUS I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN

I have set my heart on Thee:  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
all must work for good to me.

4. Man may trouble and distress me,  
twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me;  
heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
while Thy love is left to me;  
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
were that joy unmixed with Thee.

5. Take, my soul, thy full salvation;  
rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
Joy to find in every station  
something still to do or bear:  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
what a Father's smile is thine;  
What a Savior died to win thee,  
child of heav'n, shouldst thou repine?

6. Haste then on from grace to glory,  
armed by faith, and winged by prayer,  
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope soon change to glad fruition,  
faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

**“Jesus I My Cross Have Taken”** is found on page 248 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 20

# ABIDE WITH ME

LYRICS, HENRY FRANCIS LYTE (1793-1847)  
MUSIC, WILLIAM HENRY MONK (1823-1889)

*“And they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them.” Luke 24:29*

**H**enry Lyte was watching a September sunset near the Anglican Church in Lower Brixham, Devonshire, where he had served as rector for twenty-three years. Time with his beloved flock was nearing its final day. Because he suffered from asthma and tuberculosis, each year, he went away to a warmer climate for the winter. *Would he again see these poor fishermen that he had chosen to shepherd when he could have selected a wealthy congregation to support him?* He was sitting on the steps of the church, meditating on a farewell sermon, when some children gathered. “Please don’t leave us,” begged the children.

“I-I-have-to—leave,” Mr. Lyte said slowly. “I must leave this cold seashore. I hope to return in the spring.”

“He’s going to die,” whispered the children one to the other.

One small boy, clutching his fishing pole, looked into Henry’s face and asked, “Who’ll teach us about Jesus?”

“I’ll leave someone in charge of the Sunday school,” Henry Lyte promised. “God is big, and He will take care of you.” There were 800 listed as members in Sunday School at the Anglican church.

Henry Lyte had received many honors for his poetry writing. Instead of seeking to become a famous poet, he gave his time and strength to serving people. He was more concerned about where souls would spend eternity than the fleeting fame or wealth of this world. With this in mind, he labored almost day and night to awaken in people a desire to serve God. Although frail in body, he was strong in faith and trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ. God enabled him to make his teachings interesting for the uneducated fishermen, their wives, and children in a period when church services were stiff and formal, pitched for sophisticated adults.

*Sunday will be my last sermon until spring, he thought, if I live through the winter and am able to return. Abide with me, oh Lord, and abide with the many sheep I’m leaving behind. The future looks so dark.*

Some in his congregation thought he was too weak to preach a farewell sermon. But his love for the fishermen, their families, and the hundreds of children caused him to go, bent and trembling to the pulpit to give his farewell message. He started by saying, “I desire to induce you to prepare for the solemn hour which must come to all, by a timely appreciation and dependence on the death of Christ.” (Today, we would say it this way, “I desire to persuade you to prepare for your hour of death by believing and depending on the death of Jesus Christ for your salvation.” Or like this, “I hope I can persuade you to surrender to Christ for salvation before it is too late.”)

After ministering to The Holy Communion Service, Henry Lyte gave his farewell sermon. At the end, he read the following poem God had given for this occasion. He read:

***Abide With Me***

1. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;

ABIDE WITH ME

The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see—  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3. I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;  
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

6. Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;  
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free.  
Come not to sojourn, but to abide with me.

7. Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea—  
Come, Friend, of sinners, and thus bide with me.

8. Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;

## ABIDE WITH ME

And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

When Henry was unable to visit among the sheep of his fold or the goats outside his corral, he was writing. Before Henry wore out, he had written four books: *Sacred Poetry*, *Tales on The Lord's Prayer*, *Poems-Chiefly Religious*, and *The Spirit of the Psalms*. *Sacred Poetry* was published in 1824, about the time he went to Lower Brixham. He was thirty-three years old when *Tales on The Lord's Prayer* was published. He also wrote eighty hymn texts, some of which were first published as poems.

"Abide With Me" appeared first in America in Henry Ward Beecher's *Plymouth Collection* in 1855. Later it was discovered by William Henry Monk, music editor of the well-known Anglican Church hymnal, *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and was included in that book. It is said that in less than half an hour Monk composed for Lyte's poem a tune named "Eventide." Henry Lyte was inspired by the beauty of a glorious sunset while experiencing deep personal sorrow. Today we sing "Abide with Me" to the tune "Eventide," although Lyte had written another tune for his song.

Henry Lyte wrote "Abide with Me" when he and the people he loved were saying goodbye. Today it is often sung at funerals, when people are saying goodbye to a loved one whom they will not see again on the Earth. Jesus promised to always abide with us if we love him, though we have troubles and must part with family and loved ones. This song helps us to believe He will be with us.

**"Abide With Me"** is on page 342 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 21

## “ABIDE WITH ME” PRAYER

*“Be strong and of good courage, fear not, nor be afraid, ... for the LORD thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.” Deuteronomy 31:6*

Everything seemed fine when Bob entered the *Queen Elizabeth*, a coastal submarine. Routine procedures were followed, and the submarine lowered down into the Atlantic off the coast of the UK, (United Kingdom of Great Britain).

The submarine was full of students eager to study ocean life at different depths. In those days, studying ocean life was more dangerous. It wasn't to be a long excursion like some Bob had been on. The most exciting period of the excursion was to be sitting on the sand at the very bottom.

When the day finally came, valves in the bottom of the tank were opened to let in more seawater. The sub tilted, lowered, and leveled as expected. The students examined and recorded information about plant and animal life, as well as rock formations at depths they had never seen before.

After two days of studying and recording information, the students were ready to get out of the darkness and into sunlight and

fresh air again. They chatted while waiting to feel the tremor and tilt of the submarine beginning to rise. One hour passed, then two and three, but no movement. “What’s going on?” they began to ask.

By evening, the students were hungry. There were only emergency rations left. Some were very restless, some fearful, and others were aggravated. Each wanted to get out of the darkness and home to see their families, sweethearts, and friends. They worked on their reports and played games as hour after hour passed until it was time for the sun to rise, but no light entered where they were.

Bob went to the captain. “Weren’t we to be home last night?” he asked.

“We were, but we’re having a little difficulty getting this craft to rise.”

“What? Are we stuck forever in this darkness? Are we being buried alive in water? Can’t we signal for help?”

“Don’t worry; the crew will soon have her going.”

“It’s too gloomy in here. I want to see the sky again,” Bob grumbled as he walked back to tell his friends what was happening. Some had fallen asleep. Others were still working on their reports.

“This old submarine, *Queen Elizabeth*, isn’t budging,” he told them. Panic was already gripping the students. Unless changes were made, death was only a few days ahead. The oxygen in the sub was getting low. The emergency food was already gone. The captain knew that such mental pressure had driven strong men insane. Fearing such a thing might happen, he called his staff together. “Men,” he said in a trembling voice. “Thanks for all your help. We’ve done all we can. Don’t tell anyone, but our destiny is in God’s hands. It is best then that we call upon Him. Although I do not know how to say prayers for protection, I have in my hand a copy of the hymn ‘Abide with Me.’ I’ll read it to you. Then we can all say it together as a prayer.” After he read it, one of the students began singing, and others joined in.



“ABIDE WITH ME” PRAYER

“Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide.  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!  
Swift to its close ebbs out life’s little day;”

Bob could sing no more. His life was swiftly coming to a close, maybe today, maybe tomorrow. He shuddered. What kind of death would it be? Would he suffocate, starve, or be butchered by men gone wild? Before Bob realized it, the entire group was singing,

“Where is death’s sting?”

He hadn’t thought about it before, but death did have a sting. He didn’t want to die. He wasn’t ready to die, nor prepared to stand before God. What would he say to God? He had rejected Jesus as his Savior; he could only hang his head in shame. It hurt to think of how his mother and his sister Betty would cry should he never return. Then he heard the men singing:

“I triumph still if thou abide with me.”

From the depths of his heart, he prayed, “Oh God, forgive me. Save us! Cause this submarine to go up.”

The men finished the song. Then the captain spoke again, “Each of you take this pill. I know it isn’t much to offer in such a dark time, but it should ease the pain and help us be calmer.” As he passed out the pills, Bob looked over the crew. Every face was solemn as if each was seeing the open “jaws of death” ready to devour him. Some looked angry; others had tears rolling down their cheeks. He wondered how many were praying.

As the students and workers began moving away, one of them stumbled against a part of the submarine’s equipment. Immediately, a tremor was felt—the familiar tremor before a sub tilts and

## "ABIDE WITH ME" PRAYER

starts rising. The captain rushed into the cabin and looked at the instruments. "It's working!" He shouted.

Everyone cheered. They clasped hands in triumphant handshakes. One student danced a happy little jig. That night they were all safe on England's shore. Bob couldn't deny that there was a connection between the singing of the hymn and the circumstance that caused the raising of the submarine. God was on the dark ocean floor.

Bob thanked God for His mercy. He had learned that God is love and that he could turn to God in crisis. God had delivered him from death but not from spiritual death. He was yet under death as the penalty of sin. Could he believe that Jesus became a man in order to be men's Savior? That He bore everyone's sin in His own body when he died on the cross? Faith in Jesus' death would save us from spiritual death.

Yes, after this experience, he could believe. God had saved them. He knew God was real! Then he quoted a verse his grandmother had taught him. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved..." Acts 16:31

"I do believe!" he cried.

