

STORY OF GOSPEL HYMNS

Sankey's Collection of Sacred Songs and Solos

by

Ira D. Sankey

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CHAPTER SEVEN

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TAKE ME AS I AM

Words by Eliza H. Hamilton

Music by Ira D. Sankey

*“Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry;
Unless Thou help me I must die.”*

Years ago, while revival meetings were being held in one of the large towns in Scotland, a young girl became anxious about her spiritual condition. Returning from one of the meetings, she went to her own minister and asked him how she might be saved.

“Ah, lassie,” he said, “don’t be alarmed! Just read your Bible and say your prayers, and you will be all right.”

But the poor, illiterate girl cried out: “O Minister, I canna read, I canna pray! Lord Jesus, take me as I am!”

In this way the girl became a follower of Christ; and a lady who heard of the girl’s experience wrote this hymn, “*Take Me as I Am*.” I found the verses in a religious newspaper, and set them to the simple music by which they are now most generally known. At the same time Mr. Stebbins also found the verses and set them to music, and he sent them to me at the same time that I was sending my tune for the same words to him. In “*Gospel Hymns*” both tunes are published.

* * *

A minister in England writes to me about a Christian woman, a shoemaker’s wife, who had a lodger that was an obstinate unbeliever.

“The good woman often tried to induce him to go to meetings, but in vain. Tracts which she placed on the table in his room she found crushed on the floor. She would smooth them out and again place them so as to attract his attention, but he would read nothing but his novels and

newspapers.

“One spring the old man fell ill with bronchitis. The good woman acted as his nurse, for he had no relatives who cared for him. She used the opportunity, often speaking to him about his soul and reading the Word of God; but she could make no impression upon him. One day she was reading the hymn ‘*Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry,*’ and when she came to the refrain, the old man called out to her sharply: ‘That’s not in the book!’

“The woman answered, ‘Why, yes, it is.’ He declared again that he did not believe it was in the book. The good woman told him that he could read it for himself. He asked for his glasses, and read with wonder and amazement, again and again, ‘*My only plea – Christ died for me! oh, take me as I am.*’ A few weeks afterward he said to the woman one morning, ‘I am going home to-day, and I am so happy, so happy!’ In an hour or two he passed away, repeating these words to the last.”

* * *

“One afternoon when visiting the Royal Infirmary,” a missionary in England writes, “I found a young girl very ill and without any prospect of recovery. I sat down by her and read the hymn, ‘*Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry.*’ She listened very attentively, but I did not know until the following week, when I visited her again, what a deep impression it had made upon her. On this second occasion I was told that she was much worse. Hearing I was there, she asked her mother to tell me that she wanted very much to see me. When I went to her she leaned forward and, with an eagerness which surprised me, repeated the words: ‘*My only plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am.*’ These comforting lines had been constantly on her lips during this last week of her life. That night the Lord took her home.”

* * *

A party of policemen had gathered in a drawing-room in the West End of London. One was there who had been persuaded by his Christian comrades to attend for the first time a meeting of The Christian Policemen’s Association. He went unwillingly and rather late, and did not expect to care for the meeting. But soon after he had entered the room a lady, Miss Beauchamp, sang “*Take me as I am*” as a solo.

The repeated refrain set him to thinking. As he was? He had led a rough life, first as a blue-jacket and then as a policeman. He could not well be more wretched and miserable than he was that night, with a load of sins upon him and a dark, dreary future to look forward to. He had never thought that Jesus would take him as he was. He had always thought that he must be much better first, and had often tried to make himself better; but it had been a miserable failure.

“Now the words, “*Take me as I am,*” sounded over and over again in his ears; and in his heart he repeated them, “Lord, take me as I am.” He left before the end of the meeting, and so it was not until the following month that his friends heard of the great change that had come over him. Since that time his delight has been to proclaim the love of God as opportunity offered, on the street or to his comrades, seeking to turn other lost ones to the path of life.

* * *

While Mr. Moody and I were holding meetings at Plymouth, England, Professor Henry Drummond, who was assisting us, became very much interested in an infidel who came to the services – laboring with him for several days and visiting him in his home, twenty miles distant, but making no impression on him. Near the close of the mission the infidel came again. On reaching the building, which was located inside the barrack grounds, he found the door closed and the building full. And while he was standing on the green sward outside he heard the choir sing “*Take me as I am.*”

He told Professor Drummond afterward that God used this simple hymn to lead him into the Shepherd’s fold.

TELL IT OUT

Words by Frances R. Havergal

Music by Ira D. Sankey

*“Tell it out among the nations that the Lord is King;
Tell it out! Tell it out!”*

Miss Havergal’s sister Maria bears record that this hymn was written in England in 1872, when the author was unable to go to church one snowy morning. She asked for her prayer-book, always liking to follow the services of the day. On the return of her brother-in-law, Mr. Shaw, from church, he heard her touch upon the piano.

“Why, Frances, I thought you were upstairs!”

“Yes, but I had my prayer-book; and in the Psalms for to-day I read, ‘Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King.’ I thought, ‘What a splendid first line!’ and then the words and music came rushing in to me. There! it’s all written out.”

I found Miss Havergal’s tune rather difficult to sing, and therefore arranged the one which is now found in “*Gospel Hymns,*” in “*Sacred Songs and Solos,*” and in the new Methodist Episcopal hymnal.

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY

Words by Miss Kate Hankey

Music by W. H. Doane

*“Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above.”*

This excellent hymn by Miss Hankey, of London, has been translated into many languages, and has been set to several tunes. Dr. Doane has this to say regarding the music by which it has become popular, and the occasion on which he composed it:

“In 1867 I was attending the International Convention of the Young Men’s Christian Association, in Montreal. Among those present was Major-General Russell, then in command of the English forces during the Fenian excitement. He arose in the meeting and recited the words of this song from a sheet of foolscap paper – tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks as he read. I wrote the music for the song one hot afternoon while on the stage-coach between the Glen Falls House and the Crawford House in the White Mountains. That evening we sung it in the parlors of the hotel. We thought it pretty, although we scarcely anticipated the popularity which was subsequently accorded it.”

