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# THE SINGERS AND THEIR SONGS

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THE SINGERS  
AND THE SONGS







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# THE SINGERS AND THEIR SONGS

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SKETCHES OF LIVING GOSPEL HYMN WRITERS

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By CHAS H GABRIEL

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Price, 25 Cents

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# Foreword

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A certain Scythian, Abaris, was a priest of Apollo. So faithfully and well did he serve in the temple that he was given a golden arrow by the god.

Among other attributes, this arrow would carry the philosopher whither he wished and rendered its rider invisible.

A fable, of course. But had we that arrow today what pleasures we might not enjoy! And not the least of these would be the privilege of seeing and knowing the great men and women of our time.

Books on travel enable us to vicariously enjoy the sights that greeted the eyes of the writers; Books of biography give us glimpses of the famous; both are modern arrows of Abaris.


Of the present volume, as a companion to "Gospel Songs and Their Writers," the author may now give it as his parting benediction, this motto from Chaucer:

"O little booke, though art so unconning,  
How darst thou put thy-self in prees  
for drede?"

Chicago—Nineteen-Sixteen

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# The Singers and Their Songs



Much has come to print concerning the lives, individualities and work of the various composers of sacred music—particularly of Gospel Song writers. Inasmuch as the popularity and degree of excellence of such songs and hymns lies rather in the coalescence of both words and music than in the music solely, some acknowledgment of the genius of our sacred poets is imperative.



With these thoughts in mind the Editor has seen fit to inaugurate a concatenation of articles dealing with those of our living authors whose works are best known, and to bring into notice writers of less experience whose verses are rapidly coming into popularity in the church and Sunday school.

The purpose of these sketches is to humanize rather than criticize. We sing their hymns, think their thoughts, admire or condemn without realizing that they are but as ourselves, only differing in that they possess the power or gift to adequately express in words what we feel but cannot describe. We believe that this series will do much toward accomplishing our object, viz: to bring to the church the consideration of the debt it owes to our Bards and that personal touch which so heightens the interest attached to their productions.

\* \* \*

Of the Queen of Gospel hymn writers—Fanny J. Crosby—nothing new can be said. Her name, suspended as a halo above modern hymnology, will live on as long as people sing the Gospel. Her work, in a sense, is done, and her cloak must fall on other shoulders, but—whose?

The writer is convinced that the commercial spirit has all but crushed the life out of the sacred Muse, as the entire number of writers of Gospel hymns whose names are "household words", may almost be numbered on the fingers of both hands. The price of a hymn ranges from one to five dollars, which is adequate from







FANNY CROSBY

the composer's standpoint, as scarcely one out of each hundred of songs printed are ever again called for. Publishers of high priced magazines pay much more liberally, and consequently, the Gospel field does not receive the attention it did in the days of Wesley, Adams, Crosby, Hawks and others whose names are as "Apples of gold set in pictures of silver."


\* \* \*

Perhaps it is the association of that superb song, "The Beacon Light", with memories of early life, that brings the name of Eben E. Rexford to the foreground.

*Eben E. Rexford*

He was born in Johnsbury, N. Y., July 16th







1848. In early life he moved to Wisconsin where a rudimentary education was obtained in the district school. After teaching two years, he entered the Lawrence University at Appleton, Wisconsin, from which Institution he holds the degree of Litt. D.

His first poem was written when he was fourteen years of age, and published in the New York Weekly, from which publisher he received his first money for literary work. "While at College", he writes, "I received a letter from H. P. Danks in which he said that someone had told him that I could write singable verses. He asked me to send him some songs for examination. For those he used he would pay me \$3.00. I sent nine, among them 'Silver Threads Among the Gold'. He paid me for six, and I don't know what became of the rest. After that I furnished words for Harrison Millard, Dressler and other composers. Nearly all of these later songs were in every way superior to 'Silver Threads' but they didn't 'take' as that did."

After graduating from College, he became interested in growing flowers, and began to write about them. His articles became very popular, and for fourteen years he was floricultural editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal". The J. B. Lippincott Company published several books he has written on the subject.

His first venture in book form was a poem entitled "Brother and Lover", published by Alden of New York. It never had but the advertising of reviewers yet it sold seven editions. When the publisher went out of business, he presented the plates and stock on hand to Mr. Rexford, and the last copy was sold in 1913. Besides his book of poems, "Pansies and Rosemary," which contains many gems, he has been a prolific writer of stories for eastern magazines and is "still at it".

His first Gospel hymn was the above mentioned, "The Beacon Light," set to music by Dr. Geo. F. Root, since which time he has written for all the more prominent composers of sacred music. For twenty-five years he has acted as organist of the First Congregational Church of Shiocton, Wisconsin. In a personal letter to the writer, he says, "I have a pleasant home and a cat that is nineteen years old, that knows more than a good many persons of my acquaintance; have lots of books—and I read a great deal; have some good pictures, an organ, a piano and



a Victrola. The village choir meets at my home each week for rehearsal, so, you see, I am in a certain kind of musical atmosphere”.

It is impossible in these columns to do justice to this splendid writer, many of whose hymns are destined to help and bless generations to come. We take pleasure in presenting his portrait, and believe that all who read this imperfect sketch will love the man more than ever for his work's sake. See page ten.

\* \* \*

*Jessie Brown Pounds*

The Giants of Music, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, were the pioneers in new departures from the music of their day, advancing art beyond the limits of their fore-bearers. By their creative ability they gave the world material for greater thought, deeper impressions, all tending toward the most sublime of our possessions—religion. Others who followed them, Wagner, Liszt, with the advantage of broader educations, musically, profiting by their predecessors, have so widened and intensified the scope of our music that there seems little left that can be accomplished.

On close inspection, the lives of these men, though disclosing errors to which all humanity is heir, are indicative of a profound religious adoration of holy things. The student of psychological theology may determine the part this has had in making them and their work remembered. If, however, through the comparatively opaque media of Music, they have made their religious ideas felt, how infinitely more closely defined becomes the character of men and women who write our Gospel songs.

Much has been written and said in praise and criticism of that beautiful hymn-poem:


“Somewhere the sun is shining,  
Somewhere the song birds dwell;  
Hush, then, thy sad repining,  
God lives, and all is well.”

It is the assuring answer borne on the wings of hope from “Somewhere” to the yearning cry of a heart struggling in loneliness, veiled in mist, and almost discouraged. Its author is Jessie Brown Pounds.



JESSIE BROWN was born in Hiram, a College suburb of Cleveland, Ohio, August 31st, 1861. On account of ill health in childhood, her education was gained for the most part in her own home. She began to write for Cleveland newspapers and for the religious weeklies when she was fifteen years old. It was not until two or three years later, however, that she ventured to offer her verses for publication. An editor who published some of these spoke of them editorially as being well adapted to use as church or Sunday school hymns. This note caught the eye of Mr. J. H. Fillmore, who wrote the author asking her to write some hymns for a new book upon which he was working. She accepted and has written hymns for Fillmore Brothers with more or less regularity for thirty-two years.

Her first book, "Norman MacDonald", appeared in 1884. The year following she accepted an editorial position with the Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati, retaining it until the end of 1896, when she was married to Rev. John E. Pounds, at that time pastor of the Central Christian Church, Indianapolis. At present





he is College pastor at Hiram, Ohio, where his wife is busy with the social duties entailed by his position, although she still finds some time for literary composition.


She is the author of nine books, of about fifty librettos for cantatas and operettas, and of nearly four hundred hymns. The best known of these are "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere", (which was sung at President McKinley's funeral) "Scatter Seeds of Loving Deeds", "The Way of the Cross Leads Home", "Going Down the Valley", "Anywhere With Jesus", "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" and "The Touch of His Hand On Mine".

"Anywhere With Jesus" was written to music furnished by D. B. Towner, about the year 1886, and became popular first as a Sunday School and then as a Christian Endeavor Hymn. A band of Endeavorers were in the habit of singing on Sunday afternoons at the Sing Sing Penitentiary, and this hymn was a favorite with the prisoners. Among the latter were two young men, scarcely more than boys, who had been sentenced to death for a murder committed by them in a house that they had entered for the purpose of burglary. Under the ministry of the Christian young people who visited them they were converted, and on the day of execution, they made a public confession of their sin, saying, however, that though they merited the death they were about to suffer, they believed they had God's forgiveness and that through his grace they could go "Anywhere with Jesus".

"Going Down the Valley" came to the author in the prayer-meeting room of the Franklin Circle Church, Cleveland. In this Church it was the custom of the pastor to announce deaths in the church families at the close of the prayer service. On this particular occasion the author thought how often these announcements were made, and she seemed to see a procession of persons going down into a dark valley, walking far enough apart so that each must enter it alone. After reaching home she wrote the hymn. Perhaps it may be worth while here to note the manner in which her hymns are written. There comes to her first a single phrase, such as "Going down the valley one by one", or, "The way of the cross leads home". She is not a musician, but this phrase is almost invariably accompanied by a tune. The sentence stays in her mind or her note-book perhaps for







months, when the desire comes to write out the entire hymn. Two or three times the musical composer has hit upon the same tune that came to her with her lines, though no one but herself has ever known it.

"Scatter seeds of loving deeds" was one of three hymns, among the author's very earliest, entered in a prize contest for contributions to the Epworth Hymnal. All were printed, but only one took a prize, and that not the one which, thanks to the happy musical setting, has achieved popularity.



"I know that my Redeemer liveth" appeared first in an Easter cantata entitled "Hope's Messengers". Here it attracted the attention of many musicians as belonging properly to the realm of the church hymn, where it still has a place.

"Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" was written near the beginning of 1897. The author had always hesitated to write hymns of heaven, the modern ones, with their appeal to the selfish love of ease and grandeur, seeming entirely unworthy the theme. She desired, however, to say, in some simple form, that our expectation of a future life, grounded as it is upon our faith in God's existence and in his goodness, cannot be in vain. It is not a question of where heaven is or what it is, but of our leaving the future as we must leave the present—to God's love and care. One Sunday morning when a slight ailment kept her from Church the thought came back to her, and when her husband returned from the service she said, "My hymn is written".

There is nothing of particular interest concerning "The Way of the Cross Leads Home", except that the author was quite innocent of any controversial spirit. She had heard it urged that this hymn teaches that there is no safety beyond the line of conservative theology. The intention was merely to give emphasis to the truth so constantly held up in the teachings of Christ, that heroic Christianity does not follow the line of the least resistance.

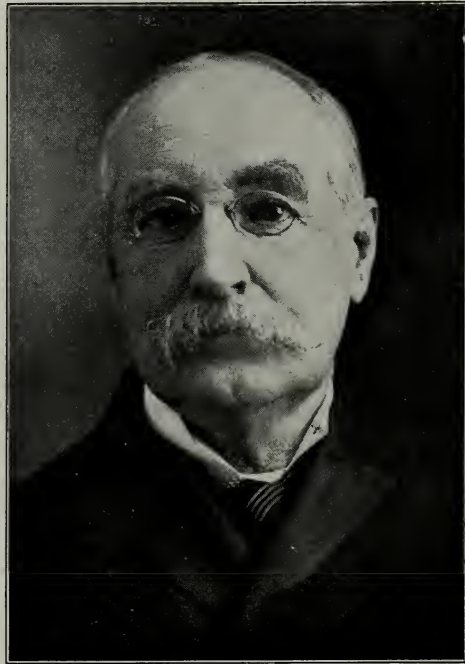
"The Touch of His Hand On Mine" is a recent production. It has no special history, but it is the expression of a very special desire on the part of the author to visualize simply and clearly the picture of Christ as the Helper for every day.

Few writers have made so splendid a record



as Mrs. Pounds. Composers are delighted to receive her hymns. She does not belong to the class who write for "revenue only", and no offer, however unusual, can induce her to record a thought upon paper except at moments of inspiration.

Only in the blaze of high noon-tide of life, all the Christian world salutes her, with the hope that she will not yet lay down her pen.



EBEN E REXFORD

(See Page Four)



## CHAPTER TWO





I well remember the cross-road church at home. It was built for the Methodist denomination, yet, when it came to the christening, one of the "Pillars" insisted that it must be known as "Wesley Chapel Methodist Church"—and it was.

We had a Sunday School, which convened from May to November, presided over by an ambitious superintendent, who wore large, heavy, old-fashioned farmer's boots that squeaked with every step he took. Of course there was no carpet on the aisles, and I can yet fancy I hear the incessant screech, screech, screech of those highly polished (sometimes with stove-blackening) Sunday stogies as he paced back and forth about the room over-seeing the school he was so proud of, but I shall not live long enough to believe otherwise than that he also loved to hear those heart-searching screams of his beloved brogans.

How we did sing—we youngsters—away out there on the prairies with only nature and God as our tutors. Once each month during the season our school gave a Sunday School Concert (would there were more of them). We had no "orchestra"—no musical instruments of any kind, except a small Estey organ—but we sang and sang well, as was attested by the crowds that came for miles around, in buggies, farm wagons, and on horse-back, filling to over-flowing the church we thought so large.

Then, there was the weekly singing school! Every Saturday night old and young would gather and sing Do, Re, Mi, etc.,—no guess work in those days. What did we sing? "The Heavens Are Telling" from *The Creation*, "The Hallelujah Chorus" from *The Messiah*, and many other grand choruses. What else? Well, we also sang such songs as "Where Are The Reapers", "Climbing Up Zion's Hill", "Jesus of Nazareth", and many others. A little later we found the *new* song "I Hear Thy Welcome Voice", which brings me to my subject.

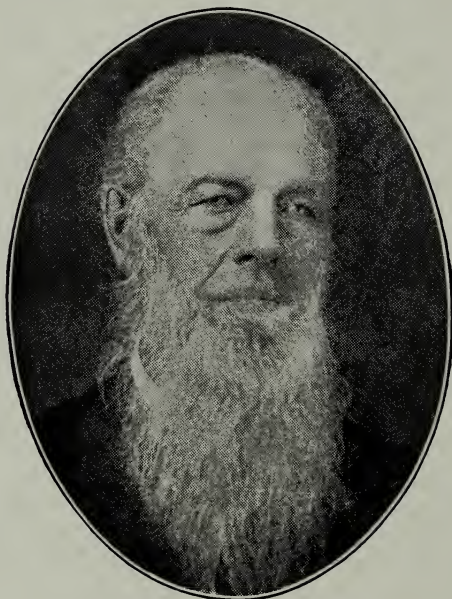
Eighty-seven years ago, in Ithaca, N. Y., Lewis Hartsough was born. He joined the Oneida Conference in 1851. His health failing, the American Bible Society sent him into the Rocky Mountain region, and it was his influence that induced the Mission Board to create, in 1869, the Utah Mission, with Mr. Hartsough



as its first Superintendent. His family was located at Laramie, and here Mrs. Hartsough was drawn, with five other women and six men, upon the first jury and tried the first murder case, Judge Howe, U. S. Chief Justice, presiding.

In 1858 he edited "Spiritual Songs", followed in 1864 by "Sacred Melodies", in pamphlet form. In 1867-8 "The Revivalist" was issued, and went through many editions. "Beulah Songs" followed in 1872, and was even as popular as its predecessor.


Chaplain (afterward Bishop) McCabe always declared his song "Let Me Go" was his best, but the christian world remembers him best by "I Hear Thy Welcome Voice" which, it is safe to say, has been sung in every revival meeting held during the last thirty or forty years. Mr.



*S. Hartsough*

Hartsough has been a Methodist minister since the early fifties, has held many important charges and preached thousands of sermons. It was in






the trying anxieties and busy hours of a revival held at Epworth, Ia., in 1872, that he wrote his masterpiece. It is said of him that he never knew a day without family worship from infancy on up to the Bible Class, and, later, the superintendency of the Sunday school. Is it any wonder that all who know him, love him, and that in all things that go for upright living and for better things in life Mr. Hartsough may be counted upon?

Uncounted thousands of hearts have been comforted and the world made better by his having lived; nor is his work yet done, for today, at more than 86 years of age, he is living quietly in his home in Mt. Vernon, Iowa, where he teaches the Old Folks' Bible Class and occasionally writes a song as he watches the sun go down and the hour draw nigh when he shall hear the "welcome voice" of the One he has so faithfully served.

"'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see,  
To reign with Him ever, all happy and free;  
I'll join with the ransomed and with them abide,  
I'll cross the dark river with Jesus my guide."

\* \* \*

Miss Eliza Edmunds Hewitt was born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 28, 1851. She was educated in the Public Schools of that city and after graduation from the Girls' High School, obtained a position as teacher. This career was cut short by the development of a spinal malady, which caused her to be a shut-in sufferer for many years. In course of time, a gradual improvement came about, and during a slow convalescence, the study of English literature, as in school-girl days, was her great delight. Wishing to be helpful to her Church, she wrote poems for its primary department, some of which attracted the attention of Prof. Jno. R. Sweney, at one time chorister of that church. However, writing did not fill all her desires for usefulness in the Master's service, and it has been her privilege for some years, to be engaged in primary Sunday School work, and to take an active part in the Philadelphia Elementary Union. At present, she is Superintendent of the primary department of the Calvin Presbyterian church. There is no place where she is happier than in her beloved primary room, surrounded by her bright young teachers and loving scholars. In connection with this work, Miss Hewitt has con-



tributed to various Sunday school periodicals, providing for the Reformed church its Golden Text stories and lesson suggestions.

Miss Hewitt's hymns are the result of inspiration, the origin of which, to her, is often mysterious; she has never cared to keep a record, but



*Eliza Edmunda Hewitt.*

their number is known to have passed into the thousands. The hymn, "Sunshine In My Soul," was given wings, and circled the globe, coming back to its author with many beautiful stories of its use. The same is true of other of her hymns. Among the most popular have been, "Sunshine In My Soul," "Will There Be Any Stars?," "Stepping in the Light," "Not One Forgotten," "More About Jesus," "The Very Same Jesus."

It was a glad day when Miss Hewitt met Fanny Crosby and their mutual love is a joy to both.

During a visit to the Indians of the Onondaga Reservation, she was adopted into their tribe,

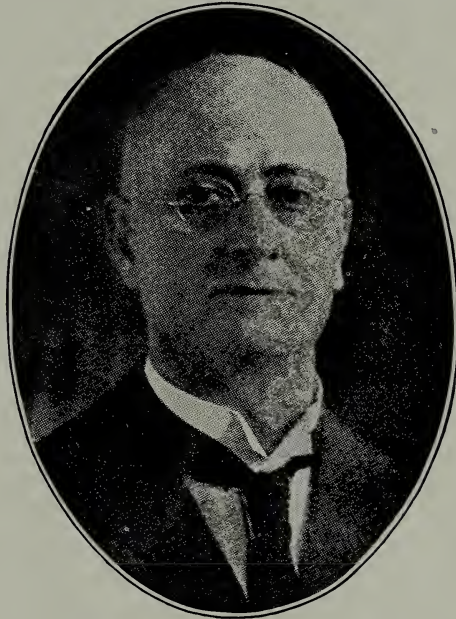
and this relationship has led to unique and pleasant experiences.