## CHAPTER 22

# HE'S EVERYTHING THAT I NEED

LYRICS & MUSIC, PHILLIP A. MATTHEWS

*“But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus” Philippians 4:19*

**The following was written by Philip A. Matthews:**

**T**his song was written during the early days of relocating from Los Angeles to Fresno, California, while my wife, Segatha, and I were young 20-somethings in ministry, much too young to be going through rigorous tests and trials like the old folks! But there we were, struggling to get settled and established. A lot of the problem stemmed from having 5 boys in 5 years! We probably shouldn't do it that way, but we are extremely proud of those boys now that they are all grown-up ministers in the work of the Lord!

So it was during our hectic early days when I could hardly find a decent job and life threatened to give us a nervous breakdown, that we learned how to trust God completely. Well, I guess I was the one learning; Segatha seemed to know that secret already. Normally, when I couldn't pay my bills, I got depressed. Then, when it was my turn to preach, I would come out of it and be really

## HE'S EVERYTHING THAT I NEED

inspired for a few days. Then back down into depression. This went on for a couple of years.

But the great Christian composer Andre Crouch once wrote in "Through It All," "If I never had a problem, I wouldn't know that God could solve 'em." So, I had to go through those troublesome periods, as that was the only way to learn how to trust God. You don't learn this stuff by merely getting prayer at the altar. You must go through something very difficult to grow spiritually. My pastor would preach, "Before I was afflicted, I went astray. But now have I kept Thy Word" (Psalm 119:67 KJV).

In the midst of all this, I eventually learned that what I needed most was not money, a job, or an escape from my trials, but an awareness of God and His awesome love; a keen awareness of His divine presence. I discovered that *HE Himself* is the answer, not stuff. When I felt His love, absolutely NOTHING troubled me. When His presence surrounded me, I felt no fear, anxiety, or worry, just peace! Circumstances did not have to change. The winds of life did not have to quit blowing. I was calm in the storm. "Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!" (H. F. Lyte, "Jesus I My Cross")

And out of all this came these lyrics and this song:

### **He's Everything That I Need**

1. Well, I wish I could somehow express,  
how much The Savior now means to my soul.  
But the joy I am finding  
When in Him I am hiding  
Is more than a tongue ever told.

#### *Refrain:*

He's everything that I need.  
Just His name makes the shadows recede.  
There's nothing I've known,  
Like the love He has shown.  
He's everything that I need.

HE'S EVERYTHING THAT I NEED

2. Like a ship on the ocean, I need a Light,  
To guide me safe over the sea.  
Though the tempest be raging,  
In the blest Rock of Ages,  
I find a sweet refuge for me.

3. Well, there's no one like Jesus to still life's sea  
And bring an unspeakable peace.  
Yes, a peace not depending  
On my troubles relenting,  
But all on His sweet love to me.

Truly, this has been the greatest lesson I've learned in life: ***God's LOVE is the answer for EVERYTHING!***

CHAPTER 23  
**I AM HEALED**

LYRICS, ENOCH EDWIN BYRUM (1861-1942)  
MUSIC, BYRUM AND B. E. WARREN (1867-1951)

*“Jesus...saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them, and he healed their sick.” Matthew 14:14*

**B**rother Warren had come to the camp meeting in Mount Sterling, Kentucky. He arrived at 11 p.m. and spent the night in the town hotel.

The following morning, a church brother who lived in the area came for him. “We are very glad you came. I met two trains yesterday, but I could not wait for the late one,” he apologized. “It is too late now to get to the campground for afternoon service, so if it is all right with you, I will take you to visit a sick girl for whom the brethren have been praying. She and her mother will be happy to have you.”

Warren felt good about the idea, so they went. After being introduced to the mother, she took them into the girl’s room. The young lady could not move. She lay in a twisted, unmovable heap. Both of her arms and legs were drawn up tightly against her body. A mosquito net protected her from flies and other insects. She looked up with sparkling eyes.

“She has been like this for many months,” the mother said. “I quit my job so I could nurse her. However, the brethren and town

folks have brought in food and other things we needed. Almost everyone in town knows her condition.”

Warren read Matthew 15:29-31 to the young lady. “And Jesus departed from thence, and came nigh unto the sea of Galilee; and went up into a mountain, and sat down there. And great multitudes came unto him, having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus’ feet; and he healed them: Insomuch that the multitude wondered, when they saw the dumb to speak, the maimed to be whole, the lame to walk, and the blind to see: and they glorified the God of Israel.” Jesus healed all who came to Him.

Then he told her about many other people he had seen healed. By this time, the mother had lunch ready and invited the men into the dining room, where they ate. After eating, they returned to the girl’s bedside. Warren told her of the healing of the lame man who lay at the temple gate. When he quoted, “Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee,” her face brightened like a light.

Then Barney Warren burst into singing E. E. Byrum’s song:

“I am healed, I know I am,  
I am healed this very hour;  
For my Jesus says I am.  
And I feel his mighty pow’r.”

Suddenly he knew in his heart that she would be healed. No, not *would be* healed, but *was* healed. He stood up, threw back the mosquito net, and said, “Give me your hand, Sister.” She tried but could not move. “You can do it, Sister. The lame man at the temple gate stood up and ran, and he had never walked before.” Warren reached his hand closer to hers.

In a flash, she put out her hand and clasped his. At the same moment, her legs straightened. With the free hand, she threw off the covers, then slid out of bed in her nightgown. Jerking loose

from Warren, she ran shouting into the kitchen, where her mother was washing the dishes.

Warren scurried out the other door. A man standing by the wagon that was to take him to the camp meeting looked at Warren strangely. "You look as if you have seen a ghost."

"Do you know Bell Elem?" Warren asked the man.

"Well, yes," he said.

"Well, she is running all over the house." The man looked as if he thought Warren was crazy.

"Just go in and look if you don't believe me."

When they told about Bell Elem's healing at the camp meeting, Brother Richardson drove into town and got permission to have a meeting on the courthouse steps. The meeting day happened to be court day, and people from many miles around were in town. The saints began singing and the town square soon filled with people. They kept asking for another song for at least an hour. Warren then preached a short message and told about Bell Elem's healing. Half the town had seen her condition, and they almost mobbed him in their eagerness to get more details.

The newspaper reporters published the story. Other papers reprinted the story as far away as the Atlantic coast cities.

If you have been at a healing service, you have probably heard "I Am Healed." Barney Warren sang it to paralyzed Bell Elem just before she jumped out of bed.

### *I Am Healed*

1. With afflictions great and sore,  
As if bound by Satan's hand,  
For Thy healing mercy to implore,  
Lord, I came at Thy command.

#### *Refrain:*

I am healed, I *know* I am,  
I am healed this very hour;  
For my Jesus says I am,



I AM HEALED

And I feel His mighty pow'r.

2. Though my faith was very weak,  
Jesus said so sweet and kind,  
"I will surely heal you every whit,  
And will break the chains that bind."

3. Then His proffered hand I took,  
And the vict'ry soon was won,  
I received the perfect healing touch,  
And the work was quickly done.

4. Praise His name forevermore!  
I will tell to all around,  
How the precious gift of healing pow'r,  
Through the Spirit we have found.

**"I Am Healed"** is on page 309 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 24  
SHALL WE GATHER AT THE  
RIVER?

LYRICS & MUSIC, ROBERT LOWRY (1826-1899)

*“And he showed me a pure river of life, clear as crystal,  
proceeding out of the throne of God...” Revelation 22:1*

**J**ohn Bunyan, author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, describes death as a dark river everyone must pass through. Although it was dark and scary, the Christian pilgrims passed to the other side because they desired to enter the Celestial City. If you have read the book, you will know that things and places are symbolic. They represent something they are not. The Celestial City represents Heaven. The King is God, or Jesus. The Shining Ones are angels. Crossing the river is dying.

Helen L. Taylor, in *Little Pilgrim's Progress*, tells how Christiana and Mercy crossed this river. They had often watched the King's messengers as they passed through the streets and wondered at whose house they would knock. When, at last, the Shining One was standing at their own door, the two girls trembled with joy and fear. Christiana felt glad to be going to be with the King, but she was sorry to leave little Innocence, her brothers, and her friends.

When the other pilgrims heard that Christiana was leaving,

## SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

they came to bid her goodbye. At the water's edge, they watched until she was out of sight. They could see the Shining Ones and knew Christiana had safely reached the shore, for the bright group moved slowly away from the river, up the steep pathway to the golden gates, and disappeared into the Celestial City. The Shining Ones helped Christiana and Mercy.

It is a comfort to know that God sends the angels to meet our loved ones when they die.

When Valiant crossed the River of Death, he had no fear of the crossing; for he had always been brave, and his heart was full of trust in the good King. We, too, can be like Valiant if we repent, commit our lives to God, and keep our trust in Jesus.

In the summer of 1864, in Brooklyn, New York, many people crossed the River of Death. A terrible disease took someone in almost every family. All over the cemeteries were mounds of fresh dirt. Some days, two or three people were being buried. Different church groups were singing songs and saying prayers at the same time. As one group said "Amen," another church group was listening to a farewell sermon, while another might be singing the last hymn.

Pastor Robert Lowry was called day and night to pray for the sick, to bury the dead, and to comfort the living. One hot day in July, Pastor Lowry was near collapsing. For weeks, he had slept only a few hours each night, and some nights, he didn't sleep at all. He had little time to eat, and sorrow choked his appetite when he ate. Many families in his own congregation had buried a child, a mother, a father, or a grandparent. It was overwhelming. "All these families are grieving and hoping to see their loved ones again," he said. "Shall we meet again? We are parting at the River of Death; shall we meet at the River of Life?"

