

# To Run and Not Be Weary . . .

A Worship Talk  
by Rondi S. Aastrup

I wonder if anyone has had days like the ones I've had lately. Long days. Full days. Days that seem to never end. And never stop. Take today. . .

I get out of bed long before the sun rises and don't get back there until it's been down for hours. And I don't seem to stay there for long. In between times, I have much—too much—to do. Classes to prepare for, quizzes to make, assignments in new books to read, journals to grade, lesson plans to write, course outlines to create, books to go buy because my book order hasn't arrived and I need those books a week ago, phone calls to make, evaluations to prepare for, deadlines to meet, a major performance to rehearse for, promises to keep, and miles to go before I sleep...miles to go before I sleep.

I race home for 15 minutes to change my clothes and find the phone ringing. I rush to answer, thinking it might be someone extraordinary—a count maybe (!). But no. It's only Jeffrey saying he'll be a bit late to practice. At least he'll be there though. I step over my laundry that is piled on the floor, waiting for a free hour at a reasonable time to do it. I glance at my desk that is covered with unopened mail. One, I notice, is one of those sweepstakes deals. I open it to discover I've won 1 million dollars! Only I had to reply by October 21 and that was 3 weeks ago, or was it three years? I

can't keep them straight anymore. Days. Months. Years...they all blend together after awhile...

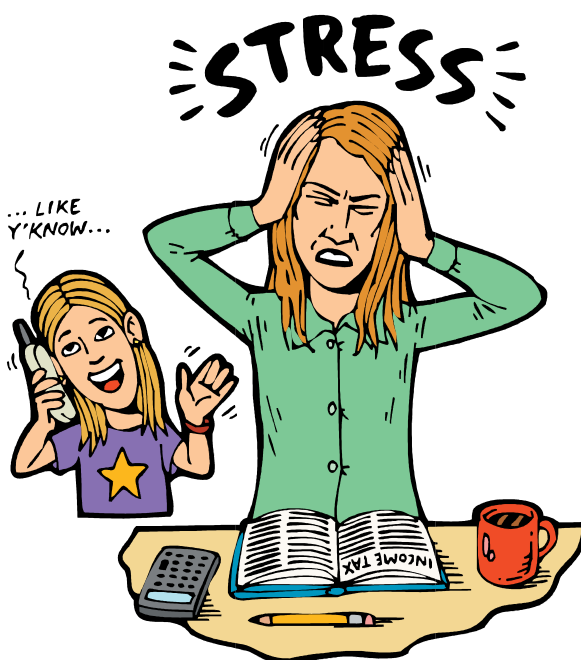
I change my clothes, race over to the College church for play practice only to discover that every room in the building is being used, so we have to go to the downstairs lobby and try to accomplish something. And we do. More or less. I feel frantic at moments, knowing we'll never have this thing ready by Friday night. And yet we have to. And . . . we will. I know we will. I have every confidence that we will . . .

I get home to find more messages...but still no counts. The laundry's still there. The dishes are still on the counter. It's well after 10 now. And I still have a worship talk to write...

As I sit down to write, I take a moment to look at the day ahead. Not much is missing from the day's agenda. It's as full as this day has been. My forehead creases. I sigh. And I feel frantic all over again. It's been a loooooong day, and it's still not over. Anyone know what I mean????

A text flits through my mind. A text that's gotten me through days like this before, and will surely do so again. Tomorrow even:

**We are pressed on every side** [ah, yes... EVERY side], **but not crushed and broken.** But not crushed and broken. All of a sudden, I feel ashamed. It is almost midnight now and today is about finished. I cannot



remove the wear and tear that my inner anxieties have caused in my mind and on my body. I cannot undo the wasted hours . . . of MY effort.

Today, I forgot all the good. I filled several hours with awful worry. I didn't feel the wind on my face or smell the flowers or lean back in my chair and breathe deeply and think great, simple, quiet thoughts. I didn't feel glad to be alive, and hardly thought of anyone but ME. Even God barely squeaked an edge in my thoughts. So much of today was wasted on the mundane non-essentials to my destiny.