"After all, what hymns are so dear to us as the old church favorites? In looking over my life, would humbly and gratefully say:

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home."

\* \* \*


A marvelous record is that of Christopher R. Blackall! That I should attempt to tell the story of his life and work is a presumption almost inexcusable. Were it possible to live life over again, the only inducement offered would be that I might have the acquaintance, friend-



*C. R. Blackall*

ship, advice and *record* of such a man as a pattern, and the necessary ambition and ability to carry me step by step through a second existence, up to the high position of usefulness and honor occupied by Dr. Blackall.

He was born in Albany, N. Y., September 18th,





1830. At sixteen years of age he was prominently connected with the Order of Rechabites; at eighteen he was editor of the *Washingtonian*. At twenty-seven he graduated from the Medical College, N. Y., and one year later was a professor in the same institution. At thirty he was editor and publisher of *Watercure World*. Two years later he was surgeon of volunteers in the Civil War, which position he held until his health completely failed and he returned to his home in Chicago.


In 1864 he edited and published the *Journal of Health*. In 1865 he received the diploma of a Post-Graduate from the Rush Medical College. In 1866 he became General Secretary of the Cook County Sunday School Union. In 1867 he became District Secretary for the Northwest for the American Baptist Publication Society, with which Society he has been connected ever since. From 1873 to 1882 he was editor of *Our Little Ones and Bible Lessons*, during a part of which time he furnished *Independent Lessons to the Standard*, Chicago. In 1883 he moved to Philadelphia to become editor of periodicals. Since 1884 editor of the *Superintendent*, during which year he organized the Baptist Superintendent's Association of Philadelphia.

In 1885 he was ordained to the Christian ministry; for eight years Secretary of the Sunday School Editorial Association. In 1908 the Degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Temple College. Since 1908 he has been editor of the *Keystone Graded Lessons*. For many years he has been connected with the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association, having served as its president, member of its board of directors, chairman of its executive committee, and is still a member of its board. For many years he was editor of the Baptist Teacher.

His first public work in Sunday school lines was as General Secretary of the Cook County Association, where he came into touch with most of the great leaders of that time. Through the influence of Doctor, now Bishop, J. H. Vincent and B. F. Jacobs he turned aside completely from his professional life as a physician to take up Sunday school work. Dr. Vincent was at that time developing into that which subsequently made him famous; Edward Eggleston was coming to the front as editor of the *National Sunday School Teacher*. B. F. Jacobs was then a commission merchant on Water Street. P. P.








Bliss was Superintendent of a Congregational Sunday school not far from the Second Baptist school, where the Doctor filled a like position. D. L. Moody was rapidly becoming the leading evangelist of the country, as he afterward became of the world. Ira D. Sankey was directing the music of the Chicago noonday prayer meetings. Maj. D. W. Whittle was still a business man.



Conditions at that time, about 1867, were peculiar. The civil war had demoralized almost all Sunday school work, especially in the south. The nation was impoverished and the people were hungry for religious work and religious life. Many Sunday school conventions were held—conventions that were to the present day special, what the old time Mason, Bradbury & Root musical conventions were to the average 1915 musical instruction. Children's mass meetings were held, of which Dr. Blackall conducted over *thirty* during the twenty-eight days of the month of February.

The following quotation from him is interesting:

"I attended another convention in southern Illinois, which was at that time frequently spoken of as "Egypt." It certainly was virgin soil for that kind of effort. I was very thoroughly ignored by some of those in the leadership, because I had come from Chicago, and was known to have been in the Union army during the civil war. Some discussion arose with regard to the question of temperance, and sharp words were spoken by a few who said the efforts they had been making were ruined by a certain Baptist deacon, who had a "still" and manufactured whiskey. The deacon referred to promptly arose and acknowledged the fact that he made whiskey; but he said he had a Bible warrant for it, and quoted Paul's words to Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake. For that reason he wanted it clearly understood that he was "agin" the resolution that was proposed. He should certainly manufacture all the whiskey he pleased, for the Bible gave him his warrant. The outcome of the discussion, however, was on the right side of the temperance question."

Dr. Blackall has written two cantatas, "Belshazzar" and "Ruth." He is the author of "Stories About Jesus," "Six Decades," "Son of Timeus," and "A Daughter of Naein." His poem "Nellie's Work for Jesus" has reached a





sale of more than twelve thousand copies. He is the author of over one hundred hymns and Sunday school songs. His hymn "Sweet Sabbath School" was prompted by his interest in and longing for the welfare of the school of which he was Superintendent during an absence from duty.

Many of the older people of the Sunday school remember "Hast Thou Gleaned Well Today," also "Follow the Path of Jesus," which was prompted by his necessity of following the guide through the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. It takes a great man to do little things. He, the scholar and teacher, wrote:

"Little eyes, little eyes  
Softly close in worship now;  
Fold the arms, bow the head,  
While we whisper soft and low,  
God is here, and happy we  
In His presence e'er may be."

which was among the first of the still popular "motion" songs for children."

Beginning at sixteen, he is today, at eighty-five, still in the harness—not collecting and hoarding money or engineering a large and extended mercantile business or corporation, but doing good to his fellowmen, and telling to an anxiously listening world the old, old, sweet story of the Gospel.





## CHAPTER THREE



Broader than the sermon is the hymn book of our churches today. Seldom do we find a collection of gospel songs that does not contain "Lead, Kindly Light," written by that great Catholic, Cardinal Newman; our denominational hymnal contains three hymns by Father Faber. Great hymns deal only with the most fundamental Christian doctrines. Henry Ward Beecher said, "There is almost no heresy in the hymn book." Almost every great reform that has gripped the world has used the persuasive power of song to win its converts. Luther's doctrines would have fallen by the wayside, if the wandering students and peddlers of Germany had not sung his teachings in every town. The Wesleyan movement had for its leaders two brothers, John, the preacher, and Charles, the hymn writer, who declared "the devil shall not have all the lively tunes."



In all the sweet singers from Bernard of Cluny to blind Fanny Crosby, and on to our day, the church universal has been strengthened and cheered. Their music overleaps the bounds of denominational fences and becomes the possession of all mankind.

\* \* \* \*

Of the more recent hymn writers few are better known than Mrs. C. H. Morris. Born in 1862, she received her education in the public schools of McConnellsville, Ohio. Converted at the age of ten years, she united with the Methodist church and has lived a consecrated christian life, believing, at the beginning of her career that if she would write a noble poem, she must first live a noble life.

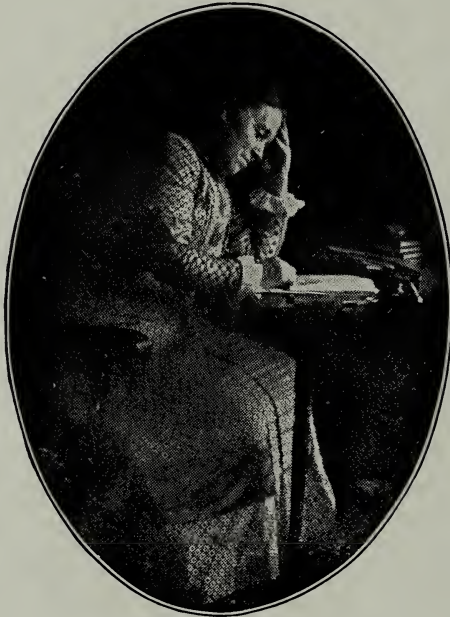
Her first hymn, "Refining Fire of God," was written in 1892; today the number of her published pieces totals almost 900, some of which have been translated into many tongues. "The Fight Is On," "Nearer, Still Nearer," "Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart," and others are among her best known. Mrs. Morris not only writes hymns, but invariably composes the music to them, thus giving them to the world winged for the flight her inspiration conceived for them.

In the prime of womanhood she became totally blind; but for the past few months sight has been gradually returning, creating the hope in her breast that she may once more on earth see



the faces of those she loves, and be able to read her *bible*. Her writing is done by dictation to her daughter.

Some of Mrs. Morris' compositions seem destined to be numbered with the few which possess enduring qualities. A great hymn must be more than a great poem, and a study of her hymns reveals not the bizarre and unusual, but the



*Mrs. C. H. Morris.*

homely words in common use, telling in the briefest metrical form those experiences which are found on practically every page of the New Testament.

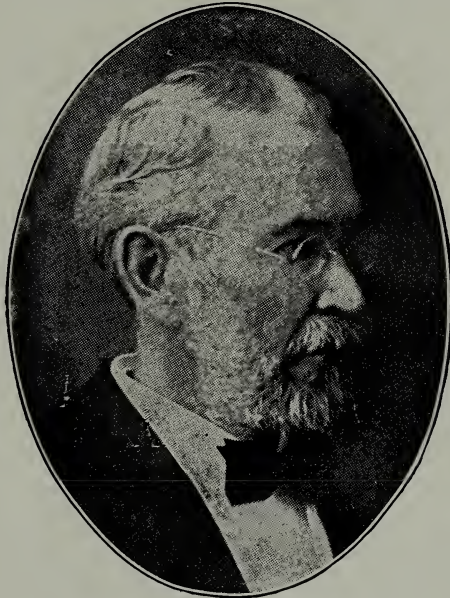
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All who have ever sung or heard—  
 "Jesus knows all about our struggles,  
 He will guide till the day is done;  
 There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus—  
 No, not one! No, not one!"  
 will be interested in reading about the man who



gave these splendid lines to the world. Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr. Born in 1856, he is an ordained local preacher in the M. E. church. Although just reaching the zenith of his years, he has written nearly five thousand hymns.