Although he knew what the Bible said about the question, he needed assurance. He began studying the Bible to see what it said about the River of Death and the River of Life. Then he answered his own questions in his new song, "Shall We Gather at the River?"

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

He said, “Yes, we’ll gather at the river! Where angelic feet have trod!”

Obedying Christ’s commands in the Bible will assure our entrance into that river that flows into Heaven.

*Shall We Gather at the River*

1. Shall we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel feet have trod,  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God?

*Refrain:*

Yes, we’ll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river;  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God.

2. On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will talk and worship ever,  
All the happy golden day.

3. Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down;  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.

4. At the smiling of the river,  
Mirror of the Savior’s face,  
Saints, whom death will never sever,  
Lift their songs of saving grace.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

5. Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

Surrender your life to Jesus, and keep your hand in His; He will guide you safely across the River of Death and into the River of Life that flows from the throne of God.

CHAPTER 25

# SIN CAN NEVER ENTER THERE

LYRICS, CHARLES WESLEY NAYLOR (1874-1950)  
MUSIC, BARNEY ELLIOT WARREN (1867-1951)

*“There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth,  
neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie....”*  
*Revelation 21:27*

The midwife wrapped the baby in the shawl that Grandma Naylor had crocheted. “Got a name picked out?” she asked.

“Grandma suggested Charles. I guess she’s hoping he will be a good, old-fashioned Methodist who will preach that no sin enters heaven,” said Mr. Naylor.

“It would make me happy, and you’ll be glad, too,” said Grandma. “He won’t be causing you trouble like some young folks are doing these days.”

At age eighteen, Charles Wesley Naylor surrendered his life to Christ. Hoping to live free of sin, he obeyed the strict disciplines of the Methodist church.

Later that year, B. E. Warren and S. L. Speck came to the area. Charles was fascinated by the lively singing, fiery preaching, and power that the Church of God demonstrated. So he joined their evangelistic group and traveled with them.

During those trips, Charles had varied experiences. One

evening during a meeting in the old Toll Gate House on Cemetery Road in Springfield, Ohio, a gang of drunken boys battered down the door and came whooping and hollering throughout the listeners. They knocked over empty chairs and threw Bibles on the floor. In spite of the disruption, the revival continued.

Willie Wood, who had been blind for eight years, was healed in that meeting. He was twelve. His parents led him there and asked for prayer for his healing. S. L. Speck anointed him, and the whole church prayed. There seemed to be no immediate change in his eyes, but the following Sunday, he walked to Toll Gate House by himself. When Willie was twenty years old, he passed the United States Navy's strict eye test without difficulty.

On another trip, some wild guys shot bullets through the door. A bullet lodged in the wall just beside Barney Warren's head. God protected everyone. Many were saved; among them were the parents of C. E. Byers. Byers later influenced many into the Church. He also wrote songs and books which have helped many people in their Christian walk.

C. E. Byers, Charles Naylor, and B. E. Warren were preaching in Sandusky County, Ohio. The meeting began in an old house with the partitions knocked out and seating arranged for a crowd. It was during the coldest winter Charles had ever seen, but people came. Even in the freezing weather, the crowd grew until the building could not hold the people. Then, it was moved to a borrowed church building. It, too, was filled until the blizzard made the icy roads impassable.

At these meetings, Warren preached earnestly about the holiness of Heaven. He said, "There is no sin in Heaven. No sin was ever there, nor can sin enter there. You may believe the devil was in Heaven, there was a war, and he was kicked out. You misinterpret Isaiah 14. The Bible plainly says in verse 4 of that chapter, 'This is a parable against the king of Babylon.'"

The truth that sin was never in Heaven and will never enter Heaven was forcibly impressed upon Charles' mind. In the afternoon, he read again the scriptures that Warren had read: Rev.

## SIN CAN NEVER ENTER THERE

21:27, 1 Corinthians 1-9, Luke 23:39-43, Matt. 7:21. Then he took out his notepad and wrote the song “Sin Can Never Enter There.”

He showed Warren the song. Warren sat down at the organ in the home where they were staying and, in a short time, composed the tune. Charles Naylor and Barney Warren sang it during the evening service.

“Sin Can Never Enter There” was one of their first songs. It is often sung when an invitation is given for people to have their sins forgiven and prepare for Heaven. Are you prepared? Are all your sins forgiven and covered by the blood of Jesus? If not, right now, tell God you are sorry for sinning and ask Him to forgive you so you can be free from sin and enter Heaven when you die.

The song “Sin Can Never Enter There” first appeared in *Salvation Echoes*.

### *Sin Can Never Enter There*

1. Heaven is a holy place  
Filled with glory and with grace;  
Sin can never enter there;  
All within its gates are pure.  
From defilement kept secure.  
Sin can never enter there.

### *Refrain*

Sin can never enter there.  
Sin can never enter there;  
So, if at the judgment bar,  
Sinful spots your soul shall mar,  
You can never enter there.

2. If you hope to dwell at last,  
When your life on earth is past,  
In that home so bright and fair,  
You must here be cleansed from sin,



SIN CAN NEVER ENTER THERE

Have the life of Christ within,  
Sin can never enter there.

3. You may live in sin below,  
Heaven's grace refuse to know,  
But you cannot enter there;  
It will stop you at the door,  
Bar you out forevermore,  
Sin can never enter there.

4. If you cling to sin till death,  
When you draw your latest breath,  
You will sink in dark despair,  
To the regions of the lost,  
Thus to prove at awful cost,  
Sin can never enter there.

**“Sin Can Never Enter There”** is on page 406 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 26

# LOST FOREVER

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

*“And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us...” Luke 16:26*

**M**r. Randel had been a friend of the Warner family for as long as Daniel could remember. Mr. Randel had helped Daniel Warner’s parents move to their new place in Ohio. Many times, Daniel had heard Mr. Randel joking and making fun of preachers and Christians.

God blessed him to become very wealthy, but he gave no thanks to God. He was now over eighty years old and could have almost anything money could buy, but he still felt no need for Christ in his heart. His whole heart was set on wealth; that was his god.

One night, Daniel Warner preached from Malachi 3:8. “Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, wherein have we robbed thee? [God answered] In tithes and offerings.” Many people present that night were like Ezekiel Randel. They loved money and had not been giving correctly to the Lord. The Holy Spirit cut into many hearts. Gospel workers, singers, and the audience felt a need to give more to God.

There was also another strange fear in the crowd. A fear that something terrible would happen soon. It was like a grave was already dug and someone would soon be in it. The horrible feeling could not be shaken.

Brother H. Caldwell stood up and prophesied, "Before tomorrow's sun shall set, someone in this community will suddenly be killed. Please, let us arise, pledge to serve God, and pray more fervently for poor sinners to be saved." When he sat down, the congregation humbled themselves, bowed down on their knees, and prayed again.

The very next evening, after the meeting was dismissed, Warner heard a group of men talking excitedly outside the chapel. He walked up in time to hear a man saying, "Ezekiel Randel was killed by a train at the Shelby crossing. They say he started out to foreclose on a mortgage and take a widow's farm."

Another added, "And I heard that before he had left the house, Mrs. Randel cautioned him to watch out for the train at the crossing. His last words to her were, 'I wasn't made to be killed by train cars.'"

"Poor man," Warner said. "He's like the rich man who said, 'Thou hath much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' But God said, 'Thou fool! This night thy soul shall be required of thee.'"

Young Barney Warren added, "Remember the heaviness in the meeting last night?"

"And Brother Caldwell prophesying that someone would suddenly be killed before tomorrow's sunset?" a neighbor with a worried face reminded them.

"I visited Mr. Randel twice during our meeting last winter and tried to persuade him to take care of his soul. His condition is a fulfillment of 2 Corinthians 4:4. It says, 'The God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not.' May souls be awakened," Warner cautioned.

"His poor soul has gone, with all its guilt, to the place where another rich man went who had not helped the poor beggar at his

gate. That rich man opened his eyes in torment.” Barney said very sadly. (Read the story in Luke 16:19-23.)

“Sad, so sad. Mr. Randel had the opportunity to humble himself before God, but he would not,” they all agreed.

“And now he is “Lost Forever,” Warner sighed again. “I saw in a dream people screaming and crying while falling into the flames of hell.”

“Brother Warner, this occasion should inspire you to write a new song,” another man commented.

The following morning, D. S. Warner said to Barney, “How about this? Can you put music to it?” He handed Barney the lyrics to “Farewell to Sin.”

***Farewell to Sin***

1. I will part with thee, old master;  
    This is my firm resolve;  
And I'll boldly state my reason,  
    Why we must now dissolve.

*Refrain:*

    The wages of sin is death,  
    The wages of sin is death,  
The wages of sin is death and woe,  
And bitter remorse; I've found it so;  
    Bitter, bitter,  
    Bitter remorse and woe.

2. I have served thee long and faithful,  
    Confessed you were my lord;  
All your way was dark and painful,  
    And what is my reward?

3. I have given time and talents,  
    My health and honor, too,  
And exposed my soul to torments,

LOST FOREVER

And what did you bestow?

4. You have flattered me, and promised  
Much pleasure in your reign;  
I have sowed and reaped your harvest,  
Now what my wretched gain?
5. While beneath your doleful bondage,  
How oft your father came,  
Saying, "There is here no passage  
Out from your dark domain."
6. But the blood of my Redeemer  
Has saved me through and through,  
So, in Jesus' name, forever  
I bid all sin adieu.