THAT WILL BE HEAVEN FOR ME

Words by P. P. Bliss
Music by Jame. McGranahan

*“I know not the hour when my Lord will come
To take me away to His own dear home.”*

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps’ *“The Gates Ajar,”* which aroused so much criticism a generation ago, suggested to Mr. Bliss the need of this hymn. The Scripture teaching that we shall be **“with the Lord”** he deemed sufficient for spiritual contentment, offsetting the “I know not” of speculation by the **“I know”** of faith.

Mr. McGranahan was visiting Mr. Bliss at that time. Bliss handed the words to him, asking what he could get for a tune. McGranahan worked upon it a long time without success, making harmonies and trying to satisfy himself with something that would properly express the words.

When suppertime came he did not care to eat. At bedtime they all went to their rooms, leaving him in the parlor at the piano. Finally, dissatisfied with the result, he threw himself on the floor and fell into a doze. Suddenly he awoke, and the tune, chorus and all, had come – different from the harmonies he had worked upon. When he sang it to Bliss in the morning he was delighted with it, and immediately adopted it for use.

* * *

A wealthy Quaker lady heard this hymn in Newcastle-on-Tyne, sung in connection with Mr. Moody’s lecture upon “Heaven.” She was so much impressed by it that she went home and induced her husband to attend the meetings. She soon became one of the most successful

workers in our subsequent meetings there and in London, taking lodgings near so as to more efficiently work in the inquiry-meetings.

* * *

At the time Mr. Bliss and his wife were lost in the railroad accident at Ashtabula I was living in a hotel in Chicago. I had engaged a room near mine for him, and was awaiting his arrival, when a friend came into my room and, putting his hand on my shoulder. said, "Bliss is dead."

The next Sunday we held a great memorial service in the Tabernacle, to give expression to our sorrow. While I was singing "*That will be Heaven for Me*" as a solo, the two small crowns of flowers which had been placed in front of the organ on the platform were taken away, as it was discovered that their two little children, Paul and George, who were supposed to have been lost with their parents, had been left at home at Towanda, Pennsylvania, and were safe.

THE CHILD OF A KING!

Words by Hattie E. Buell
Music by John B. Sumner

*"My Father is rich in houses and lands.
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!"*

Mr. Peter P. Bilhorn relates the following incident in connection with this hymn, which happened when he was engaged in evangelistic work among the cowboys in the West, in 1883.

"We had started up the Missouri River for Bismarck, and on Sunday we stopped at a new town, named Blunt, to unload some freight. A crowd of men and boys came down to the wharf. I took my little organ, went on the wharf-boat, and sang a few songs – among others the glorious hymn, '*I'm the child of a King.*'"

"I thought nothing more of the occasion until long afterward, when I sang the same song in Mr. Moody's church in Chicago. Then a man in the back part of the house arose, and said in a trembling voice: 'Two years ago I heard that song at Blunt, Dakota; I was then an unsaved man, but that song set me to thinking, and I decided to accept Christ, and I am now studying for the ministry.'"

THE CHRISTIAN'S GOOD NIGHT

Words by Sarah Doudney
Music by Ira D. Sankey

*“Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour’s breast.”*

Each member of the Masonic Quartet of Pittsburgh recently received a check and a note of thanks for singing at the funeral of Captain S. S. Brown. An unusual story was also made public thereby.

“In the last hours of the turf king’s life,” one of the daily papers says, “he had an interval in which his mind was clear. He called his daughter-in-law and asked if she would take on herself the task of seeing that ‘*The Christian’s Good-night*’ was sung at his funeral; and he told her, in a disjointed way, of a dream from which he had just awakened. He had thought himself dead, and there were four ministers taking part in his funeral. He named the ministers and said that one of them had broken down while making an address, and that another, naming this minister also, had taken up the address. Captain Brown said that he awoke as all were singing ‘*The Christian’s Goodnight*,’ and that he had joined with them in the singing. The dying man smiled faintly at the picture he drew, but begged his daughter-in-law to remember her promise.”

The words of this hymn were occasioned by the death of a friend. They were handed to me at Bristol, England. I wrote the music soon afterward, and sang it at the funeral of Charles H. Spurgeon, the great London preacher. It has since become very useful on two continents as a funeral hymn.

THE CROSS OF JESUS

Words by Elizabeth Clephane
Music by Ira D. Sankey

*“Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand.”*

I composed the music to this hymn in the home of my dear friend, Dr. Thomas Barnardo, whose death is announced through the public press just at the time I am writing this note. The author of the hymn, Elizabeth Clephane, also wrote the widely-known hymn, “*The Ninety and Nine*,” and these two were her only hymns.

The first time this hymn was sung is still fresh in my memory. The morning after I had composed the music W. H. Aitkin was to speak at our mission in the great Bow Road Hall, in London, Mr. Moody having made an arrangement to speak at Her Majesty’s Theater. It was a lovely morning, and a great gathering had assembled at the meeting, which was held at eight o’clock.

Before the sermon I sang “*Beneath the cross of Jesus*” as a solo; and as in the case of “*The Ninety and Nine*,” much blessing came from its use for the first time. With eyes filled with tears, and deeply moved, the preacher said to the audience:

“Dear friends, I had intended to speak to you this morning upon work for the Master, but this new hymn has made such an impression on my heart, and evidently upon your own, that I will defer my proposed address and speak to you on ‘The Cross of Jesus.’”

The sermon was one of the most powerful I have ever heard, and many souls that morning accepted the message of grace and love. Some years later Mr. Aitkin held many successful meetings in New York and other cities in this country, and he often used this hymn as a solo.

An odd incident occurred in connection with Mr. Aitkin’s use of this hymn in St. Paul’s Church, at Broadway and Wall Street, the money center of America. A gentleman, having heard this piece sung frequently by great congregations of business men and Wall Street brokers in St. Paul’s Church, called upon the publishers of the small book of words which had been distributed in the church, and said that he “wished to secure that beautiful English tune which Mr. Aitkin used so much in his meetings.”

When he was told that he could find it in any copy of “*Gospel Hymns*” he became quite indignant, and insisted that it was a fine classic which the great preacher had brought with him from England – nothing like the Moody and Sankey trash!