His first song, "I Am Walking With My Savior," was written in 1892 and set to music by the late John R. Sweeney in 1893, since which time he has written an average of 200 hymns per



*Johnston Oatman Jr.*

year. His first real success was, "When Our Ships Come Sailing Home," sung at Ocean Grove in 1894, with tremendous power. The late Bishop McCabe sang it all over the United States.

"Oh what singing, oh what shouting,  
When our ships come sailing home;  
They have stood the mighty tempest,  
They have crossed the ocean's foam,  
They have passed o'er stormy billows,  
But they now have gained the shore;

The anchor's cast, they're home at last—  
The voyage is safely o'er!"

His next success was "Deeper Yet," which made its way into the hearts of all true worshippers. There is a peculiar depth to it, found in very few gospel songs.

In 1895 appeared the song that has carried his name to many lands of the earth—"No. Not One;" within one year it was reprinted in thirty-five different song books, and has been translated into many languages and dialects.

In 1898 came his "Higher Ground," which at once took high rank among holiness people. No song can bring forth more shouts, at a camp meeting, than

"Lord, lift me up and let me stand,  
By faith, on heaven's table-land;  
A higher plane than I have found,  
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

"Count Your Blessings" was written in 1897, and, like a beam of sunlight, it has brightened up the dark places of earth. Many others might be mentioned for it has been said that he "has more hymns in the various Gospel song books than any song-writer, living or dead." There is a newness of thought, a freshness of contemplation and an originality to his verses which is seldom found.

Mr. Oatman is a firm believer in the old doctrine of the Wesleyan theology, conscientious and consecrated to the Lord, whose work he is doing so well. He believes that his *best* songs are yet to be written, and it is his daily prayer that he may be spared a few years, in which to write the praises of his Master, and that when his sun sets he may be swept home to glory on a flood-tide of song.

\* \* \*

J. H. Sammis was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., but removed in his 22nd year, to Logansport, Ind., where he was converted, and, for several years took an active part in local Christian service. He afterward gave up business to become Y. M. C. A. Secretary for the Terre Haute (Ind.) Association, from which he became State Secretary. Leaving this work he studied at Lane and McCormack Seminaries, and was ordained pastor of the Presbyterian church at Glidden, Iowa, by the Presbytery of Ft. Dodge. Was also pastor at Indianapolis, Ind., Grand Haven, Mich., Red Wing and St. Paul, Minn., becoming associated

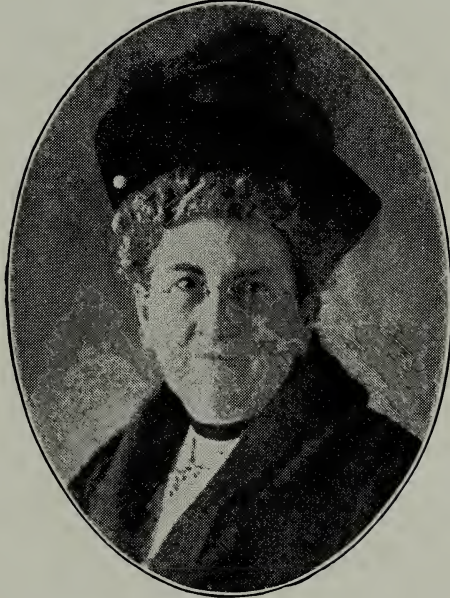
with the Los Angeles Bible Institute in 1909, which is his present field of labor.

Mr. Sammis has written over 100 hymns and gospel songs, some of which have had long service. "Trust and Obey" has been translated into German, Chinese, Japanese and interior African dialects. "He's a Friend of Mine" has also been wonderfully blessed. Several of his other hymns have met and conquered the test of public use. May the writer of

"Trust and obey,  
For there's no other way  
To be happy in Jesus,  
But to trust and obey,"


be spared and privileged to write many more hymns that serve to smooth the rough places in life's pathway, cheer the lonely hours, rift the clouds of doubt and roll the mists and shadows away.

\* \* \*



*Lizzie De Armond.*

Very few who attend and work in the Sunday school will fail to recognize the name of



Lizzie De Armond. She is, perhaps, the most prolific writer of children's hymns, recitations, exercises, dialogues, etc., of the present day. At twelve years of age, her first poem was printed in the Germantown, Pa., Telegraph. In the early years of her womanhood the cares and responsibilities of life crowded out all possibility of writing, and it was not until she was left a widow with eight children to support that real **necessity** compelled her to renew the work so long neglected. Short articles for various papers and magazines, librettos for cantatas, nature stories and other literary work found a ready market, and were stepping stones to higher achievement.

"If Your Heart Keeps Right" now being used so extensively in Evangelistic meetings, is her best known hymn. Under date of January 1st, 1915, she writes, "Now in the light of the glad New Year, 1915, if anything I have written has helped to lift one soul above the cares and worries of everyday life, and brought it nearer to the great loving heart of Jesus, the joy is mine, but the glory belongs to God."



\* \* \*

Ernest G. W. Wesley was born and educated in England. Belongs to the older branch of the Wesley family through the Barons of Noragh and the famous O'Neils of Ulster. At the age of seventeen he commenced writing for metropolitan and local papers. When twenty-two, was special correspondent for The New York Times in Buenos Aires, S. A., and contributor to the *Constitucion* and *Intereses Argentionos* (Spanish) and the *Standard* (English).

While in Buenos Aires he was licensed to preach by the Methodist Episcopal Church. For a number of years was manager of the *Club Estrangeiro*.

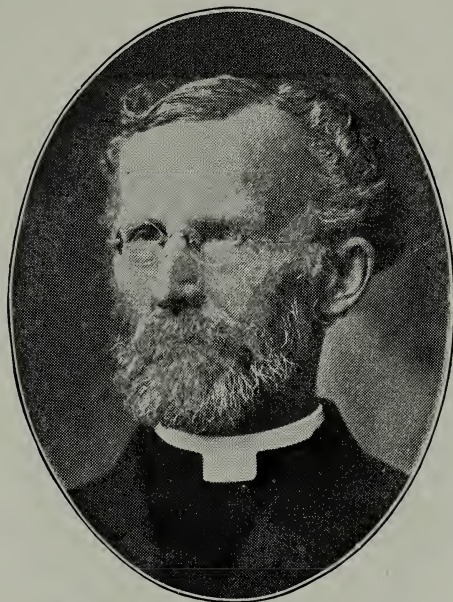
Coming to the United States in the early seventies, he continued writing—many of his earlier poems appearing in the *Nashville* and *New York Christian Advocate*. For ten years he was a regular contributor to *Gospel In All Lands*, *The Baptist Union* and other religious and secular papers; for sixteen years was editor of the *Young People's Department* of the *Morning Star* of Boston.

Mr. Wesley has written between five and six hundred hymns and nearly two thousand





articles, chiefly on religious and theological subjects. About a hundred of his poems have been set to music. He is also author of Songs of the Heart, Steps Into the Blessed



*Ernest Leo Wesley*

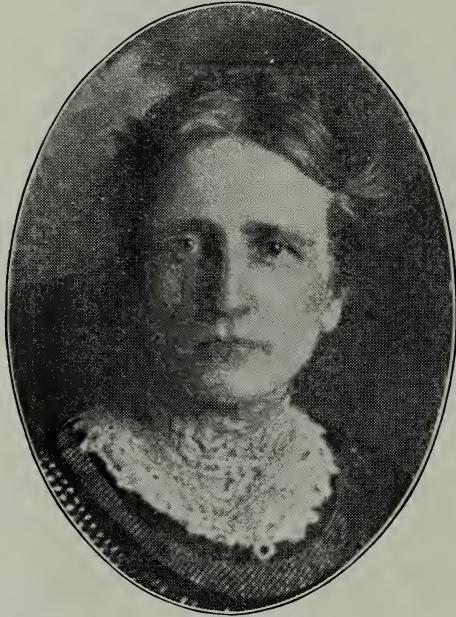
Life, and a number of tracts. Among his best known hymns may be named, "Christ Will Never Fail," "Christ the Lord, Cometh," and "Make Jesus King." Mr. Wesley gives Prof. D. B. Towner the credit of directing his mind to the writing of hymns for Gospel Singers, which he did about fifteen years ago after having noticed several of his verses in different religious papers.

\* \* \*

Ella Lauder is a direct descendant of the Rev. Thomas Thatcher, who came to Massachusetts from England in 1635, and was the

first Pastor of the Old South Church of Boston.

She has written a goodly number of hymns which have been widely used. She was for three years Editor of the Home Department of the Midland, a Chicago periodical, in which the greater part of her writings, both prose



*Ella Launder.*

and verse, appeared. Several of her children's stories have appeared in various periodicals, and now, at the age of fifty-two years, after having raised a family of three children who are all "able to look down as they call me 'little mother', I hope to find opportunity to attempt a form for the fancies and rhythms which still beat in my brain, hoping I may make my childish day-dreams come true, and write something worth while".

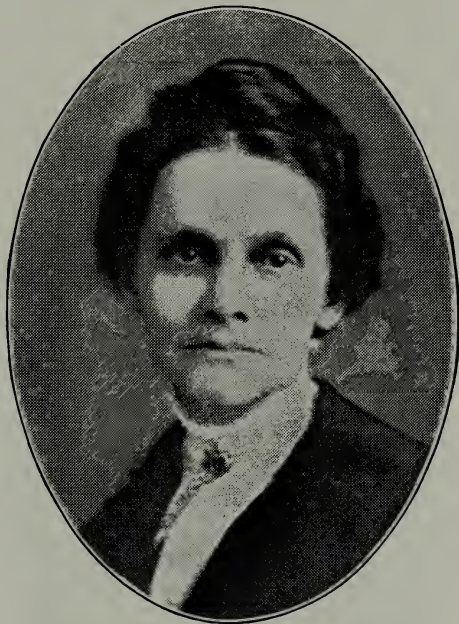
\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Frank A. Breck is a direct descendant of Col. Timothy Ellis, who won distinction in

the battle of Ticonderoga, during the Revolutionary war. Born January 22nd, 1855, in Vermont, her early life was spent among the New England hills. Later she removed to Vineland, N. J., but now resides in the "City of Roses"—Portland Oregon.