It was a very convicting song, and God gave Barney solemn, persuasive music that stirs the heart.

However, "**Farewell to Sin**" did not portray the thoughts on Barney's heart. After he finished with the music, he was inspired with another hymn, which he named "**Lost Forever**."

*Lost Forever*

1. Where is thy hope, poor sinner?  
What are you going to do?  
*Hope* is a God-given anchor,  
Lavished so freely on you;  
If it is fixed in the Savior,  
On that bright shore you will land,  
But if in sin you still linger,  
Sad your end.

LOST FOREVER

*Refrain:*

Lost, forever! Lost, forever!  
Oh, how sad!

2. Where is thy refuge, sinner?  
Look where your pathway will end;  
Repent, or you'll perish forever,  
Awful destruction at hand;  
Heaven or hell you are choosing,  
Fixing and sealing your fate,  
God and His mercy refusing,  
Lost! Too late!

3. What can you plead, poor sinner,  
In the great judgment day?  
Heaven now offers you favor,  
Oh, do not cast it away;  
Slighted the warnings repeated,  
Leave you in Satan's control;  
And with all heaven rejected,  
Lost, your soul.

4. Where will you go, poor sinner?  
How will your soul escape?  
Think of thy lot, when, forever,  
Cast in the dark, burning lake;  
If then you're lost and forgotten,  
Writhing in flames of despair,  
You will remember you've chosen  
To be there.

“**Lost Forever**” is on page 399 in *Evening Light Songs*.

“**Farewell to Sin**” is on page 390 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 27

# JUST AS I AM

LYRICS, CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT (1789-1871)  
MUSIC, WILLIAM B. BRADBURY (1816-1868)

*“He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.” John 6:37*

**C**harlotte Elliot was born near Brighton, England. Her grandfather, Henry Venn, was an evangelical preacher, and her father and brother were also ministers.

Charlotte wrote humorous verses and was also a gifted portrait artist. When she was just past thirty, she suffered a serious illness which lasted the rest of her life. From that time, she had difficulty concentrating on anything except how terrible she felt. Her thoughts were not usually pleasant. Often, she cried. Writing verses to make people laugh or painting beautiful landscapes was hard for her. When she was able to go out into the fields to try and capture its beauty on her artist’s canvas, she felt tired and was unable to stand or sit for long hours to paint the scenes before her.

One day Caesar Malan (1787-1864), a minister from Switzerland, came to visit her. Malan knew that “everything works together for good to those who love the Lord” (Romans 8:28). Because Charlotte was restless and unhappy, he thought she did not have the peace of God in her heart, so he asked her if she loved Jesus.

“I do not wish to discuss religion,” she snapped. Later Char-

## JUST AS I AM

lotte apologized and said, "I want to come to Jesus. But how can I? I need to make myself more worthy to come to Him."

"Come just as you are," Malan told her. "God accepts all repentant sinners. He will do the changing."

Before the day ended, Charlotte had given her heart to Jesus.

Fourteen years later, Charlotte was visiting the home of her brother, H. V. Elliott. When they all went away to church on Sunday morning, Charlotte was too weak to go.

Alone in the big house, she felt lonely, sad, and useless. Then she remembered Caesar Malan's words, "God accepts you just as you are."

*Yes, she thought, I will come to Jesus just as I am, and He will bless me here by myself.* Her faith grasped God's willingness to accept her just as she was. She found a pen and began writing:

### ***Just As I Am***

1. Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2. Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3. Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.



## JUST AS I AM

5. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6. Just as I am, Thy love I own  
Has broken ev'ry barrier down;  
Now, to be Thine, and Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Charlotte printed “Just as I Am” in a paper she edited. However, she did not put her name on it. A wealthy woman read the poem. Believing it had a message people needed, she had it printed in leaflet form and it was distributed freely in England. One day a man said to Charlotte, “Here is a leaflet. I think you will appreciate these words.” Charlotte was surprised to see her own poem. The friend was also surprised to know Charlotte had written it.

The simple words of this hymn have touched the hearts of millions. It could be called the world’s greatest soul-winning hymn. After Charlotte’s death, more than a thousand letters were found expressing gratitude for the help of this hymn. Charlotte’s own brother said, “I have seen some fruit from my labors, but I feel more has been done by her hymn than all my work.”

D. L. Moody, the evangelist who brought thousands to Christ, said, “This one hymn has drawn as many people to the Lord as all my preaching.”

Haven’t you felt the Lord talking to you when you have heard it sung? Remember, Jesus is ready to accept you just as you are.

William B. Bradbury (1816-1868), a leading composer of Sunday school songs, set the poem to music.

“**Just as I Am**” is on page 358 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 28

# WE NEED EACH OTHER, BRETHREN

LYRICS & MUSIC, ANGELA BUSBEE  
GELLENBECK

*“There should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another.” 1 Corinthians 12:25*

**The following was written by Angela Busbee Gellenbeck:**

**F**rom time to time, I am asked to tell the story behind the song “We Need Each Other, Brethren.” I am happy to share it, for it is a story of how God took a hurtful situation and turned it into a blessing for many people.

When Dan and I were first married, he was working hard and long hours. He was endeavoring to make a good business name, do quality work for everyone, and be a man of his word. It was during these trying times that a man, who professed to be a child of God, confronted my husband and began to rail at him, criticizing him and accusing him wrongfully of some poor business dealings. When my husband came home, he was crushed. I was crushed. I think it hurt more because it was an older man who should have been encouraging him and providing an example for him. We struggled to know how to deal with the situation. That’s when the words to the song began to come to my mind, along with the tune. I got a piece of notebook paper and began to write:

WE NEED EACH OTHER, BRETHREN

“In a world filled with violence and hatred,  
everywhere wars and turmoil we see.  
God’s people face daily this struggle;  
Only love will keep us free.”

An understanding, replacing the resentment, flooded over me that this man, because he had let money and possessions become a priority in his life, had allowed his love for God and his brothers to wax cold. It gave me a love and burden for his soul, which stayed with me until his death.

“Oh, how sad to see some of our brethren,  
as they strive for earth’s pleasure and gold,  
Become selfish and strive with each other.  
Love and kindness have quickly grown cold.”

The tears fell as a determination gripped me that no matter what happened, no matter what a brother or sister did, we would forgive and help them, not push them farther down.

“Lord, give us true warmth and affection!  
When one fails, help us rescue his soul.  
‘He’s not heavy, for he is my brother,’  
let us cry as we carry his load.”

“Dear saints, let us vow to each other:  
I will help, I will comfort—and pray.  
I will stand by your side and defend you,  
in this battle you’re facing today.”

My burden crescendoed into a cry, with exclamation points:  
“We need each other, brethren!  
For only love will carry us through!  
Let us stand by each other, brethren!  
Take courage, be faithful and true.”

## WE NEED EACH OTHER, BRETHREN

I was finished. There were the entire lyrics, written almost without need of correction, complete with the melody and harmony, in my mind, to go with the words. I folded up the paper and put it in my Bible.

That year at the Monark Camp Meeting, 1985, I asked my sister and her husband and another couple to help Dan and me sing the song as a quartet. We practiced several times, but before we could sing it, there was a very sad happening between two ministers right during a service. It brought such a heaviness upon the saints. The next day, we were impressed to sing the song. The Lord blessed, and the tears flowed. I knew then that God had given the song, not just for me, but for the people of God.

Later on, Bro. Wayne Murphey, editor of the Faith and Victory at that time, asked me if he could include the song in the new Evening Light songbooks that were being printed. With the help of the Lord and others gifted in writing music, I was able to finally put to music the song that the Lord had given me that first day.

As the years have flown by, I have come to realize that the song is the theme of my whole life and ministry. I am burdened for the whole family of God worldwide. That burden reaches far beyond my circle of acquaintances. We need every blood-washed saint of God, no matter where they may be found. May we never look disdainfully or scornfully at another child of God, and say, with attitude or words, "I have no need of thee." (I Corinthians 12:21). May we constantly pray and labor to this end: that we all may be ONE. That we all may worship God together. That we all may love each other "with a pure heart fervently" and cling to one another with solemn vows of "eternal trueness."

"Let divisions be forsaken, all the holy join in one, and the will of God in all be done."

### ***We Need Each Other, Brethren***

1. In a world filled with violence and hatred,  
Everywhere wars and turmoil we see;  
God's people face daily this struggle;

WE NEED EACH OTHER, BRETHREN

Only love will keep us free.

*Refrain:*

We need each other, brethren!  
For only love will carry us through;  
Let us stand by each other, brethren;  
Take courage, be faithful and true.

2. Oh, how sad to see some of our brethren,  
As they strive for earth's pleasure and gold,  
Become selfish and strive with each other;  
Love and kindness have quickly grown cold.

3. Lord, give us true warmth and affection;  
When one fails, help us rescue his soul;  
"He's not heavy, for he is my brother,"  
Let us cry as we carry his load.

4. Dear saints, let us vow to each other,  
"I will help, I will comfort and pray;  
I will stand by your side and defend you  
In this battle you're facing today."

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CHAPTER 29

TAKE MY LIFE AND LET  
IT BE

LYRICS & MUSIC, FRANCES R. HAVERGAL  
(1838-1879)

*“I beseech you therefore, brethren,...that ye present your bodies  
a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your  
reasonable service.” Romans 12:1*

The song “Take My Life and Let It Be” was the heart cry and main purpose of Miss Havergal’s life. Her parents recognized that their little “Fanny,” as they called her, had special gifts from God. They often prayed she would realize God had given her many talents and that she would use them and her brilliant mind for His glory.