Having secured a copy of Mr. Aitkin’s hymn-book containing the “fine English tune” to the beautiful words of “*Beneath the cross of Jesus,*” he went away happy, but only to find that it was written by the author of the music to “*The Ninety and Nine.*”

THE GATE AJAR FOR ME

Words by Mrs. Lydia Baxter

Music by S. J. Vail

*“There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming.”*

Mrs. Lydia Baxter, born in Petersburg, New York, in 1809, was an invalid for many years. But her interest in the religious welfare of those around her was manifested in many ways. She wrote “*There is a gate that stands ajar*” about three years before her death in New York City in 1874, when she was considerably past the sixty-year mark.

* * *

In our meetings in Great Britain, 1873-74, this hymn was much used. It was sung at the watch-night service in 1873, the night before New Year’s, in the Free Assembly Hall of Edinburgh. A young lady who was present – Maggie Lindsay, of Aberdeen, Scotland – was much impressed by the hymn, and those seated by her side heard her exclaim, “O, heavenly Father, is it true that the gate is standing ajar for me? If it is so, I will go in.”

That night she became a disciple of the Lord Jesus. The next day she called on her pastor, J. H. Wilson, minister of the Barclay Church, and told him of her decision. He was greatly pleased, and advised her to tell her school companions of her experience. This she did, and succeeded in leading several of them into the light.

Scarcely a month later, on January 28, Maggie took a train for her home, but she never reached there alive. At Manual Junction a collision took place between a mineral train and the one on which she was riding. A number of passengers were killed, and Maggie, all crushed and broken, was found in the wreck.

In one of her hands was a copy of *'Sacred Songs and Solos,'* opened at her favorite hymn, *"There is a gate that stands ajar,"* the page of which was stained with her heart's blood. She was carried into a cottage near the station, where she lingered a few days and was frequently heard to sing on her dying couch the chorus of the hymn so dear to her, "For me, for me! was left ajar for me!"

In commemoration of this event, which touched me deeply, I wrote my first hymn, *"Home at last,"* which I also set to music.

* * *

An affecting incident was related by one of the colporteurs of the Christian Colportage Association for England.

"I called at a house in B—, where lived two aged people who were invalids. I had called several times before, but could never sell them any books or command their attention to hear about good things. On this occasion I began to sing, *'There is a gate that stands ajar.'* When I came to the chorus, *'Oh, depth of mercy,'* I saw a tear in the old lady's eye, and I stopped. But she said: 'Go on; that is a nice song.' I continued, but before I had finished she burst into tears, asking, *'Is that mercy for me?'*

I then talked to them both about Jesus and prayed with them. They bought the hymn-book containing the song, and earnestly begged me to come again as soon as possible. I have visited them every month.

Last week, when I called I found the poor woman dying; but when her husband told her I had come, she said: 'I want to see him, tell him to come in.' She could hardly speak, but she said in a whisper: 'Do sing my favorite.' I knew which one she meant, and sang very softly,

*'Oh, depth of mercy! Can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?'*

She tried to join me in singing, but fell back, quite exhausted. I could not talk much with her, she was so weak; but she held my hand with a firm grasp, still repeating the words, *'Oh, depth of mercy I can it be?'*

I have just heard that she has passed away, happy in the Saviour's love, and singing as well as she could that beautiful hymn."

Lord Shaftesbury once told the following story:

"A young woman had wandered away from home and parents. One day, while listening to the Gospel, she was so impressed that she resolved to return home.

She started, and on reaching the house found the door unfastened, and she walked upstairs to her mother. 'Mother,' she asked, 'how was it that I found the door open?'

"'My girl,' replied the mother, 'that door has never been closed since you have been away; I thought that some night my poor girl would return.'"

THE HARBOR BELL

Words by Job H. Yates

Music by Ira D. Sankey

*"Our life is like a stormy sea
Swept by the gales of sin and grief."*

John H. Yates, a humble layman who lived at Batavia, New York, wrote this hymn after reading the following incident in a newspaper:

"We were nearing a dangerous coast, and the night was drawing near. Suddenly a heavy fog settled down upon us. No lights had been sighted, and the pilot seemed anxious and troubled, not knowing how soon we might be dashed to pieces on the hidden rocks along the shore. The whistle was blown loud and hard, but no response was heard. The captain ordered the engines to be stopped, and for some time we drifted about on the waves. Suddenly the pilot cried, 'Hark!' Far away in the distance we heard the welcome tones of the harbor bell, which seemed to say, 'This way, this way!' Again the engines were started, and, guided by the welcome sound, we entered the harbor in safety."

On receiving this hymn from Mr. Yates, in 1891, I at once set it to music. It has been found useful in meetings for sailors and fishermen.

THE KING IS COMING!

Words by Ira D. Sankey

Music by Ira D. Sankey

*“Rejoice! Rejoice! Our King is coming!
And the time will not be long.”*

During one of my trips to Great Britain, on “The City of Rome,” a storm raged on the sea. The wind was howling through the rigging, and waves like mountains of foam were breaking over the bow of the vessel. A great fear had fallen upon the passengers. When the storm was at its worst we all thought that we might soon go to the bottom of the sea.

The conviction came to me that the Lord would be with us in the trying hour, and, sitting down in the reading room, I composed this hymn. Before reaching England the tune had formed itself in my mind, and on arriving in London I wrote it out and had it published in “*Sacred Songs and Solos*.” It has been much employed in England in connection with sermons on the second coming of Christ, and was frequently used by Mr. Moody.

THE MISTAKES OF MY LIFE

Words by Mrs. Urania Locke Bailey
Music by Robert Lowry

*“The mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more.”*

While we were holding meetings in Boston, in 1876, Mr. Moody was entertained by one of the leading lawyers of the city, who frequently before the meetings would ask what solo I had selected. If I had none, he would say:

“Please sing, ‘*The mistakes of my life have been many*’; for one of the greatest mistakes I have ever made was to ignore God in all my affairs. But at last he took away my only child, a beloved son.

“That led me to the feet of Jesus, and I bowed to kiss the hand that had laid the rod upon me. Then I told the Lord that I would devote my fortune to his service. In keeping with that promise I erected a college for young women, located at Wellesley Lake, near Boston.”

This good man has now passed on to his reward. Shortly before he died Mr. Moody and I purchased a perpetual scholarship in Wellesley College, as a prize to be sought after by the young women of Northfield Seminary.