Her first poem, a bit of ironic rhyme on "Washing Dishes", was published in The Youth's Companion; later she wrote verse and prose for religious and household publications.

In 1884 she was married to Frank A. Breck and made her home on a place which was part of what had once been the home property of



*Carrie E. Breck*

Henry C. Work, author of "Grandfather's Clock", "Marching Through Georgia", "Nicodemus" and other famous songs. "I distinctly remember his pleasant, kind-hearted wife allowing me to thrum on their little melodeon with my childish fingers."

For a number of years family duties super-

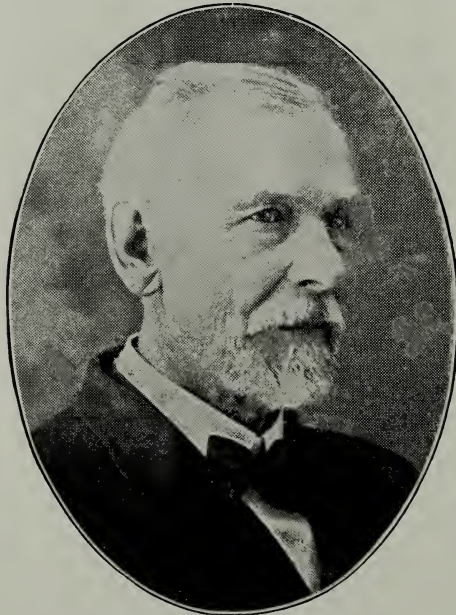


seded those literary, and only semi-occasionally did she entertain her muse. One day the mail brought her a manuscript copy of a song, words by herself—"You Ought To Do Something for Jesus". It was published in The Christian Herald, and was her first Gospel hymn.

"It was a great joy to me", she has told me, "and, as opportunity offered, I penciled verse under all sorts of conditions—over a mending basket, with a baby in arms, and sometimes even when sweeping or washing dishes, my mind moved to meter."

She has written between fourteen and fifteen hundred hymns. Some of the best known of these are "Face to Face", "Help Somebody Today", "When Love Shines In" and "Life-time is Working-time".

She is the mother of five daughters, the second of whom, Flora Elizabeth, has written



PALMER HARTSOUGH

hymns occasionally, several of which have appeared in various books of song. Mrs. Breck

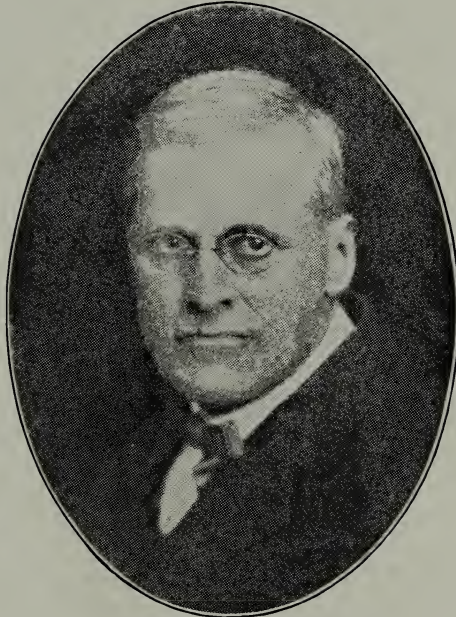


is a consistent Christian. Her parents and grandparents were God-fearing people. She cannot remember when Bible reading and prayer were not her daily home custom. Kind-hearted, charitable and sympathetic, it was but natural she should sing:

“Look all around you,  
Find someone in need—  
Help somebody today,  
Tho' it be little—  
A neighborly deed—  
Help somebody today.”

\* \* \* \*

Palmer Hartsough is a name familiar to those who sing Gospel songs. He is one of the few remaining of the “old school” type, in-



J. W. VAN DE VENTER

to whose writing commercialism did not enter. He was educated at Plymouth, Ypsilanti and Kalamazoo, Michigan. Was a pupil, in music, of F. H. Pease, Dr. Geo. F. Root and others. Words he wrote to an exercise in the Harmony class at a Normal Music School at-



tracted the attention of Dr. Root, and was the beginning of his verse writing.

In 1893 he became associated with the Fillmore Brothers, music publishers, of Cincinnati, Ohio, since which time his writings have come to print, principally, through this firm. His professional life has been that of a teacher of vocal music, which vocation he still follows in Ontario, Wisconsin.

\* \* \* \* \*

On a farm, near the village of Dundee, Michigan, the subject of this sketch, J. W. Van De Venter, was born December 5th, 1855. He was educated in the country and village schools, and Hillsdale College.

He has written about one hundred hymns and songs. The first to become popular was "I Surrender All", which was soon followed by "Looking This Way", which was a great favorite of the late Ira D. Sankey. He lives in St. Petersburg, Florida, and is still writing.





## CHAPTER FOUR



It takes "all kinds of people to make a world" so they say, and this creates the need of variety of songs, if all classes are to be reached and helped. In former years I have heard the uncultured, untaught colored people of the South sing, at their camp-meetings. songs our churches would not tolerate, and yet I am convinced that every soul in those audiences was filled with honest conviction and sincere worship. A denominational paper, in a recent issue, contained the following poem, that illustrates this point:

There's a King and Captain high, who'll be  
coming by and by;  
And he'll find me hoeing cotton when he  
comes.

You can hear his legions charging in the  
thunder of the sky,  
And he'll find me hoeing cotton when he  
comes.

When he comes,  
When he comes!  
All the dead shall rise in answer to his drums,  
Oh, the fires of his encampment star the  
firmament on high;  
And the heavens shall roll asunder when he  
comes.

There's a man they thrust aside, who was tor-  
tured till he died;  
And he'll find me hoeing cotton when he  
comes.



He was hated and rejected; he was scourged  
and crucified;  
And he'll find me hoeing cotton when he  
comes.

When he comes,  
When he comes!  
He'll be ringed by saints and angels when he  
comes;

They'll be calling out "Hosanna!" to the Man  
that men denied;

And I'll knell among the cotton—when he  
comes.

Such pieces breathe the expression of the  
heart's desire and intention, no matter what  
language is employed, and they will help you  
too, if you are really sincere and not disposed

to be captious or cynical. While I do not advocate this class of song, yet I would rather be that old colored man kneeling down there in the cotton field, hoe in hand and faithful when He comes, than take my chances with the fellow who follows in the wake of the critic.

\* \* \*

Among our most versatile and prolific writers of gospel verse, is James Rowe, who has more than 9,000 published hymns, poems, recitations, mottoes, etc., to his credit. Born in England in 1866, he joined a party of government surveyors at the age of 16. Served four years in the Government Survey Office, Dublin, Ireland. Coming to America in 1890, he



*James Rowe*

spent ten years in the employ of the New York Central & Hudson River R. R. Co., when he became Superintendent of the Mohawk and Hudson River Humane Society, which he

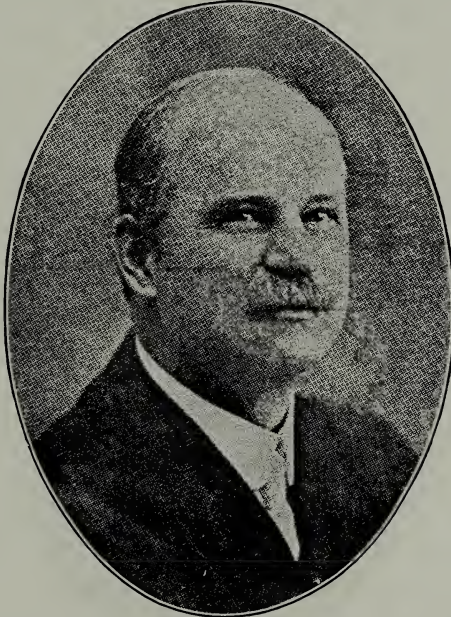


served for twelve years.

He began writing songs and hymns about twenty years ago—his first one being "Speak It For the Savior", which is still very often heard. The title of "The Bard of Albany" was bestowed upon him recently. Mr. Rowe has written several small books of recitations, a few librettos, and many jokes, sketches, stories and magazine articles.

\* \* \*

Frank E. Graeff is a minister of the Gospel and has been a member of the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 25 years. He is the author of



*Frank E. Graeff*

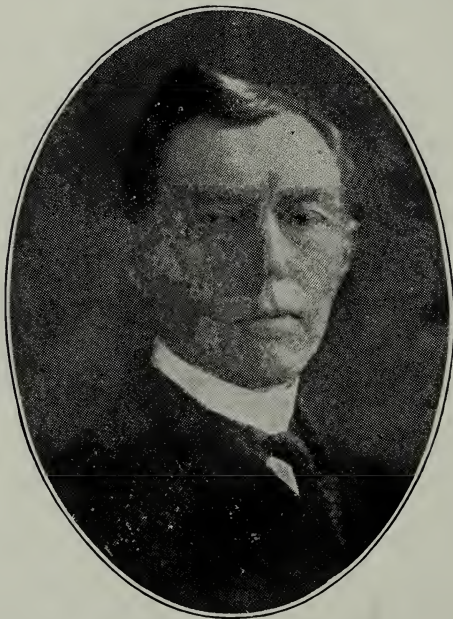
over 200 hymns, 200 stories, numerous poems and one book, "The Minister's Twins". He has contributed articles to many prominent magazines and newspapers.