When Frances was eleven years old, Mrs. Havergal called Fanny to her bed. She put her arm around Frances and drew her close, then said, “My dear Frances, I believe that I may die and leave you without the guidance every child needs. I beg you to please give yourself wholeheartedly to the Lord Jesus, and He will be your guide. Please use your talents to glorify Him. And always remember, nothing but the precious blood of Jesus can make you clean and lovely in God’s sight.”

With tears streaming down her cheeks, Frances promised, “I will.” In the following sad weeks and months, Frances found comfort in talking with Jesus. Three years later, her father put her

in a girl's school. While attending this school, she recognized her need for Jesus even more and surrendered herself wholeheartedly to God. Soon she began teaching a girl's Sunday school class in the church her father pastored.

When her father remarried and they moved to Germany, she evangelized the children at her new school. By now, Frances could read English, German, French, Hebrew, Latin, and Welsh. While her father was helping her learn Greek, he also helped her put music to one of her many poems. He showed it to Ferdinand Hiller, a famous composer. Hiller was greatly impressed and offered to teach her how to sing and write music.

In a short time, Frances had a job as a soloist with the Philharmonic Society. When very young, Frances had asked God to take her and do whatever He could with her life. Now she realized singing had become her first love, so she reconsecrated to God. "I just yielded myself to Him and utterly trusted Him to keep me. Then I experienced the blessedness of true consecration," she wrote.

Two months later, she went away to visit friends. There were ten people in the home. Some were unhappy Christians; others had rejected God. Frances prayed, "Lord, save everyone in this house." About midnight, before she left, the last two surrendered to God.

France was so happy she could not sleep. She praised God and wrote down what she had consecrated. Her written consecration became the verses of "Take My Life and Let it Be." Later, she wrote the music.

Just one year before Frances Havergal died, she shipped all her jewelry, except a few keepsakes, to the church missionary house. The jewelry was to be sold, and the money would be used to spread the Gospel.

***Take My Life and Let It Be***

1. Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.  
Take my moments and my days,

TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE

Let them flow in endless praise.

2. Take my hands and let them move

At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet and let them be

Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3. Take my voice and let me sing,

Always, only for my King.

Take my lips and let them be

Filled with messages from Thee.

4. Take my silver and my gold,

Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect and use

Every pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

5. Take my will and make it Thine,

It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is Thine own,

It shall be Thy royal throne.

6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour

At Thy feet its treasure store.

Take myself and I will be

Ever, only, all for Thee.

“**Take My Life and Let It Be**” is on page 239 in *Evening Light Songs*.



CHAPTER 30

# 'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS

LYRICS, LOUISA M. R. STEAD (1850-1917) -  
MUSIC, WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK (1838-1921)

*“I will not leave you comfortless...” John 14:18*

“Would an outing to the beach suit you young ladies?” asked Mr. Stead.  
“Sure, Papa,” Lily answered.

Arriving at Brighten Beach, NYC, Lily ran toward the water. “Stay close to us,” Mrs. Stead cautioned. “We don’t want a tragedy today.”

After eating lunch, they stretched out on the warm sand. While dozing, they heard a faint “Help! Help!” Mr. Stead ran to the rescue. However, as often happens, the victim pulled the would-be rescuer under the water. They both drowned.

Home alone that night, Louisa Stead knelt in prayer. *Why, God? Why?* She thought of Romans 8:28, “*We know that all things work together for good to them that love God...*” *But how can this work for my good? What will Lily and I do without Bill? I have no job or vocation. Have You forgotten? Why did You turn your back on us today?*

Immediately John 14:18 came into her thoughts, “*I will not leave you comfortless.*” She cried, “But God, I feel so alone.”

## 'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS

Then she remembered the Bible account of God supplying for the widow and her son during three years of famine. She also remembered that God multiplied the oil for the widow whose sons were to be sold as slaves. She was able to pay her debt. "I will try to trust You, Lord," she promised.

Dark days followed. Lily cried for her daddy to come home. She was afraid for her mother to get out of her sight. Sometimes she had frightening dreams. Often, Mrs. Stead laid awake at night, wondering how she could live without her Bill.

Days, weeks, and months passed. She was trying to trust. "Lord, increase my faith," she often prayed. After all their savings were used up and she had no money or food for the day, an unknown person left a large sack of food and money in an envelope on her doorstep. "Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus," she said as she picked up the bag.

Louisa trusted Jesus for salvation when she was nine years old. She remembered the camp meeting when she was twenty-one. She had dedicated her life as a missionary. Lord, what is my next step?

God lead her and Lily to South Africa. There, God supplied Louisa with another husband. Her daughter Lily married years later. Louisa retired because of ill health in 1911. Lily continued to serve for many years in South Rhodesia (present-day Zimbabwe). Louisa passed away after a long illness in 1917 at her home in Penkridge near the Mutambara Mission, fifty miles from Umtali. Following her death, it was recorded that Christians in South Rhodesia continued to sing her hymn in the local Shona language.

Each verse of "'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus" expresses a different segment of a personal relationship with Jesus.

### *'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus*

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,  
Just to take Him at His Word,  
Just to rest upon His promise,  
And to know, "Thus saith the Lord."

'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS

*Refrain:*

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him!  
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!  
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!  
Oh, for grace to trust Him more!

2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Jesus,  
Just to trust His cleansing blood,  
And in simple faith to plunge me  
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood!

3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,  
Just from sin and self to cease,  
Just from Jesus simply taking  
Life and rest and joy and peace.

4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee,  
Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend;  
And I know that Thou art with me,  
Wilt be with me to the end.

## CHAPTER 31

# STAND UP FOR JESUS

LYRICS, GEORGE DUFFIELD JR. (1818-1888)

MUSIC, GEORGE JAMES WEBB (1803-1887)

*“Go now ye that are men, and serve the LORD...” Exodus 10:11*

“Stand Up for Jesus!” was written at a time when the United States was about to divide into two nations. The northern part of our country believed slavery was inhuman, sinful, and from the pits of hell. The southern states had large plantations and, for the most part, had slaves to help do a part of the required work. They argued that having slaves was okay.

Dudley Tyng (1825-1858) was a well-educated musician and minister in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. When only twenty-nine, he stepped into his father’s position as rector of a congregation of wealthy families. His father and grandfather had both been pastors of this church, and it embraced many strong Biblical truths. However, slavery was not discussed in the church until Pastor Tyng began preaching. He preached holy living, godly, careful actions, and a righteous life that was an example for everyone in the community.

Young Tyng thought slavery to be unbiblical and immoral, and he spoke strongly against it. One can imagine the raised eyebrows and “ruffled feathers” of the hundreds of wealthy women listening

## STAND UP FOR JESUS

to this young, know-it-all preacher who was upsetting their lifestyle. Nonetheless, he stood strong.

Dudley Tyng had a passion for souls that stretched beyond his congregation. He loved children, and in a few years, with aid from others of like minds, he increased the Sunday School until almost 1,000 children were attending. He found the YMCA was also a great place to reach young men, so he began teaching there. The YMCA building was surrounded by factories where hundreds of men and young unmarried women worked. (In those years, married women stayed at home with their children.) He and his helpers began playing music and preaching during the lunch hours for factory workers who gathered there. People were poor in those years, and few homes had a Bible. Tyng read the Bible, told Bible stories, and encouraged the men to “Stand up for Jesus.”

On March 9, 1855, the newspaper reported that 5,000 men were at the YMCA listening as Dudley Tyng preached, “Go now ye that are men and serve the LORD,” Exodus 10:11. It reported that one out of five (about 1,000) men knelt and prayed that day.

The story is told that one day, while preaching, he raised his right arm and shouted, “I must tell my Master’s errand, and I would rather that my right arm be amputated at the trunk than that I would come short of my duty to you in delivering God’s message.”

A short time later, while working near farm equipment, Dudley’s sleeve was caught in the machine, and it jerked his arm into the machine. His arm was badly mangled. Why did it happen? Only God knows. Did he accidentally get too close? Did an angry man crowd him into the machine? Infection set in. The infection persisted until doctors had to amputate his arm and shoulder in an effort to save his life, and he never recovered.

Just before he died, he was asked for some final words. He took his father’s hand in his and said, “Stand up for Jesus, Father, stand up for Jesus. Tell my brother ministers wherever you meet them, that they must ‘Stand up for Jesus.’” It was also said that he told his wife to raise their sons to be ministers of the gospel and

## STAND UP FOR JESUS

teach them to “Stand up for Jesus” in their lives and in their pulpits.

In his four years of ministering, Pastor Dudley Tyng touched hundreds of lives, but the song written about his last words by his friend George Duffield Jr. has touched millions. It has been translated into many languages and sung around the world. On Sunday, after Pastor Dudley Tyng’s funeral, George Duffield Jr. preached from Ephesians 6:14-18:

*“Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints;”*

After preaching, he read “Stand Up for Jesus” as a poem:

### *Stand Up for Jesus*

1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus!  
ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
it must not suffer loss:  
From vict’ry unto vict’ry,  
His army shall He lead,  
‘Till every foe is vanquished,  
and Christ is Lord indeed.
2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet call obey:  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
in this His glorious day;  
Ye that are men now serve Him  
against unnumbered foes;  
Let courage rise with danger,

## STAND UP FOR JESUS

and strength to strength oppose.