Written about the year 1871, this hymn was much used and became very popular in our meetings in Great Britain.

THE MODEL CHURCH

Words by John H. Yates

Music by Ira D. Sankey

*“Well, wife, I’ve found the model church,
And worshiped there to-day.”*

I found this poem in a newspaper, wrote the music for it, and sang it for the first time at a meeting for ministers and Christian workers at Atlanta, Georgia, conducted by Mr. Moody.

It has been repeatedly used as a solo in meetings gathered for the discussion of the subject, “How to reach the masses.”

Once, in Buffalo, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Yates of Batavia, New York; and I urged him to devote more of his time to writing Gospel hymns. He has since written several popular songs, one of the most successful being “*Faith is the Victory*,” which I published in “*The Christian Endeavor’ Hymnbook*.”

* * *

A poor little girl, living in an alley of the slum district of Chicago, was used in a remarkable way for the conversion of a commercial traveler. He had received instructions, his trunks filled with samples had been sent to the depot, and hurried good-byes had been said. With grip sack in hand, he took a short-cut to the station through one of the filthy alleys of the city. He saw a great number of half-clad children, whose only home was a wretched basement or illy-ventilated tenement.

As he passed, one little waif was singing at the top of her voice:

“There’ll be no sorrow there.”

“Where?” said the thoughtless salesman.

“In heaven above, where all is love, there’ll be no sorrow there,“

Sang the little girl.

The answer, the singer, the far-away heaven with no sorrow there, lodged in his heart. The fast-flying train soon left behind the hurry and the bustle of city life, but the answer of the little singing waif was taken up and repeated by the rapid revolution of the car-wheels. He could not forget the singer and the song, nor could he rest until he cried for mercy at the Cross. It was one of the many fulfillments of the promise, “**A little child shall lead them.**”

THE NINETY AND NINE

Words by E. C. Clephane

Music by Ira D. Sankey

*“There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold.”*

It was in the year 1874 that the poem, “*The Ninety and Nine*,” was discovered, set to music, and sent out upon its world-wide mission. Its discovery seemed as if by chance, but I cannot regard it otherwise than providential.

Mr. Moody had just been conducting a series of meetings in Glasgow, and I had been assisting him in his work as director of the singing. We were at the railway station at Glasgow and about to take the train for Edinburgh, whither we were going upon an urgent invitation of ministers to hold three days of meetings there before going into the Highlands.

We had held a three months’ series in Edinburgh just previous to our four months’ campaign in Glasgow. As we were about to board the train I bought a weekly newspaper, for a penny. Being much fatigued by our incessant labors at Glasgow, and intending to begin work immediately upon our arrival at Edinburgh, we did not travel second or third-class, as was our custom, but sought the seclusion and rest which a first-class railway carriage in Great Britain affords.

In the hope of finding news from America I began perusing my lately purchased newspaper. This hope, however, was doomed to disappointment, as the only thing in its columns to remind an American of home and native land was a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher.

I threw the paper down, but shortly before arriving in Edinburgh I picked it up again with a view to reading the advertisements. While thus engaged my eyes fell upon a little piece of poetry in a corner of the paper. I carefully read it over, and at once made up my mind that this would make a great hymn for evangelistic work – if it had a tune.

So impressed was I that I called Mr. Moody’s attention to it, and he asked me to read it to him. This I proceeded to do with all the vim and energy at my command. After I had finished I looked at my friend Moody to see what the effect had been only to discover that he had not heard a word, so absorbed was he in a letter which he had received from Chicago. My chagrin can be better imagined than described. Notwithstanding this experience,

I cut out the poem and placed it in my musical scrap-book-which, by the way, has been the seed-plot from which sprang many of the Gospel songs that are now known throughout the world.

At the noon meeting on the second day, held at the Free Assembly Hall, the subject presented by Mr. Moody and other speakers was “The Good Shepherd.” When Mr. Moody had finished speaking he called upon Dr. Bonar to say a few words. He spoke only a few minutes, but with great power, thrilling the immense audience by his fervid eloquence.

At the conclusion of Dr. Bonar's words Mr. Moody turned to me with the question, "Have you a solo appropriate for this subject, with which to close the service?"

I had nothing suitable in mind, and was greatly troubled to know what to do. The Twenty-third Psalm occurred to me, but this had been sung several times in the meeting. I knew that every Scotchman in the audience would join me if I sang that, so I could not possibly render this favorite psalm as a solo.

At this moment I seemed to hear a voice saying: "Sing the hymn you found on the train!"

But I thought this impossible, as no music had ever been written for that hymn.

Again the impression came strongly upon me that I must sing the beautiful and appropriate words I had found the day before, and placing the little newspaper slip on the organ in front of me, I lifted my heart in prayer, asking God to help me so to sing that the people might hear and understand. Laying my hands upon the organ I struck the key of A flat, and began to sing.

Note by note the tune was given, which has not been changed from that day to this. As the singing ceased a great sigh seemed to go up from the meeting, and I knew that the song had reached the hearts of my Scotch audience. Mr. Moody was greatly moved. Leaving the pulpit, he came down to where I was seated. Leaning over the organ, he looked at the little newspaper slip from which the song had been sung and with tears in his eyes said: "Sankey, where did you get that hymn? I never heard the like of it in my life."

I was also moved to tears and arose and replied: "Mr. Moody, that's the hymn I read to you yesterday on the train, which you did not hear."

Then Mr. Moody raised his hand and pronounced the benediction, and the meeting closed. Thus "*The Ninety and Nine*" was born.

A short time afterward I received, at Dundee, a letter from a lady who had been present at the meeting, thanking me for having sung her deceased sister's words. From correspondence that followed I learned that the author of the poem was Elizabeth C. Clephane, a resident of Melrose, Scotland, one of three sisters, all members of a refined Christian family. She was born in Edinburgh in 1830.

Her sister, in describing Elizabeth, says: "She was a very quiet little child, shrinking from notice and always absorbed in books. The loss of both parents, at an early age, taught her sorrow. As she grew up she was recognized as the cleverest of the family. She was first in her class and a favorite with the teacher. Her love for poetry was a passion. Among the sick and suffering she won the name of 'My Sunbeam.' She wrote '*The Ninety and Nine*' for a friend, who had it published in 'The Children's Hour.' It was copied from thence into various publications, but was comparatively little noticed. She died in 1869."