"Does Jesus Care" is, doubtless, the best

known of all his writings. It was written while he was passing through one of those hard places which all of us at times must pass. The hymn has been translated into several languages, and is sung over the world. Broken, burdened, suffering men and women have told of its helpfulness in times of great need and sorrow. Many instances of the wonderful power it wields could be mentioned, and Mr. Graeff says of it, "The hymn seems to carry comfort and hope to troubled hearts—and I am glad I had the inspiration to write it."



\* \* \*

The gospel song "Some Day", which was so much in use during Dr. Chapman's simul-



*M. Victor Staley.*

taneous evangelistic campaigns, introduced a new poet to the religious world. Dr. M. Vic-





tor Staley was born in 1866, near Omro, Wisconsin. From school age until his 14th year he attended the village school. The family removing to Oshkosh in 1880, he spent two years in the High School of that town. About this time his success in verse, short stories and newspaper articles in the local press prompted him to complete his education. Accordingly in 1887 he entered Lawrence University, where he studied for five years, entering the University of Wisconsin at Madison in 1892. He graduated in 1893 with the degree of B. A. Entering Yale University, New Haven, Conn., he took a post-graduate course, one of his instructors being Dr. William Dwight Whitney. After two years he received the degree of Ph. D. In 1900 he studied law and was admitted to the bar of Indiana with the degree of LL. D. The same degree was conferred upon him by the University of Oregon Law School, at Portland, where he was also admitted to the courts. He has been a teacher of Latin and Greek in Palo Alto, Cal.; in the University of Washington, Seattle; at Orchard Lake Military Academy and Louisiana State Normal School.

Scholar that he is, he is inclined toward and takes time to write the simple heart-echo hymns for the great mass of people who love the pure, the true, the good and the beautiful. His first hymn was "Our Home in Heaven", written about 1887 and set to music by Victor H. Benke.

His hymns number about 100, beside one book of poems and a vast amount of other literary work. At present he is Supervising Principal of the Corona, Cal., city schools. The prime of his manhood and usefulness having barely been attained, the world may well expect much more from his talented pen.

\* \* \*



"Bred and born" in the church was Mrs. Nellie Place Chandler. At 12 years of age she played the organ in church and Sunday school, since which time she has constantly been in the work either as chorister, organist or choir-director. All her life she has been a student as well as teacher of music. Her first song was a "Class Song" published by The John Church Company in 1898. Her first sacred song was "He Saves with Power Divine", in

1906, of which the following incident is told:  
Some years ago in the Lumberlost country, in the very neighborhood made famous by Gene Stratton Porter in "Laddie", there lived a sturdy, true-blue American family of father, mother and eight children, happily gathered



*Nellie Place Chandler,*

around a Christian hearth-stone. Misfortune overtook them in the form of an epidemic of typhoid fever. After weeks of anxious nursing, when four had been near death's door (there had been no merriment and song in that home for days), when approaching the house one day after convalescence had been established, I heard a cottage organ and a quartette of glad voices as spontaneous and joyous as the robin's note peal forth that sacred song of Mrs. Chandler's:

"Jesus saves, sing aloud the story,  
Jesus saves, give Him all the praise and glory.  
Jesus saves, save this soul of mine;  
Jesus saves, He saves with power divine."



Not until then did I realize the joyous influence for good wielded by a writer of sacred music.

More of a composer of music, perhaps, than a writer of hymns, yet Mrs. Chandler holds a prominent place in the hearts of the people, especially in her own home, where her whole life has been a blessing to all in and out of the church.

Concerning her manner of composing she says, "As I write the words and music (I seem unable to write one without the other), I can hear it being sung by the Sunday school or choir, hear the instrument and accompaniment, until, if I were able to get it written out and conveyed to others as I hear it, I might write something worth while."

\* \* \*

"I need Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.  
I need Thee, O I need Thee,  
Every hour I need Thee;  
O bless me now, my Savior,  
I come to Thee."

Few of the millions of people, old or young, who have heard, sung or read the beautiful hymn of which the above is the first stanza and chorus, know that its writer, Mrs. Annie Sherwood Hawks, is still living, and "carries on an extensive correspondence with friends all over the country, and receives many visitors."

She is the last of three women hymn writers whose fame is world-wide—the other two, both of whom were blind, being Fanny Crosby, who died recently, and Alice Holmes, who went to her reward over a year ago.


Mrs. Hawks began writing verse at an early age—her first being printed during her fourteenth year. Later in life her friend and pastor, the Rev. Robert Lowry, encouraged her to write song-poems, to which he composed music. She is the author of over four hundred hymns, among which may be mentioned:—"In the Valley," "Good Night," "Why Weepst Thou," "Who'll Be the Next," etc., but the one by which she is best known is "I Need Thee Every Hour," written in 1875. It is said that this hymn has been translated into

more foreign languages than any other of modern times. Mrs. Hawks says of it:

"Whenever my attention is called to it I am



conscious of great satisfaction in the thought that I was permitted to write the hymn 'I Need Thee Every Hour', and that it was wafted out to the world on the wings of love and joy, rather than under the stress of a great personal sorrow, with which it has so often been associated in the minds of those who sing it.



"I remember well the morning, many years ago, when in the midst of the daily cares of my home, then in a distant city, I was so filled with the sense of nearness to the Master that, wondering how one could live without Him either in joy or pain, these words 'I Need Thee Every Hour' were ushered into my mind, the thought at once taking full possession of me.

"Seating myself by the open window in the balmy air of the bright June day I caught my pencil and the words were soon committed to paper, almost as they are being sung today. It was only by accident, it would seem, that they were set to music a few months after and sung for the first time at a Sunday School Convention held in one of the large western cities. From there they were taken farther west and sung by thousands of voices before the echo came back to me, thrilling my heart with surprise and gladness.

"For myself the hymn was prophetic rather than expressive of my own experience at the time it was written, and I do not understand why it so touched the great throbbing heart of humanity. It was not until long years after, when the shadow fell over my way—the shadow of a great loss—that I understood something of the comforting in the words I had been permitted to write and give out to others in my hours of sweet security and peace.


"Now when I hear them sung, as I have sometimes, by hundreds of voices in chorus, I find it difficult to think they were ever, consciously, my own thought or penned by my own hand.

"Copies of the hymn have been sent to me in a number of different languages, but the one I prize most highly is the one printed in the, to me, queer and untranslatable characters of the Burmese print."

Women have ever held an exalted position among the writers of hymns that have been and are a strong factor in turning the hearts of men and women to God, moulding religious life and keeping the spiritual fires burning.

That their words have been carried to the remotest ends of the earth is but small recognition of their help, comfort and uplift to the entire world of mankind.

Mrs. Hawks was born at Hoosack, N. Y., in May, 1835. Her maiden name was Annie Sher-



wood. She was married in 1859 to Charles Hial Hawks, who died in 1888. Of three children, a daughter remains, with whom Mrs. Hawks resides.

The following excerpts from a letter received from her recently will be of interest:

“July 27, 1915.

“Dear Mr. Gabriel:

“You see I have begun a letter to you—when it will be finished is a problem\* \* \* \* \* I note a rather remarkable coincidence that a Gabriel wrote ‘The Glory Song.’ \* \* \* \* \* My health for five years has been that of semi-invalidism. I go out very little and have not been out of my room much since my recent illness. Owing to the fact that I was not sufficiently careful of my eyesight, I am now paying the p nalty, and obliged to use them sparingly. \* \* \* \* \* I must close now to resume the letter later on, but just here let me say, lest I forget to mention it, I am very fond of ‘The Glory Song’—it is very inspiring to me.

July 29.

“I am pleased to write that I am very much better in health than when I received yours of May 24th, and hope to continue to improve, although my condition is not favorable to writing today, as I used my eyes too much yesterday.

With thanks for your kindness and courtesy,

Sincerely yours,  
Annie Sherwood Hawks.

The prayers of a christian world ascend for the one who in the twilight of a long life of service to her Master still is singing:

“I need Thee ev’ry hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly, and abide,  
Or life is vain.”





## CHAPTER FIVE



“Shall We Gather at the River” was written in July, 1864, by Dr. Robert Lowry. “I had often wondered why”, he has said, “the hymn writers had said so much about “the river of death’ and so little about the pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. As I mused, the words began to construct themselves and the music came with the hymn—they are twins”. It was first published by the American Tract Society, and has gone wherever the Gospel is preached.

While in London in 1880, Dr. Lowry attended a reception given the delegates of the Sunday School Union as a prelude to the Robert Raikes Centennial. At the close of the exercises, the chairman said, “I am told the author of ‘Shall We Gather at the River’ is in the room. We should all like to hear him”. Making his way from the rear seats, Dr. Lowry entered the platform, was welcomed by the chairman and introduced to the audience. The reception given him was so enthusiastic that for some minutes it was impossible for him to speak—a suitable recognition due to such a man, and the spontaneous testimony to the value of a song.



For fifty years

“Shall we gather at the river  
Where bright angel feet have trod;  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing from the throne of God?”