3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus!

Stand in His strength alone,  
The arm of flesh will fail you,  
ye dare not trust your own;  
Put on the gospel armor,  
and watching unto prayer,  
Where calls the voice of duty,  
be never wanting there.

4. Stand up, stand up for Jesus!

the strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
the next the victor's song;  
To him that overcometh  
a crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
shall reign eternally.

“Stand Up for Jesus” has been sung to different music. The music most often used was composed by George J. Webb.

Read the song and meditate on the words, then bow your head and promise yourself and God that you will in every situation “Stand up for Jesus.

“**Stand Up for Jesus**” is on page 271 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 32

# HAVE THINE OWN WAY, LORD

LYRICS, ADELAIDE A. POLLARD (1862-1934)  
MUSIC, G. COLES STEBBINS (1846-1945)

*“O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the LORD. Behold, as the clay is in the potter’s hand, so are ye in mine hand.” Jeremiah 18:60*

Adelaide eagerly tore open the sealed envelope. “Dear Miss Pollard,” she read, “We appreciate your desire to serve on the mission fields of Africa, but we regret that at this time, we are unable to supply any funds...”

With a sigh, she dropped the letter on the table and covered her face with her hands. “Oh, Lord,” she prayed, “How can I go to Africa without a ticket? And how can I get a ticket without money? You know how many places I have tried. The Ladies Aid Society couldn’t help because of another project. The church couldn’t help because of the fire. And all the rest?? ‘Because I’m a single woman.’”

She sat silently for a moment, trying to remember another place she might try. Suddenly her eyes lit up, “Mr. Harrison owns a ship! Maybe he’d give a ticket for a good cause.”

She forced her hat over her graying hair, slung a cloak over her shoulders, and rushed out into the damp, drizzly October air.

“Strike in San Francisco! Read all about it!” the dirty-faced



paper boy shouted. Adelaide gave him a glance as she passed. But then a sub-headline caught her attention: “The Starving Children of Malawi.”

“I’ll take one,” she said, thrusting the money into the boy’s hand. “Just where I’d love to go,” she muttered.

Fifteen minutes later, she stood in the luxurious vestibule of Mr. Harrison’s home. “He’ll see you in his office, Madam,” the maid answered as she opened the office door.

“Ms. Pollard?” a tall thin man asked, as he rose from his desk. He offered her a chair and asked, “How may I help you?”

“I’d like to go to Africa,” she began abruptly. “What I mean is, I feel the Lord has called me to go there as a missionary.” She leaned forward and spoke earnestly, “There are hurting, starving people who need the Gospel.” She showed him the article in the newspaper she had just bought.

He scanned it coolly. “In what way can I help them?” He asked.

*Here’s my chance*, she thought. “Well, sir, I feel led by the Lord to go there. You see, they really need help, and your ships go to Africa, don’t they?”

“Well, yes, but Africa is a huge continent. What place are you interested in?”

She paid no attention to his question, “Would you consider donating to this cause? A ticket, perhaps, on one of your ships to Africa?”

He adjusted his spectacles. “Ms. Pollard,” he began, “It is obvious you have a compassionate heart. Does that mean you have a calling?” She opened her mouth to answer, but he continued, “I feel it would be wrong...cruel...for me to take an impressionable young woman,” (Her mouth dropped open, impressionable? young?) “and abandon her across the ocean in the midst of savages.”

“Sir,” Adelaide corrected, “I am not impressionable, and at forty, I am hardly young. I have been a Christian for over twenty years and feel the Lord has definitely called me to go.”

Mr. Harrison considered. “May I see your ordination papers?” he asked finally.

Adelaide faltered. “I’m...not an ordained minister,” she admitted. “I want to be a missionary. I have certifications from the Boston School of Oratory and from Moody Bible Institute.”

“I’m sorry, Ms. Pollard,” he answered, “But I really cannot help you.”

Frustrated over so many useless efforts, she wept tears that night as she poured out her heart to God again. “God, if I’m really supposed to go to Africa, why isn’t it working out? I have written letters to every organization that I thought would help me. Is this really Your will, or am I young and impressionable?” Her burden remained.

She waited another week, but no letters of acceptance came. No apologies. No changed minds. Weeks turned into months. Discouraged and dejected, she slunk into the prayer meeting one chilly Wednesday night. Only a handful of faithful women had gathered in the small chapel. They croaked out “Amazing Grace” and “What A Friend” and knelt to pray.

After minutes of silence, one old sister began in her high trembly voice, “Our Father, which art in heaven, where we hope you’ll take us one of these days, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come...”

“Yes, Lord,” another affirmed.

“Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. and Lord,” she pleaded, “It doesn’t matter what you bring into our lives; just have Your way with each of us.”

Adelaide plodded home in deep thought. She pulled out her Bible, and it flipped open to Jeremiah, the eighteenth chapter:

“Arise, and go down to the potter’s house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words. Then I went down to the potter’s house, and, behold, he wrought a work... And the vessel that he made of clay was marred ...so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter...”

HAVE THINE OWN WAY, LORD

“I have been doing things my way. I must let God have his way in my life.” She bowed her head and surrendered her life completely to God. She told God, “I am clay in Your hands, make me into the vessel You want me to be, and please fill me with Your Holy Spirit.” She wrote down her meditations and consecration, and it became the song we sing today:

*Have Thine Own Way, Lord*

1. Have Thine own way, Lord!

Have Thine own way!

Thou art the potter; I am the clay.

Mold me and make me after Thy will,

While I am waiting, yielded and still.

2. Have Thine own way, Lord!

Have Thine own way!

Search me and try me, Master, today!

Whiter than snow, Lord, wash me just now,

As in Thy presence, humbly I bow.

3. Have Thine own way, Lord!

Have Thine own way!

Wounded and weary, help me, I pray!

Power, all power, surely is Thine!

Touch me and heal me, Savior divine!

4. Have Thine own way, Lord!

Have Thine own way!

Hold o'er my being absolute sway!

Fill with Thy Spirit till all shall see

Christ only, always, living in me!

“Have Thine Own Way, Lord” has been printed in hundreds of hymnals of diverse church organizations, translated into many languages, and sung in countries around the world. After letting

## HAVE THINE OWN WAY, LORD

God have His way in her life, Adelaide Pollard toured the United States and England, teaching and leading others to Christ. She wrote about 100 other hymns. This is the song you will often find in a hymn book.

Every person is created by God. Each one should be like clay in a potter's hands, allowing God to form him or her into the person He desires. He will make us into a beautiful, useful person if we will allow Him. If we do not submit to His will, He cannot make us into a special person.

There is also hope for a person who has marred in God's hands. If that person will turn from their selfish desires, God can remake him or her into that beautiful person He desires.

Let each of us say to God, "Have thine own way with me. Make me into the person You want me to be."

"Have Thine Own Way, Lord" can be found in many hymnals. It is listed as one of the twenty-five most popular hymns. Miss Pollard's hymns have blessed thousands of Christians all over the world.

CHAPTER 33  
JOY TO THE WORLD

LYRICS, ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748) - MUSIC,  
LOWELL MASON (1792-1872)

*“And thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at His birth.” Luke 1:14*

Isaac Watts, author of “Joy To The World,” was pastor of London’s Mark Lane Independent Chapel for almost fifty years. It was a congregation of Dissenters. Dissenters were all Protestant religious groups and individuals who refused to conform to the Church of England but who otherwise had very little in common. These people were often refused public jobs and persecuted by the majority of people, including England’s rulers.

At Isaac’s birth in 1674, his father was in prison for identifying with one group of Dissenters. Isaac, the oldest of nine children, followed his father’s strong biblical faith. The whole family worked together to earn a living in Southampton. His mother cooked, washed, and cared for students who stayed in their home. After Mr. Watts was released from prison, he taught and directed a school for boys in their home. Isaac was a very intelligent boy, one of his father’s best students. He loved books and learned to read early. It is said he was learning Latin when he was only four. He was studying French, Greek and Hebrew under tutors when he was thirteen.

## JOY TO THE WORLD

At an early age, he often spoke in rhyming phrases. His father became quite annoyed at this and told him to stop. When the rhyming persisted, the father started to whip him, and little Isaac cried out:

“O Father, do some pity take  
And I will no more verses make.”

When he was seven, Isaac wrote an acrostic poem on his name which reflected his Christian training:

I am a vile polluted lump of earth,  
So I’ve continued ever since my birth,  
Although Jehovah grace does daily give me,  
As sure this monster Satan will deceive me,  
Come therefore, Lord, from Satan’s claws relieve me.

Wash me in thy blood, O Christ,  
And grace divine impart,  
Then search and try the corners of my heart,  
That I in all things may be fit to do  
Service to thee, and sing thy praises too.

By the time Isaac was ready for higher education, a wealthy townsman said to Mr. Watts, “I have noticed your son, Isaac, has great powers for learning. I will be happy to pay his expenses at either Oxford or Cambridge University.”

Mr. Watts told Isaac about the opportunity. “I’d love to,” Isaac answered, “But that would lead me into an Anglican Church ministry. I could never believe or preach their doctrines.”

“Perhaps you could study science or something else,” his father suggested.

Several others offered to sponsor Isaac at these universities, so he tried to get accepted. Both universities denied him.

Isaac chose to remain faithful to his convictions. At sixteen, he went to London to study at a leading Nonconformist academy where other Dissenters studied. It proved to be a great school. He

met Dr. Horte, Mr. Hughes, the famous poet, and the Archbishop of Tuam.