C.S. Lewis says our greatest strengths are also our most vulnerable points of weakness. It's true. It is good that I work hard . . . that I feel intensely about the pain and hurt of the world I live in . . . that I get up every morning and tear into life full-force and want to get A LOT accomplished. But it is too bad that I forget Jesus can accomplish even MORE through my efforts if I am relaxed and poised and yielded in His hands.

I am ashamed. Too often I forget that Jesus is far more interested in heart-to-heart chats and time to play catch with my nephew or have a soothing drink with a friend after work . . .

He cares that men and women be parents and teachers learn how to laugh easily. That we build relationships, and sit back and dream sometimes...

He wants us to "run and NOT BE WEARY..." to "walk and NOT FAINT..." He says WAIT on Me and you can ride easy...swing with the punches...adapt and adjust without wrinkle lines and frayed emotions...

Well...that was "today" some 14 years ago. It is gone. I cannot get it back, nor can I get any of the hundreds of other "todays" that have come and gone since then. Every night when I look in the mirror in my room, I see a quote I put there long ago that says "NO excuses." So, I will make no excuses for my past, only a new vow that tomorrow, God and I will try again. The skeptic in me says it's not possible to live without stress, but the optimist in me says with God, all things are possible. So, by His grace, today I will let my anxieties go, and let Him take the intensity of my life and channel it into smooth-flowing gestures and uncomplicated, paced hours. Won't you join me?



# *Amazing Grace*

**Composed by John Newton**

As a young boy in England, John Newton memorized great sections of the Anglican Catechism. His mother died when he was ten leaving a huge void. As John entered his teens he turned away from God. His father tried to help him, but it seemed that there was nothing he could do to bring John back to the religious experience he had lived as a child.



John continued in his waywardness. His father decided that the only thing he could do for his son was to take him on board his ship and try to help the boy acquire some discipline and a sense of values. But on the boat John scorned his father and undermined his authority as captain. Captain Newton, at the end, concluded that he could no longer keep John on board. He sent John back to England where he continued his rebellion.

One day while John was riding a horse, it stumbled as it jumped over a hedge. John fell off and landed near the spiked wheels of an old hay gatherer. John realized how close he had come to serious injury---possibly even death. It was here that the Lord spoke to his heart: "John, give yourself to me. Become mine again. Remember your childhood." John said, "I will, Lord, but not today."

A few weeks later John planned to go sailing with some friends. When he arrived at the lake, his two friends had already set sail and were in the middle of the lake. John was furious that they had left him behind and began hurling curses at them. Even as he cursed them, the little boat overturned, and both of his friends drowned. John knew that if he had been in the boat he would have drowned, too, because he could not swim. Again he felt as if God was speaking to him, but again he replied, "Not today."

One night while John was in the dock area having a "good time," a group of sailors attacked him and knocked him out. When he awoke he found he had been gang-pressed into service by a slave trader. John immediately told the captain that his name was Newton and that his father owned a fleet of ships. The captain was impressed. He made John an officer and gave him his own quarters.

As the months progressed, John began undermining the authority of the captain in the same way he had undermined his father's. The captain became so angry that when they reached the coast of Africa he gave John away as a slave to an African queen.

John found himself in a terrible dilemma. The woman disliked him. She had him beaten regularly and brought him into the



courtyard where the servants pelted him with rotten tomatoes and eggs.

Finally John fled into the jungle and became a hermit. Once he contracted a tropical disease and wandered for some time in the jungle totally blind.

Eventually Captain Newton received word that his son was in Africa. He commissioned a ship to find him and bring him home. Shortly after John returned to England his father died. John was the heir to his father's fleet of ships. He took the boat that had been under his father's personal care, had it converted to a slave vessel and renamed it "The African."

One day as John was at the wheel of his ship, he had a stroke. He lost the use of one side of his body and almost died. During his illness the Lord spoke to his heart, bringing back passages from the Bible, memories of his mother and of his childhood. This time John answered, "I will commit myself to You, O Lord." As John regained his health he promised the Lord that he would preach. He eventually became the pastor of a small church.

On the desk in his study and on the pulpit in the sanctuary he placed the note, "And thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in the land of Egypt, and the Lord thy God redeemed thee . . ." Deuteronomy 15:15.

One night as John sat thinking about his past and how God had led him---how when he had been against God, God had been for him---he took a piece of paper and began to write the words: "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me. I once was lost but now I'm found; was blind but now I see."