* * *

When Mr. Moody and I returned from England, in 1875, we held our first meeting on a Sunday afternoon in front of the old Congregational church in the village of Northfield, Massachusetts, Mr. Moody's home.

On reaching the church we found it overflowing, and more people surrounding the church outside than were inside. Mr. Moody, when entering the pulpit, said: "I always speak to the largest crowd, and as it is outside, I will speak from the front of the church."

The congregation retired to the open air, and the small cabinet organ was carried to a position on a small porch in front of the church, where it was placed with just room enough for me to take my seat. After a few of the congregational hymns had been sung, Mr. Moody announced that I would sing "*The Ninety and Nine*."

Nearly opposite the church, across the river, a man was seated on his porch. He had refused to attend the service in the village, and was quite angry because his family and neighbors had all gone to the meeting. But the singing of this song reached him, and two weeks later he attended a prayer meeting at a small school-house near his home, where he rose and said that he had heard a song which greatly troubled him, sung by Mr. Sankey at the meeting held in the open air at Northfield, and that he wished the Christians to pray for him. This they did, and he became converted. He then removed to Northfield and joined Mr. Moody in his work in connection with the schools, where he continued for many years.

On the occasion of laying the corner-stone for the new Congregational church in Northfield, Mr. Moody asked me to stand on the corner-stone and sing "*The Ninety and Nine*" without the organ accompaniment, as he hoped that this church would be one whose mission it would be to seek the lost ones. While I was singing, Mr. Caldwell, the man who had heard the song across the river, lay dying in his cottage near Mr. Moody's home. Calling his wife to his bedside, he asked her to open the south window, as he thought he heard singing. Together they listened to the same song which had been used to lead him into the way of life. In a little while he passed away to join the Shepherd in the upper fold.

* * *

At the close of our meetings at Newcastle-on-Tyne one of the most efficient workers in connection with our services, Mrs. Claphin, decided to go to the Continent for a season of rest. When passing through London she purchased a large number of the penny edition of "*Sacred Songs and Solos*," for distribution on the way. At the Grand Hotel, in Paris, she left a number of them on the reading-table, with a prayer for God's blessing upon those who might find them there.

A few weeks later she visited Geneva, Switzerland, and while attending a prayer-meeting there one evening, the minister of the church told a touching story about a young English lady, who was a member of his church. She had received a letter from a long lost brother, who was ill at the Grand Hotel in Paris. The young lady asked her physician if he would allow her to go to see her brother. The physician said: "You will die if you do." She replied: "I will die if I don't."

A few days later she started for Paris, and on reaching the Grand Hotel she was taken to the room where her dying brother lay. After a warm greeting he took from under the pillow a copy of “*Sacred Songs and Solos*,” and pointing to “*The Ninety and Nine*,” said: “This hymn was the means of bringing me to Christ.”

Mrs. Claphin, who was in the audience and heard this story related, thanked God for having put it into her heart to distribute the little hymn-books.

* * *

A friend sends me the following:

“One day I was talking with a woman of the most abandoned sort, who had hardened her heart by many years of drunkenness and sin. Nothing I could say made any impression on her. When I was about to give up, our old Scotch cook, who was fond of poetry, began to sing:

‘But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere he found His sheep that was lost.’

She was in the kitchen, and was not aware that any one was within hearing. Her rich Scotch brogue lent charm to the verse, and it seemed a message from God. For the poor woman to whom I had been talking, and who was so hardened a moment before, burst into tears, and falling on her knees, began to pray to the Good Shepherd to receive her. She was converted, and has often testified to the fact that the song led her to Christ.”

Mr. Blane, of South Africa, relates:

“I knew a young man who was the only unconverted member of his family. At home he was constantly hearing of Christ, and being asked to accept him as his Saviour. He determined to rid himself of all home restraint, and to enjoy himself by making a tour of the Continent. He set out, and for some time all went well.

“At one of the hotels at which he stayed there was an old Christian woman. As was her constant habit, having first obtained the consent of the proprietor, she went from room to room, leaving upon the table of each a little tract or book. She entered this young man’s room, and with a prayer to God for guidance, took out a small copy of Sankey’s hymns, opening it at the one beginning,

‘*There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold.*’

Under the guidance of the Holy Spirit she took her pencil and drew a stroke under the words of the third line, ‘*One was out on the hills away.*’ Soon the young man entered his room, and at once the book caught his eye. He went over and read the penciled line.

Like a flash the image of his home came up before him, and all the dear ones there, until his stony heart was broken. Throwing himself upon his knees, he cried for mercy and besought the Father to receive him for Christ's sake. Soon the answer came, and he rose to his feet a new man in Christ Jesus."

* * *

Mr. Thomas Leigh, of Liverpool, who assisted in our meetings in that city, writes me as follows:

"At your first mission in Liverpool an old man, between seventy and eighty, was converted through your singing '*There were ninety and nine.*' He lived for a number of years afterward, and was a bright worker and gave a clear testimony. During the remainder of his life he went by the name of 'Ninety and Nine.'"

* * *

From South America, only last November, came this testimony from a former co-worker:

"Many years ago, in 1884, I had the pleasure of meeting you. I was then a member of your London choir and helped in speaking to souls at the after-meetings of those wonderful gatherings you and dear Mr. Moody held in London in that year. Now, more than twenty years after, I am out here, where God in his grace has given me the privilege of witnessing for him for the last sixteen years.

"I cannot tell you the blessing that the translations of your hymns into Spanish have been here. I send you a copy of our hymn-book, in which I have collected a large number of songs, the great majority having against them 'S. S.,' signifying '*Sacred Songs and Solos.*' These are translations, adaptations or tunes of your collection. I am sure God has graciously used these hymns in blessing many souls. Only this afternoon, while I was out visiting some new converts, I heard of the case of a woman converted through the singing of a Spanish translation of '*There were ninety and nine.*'"

Some time ago a man, who was a bad character, was spoken to by a colporteur, and he had a desire to read the Bible. He lost his work for a day and a half while he hunted in the different book-shops for a Bible. At last he got one, and commenced reading it. He came to our open air meetings, followed us into one of our halls, and was soon converted. He was so thankful to the Lord for what he had done for him that he asked us to come and have meetings in his house. The result has been that at least twelve of his relatives and neighbors have been converted.