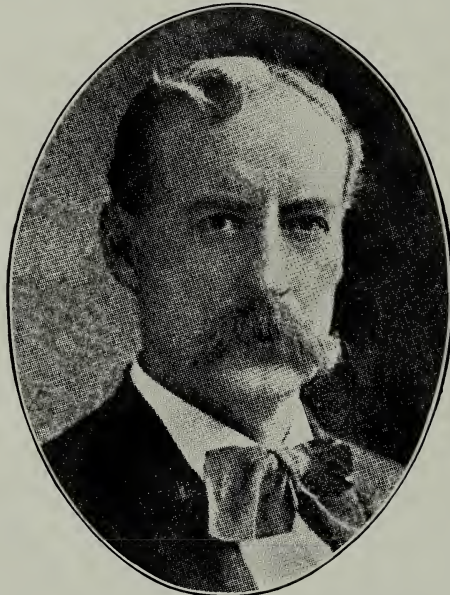
has been sung by the christian people of all lands. Saints and sinners know it, sing it and love it. It has not the distinction of having been placed, by scholars, among the “classics”, yet it clings to the human heart in prosperity and adversity; it lingers there through health and strength, is a comfort to the sick, and the hope of the dying. Critics pass it by, for various reasons—it is a Gibraltar in the ocean of sacred hymns that no craft dare sail against. Faith listens and cries

“Yes, we’ll gather at the river  
That flows from the throne of God”.

We know not when or how—but—some time,  
and—somewhere.

Dr. R. Kelso Carter, who wrote "Standing on the Promises", was, for many years, a Professor in the Pennsylvania Military College at Chester. While there he was licensed by the M. E. Church to preach, and became



*R. K. Carter*

very active in leading camp meetings and revivals, but failing health forced him to abandon the work. He afterward studied and became a medical man by profession, as well as a writer.

He has written several novels, always with a purpose. His first historical novel, called, "Amor Victor", was praised almost extravagantly by the Press, it being compared with Ben Hur and Quo Vadis. Occasionally he writes for the Magazines—generally a story with a "heart throb" in it, or some scientific lesson made simple and plain, or a pungent bit of satire.

Dr. Carter has written many hymns that have taken hold, among them "Standing on

the Promises", "All Taken Away", "At the Cross" and "Cross of Christ Lead Onward". His latest success, "The Sign of the Cross". This song is in the swinging military march movement which Dr. Carter's long association with military training has naturally evinced in his compositions.

Not only does he write the words, but almost invariably composes music to his own hymns. He is a diligent student and steady worker, but, should he lay his pen down today, the world must say he did not labor in vain.

\* \* \*

Alfred Henry Ackley is one of the younger poets whose verses have met with instant success. At 22 years of age he was graduated from Westminster Theological Seminary of Maryland and at once assumed the position of Assistant Pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Sharon, Pa. Filling this and other important appointments successfully, he is now assistant to Rev. Hugh Thompson Kerr, D.D., of Shadyside Presbyterian church.

He studied harmony and the violoncello under Alfred Walker, of the Royal Academy of Music, London; was also a pupil of Hans Kronold of New York City.

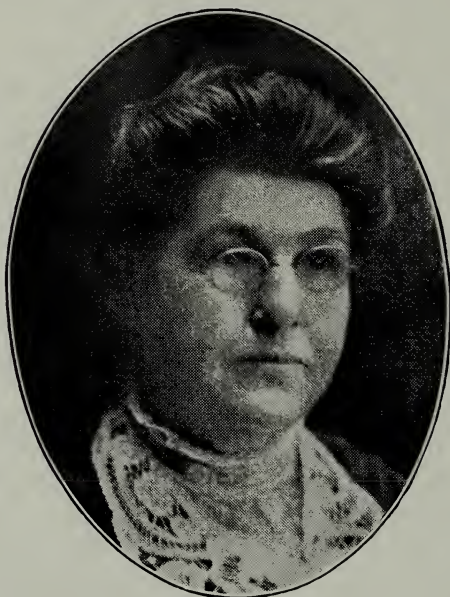
His first hymn, "Somebody Knows"—with music by his brother, B. D. Ackley—was written in the Spring of 1907, and at once became popular and is today a favorite everywhere. Among many useful hymns written by him are, "I Am Coming Home", "Every Day I Need Thee More", "His Love Is Far Better Than Gold", "I Shall Not Be Moved", "I Shall Dwell Forever There" and others.

\* \* \* \*

Marian Wendell Hubbard is a direct descendant of a famous old New York family whose long line of men occupied positions of honor and responsibility in the service of their country, as well as in literature—Oliver Wendell Holmes and Wendell Phillips being nearly related to her father. "Surely I should not feel elated" (I quote from a personal letter), "over my little gift of poesy, when it is such a tiny rivulet, issuing from the great mountain stream of my literary forbears".

Her mother died when she was nine years of age, and she was sent, to be educated, to Pawtucket, R. I. At the age of eighteen she

entered a Philadelphia Publishing office as proof reader, when her first articles in prose and poetry were printed under a *nom de plume*. One of her prose articles, "Human Life", published in *The Lutheran*, attracted



*Maianau Wendell Hubbard*

much attention, which gave her, while hiding behind her pseudonym, much pleasure.

Her first hymn writing was done for an Elgin, Illinois, publisher, and for other compilers, about twenty years ago. Among her most popular ones is "Lord, Is It I?"

"The greatest happiness I ever experienced", she declares, "was when I was able for active Christian work—now, as my treacherous heart makes me have to be so careful, I often feel like an idler in the vineyard. I never wrote a thing that touched other hearts, unless my own was touched by the Holy Spirit."

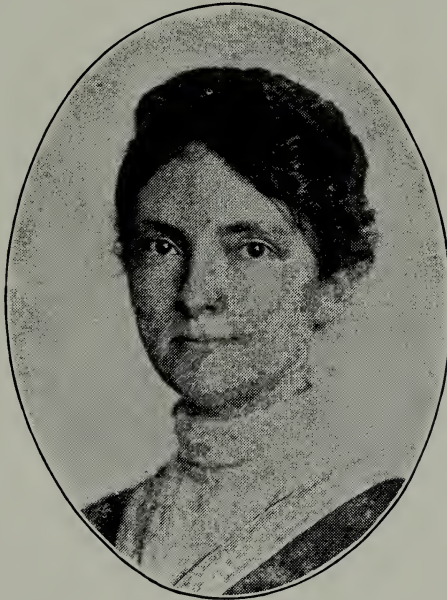
\* \* \* \*

Lucia B. Cook was born in Greenville, S. C., in 1884. At 15 years of age her health began to fail, and soon she was a helpless invalid. "I remember thinking as I lay on the hospital



cot", she writes, "if I live to get well, I will pray more; I could not even think as it was. I used to look at my white-capped nurses and wish that someone would tell me the old, old story".

Health and strength gradually returning, she again took up the work she had mapped out for herself in early girlhood, and, relying on the above recorded vow for help, she occupies a position of more than local prominence.



*Lucia B. Cook*

Miss Cook is an author and poet of recognized ability, having for some years been a contributor to school, church and literary publications. Her articles have appeared in *The Designer*, *The National Sunday School Times*, *Churchman* and many other periodicals. Her greatest interest is with little children, and she is a deep lover of nature. Her first poetic effort was written at the age of twelve years. She has always kept in close touch with educational affairs, and is a student of methods. Her hymns are scattered through many books—are logical, practical and well written.



## CHAPTER SIX



At every dangerous corner on the perilous pathway of Man's Destiny, Providence has placed one who has, through virtue of great genius, guided the steps of mankind. The efforts of the greatest in literature, Homer, Shakespeare, Dante and Cervantes—bore fruit not alone in the realm of their Art but for myriads who came after them.

It is, however, only by the highly educated that these men are really understood, so, in the "eternal fitness of things", we have been given those who speak from the heart, and possess the power to give us their thoughts with comprehensible clearness.

Many fail to really understand the allegory, and thereby lose the full beauty of

"So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost  
awhile,"



but the face of the little child brightens and the eyes sparkle with a clear conception of the meaning as it sings

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven  
Tells of His love in the book He has given;  
Wonderful things in the bible I see,  
This is the dearest that Jesus loves me."

To this class belongs that master hymn, "Savior, Thy Dying Love", written by Dr. S. D. Phelps in 1862, and first published in a periodical of that time. Later, Rev. Robert Lowry set it to music and published it, with others, in a book entitled *Pure Gold*. Although it has been "tuned" by many composers, the excellent music of Dr. Lowry will always be associated with it, and together they have been carried into all parts of the Christian world.

A letter, written in May, 1866, by Dr. Lowry to Dr. Phelps (on the latter's birthday), says: "It is worth living seventy years even if nothing comes of it but one such hymn as

'Savior, thy dying love  
Thou gavest me;  
Nor should I aught withhold,  
Dear Lord, from Thee.'

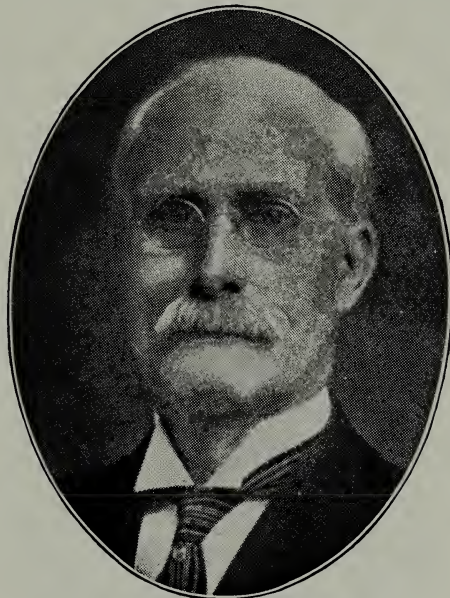



Happy is the man who can produce one song which the world will keep on singing after its author shall have passed away."

\* \* \*

Rev. Neal A. McAulay, D.D., was born of Scottish parents in the English town of Nova Scotia, March, 1854. At twenty-one years of age he removed to Boston, and, in 1876, from there to Portland, Me., where he learned the hatter's trade.