If only we could see God's thoughts and understood something of His mind. His thoughts are only continually good towards us.

To listen to this hymn on [www.cyberhymnal.org](http://www.cyberhymnal.org), click here.





# *For God So Loved the World*

Born in Midland Park, New Jersey, in November 1916, Alfred B. Smith would grow up to become a composer, gospel artist, soloist, publisher, recording artist and an authority on church music. He held an honorary music doctorate from John Brown University and was a graduate of Moody Bible Institute and Wheaton College. It was at Wheaton College that Al Smith and classmate, Billy Graham, formed a gospel team with Smith as the song leader and Graham as the evangelist.

In 1941, Dr. Al published his first chorus book, "Singspiration," which led to the Singspiration Publishing Co. in 1943. I remember so well the "Action Series" songbooks for boys and girls that I sang from as a ten-year-old in Sunday School. Little did I realize that someday I would know as my friend the publisher, Dr. Al Smith, and count it an honor to follow in his footsteps.

I think that of all the accomplishments of Al Smith, he'll probably be best remembered for his music. He set the world to singing songs like, "His Banner over Me Is Love," "My Father Planned It all," "Surely Goodness and Mercy," and my favorite, "For God so Loved the World."

The year was 1939 and a young Al Smith had spent an afternoon with gospel song composer, George Stebbins. As Al put it, Mr. Stebbins had drawn back the curtain of time sharing stories about Moody, Sankey, Bliss and Fanny Crosby. Later that afternoon, on his way to Oneonta, New York, there arose within Al a desire to be used of God as He used those dedicated men and

women of yesterday. Reviewing the great songs that God had permitted Mr. Stebbins to write, Al Smith soon found himself humming a melody. As he drove along, a familiar theme began to fall into place; and by the time he reached Oneonta, he had completed all but one phrase. Later that evening, Frances Townsend, a friend and English teacher, added the missing phrase; and a song that has blessed millions was born:

For God so loved the world  
He gave His only Son  
to Die on Calvary's tree,  
From sin to set me free;  
Some day He's Coming Back,  
What Glory that will be!  
Wonderful His love to me.



# *Go Tell It on the Mountain*



For most of us, life has taught that it is the little things that matter most and stay with us for years to come. In particular, at Christmas time, these memories seem to become more precious as the years go by.

So it was for John W. Work III as he recalled Christmas experiences as a child. He remembered that early each Christmas morning, around five o'clock, the Fisk Jubilee Singers, directed by his father, walked around the campus of Fisk University in Nashville, singing Christmas songs. Their favorites were "Go Tell It on the Mountain" and "Glory to that Newborn King." After the early morning singing, the students and faculty gathered in the dining hall for a Christmas service and breakfast amid glowing candles and decorated tables. Like young John, Christmas memories are the best; and the music makes them all the more vivid for us today.

John's father, John Wesley Work II, was a teacher at Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee, at the turn of the twentieth century. He taught Latin and history, but his real love was music. As a matter of fact, it was music that saved the University from bankruptcy. The school had been founded in 1866 by a northerner, Civil War General Clinton B. Fisk. Working through the Freedmen's Bureau and the American Missionary Association, Fisk hoped to educate young people "irrespective of color." Because of this, the school quickly became known as a black school and relied on the good will of philanthropists; but by 1871, the school was nearly bankrupt. To save the school, the group known as the Jubilee Singers was organized—"four half-clothed black boys and five girl-women...sang across the land and across the sea...bringing back \$150,000." They saved Fisk and, equally important, introduced the sounds of black music to the world.

In 1907, Professor Work II continued the tradition started years before by publishing a small booklet, "Folk Songs of the American Negro." Included in this songbook was a new piece of music. The author had heard a refrain for which he shaped a melody, harmonized a tune and added some original stanzas. Because no copyright was registered, Work lost all claim to this song; but yet, the message and the memories still live on in his Christmas song, "Go Tell It on the Mountain." When you think of the true meaning of Christmas, that is all that matters anyway:



Go, tell it on the mountain,  
over the hills and everywhere;  
Go, tell it on the mountains  
that Jesus Christ is born!  
While shepherds kept their watching  
o'er silent flocks by night,  
Behold throughout the heavens  
there shone a holy light.