After studying for four years at the Dissenters Academy in London, he graduated and immediately began earning money as a tutor. Much of his earnings were given to the poor, and his giving increased until he was giving away one-third of his income. Isaac helped the Dissenters greatly by teaching them to write and speak more carefully. Their good ideas and doctrines were hidden by their blunt, coarse speech. He showed them that zeal and purity might be expressed and enforced by a more polished choice of words.

In 1707 Isaac published his first book, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*. It contained 210 hymns and was one of England's first hymn books. We can thank Benjamin Franklin for printing these hymns in Boston. Franklin also printed Watts' *Psalms of David*. These two books, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* and Watts' *Psalms of David*, did much for Christian education. They were still selling as many as 60,000 copies per year over 100 years after being first published. His children's hymnal *Divine Songs for Children* may be the most popular children's classic ever published.

Isaac Watts wrote religious material as well as a textbook on logic that was used at four universities: Oxford, Harvard, Yale, and Cambridge. He also wrote books on good behavior, correct grammar, better teaching methods, the study of the mind, the study of matter in space, and geography. In addition to his religious works, Watts published 52 books. Also, about 600 hymns of his have been found.

His joy for salvation is expressed in "Joy to the World." It is a popular Christmas song, although it does not mention the birth of Christ. But joy in the soul comes by faith in Christ Jesus, the Babe who was laid in a manger because there was no room for Him in the inn.

### *Joy to the World*

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come!

## JOY TO THE WORLD

Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heav'n and nature sing,  
And heav'n and nature sing,  
And heav'n, and heav'n, and nature sing.

2. Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns!  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat, repeat, the sounding joy.

3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found,  
Far as the curse is found,  
Far as, far as, the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love,  
And wonders of His love,  
And wonders, wonders, of His love.

As of December 2009, “Joy to the World” had been published in 1387 hymnals in North America, according to the *Dictionary of North American Hymnology*.



CHAPTER 34  
**THE OLD RUGGED CROSS**

LYRICS & MUSIC, GEORGE BENNARD (1873-  
1958)

*“God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord  
Jesus Christ...” Galatians 6:14*

**G**eorge Bennard, author of “The Old Rugged Cross,” loved serving others. For many years he worked with the Salvation Army, helping the poor have a more comfortable life. He also lead many to a relationship with the Lord Jesus. As he brought men, women and children to a knowledge of Jesus as their personal Savior, he realized more and more the importance of the cross.

“I did not fully comprehend God’s plan for the cross,” he said, “so I began praying for a fuller understanding of its plan in Christianity. I read, studied, and prayed. I came to realize that Christ and the cross are inseparable. Christ and the cross became more than a symbol. It was like seeing John 3:16 leave the printed page, take form, and act out the meaning of redemption. While watching these scenes with my mind’s eye, the theme of the song came to me, and with it, the melody: but only the words of the theme, The Old Rugged Cross. An inner voice seemed to say, ‘Wait!’”

Since Christ died on the cross more than 2,000 years ago, the cross has been a symbol of Christianity. Without Jesus dying on

## THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

the cross, there is no salvation. All over the world, Christians believe that Jesus' death on the cross is the center, or core, of the gospel. Also, every Christian must carry *his* cross (unpleasant things he must bear for Jesus). Unless we submit to our personal cross, we cannot experience the joy of Jesus' death on the cross.

At that time, Mr. Bennard was holding evangelistic meetings and did not have time to work on the song. The following week, he tried again to write a poem about the old rugged cross. He could not.

After he returned to his home at 1101 E. Michigan Ave. Albion, Michigan, many thoughts about the cross flooded his mind. He recalled the many persons whose lives had been changed because of their faith in Jesus. He praised God for the redeeming grace of God, given through Jesus' death on the cross. He realized, more than ever before, that Salvation is possible only because of Christ's death on the cross. Now the thoughts were clear in his mind. He wrote those thoughts in a poem.

"The Old Rugged Cross" was first sung on January 12, 1913, during a revival at a Friends church in Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin. Bennard and his revival partner, Edward E. Mieras from Chicago, sang it as a duet.

"The Old Rugged Cross" was introduced to the public at a special meeting in Pokagon, Michigan, on June 7, 1913. After that, the song was presented at an evangelistic convention in Chicago. Christians throughout the country learned it, and many took it into their homes.

When Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick heard George Bennard sing "The Old Rugged Cross" while strumming his guitar, they said, "God has given you a song that will never die. It has moved us as no other song has. We will pay for the printing plates for its publication."

"The Old Rugged Cross" was first published in *Heart and Life Songs for Church and Sunday School, Home, and Camp Meeting* (1915), edited by Bennard and his colleagues.

It was sent to Charles H. Gabriel (1856-1932), who sharpened

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the lyrics and music. His return letter said, “You will hear from this song.” How right he was! Gabriel edited 37 gospel songbooks throughout his life.

It became a staple of Billy Sunday’s Evangelistic Crusades, which fired 300 revivals and touched 100 million people.

George Bennard died in 1958 at the age of 85 after 65 years of useful service. His song was an arrow of the gospel, shafted with music. It has shot God’s truth into the hearts of men, women, and children all over the world. It is the gospel in song. Like John 3:16 is the heart of the gospel, this song is the heart of salvation songs. The song has become one of the most often-used gospel songs ever written. Around the world, on the radio, in homes, churches, and even public marketplaces, one can hear, “On a hill far away, stood an old rugged cross, the emblem of suffering and shame...”

If you are ever traveling in Michigan, Reed City is a good place to visit. Near the intersection of Highways 10 and 131 is a large cross built in honor of George Bennard. A light shines on the cross at night, symbolic of the light of the spiritual cross in a dark world of sin.

Not everyone agreed that “The Old Rugged Cross” was a great song. Music traditionalists don’t like it, and religious theologians make fun of it. Like the cross itself, the song also is “so despised by the world.”

### *The Old Rugged Cross*

1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,  
The emblem of suff’ring and shame;  
And I love that old cross where the Dearest and Best  
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

#### *Refrain:*

So I’ll cherish the old rugged cross,  
Till my trophies at last I lay down;  
I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
And exchange it someday for a crown.

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,  
Has a wondrous attraction for me;  
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above  
To bear it to dark Calvary.
3. In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,  
A wondrous beauty I see,  
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,  
To pardon and sanctify me.
4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true;  
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;  
Then He'll call me someday to my home far away,  
Where His glory forever I'll share.

**“The Old Rugged Cross”** is on page 511 in *Evening Light Songs*.

CHAPTER 35  
SING IT AGAIN

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

*“I will bless the LORD at all times: his praise shall continually  
be in my mouth.” Psalms 34:1*

Daniel S. Warner and his singing group, Barney Warren, Nancy Kigar, Francis Miller, and Mother Sarah Smith, sang wherever they happened to be. They were singing in a hotel before giving thanks for their breakfast. When they finished, a man sitting at another table asked, “Will you please sing it again?”

“When breakfast is finished, we will sing for you in the parlor,” answered D. S. Warner, a middle-aged man dressed in the ministerial garb of 1880. After breakfast, Warner and his group began singing. Soon the hotel lobby began filling with people. Each time the group stopped singing, someone shouted, “Sing it again.” They sang hymn after hymn until even more men in bibbed overalls and women in long skirts and bonnets filled the room. More were listening through the open door of the wood-framed hotel in St. James, Missouri.

After they were exhausted, Warner said, “Now let us worship God.” He opened his Bible and read. Then he invited everyone to

bow and pray. There was hardly room for everyone to bow, but many did.

Soon after prayer, a stranger appeared. "Why are all the people here?" he asked.

"We came in to hear them sing. We never heard such singing without musical instruments!" a man answered.

The newcomer worked his way through the crowd and extended his hand to Warner. "I'm J. H. Morrison. I've come to take you to a campground on the Meramec River where we will have the camp meeting. It's about ten miles away."

"How about giving us a meeting here?" several shouted at the same time.

The hotel owner stepped forward, "You can stay at the hotel without paying as long as you wish."

Another man spoke, "Let's see if we can use the Methodist church building."

The Methodist pastor had come into the hotel to investigate the "Holy" fire that had come to town. Someone asked to use his building. He answered, "I am starting a meeting in the church tonight."

"Maybe we could get the skating rink," another suggested. "This singing will draw a crowd."

"Let us know so we can get the word around," another remarked.

"We will find a building and have a meeting here in St. James tonight," Warner promised.

Three or four women attended the Methodist meeting while Warner and his group sang and preached in a large hall crammed with listeners.

The following morning, they headed to the Meramec River to set up camp. C. C. Knight from Fulton, Illinois, had come with a tent and equipment. When they arrived, a great host came out to meet them. "Praise God!" Warner shouted.

"Praise God!" they answered as they danced around like Indians doing a war dance. Some were hopping on one leg, some

rolling their eyes, others gibbering or jerking, and some fell down. “What is this?” Warner questioned.

“The gift of tongues has come upon us,” one exclaimed joyfully.

Warner had only seen such actions in persons possessed by Satan. As soon as possible, he found a secret place out in the woods and talked to God about the strange actions. God showed him the people were not possessed but simply did not have a full understanding of the Holy Spirit.

While preaching that night, Warner read I Corinthians, chapters 12, 13, and 14. Then he said, “The love of God does not behave unseemly. Jerking, dancing, and hopping is a misunderstanding of the Holy Spirit and is confusion. I just read that ‘God is not the author of confusion.’ Neither is there a need for the gift of tongues because everyone here speaks the same language. The gift of tongues is given when the congregation speaks different languages. Also, the only time spasmodic jerking is mentioned in the Bible is as a manifestation of evil spirits.”