"Not long ago a woman came into the meeting in his house in a careless, laughing way. The hymn I have referred to was being sung. The Spirit of God convicted her then and there, and she burst into tears and cried to God for mercy, saying that she was '*that lost sheep, out on the mountains.*' She found peace, and now her husband is converted, and they are bright and earnest Christians."

THE SHINING SHORE

Words by the David Nelson
Music by George F. Root

*“My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger.”*

Mr. Nelson was a surgeon in the army during the War of 1812. Afterward he entered the ministry, preached in Tennessee and Kentucky, and later moved to Missouri, where he opened a plantation. There he heard an address on the evils of slavery that changed his views. “I will live on roast potatoes and salt before I will hold slaves!” he declared. He advocated colonization of the Negroes.

This brought down upon him the wrath of his slave-holding neighbors, who drove him from his home and pursued him through the woods and swamps for three days and nights. Finally he came out on the banks of the Mississippi River opposite Quincy, Illinois.

By signs he made known his condition to friends there, and then hid in the bushes to await the approach of night. As he lay there in danger of being captured every moment, the land of freedom in plain sight, with the swiftly gliding waters between, the lines of this hymn began to assume form in his mind, and he wrote them down on the back of a letter he had in his pocket.

The voices of the vengeful pursuers were heard in the woods about him. Once they strode by the very clump of bushes in which he was concealed, and even poked their guns in to separate the branches; but they failed to notice him.

Several members of the Congregational church of Quincy came over in the evening in a canoe, and began fishing near his hiding-place. When they had located this exactly they gave a signal, and drawing near to the shore, met him as he rushed down to the water’s edge.

They got him safely to the Illinois side, but were discovered and followed by the slaveholders, who demanded his surrender. But they were informed that Mr. Nelson was now in a Free State, and that nothing should molest him.

In Illinois he was employed by the Home Missionary Society, and continued to take an active part in the anti-slavery agitation of those times. He died in 1844.

As to the music of this hymn Mr. Root says:

“One day, I remember, as I was working at a set of graded part-songs for singing classes, mother passed through the room and laid a slip from one of the religious newspapers before me, saying; ‘George, I think that would be good for music.’ I looked at the poem, which began, ‘*My days are gliding swiftly by,*’ and a simple melody sang itself along in my mind as I read.

“I jotted it down and went on with my work. That was the origin of the music of ‘*The Shining Shore.*’ Later, when I took up the melody to harmonize it, it seemed so very simple and commonplace that I hesitated about setting the other parts to it. I finally decided that it might be useful to somebody, and I completed it, though it was not printed until some months afterward.

“In after years I examined it in an endeavor to account for its great popularity – but in vain. To the musician there is not one reason in melody or harmony, scientifically regarded, for such a fact. To him hundreds of others, now forgotten, were better.”

This was a favorite hymn of Henry Ward Beecher.

THE SMITTEN ROCK

Words by George C. Needham

Music by Ira D. Sankey

*“From the riven Rock there floweth
Living water ever clear.”*

“When Mr. Sankey lived at Cohasset, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1876, after the great Boston meetings, he very naturally desired to bring the Gospel to the people living in that neighborhood. Accordingly he invited me,” wrote Mr. Needham on one occasion, “to spend a week with him in a series of evangelistic meetings. Before the breakfast-hour one morning, while Mr. Sankey was playing on his organ, I remarked: ‘I wish we had a good hymn on The Smitten Rock, as I hope to speak on that subject to-night.’ Mr. Sankey replied with enthusiasm: ‘Here is a new hymn which came to me last night in my sleep; I believe the Lord gave it to me. I wish I had words for it.

“Why don’t you write a piece on The Rock?’ I replied, ‘Why, I can’t write such a hymn as you want, and you know that I don’t understand music; how to fit words to your music would puzzle an unmusical man.’

“The enthusiastic soloist, still playing, said: ‘You’ll find pen and paper on the table; this is a stirring tune and I want the words; try your hand at it.’

I immediately sat down and asked the Lord’s special blessing, and then wrote the hymn as it now appears. Mr. Sankey took the paper, with the ink scarcely dry on it, sang it through with the chorus – the new air and the words exactly fitting, without alteration or amendment.

“‘I think the Lord gave you the words as truly he gave me the tune,’ was Mr. Sankey’s first remark. And then we commended the little piece and its music to the great Master, praying that the unction of the Holy One might rest upon it. Mr. Sankey sang the hymn for the first time in public that evening, after I had given my address on The Smitten Rock.”

THE SOLID ROCK

Music by William B. Bradbury
Words by Edward Mote

*“My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus’ blood and righteousness.”*

“I went astray from my youth,” said the author this hymn. “My Sundays were spent on the streets in play. So ignorant was I that I did not know there was a God.” He was a cabinet-maker, and was converted under the preaching of John Hyatt.

The refrain came into the author’s mind one morning in 1834, as he was walking up Holborn Hill, London, on his way to work. Four stanzas were completed that day and two more on the following Sunday. In 1852 Mr. Mote became the pastor of a Baptist church in Horsham, Sussex, where he continued to minister for more than twenty years.

In his eighty-first year his health declined.”I think I am going to heaven,” he said;”yes, I am nearing port. The truths I have preached I am now living upon; and they will do to die upon. Ah! The precious blood! The precious blood which takes away all our sins; it is this which makes peace with God.” And so he passed peacefully away, his hope *“built on nothing less than Jesus’ blood and righteousness.”*

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD

Words by Mrs. Jemima Luke
Music by J. C. Englebrect

*“I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men.”*

“In the year 1841 I went to the Normal Infant School in Gray’s Inn Road to obtain some knowledge of the system,” writes Mrs. Luke. “Mary Moffat, afterwards Mrs. Livingstone, was there at the same time, and Sarah Roby, whom Mr. and Mrs. Moffat had rescued in infancy when buried alive, and had brought up with their own children. Among the marching pieces at Gray’s Inn Road was a Greek air, the pathos of which took my fancy, and I searched Watts and Jane Taylor and several Sunday-school hymn-books for words to suit the measure but in vain.