The shepherds feared and trembled  
when lo! Above the earth  
Rang out the angel chorus  
that hailed our Savior's birth.

Down in a lowly manger  
the humble Christ was born,  
And brought us God's salvation  
that blessed Christmas morn.

Listen to this hymn on  
[www.cyberhymnal.org](http://www.cyberhymnal.org).



# Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

In 1627, the English Puritan parliament abolished the celebration of Christmas and all other "worldly festivals." For the remainder of the seventeenth century and well into the eighteenth, hymn carols were hard to come by, but there was an exception.

John and Charles Wesley had aroused the anger of the Anglican Church in England by their Armenian doctrine of "free grace." While students at Oxford University, fellow classmates started calling them "Methodists" because of their methodical ways; and now because of a printer's mistake, Charles' poem was in print in the Church of England's Books of Common Prayer. The hymn, "Hark, How All the Welkin Rings," was actually Charles' "Hymn for Christmas Day." The church fathers weren't too happy about it.

Angered by Wesley's inclusion in the prayer book, the church fathers concluded that at least the song would only be used once a year and would probably fade into oblivion. They couldn't have been more mistaken, for Charles Wesley's Christmas hymn was just beginning a most interesting journey.

For more than a century, the song was sung with mild enthusiasm. Then, in 1840, Germany's boy wonder, Felix Mendelssohn wrote an opera, "The Festgesang," to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the printing press. Fifteen years later, a nineteen year old tenor named William Cummings, in England, discovered that Mendelssohn's second chorus of "The Festgesang" fit perfectly with Wesley's "Hymn for Christmas Day."



Originally titled "Hark, How All Welken Rings," it might have been lost, but for a printer who used it to fill an empty page. The hymn was edited and re-edited and sung to different tunes until, finally, an English tenor linked a Methodist's words to a German's music, written for a celebration having no connection to Christmas. The end result was "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," which has gone down in history as one of Charles Wesley's greatest songs—a hymn predicted to fail by man, but overseen by God to become the most widely sung Christmas hymn ever written. Isn't that just the way He works?

Here is Charles Wesley's original version:

Hark, how all the welkin rings,  
"Glory to the King of kings;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!"

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
Universal nature say,  
"Christ the Lord is born to-day!"

Christ, by highest Heaven ador'd,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord:  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb!

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,  
Hail the incarnate deity!  
Pleased as man with men to appear,  
Jesus! Our Immanuel here!

Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace!  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!





Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die;  
Born to raise the sons of earth;  
Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,  
Fix in us Thy humble home;  
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Now display Thy saving power,  
Ruined nature now restore;  
Now in mystic union join  
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface;  
Stamp Thy image in its place.  
Second Adam from above,  
Reinstate us in Thy love.

Let us Thee, though lost, regain,  
Thee, the life, the inner Man:  
O! to all Thyself impart,  
Form'd in each believing heart.

Listen to this hymn on  
[www.cyberhymknal.org](http://www.cyberhymknal.org)



# *It Is Well with My Soul*

More than likely you have heard or read the story behind the writing of *It Is Well with My Soul*. The author, Horatio Spafford, born October 22, 1828 in Troy, New York, grew up to become a successful lawyer in Chicago. He wrote the words to *It Is Well with My Soul* after receiving the tragic news of the death of his four daughters. On the fateful night of November 22, 1873, the *Ville de Havre*, a passenger ship, sank in a mid-ocean collision. Out of his entire family, only his wife survived. The rest of the story would take me all the way to Jerusalem.



Horatio planned to stay behind a few weeks, then catch up with his family. Having gone to New York and after boarding the ship, an uneasy feeling caused him to have the family's cabins changed to the bow of the ship. It would be just a few days later, at two in the morning, that the ship would be cut in two right at the cabins the Spaffords had left. In less than twelve minutes, the children succumbed to the rushing water, but Anna survived. If the changing of cabins hadn't happened, she too would have died.

During February of 1997, my wife, Linda, two Christian friends, and I boarded a plane in New York City for the Holy Land. During our ten day stay, I was able to visit the American Colony Hotel and the Children's Hospital—both establishments founded by our author, Horatio Spafford. To add more intrigue to the story, I met the last living member of the Spafford family. It was there in the lobby of the American Colony, I found the chilling details of that horrible voyage plus the explanation of how a descendant of Spafford has always owned the hotel even though all his children had died in that horrible accident.