The people were shocked. Then, one after another, they began confessing that joy and true faith began to leave them from the time they received the jerks. Nearly all who were affected by this spirit were delivered that night.

Satan was furious because so many were snatched out of his kingdom. He stirred up an armed, masked mob. They swept into the camp after the workers were asleep. Warner, fearing they would try to kill him, quickly slipped on a dress and bonnet and escaped to the home of J. M. Pierson. The mob tore up the tents, loaded everybody and everything connected with the meeting onto wagons, and sent them off the campground.

Warner joined his group two days later, and they went back to St. James, where they had sung in the hotel. There, they preached and sang to crowds of attentive listeners. Barney Warren wrote the hymn “Sing It Again” on a scrap of paper and fitted it with a lively tune.

After the meeting, they traveled to Jefferson City in Morrison’s

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wagon. They practiced the new song until it was mastered. That evening, while waiting for their train, they sang the new song, "Sing It Again." There had not been another person in the station, but before they had finished the song, several people had come in to listen. Someone, not knowing the name of the song, shouted, "Sing it Again." They did and sang several other songs. Then, as usual, Bro. Warner stepped forward, opened his Bible, preached a convicting sermon, and invited sinners to be saved. Many times, people were saved in these spur-of-the-moment meetings.

"Sing It Again" has been sung by many thousands of people for the past 140 years and is still a blessing. Can you feel a blessing when you sing it?

### *Sing It Again*

1. Let us sing the name of Jesus,  
oh, that name we love so dear!  
Sweetest anthem earth or heaven  
ever breathed on mortal ear;  
In that name we have salvation,  
oh, how precious is the flow!  
Sing, oh, sing the name of Jesus,  
for it makes us white as snow.

### *Refrain:*

Sing it again, sing it again,  
Sweetest of all the names  
that angels sing above,  
Sing it again, sing it again,  
Jesus, Thy name's a fountain  
of redeeming love.

2. Sing the lovely name of Jesus,  
oh, the precious Lamb of God!  
Lo, He died our souls to ransom,  
He redeemed us by His blood;



SING IT AGAIN

Let the joyful overflowing  
of our hearts, so full of love,  
Sound aloud the name of Jesus  
with the mighty host above.

3. Sing, oh, sing the name of Jesus,  
He is worthy He alone,  
Glory, honor, and salvation,  
chant with angels 'round the throne;  
Sing it softly in the Spirit,  
sing it loud as thunders roll,  
Sing with rapture, "Hallelujah!"  
to the Lamb that saved my soul.

4. Yes, we'll sing the name of Jesus,  
'tis the only name that's giv'n  
That can save a guilty sinner,  
and no other under heav'n;  
Oh, we love the name of Jesus,  
His salvation we adore,  
Blessed be the name of Jesus;  
we will sing it more and more.

5. We will sing the name of Jesus  
all along the path of life,  
We will sing it, hallelujah,  
'mid the battle and the strife;  
We will sing it all together  
when we meet upon that shore,  
Oh, we'll sing the name of Jesus,  
blessed name forevermore.

**"Sing It Again"** is on page 50 in *Evening Light Songs*.

## CHAPTER 36

# TO GOD BE THE GLORY

LYRICS, FRANCES JANE CROSBY (1820-1915)  
MUSIC, WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE (1832-1915)

*“Grace be to you and peace from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ...To whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.”*  
*Galatians 1:5*

“**O**h, how I wish I could read,” Fanny sighed one day when she was wanting very badly to hear a Bible story, and Grandma was washing the clothes. The snow had been deep around their house for three weeks. Today, it was gone. The sun was shining and Grandma must get the clothes washed and hung out to dry. How bored Fanny felt. She slipped from her chair onto her knees, put her hands together, and, bowing her head, said, “Father in heaven, just as you answered my prayer and sent me a pet lamb, please make things so I can go to school.” Fanny had often prayed to learn how to read, but this prayer was much more earnest than any other.

Fanny’s grandma had already helped her memorize entire books of the Bible. She especially loved hearing her Grandma read Psalms and Proverbs, which are both books of poetry. She had written rhymes since early childhood.

When she was 15, she was finally admitted into the Institute for

the Blind in New York City. She wanted only to read and study poetry. Her instructors did not allow this.

In the latter part of the 1830s, a phrenologist by the name of Dr. Combe visited New York's Institute. After examining Fanny, he turned to the Institute's director and exclaimed, "Fanny is a poetess! You must encourage her in every way possible. Teach her to appreciate fine poetry by reading the best books to her. Someday, she may also write fine poems."

Only days before Dr. Combe's visit, her teacher had scolded Fanny, saying she must stop reading poetry until her math scores improved. The teacher had taken away a large Braille book of poetry which Fanny usually read each evening until the dormitory mother would make her go to sleep. That day, angry Fanny had written this rhyme:

"I loathe, abhor, it makes me sick  
To hear the word arithmetic!"

When Fanny heard what the doctor said, her heart beat wildly.  
*Would the book be returned to her?*

From that day on, the institute did everything possible to help Fanny develop her poetry-writing skills. The teachers read poetry more often. They borrowed and bought poetry books in Braille so Fanny could read them. Never again did the teacher complain about Fanny's math, although it did not improve.

Sometimes, when visitors came to the school, they asked her to recite one of her poems. Soon, Fanny's poems were appearing in the newspapers. People all over America began talking about her beautiful, spirit-filled poetry. President Tyler and other famous people came to the school to visit Fanny, the gifted poetess. Fanny Crosby was the first woman to speak in the chamber of the U. S. Senate in Washington, D.C.

Although Fanny tried to do what pleased God, she did not surrender her life to Jesus until she was thirty-two years old. After that, she worked tirelessly in inner-city missions, preaching and

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praying with and for the poor outcasts. She frequented the Bowery Mission in New York City, which is in operation today.

Even among God's blessings, Fanny had trials. One time, a teacher scolded, "God cannot use you while you are proud. You must give God the glory." That night, Fanny checked over much of her poetry to see if she was giving God the glory in her verses. She felt inspired and wrote the following poem. William H. Doane put music to Fanny's poem, which we sing today.

### *To God be The Glory*

1. To God be the glory, great things He hath done,  
So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,  
Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,  
And opened the life gate that all may go in.

#### *Refrain:*

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
let the earth hear His voice!  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, let the people rejoice!  
Oh, come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,  
And give Him the glory, great things He hath done.

2. Oh, perfect redemption,  
the purchase of blood,  
To every believer the promise of God;  
The vilest offender who truly believes,  
That moment from Jesus, a pardon receives.

3. Great things He hath taught us,  
great things He hath done,  
And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;  
But purer, and higher, and greater will be,  
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.

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

writing songs. Historians estimate that she wrote more than 8,000 gospel songs. She is remembered as the person who wrote more popular hymns than any other. Fanny was paid very little for her songs and poems. She worked for Biglow and Main company for several years, writing three hymns each week. Her hymns were published by many notable publishers and publishing companies. William B. Bradbury, a great music producer who wrote the tune for “Jesus Loves Me,” published Fanny’s hymns. During this time, she used 200 pen names. Songs that were written by her under a pen name are still being discovered. Probably no other person has contributed as much to American gospel music as Fanny J. Crosby.

Throughout her life of 95 years, Fanny had many obstacles to overcome; besides being blind, she lived most of her life in poverty. She never knew the love of a father; her mother earned their living in a time when women had few choices of jobs and were not paid justly. She understood the poor and the outcast. For this reason, she gave limitless hours, days, and years helping in missions. The Bowery Mission was a place where Fanny often spoke.

She taught at the Institute for the Blind in New York and the North Reading Musical Institute in North Reading, Massachusetts, besides other short-term jobs.

She was often requested to write hymns. Frequently, ministers would ask to have a poem or song written about a certain subject or for a certain 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, was one of those. She 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.

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Some songs of Fanny's that you may have heard are:

"Redeemed, How I Love to Proclaim It!"

"Saved By Grace"

"My Savior First of All"

"Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet"

W. J. Kirkpatrick also supplied the music for some of Fanny J. Crosby's many hymns.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

From early childhood, Charlotte Huskey wished to become an author. She began creating stories in her mind as she walked to and from the local school. Later, she thought of writing about her childhood as Laura Ingalls Wilder did in the Little House series (1974-1984). However, because learning to read was extremely difficult, and spelling correctly seemed impossible, Charlotte's dream did not become a reality in her younger life.

Years later, Charlotte's dream began budding. A friend who published Christian literature challenged her to write Children's Bible Lessons and illustrative stories to accompany the lessons. For fifteen years, she wrote fifty-two Bible lessons each year. Many lessons were accompanied by her original illustrative stories. After that, she returned to her mission field in Mexico.

At eighty years of age Charlotte was unable to walk, so she took up her pen again. Her first book, *Mabel*, subtitled *A Demonstration of the Power of God's Word*, was published in 2015. Since that time, she has released a new non-fiction book each year. Four of her seven books are also available in Spanish. *Before the Hymn* is her eighth book.

Her future plans are to write character-building picture books for small children.





**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*

Charlotte's first six books are sequels. They appeal to all ages because they are of days gone by when life was slower, simpler, and safer. They are historical, nonfiction books that read like fiction; an excellent resource for parents who desire 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*



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