“Having been recalled home, I went one day on some missionary business to the little town of Wellington, five miles from Taunton, in a stage coach. It was a beautiful spring morning; it was an hour’s ride, and there was no other inside passenger.

“On the back of an old envelope I wrote in pencil the first two of the verses now so well known, in order to teach the tune to the village school supported by my step-mother, and which it was my province to visit. The third verse was added afterward to make it a missionary hymn. My father superintended the Sunday-school in which we taught, and used to let the children choose the first hymn. One Sunday the children started their new hymn.

“My father turned to his younger daughters and said, ‘Where did that come from? I never heard it before.’

“‘Oh, Jemima made it,’ they replied.

“Next day he asked for a copy, and sent it, without my knowledge, to ‘*The Sunday-School Teachers’ Magazine.*’ But for this it would probably never have appeared in print.”

Mrs. Luke adds regarding her composition:

“It was a little inspiration from above, and not ‘in me,’ for I have never written other verses worthy of preservation.”

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

Words by the William Cowper
Music by Dr. Lowell Mason

*“There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins.”*

Born of a personal experience when the author was forty years old, this hymn of faith for more than a century has been eminently useful in the practical work of evangelizing the world.

Along the streets of Glasgow, shortly after our first visit to Scotland, a little boy passed one evening, singing “*There is a fountain filled with blood.*”

A Christian policeman joined in the song, and when he had finished his beat he asked the boy if he understood what he was singing.”

Oh, yes,” said the little fellow, “I know it in my heart, and it is very precious.”

A few evenings afterward someone asked the policeman: “Do you know that a woman standing where we are, was awakened and saved the other night by hearing, ‘*There is a fountain,*’ sung by a policeman and a boy?”

* * *

A lieutenant in the Union army, having received his death-wound in a gallant charge at the head of his regiment, was visited in the hospital by the chaplain, who inquired how he felt. He said he had always been cheerful, and was now ready to meet God in peace.

“Chaplain,” he added, “I was passing through the streets of New York once on a Sunday night, and I heard singing. I went in and saw a company of poor people. They were singing ‘*There is a fountain filled with blood.*’ I was overpowered with the impression the hymn made upon me, and I gave my heart to God. Since then I have loved Jesus, and I love him now.” That was his last speech.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY

Words by Cecil F. Alexander
Music by George C. Stebbins

“There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall.”

While holding meetings with Mr. Moody, at Cardiff, Wales, in 1883, I visited the ruins of Tintern Abbey with Professor Drummond. While there I sang this song, which the professor said to me was one of the finest hymns in the English language. A number of years later I sang it on the green hill believed to be Calvary, outside the walls of Jerusalem.

Mrs. Alexander was the wife of the Most Reverend W. Alexander, D. D., Archbishop of Armagh. She first published “*There is a green hill far away*” in her “*Hymns for Little Children*” in 1848. It is a popular children’s hymn in England. Mr. Stebbins set it to a new tune in 1884. Mrs. Alexander wrote about four hundred hymns and poems for children.

THERE'LL BE NO DARK VALLEY

Words by the W. O. Cushing
Music by Ira D. Sankey

“*There’ll be no dark valley when Jesus comes,
There’ll be no dark valley when Jesus comes.*”

One night during the Boxer revolt when the Chinese had set fire to many buildings and it seemed as though all the missionaries and native Christians in a besieged city would be destroyed; the children belonging to the Junior Christian Endeavor Society held a meeting in a chapel. While the cracklings of the flames, the sharp report of the Chinese guns, and the cries of men and women running to and fro were rending the air, these little disciples of Jesus were singing:

“There’ll be no dark’ valley when Jesus comes.”

* * *

A missionary, working in the slums of a city in Ireland, writes me as follows:

“I feel constrained to thank you from the bottom of my soul for all the great blessings I have received from singing your songs. I am a worker in the slums of –, and I find that your songs reach the hearts of fallen men and women before anything else. I have just returned home from our meeting, and the message I sang to-night was your sweet song: *‘There’ll be no dark valley when Jesus comes.’*”

“I want to thank you in particular for this song, because it presents death to us in such a glorious way. The old Welsh people used to speak and sing of death as something very fearful – a dark river, great waves and so on – and I remember my dear mother singing all the Welsh hymns referring to death, until I shuddered. But, praise the Lord, I know now that it is different. Your little song has confirmed this belief in me not only, but in many, many more souls.”

I arranged this hymn from the words which Mr. W. O. Cushing wrote for me, of which, however, I used only the first line, *“There’ll be no dark valley when Jesus comes.”*

It has of late become quite a favorite throughout the country.

THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE VALLEY

Words by P. P. Bliss

Music by P. P. Bliss

*“Through the valley of the shadow I must go,
Where the cold waves of Jordan roll.”*

“Some years ago I was in the dark,” a young lady of London told me, “and was seeking the Lord day and night; but I could get no rest or peace for my soul. For two or three weeks the title of *‘There’s a Light in the Valley’* kept ringing in my ears. I had never carefully read through the hymn, but in my constant pleadings with the Lord I always begged for this light of the valley to be given to me. And one night Christ gave the light I had been asking for.

“I cannot describe my joy when I could say, *‘There is a light in the valley for me.’* I scarcely slept that night, for the words would come to me again and again. It is now my privilege, sometimes, to help sing them for others, and then they seem to bring a fresh wave of my Saviour’s love to me, as they did on that blessed night.”

THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE

Words and Music by E. S. Ufford

Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins

*“Throw out the Life-Line across the dark wave,
There is a brother whom some one should save.”*

The author of this famous hymn, while living in Massachusetts near the ocean, one day saw a vessel wrecked near the shore, and this suggested the idea of the song.

Mr. Stebbins shortly afterward, about 1889, obtained it from the author, and made a number of changes in Mr. Ufford's harmony. From Mr. Stebbins I secured it for publication in *“Gospel Hymns”* and in *“Sacred Songs and Solos.”* It became one of the most useful of evangelistic hymns, and was often sung with effect at our meetings in Great Britain.