Back in 1873, Horatio had decided to take his family to France and then on to Switzerland. That's why passage had been booked on the French liner, *S. S. Ville de Havre*. Because of last minute business,

Had Anna died, history would have taken a different course because it was when Spafford was in route to reunite with his wife, after the accident, that he penned the words to the song. When finally back in Chicago, they would eventually have three more children: a boy, Horatio Jr., who died of scarlet fever at the age of four, and two girls, Bertha and Grace. Both of the girls would eventually travel to Jerusalem with their parents—starting the legacy of American Colony ownership and the beginning of the hospital.

The shipwreck of the *Ville de Havre* would remain one of the unexplained tragedies of the sea and its greatest disaster up until the sinking of the *Titanic*. For many of us, when troubles come our way, it is hard to understand why. If only we too could say, "When sorrows like sea billows roll, it is well, it is well with my soul." I believe, with Christ Jesus, we can. Horatio Spafford did.

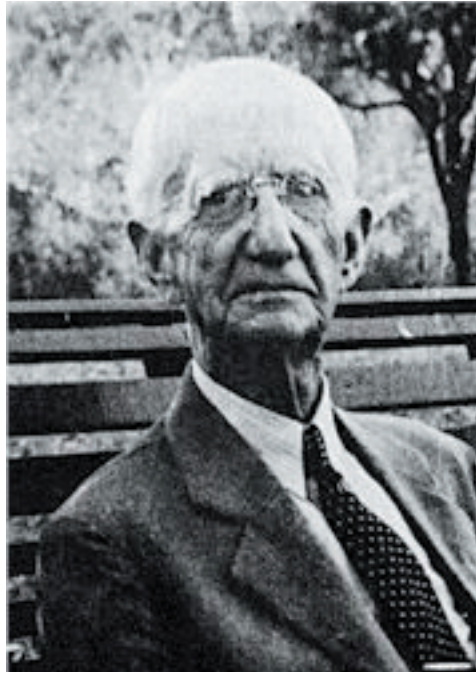


## Living for Jesus

Thomas Chisholm had a humble beginning back in 1866 in a small log cabin in Franklin, Kentucky. At the time, no one ever thought that this baby boy would eventually set the Christian world to singing and leave behind such a great legacy of song, but he did. He is best remembered for giving us "Great Is Thy Faithfulness" written because of Lamentations 3:22-23 and the overwhelming truth of God's mercy and faithfulness. Before this song was written in 1923, Thomas penned a song that expressed so well the life of a man surrendered to God.

Thomas described the day his mother died as "the darkest day of his life" which caused him to realize his own mortality and needy condition. Two years later, at a revival meeting in his hometown, he was born again under the convicting power of the Holy Spirit and God's Word.

At the age of 16, Thomas began teaching at the one room schoolhouse he had attended; and five years later, he began work as an editor of the Franklin Favorite. Soon, his writing talents would advance him to working for the Pentecostal Herald in Louisville by invitation of the evangelist who had won him to the Lord, H. C. Morrison. Ten years later, he was ordained as a Methodist minister. He served a congregation for one year, but health problems forced him to resign. Thomas moved his family to Winona Lake, Indiana, where he sold life insurance. In 1916, they moved to Vineland, New Jersey, where he continued to sell insurance.



In 1915, Harold Lowden, a preacher who had been a life insurance salesman, wrote a "light and summery" gospel song to be sung by children. The song became quite popular because of the music, but many felt the text needed improvement. It was at this time that Pastor Lowden sent the music to Thomas Chisholm with a suggested phrase, "Living for Jesus," and asked him to provide the rest of the text.

Lowden said Chisholm "returned it to me, saying he didn't have the slightest idea as to the method used in writing words to music. Immediately, I sent the material back to him, telling him I believed God had led me to select him." Since Thomas could not read music, he asked his daughter to hum the melody over and over until he was able to write the text of this hymn that reminds us how we should live our lives surrendered to God:

Living for Jesus

a life that is true,

Striving to please Him

in All that I do;

Yielding allegiance,

glad-hearted and free,

This is the pathway

of blessing for me.

Listen to this hymn on [www.cyberhymnal.org](http://www.cyberhymnal.org).





# Onward, Christian Soldiers

## Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould

Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould was not content just to propose to his future bride. He actually performed his own marriage ceremony. It must have been quite an experience to hear the officiating minister ask himself, "Will you, Sabine, take this woman, Grace, to be your lawful wedded wife?" Then to reply to himself, "I will." In addition, when the bride kissed the groom, she was kissing the minister at the same time. Whether he took the fee out of his left pocket and deposited it in his right after the ceremony has never been determined.



He was ordained as a clergyman of the Church of England in 1864, after taking his Bachelor's and Master's degrees from Clare College, Cambridge, England. While serving as a curate of St. John's Church, Horbury Bridge, Yorkshire, he planned a special sermon on "Missions" on Sunday night. Failing to find an appropriate hymn with which to conclude the service, he wrote one of his own, entitled "An Evening Hymn for Missions." The first stanza contained these lines:

Now the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.

Remembering a simple melody he had heard during a bicycle trip through Germany several summers before, he harmonized it as his own tune for these new words - giving the tune the name "Eudoxia."

Meanwhile, he was writing books on a wide variety of subjects - from the lives of the Saints to his experiences with "ghosts" in old English castles. Pentecost, the Sunday that comes fifty days after Easter, is known in England as Whitsunday, an abbreviation of White-Sunday, from the custom of wearing white on that occasion. The day following, Whitmonday, is a legal as well as a Church holiday. On Whitmonday, 1865, Baring-Gould arranged an outing for the children of his parish---including a hike from his own Church to a nearby village. Knowing that children like to march, and also how difficult it is for their elders to keep them together unless they are marching, he asked his helpers to find "a good marching hymn" to help them keep order during the proposed hike. When they could not find an appropriate hymn, several of his parishioners suggested that, as he had written his own Missionary Hymn, he proceed to write his own Marching Hymn.

Unperturbed, the brilliant thirty-one year old pastor did just that---writing the new stanzas in the same metrical pattern in which he had composed his earlier ones. (6.5.6.5.D. - The first and third lines having six syllables; the second and fourth containing five syllables, with the whole pattern being doubled into a poem of eight lines.) With no thought of writing a hymn for a nation at war, little dreaming that his stanzas would ever be so misconstrued, and taking a theme from Haydn's Symphony in D for his music, he dashed off five stanzas





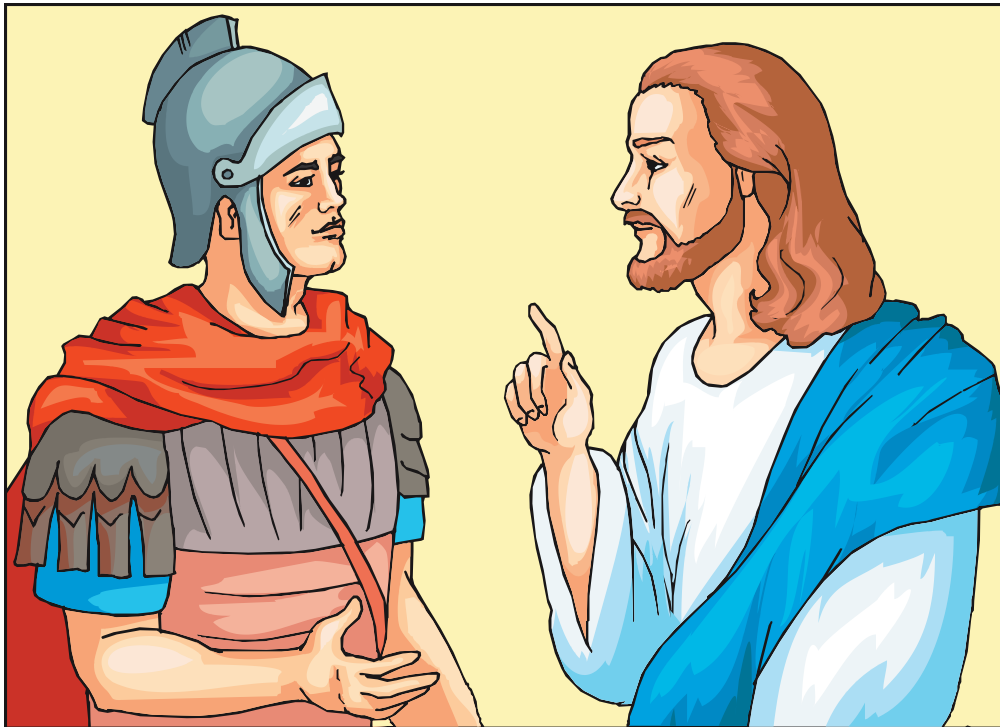
which began with these lines:

Onward, Christian Soldiers,  
Marching as to war  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before;  
Christ the royal Master  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See His banners go.

Although he lived to the age of ninety and wrote over eighty-five books before his death in 1924, Baring-Gould is remembered as the author of one of the loveliest evening hymns and the most militant marching hymn in all of Christianity.

This hymn was sung at the funeral of American president Dwight Eisenhower at the National Cathedral, Washington, DC, March 1969.

Courtesy of: Ernest K. Emurian  
Living Stories of Famous Hymns  
pages 101-102



# *What a Friend We Have in Jesus*

by Joseph Scriven

Tragedy haunted the footsteps of Joseph Scriven with dogged persistence. Following his graduation from the University of Dublin, Ireland, at the age of twenty-three, he left Ireland after the tragic drowning of his fiancée on the evening prior to their scheduled marriage. He found little solace in flight, although he put thousands of miles between himself and the familiar sights and smells of Dublin.

Eventually, he arrived at Port Hope on the northern shore of Lake Ontario in the Canadian province of Ontario. Even there he found no happiness. Several miles beyond was the Pengelley estate where Scriven lived for many years as a private tutor for the children of the family.

Some years later, he began dividing his time between the Pengelley home and that of Mr. James Sackville in Bewdley. It was in a guest room in the Sackville home that he was inspired to write the poem with which his name is forever linked. Late one night in 1855, weighted down with loneliness and overcome with despondency and sadness, he poured out his heart to God---begging for relief from his burden and promising to serve Him faithfully if only his prayers were answered. God heard and answered, and Joseph Scriven felt the burden miraculously lifted from his heart.

In his new-found joy, he hurriedly dashed off a very simple poem of several stanzas in which he described his problem and victory.



The poem, entitled "Pray Without Ceasing," began with these lines:

What a friend we have in Jesus  
All our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer,  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer.

Falling in love for the second time, he became engaged to Miss Eliza Catherine Roch---the only daughter of Lieutenant Andrew Roche of the Royal Navy. Sadly, she contracted tuberculosis and died in 1860---before their wedding could take place.

Following two similar tragic blows, he gave himself more diligently to religious and philanthropic work - becoming associated with the Plymouth Brethren group and serving them as a lay-preacher for many years. In addition, he preached for a while in the Bailieboro Baptist Church nearby. He endeared himself to the people in and around Bewdly because of his Christ-like life and his habit of giving away all his private income to the poor. It was the poor whom he considered in more urgent need than him. In later years, he was described as "a man of short stature, with iron-gray hair, close-cropped beard and light blue eyes that sparkled when he talked." Someone else said he had the face of an angel. Another person who knew him well spoke of his habit of preaching to everyone about the love of Jesus---as well as the peculiarities that marked his declining years.



When his body was worn with work and his mind wearied with disappointment, Mr. Sackville took him into his home once more. It was there, in 1886, that Mr. Scriven spent the last days of his life. In the same house in which he had written his poem thirty-one years earlier, his host discovered it in the poet's scrapbook during the author's last and fatal illness. Scriven explained, "The Lord and I did it between us."

Sackville made a copy for himself and another to send to a religious journal where it was published for the first time. Shortly after, Scriven died. In his delirium he staggered from his bedroom and stumbled, ex-

hausted, into a little creek about a hundred yards from the house---drowning in less than six inches of water. His friends said, "He died on his knees---in the attitude of prayer."

Although three monuments were erected to his memory in and around Bewdley in 1919, on the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth, his poem---set to music by C. C. Converse---had long since been enshrined in the hearts of Christians all over the world.

Listen to this hymn on [www.cyberhymnal.org](http://www.cyberhymnal.org).