* * *

A Christian commercial traveler has just sent me this word: “A few of us were holding a street meeting at Warsaw, Indiana, last August. ‘*Throw out the Life-Line*’ had been sung, and a man spoke as follows:

“I live at North Tonawanda, on the Niagara River. Some time ago my son was walking toward home when he heard a scream from the river. He rushed down and saw a young lady struggling in the water, being swept down the river. He hurriedly took off his coat, vest and shoes, jumped in, swam to the lady, took hold of her and called to some men, who were farther down the river, to throw out a life-line. The men heard the voice, saw the man and woman being swept down the river, and hastily threw out a line to them. But it was just about three feet too short. My son and the woman were swept over the falls and both were drowned.’ There were two or three hundred people at this street meeting, and the speaker made the application that we should be sure that our life-line is long enough to reach the people we are after. It was a very effective service, and resulted in at least one conversion.”

* * *

Professor Drummond told me this story, and made his own application of it:

“On the coast of Spain a great storm was raging, and a wrecked vessel came drifting near the light-house. The cries of the perishing seamen were heard in the darkness. The lighthouse keeper, in making his report to the government – which was required by law in the case of a wreck said:

“‘We rendered all possible aid from the top of the light-house with the speaking trumpet; notwithstanding, the next morning twenty corpses were found on the shore and the vessel had disappeared.’”

“This is too often the case in our preaching. We get into a high pulpit and shout at the top of our voices, but we seldom take the life-line in our hands and go down to those who are perishing in the waves of sin, to rescue them ere it is too late.”

* * *

A man on an Atlantic steamer told me another story, which in its way illustrates the song:

“One stormy night at sea a cry was raised on board a steamer, ‘Man overboard; man overboard!’ A number of the alarmed passengers ran to the captain and begged him to stop the vessel. He roughly told them to mind their own business and not to bother him.

“As he said this a seaman ran up to the bridge and cried that the man who had gone overboard was the captain’s brother. This made a great difference to the captain. He at once reversed the vessel, rushed to the stern, seized a life-line, and threw it as far as he could toward the drowning man, hoping that he might be able to lay hold of it.

“Fortunately the man seized the line, and, tying it around his body, cried: ‘Pull away, pull away!’

“The captain cried, ‘Have you hold of the line?’ A faint answer came back, ‘The line has hold of me.’ In a little while the man was drawn on board and saved.”

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS

Music by Lowell Mason
Words by S. F. Smith

*“To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wand’rers, come.”*

For inducing immediate acceptance of the offer of salvation through faith in Christ this hymn has been of great value. In one of his sermons Mr. Moody refers to my singing it on a night never to be forgotten:

“For four or five nights in succession I had been preaching in Chicago on the subject of ‘The Life of Christ,’ and we had followed him from the cradle to the judgment hall of Pilate. I have always felt that on that night I made one of the greatest mistakes of my life – How often I have wished that I could call back what I said to the congregation at the close of the meeting on that memorable night of the Chicago fire! That night I spoke from the text, ‘What shall I do with Jesus?’ and as I closed I said: ‘Now I want you to take this question home with you, think it over, and next Sunday night I want you to come back here and tell me what you are going to do with Jesus.’ What a mistake! I gave them a week to decide; but I never met that audience again. Even then the huge bell of the court-house near by was tolling out what proved to be the death-knell of the city.

“How well I remember the hymn Mr. Sankey sang as a solo at the closing moment of that meeting, as his voice rang out:

*‘To-day the Saviour calls; for refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls, and death is nigh.’*

It seemed almost prophetic. It was the last verse sung in that beautiful hall. We closed the meeting and went out into the streets, never to meet again. It is estimated that a thousand lives were lost that night. As many of them were lost near Farwell Hall, it may have been that some who heard me say that night, ‘Take a week to decide the question,’ were among the lost ones.”

TO THE WORK

Words by Fanny J. Crosby
Music by W. H. Doane

*“To the work! To the work! We are servants of God,
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod.”*

Fanny Crosby wrote the words of this hymn in 1869, and it was set to music by W. H. Doane two years later.

I sang it for the first time in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cornell at Long Branch. The servants gathered from all parts of the house while I was singing, and looked into the parlor where I was seated. When I was through one of them said: “That is the finest hymn I have heard for a long time; won’t you please sing it over again?” I felt that this was a test case, and that if the hymn had such power over those servants it would be useful in reaching other people as well; so I published it in “*Gospel Hymns*” in 1875, where it became one of the best work-songs for our meetings that we had.

TRUST AND OBEY

Words by J. H. Sammis
Music by D. D. Towner

*“When we walk with the Lord,
In the light of his Word.”*

“Some years ago,” says Professor Towner, musical director of the Moody Bible Institute, “Mr. Moody was conducting a series of meetings in Brockton, Massachusetts, and I had the pleasure of singing for him there. One night a young man rose in a testimony meeting and said,

“I am not quite sure – but I am going to trust, and I am going to obey.’ I just jotted that sentence down, and sent it with the little story to J. H. Sammis, a Presbyterian minister. He wrote the hymn, and the tune was born. The chorus,

*‘Trust and obey,
For there’s no other way
To be happy in Jesus
But to trust and obey,’*

Was written before the hymn was.”

TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL

Words by E. P. Stites
Music by Ira D. Sankey

*“Simply trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way.”*

“About two years ago,” writes a minister, “I visited a woman who was suffering from an incurable disease; but great as was her agony of body, her distress of mind was greater still. One day she said: ‘The future is so dark, I dare not look forward at all.’

“To my question, ‘Can’t you trust yourself in God’s hands?’ she replied: ‘No, I can’t leave myself there.’

“I repeated the hymn, ‘*Simply trusting’ ev’ry day,*’ and especially dwelt on the refrain, ‘*Trusting as the moments fly, trusting as the days go by.*’

“‘Ah,’ she said, ‘I can trust him this moment; is it like that?’

“I then sang the hymn to her, and the change that came over her was wonderful. She never lost this trust, and she had the page in her hymn-book turned down, that she might have the hymn read to her. After many months of intense suffering she passed away, ‘*simply trusting,*’ to the land where there shall be no more pain.”

The words of this hymn were handed to Mr. Moody at Chicago, in 1876, in the form of a newspaper clipping. He gave them to me, and asked me to write a tune for them. I assented, on condition that he should vouch for the doctrine taught in the verses, and he said he would.

~ end of chapter 7 ~

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