He was converted in 1877, and came to Chicago in 1882, where for a year his time was de-



*Neal A. McAulay*

voted to Mission work, and to the Young Men's Christian Association. He entered McCormick Theological Seminary in 1883, received his degree in 1886, and the same year became Pastor of the Prsbyterian Church of Wilton, Iowa, to which pastorate he gave twenty-one consecutive years of faithful service. In 1907 he accepted a call to Lyons, Iowa, where he is still preaching the gospel.

Rev. McAulay has been honored by his de-

nomination in many official capacities, and is now a Director of his Alma Mater, and President of the Clinton, Iowa, Ministerial Association.

He has traveled extensively in this country and abroad; is connected with a number of fraternities; is broad minded, optimistic, and a pastor greatly loved and honored by old and young.

In 1889 he began writing gospel hymns, many of which have become popular and useful. His best known hymns are "The Children's Hosanna", "Will I Empty Handed Be", "Till I See My Mother's Face".

Being only "sixty years young", and still vigorous, the Church may yet expect much from him.

\* \* \*

Georgia Tillman Sned, Authoress, Poetess and Teacher, is a native of The Old Domin-



*Georgia Tillman Sned*

ion. She has written several volumes of prose works and a book of poems. Her books have been accorded very high praise by the press



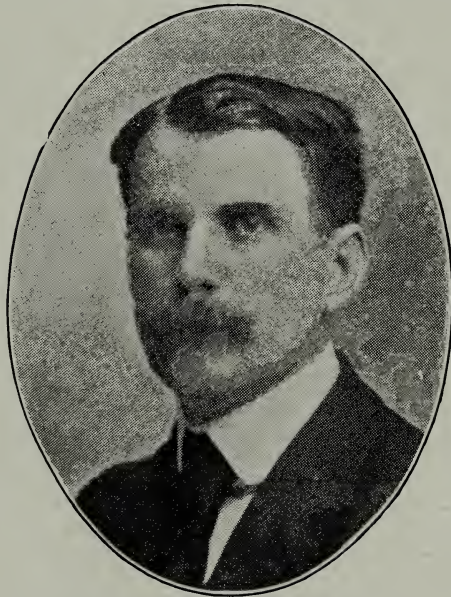
throughout the country. There is a peculiar charm to her style of writing, which is of the highest ideals and purity of thought.

Her poems carry a sweet note of hope and faith, and many are characterized by a strong devotional spirit. For many of the best composers of church music she has written hymns that have been greatly blessed. Her verses are specially adapted to Sunday school work, being cheerful, buoyant, practical and full of that hope and confidence so characteristic of young people.

She was for a time in the employ of the Home Missionary Society, but at present devotes her time exclusively to writing, and is a regular contributor to Religious publications.


\* \* \* \*

William C. Poole, of Wilmington, Delaware,



*W. C. Poole*

is one of the younger ministers and writers. His ancestors for several generations were




Maryland Quakers, but his parents after marriage united with The Methodist Church. Of the three children born to them, two are Methodist ministers and the third is a Methodist class leader.

Mr. Poole was born and raised on a Maryland Farm. Since graduating from Washington College, his life has been spent as a Methodist minister in the bounds of the Wilmington Conference in which time he has been pastor of The McCabe Memorial, The Richardson Park and other churches. In 1913 he was Superintendent of The Anti-Saloon League of Delaware. He is at present pastor of The Richardson Park Church.

Concerning his hymn writing and literary work, Mr. Poole says, "My first appearance in print outside of local papers was in 1907. Since my twelfth year I had been writing verses in old composition books which I carefully concealed. Many of these verses were hymns. It was in 1907 that I ventured to send a manuscript to a prominent publisher and asked if it was worth keeping. They immediately referred me to Charles H. Gabriel and he asked for more. Among the first lot was 'Just When I Need Him Most', which immediately became popular.

Since then I have written about five hundred hymns and three hundred other verse manuscripts, besides many special articles, in spare moments of a busy life. They are written on trains, in meetings, and anywhere the mood seizes me. Among the hymns are "One Day for Thee", "Nothing Held Back", "Don't Forget Jesus" and many others. I have been working under high pressure most of the time since I was fifteen years old. While hymn writing does not pay me as compared with other work, I will stop a high priced article any time to write a hymn which will help others on the way. If I cannot sing to make others listen, I will write such that they will read.

My real work is that of a minister and pastor. The writing is done as recreation and diversion from responsibilities which might otherwise depress me. The same idea which sends me to my pulpit, sends me to my pen or typewriter—To Help Somebody."





## CHAPTER SEVEN




In May, 1887, Dr. S. F. Smith visited the Board of Trade in Chicago, and while sitting in the gallery he was pointed out to some of the members, and soon became the center of considerable notice. All at once the trading on the floor ceased, and from the wheat pit came the familiar words "My Country 'Tis of Thee". After two stanzas had been sung, Dr. Smith rose and bowed. Amid the cheers of the traders, he was led to the floor by the Secretary of the Board. The members flocked around him, grasped his hand, and, opening a passage through the crowd, led him into the wheat pit, when with heads uncovered, they sang the rest of the hymn.


"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." No hymn writer ever reached the goal by way of Shakespeare's third route. The true poet is born—but, if all the castles he has built had stood, the earth would be one vast, beautiful city; if all his hopes had been realized, the birds in the forest would hush and listen to the sweet strains of poetry floating on the air; if all his day-dreams had materialized the hills would vibrate and the mountains echo with divine melody.

If his failures were numbered, only the sands on the seashore could equal them, while his heartaches have been as many as the leaves on the summer trees. He may have struggled against poverty; endured abuse from those not in sympathy with him; neglected friendships or companionships that would have brought him pleasure and wealth; felt the cold breath of winter filter through the door of his poorly heated and dimly lighted room, or even realized the pangs of hunger, yet undismayed, undiscouraged, he fought and worked on, hoped on and struggled against the unfriendly tide until his genius, that adversity could not throttle, triumphed, and the world hastened to place upon his brow the wreath of conquest.

\* \* \*



Mrs. C. D. Martin is a native of Canada, born in 1868, she was educated in the public and normal schools of Nova Scotia, and for



a number of years was a successful teacher. Although in early life Mrs. Martin wrote poetic effusions, yet not until 1906 did she write for publication. Her first popular hymn was "God Will Take Care of You"; which is sung everywhere. The hymn was written on




*Mrs C. D. Martin*

a sick bed while she was a guest of the Bible School at Lestershire, N. Y. It was set to music by her husband, and has found its way into almost every Gospel song book published since that time.

The famous "Sparrow Song" Mrs. Martin considers her masterpiece. Of its inspiration, she writes, "It was written at the bedside of a bedridden saint in the city of Elmira, N. Y. I was reading and singing to her, and during our conversation I asked her if she did not sometimes get discouraged. She answered, "How can I be discouraged, when my Father watches the sparrows, and I know He loves and cares for me"? Procuring paper and pencil, in a





few moments I wrote the now famous hymn. The next day I mailed it to Mr. Chas. H. Gabriel, who wrote the music and sent it to Mr. Chas. M. Alexander, in England, where the song was first sung in Albert Hall, during the great Torrey-Alexander revival. From there it has gone all over the world."

\* \* \*



"'Tis slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword,  
whose tongue out-venoms all the worms of Nile,  
whose breath rides on the posting winds,  
and doth belie all comers of the world."

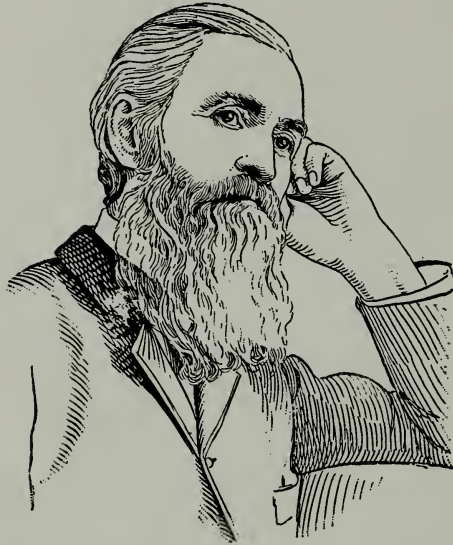
Because of the fact that the present generation has been led to believe much that is unreasonable, base and untrue concerning the origin and the author of that master Gospel song, "The Sweet By and By", the following sketch is included in this series of biographies.

Dr. S. Fillmore Bennett, I knew personally. He was born in the village of Eden, N. Y., June 21st, 1836. At two years of age he came with his parents to Plainfield, Ill., where his boyhood days were spent, working on the farm, attending district school during the winter, and reading all the books he could obtain and find time for. At sixteen years of age he entered Waukegan Academy. Two years later he began teaching at Wauconda. In 1858 he entered the University of Michigan; afterward he had charge of the schools at Richmond, Ill. Two years later he resigned and became Associate Editor of the Independent at Elkhorn, Wis. In 1864 he enlisted in Company D, 40th Wisconsin Volunteers, and served as Second Lieutenant. Returning from the war, he located at Elkhorn, Wisconsin, where he opened a drug store and began the study of medicine. I herewith give verbatim his own story of the origin of the song:

"Mr. Webster, like many musicians, was of an exceedingly nervous and sensitive nature, and subject to periods of depression, in which he looked upon the dark side of all things in life. I had learned his peculiarities so well that on meeting him I could tell at a glance if he was melancholy, and had found that I could rouse him by giving him a new song to work on. He came into my place of business, walked down to the stove and turned his back on me without speaking. I was at my desk, writing. Turning to him I said, 'Webster,



what is the matter now,' 'It's no matter', he replied, 'it will be all right by and by'. The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunlight and I replied, 'The Sweet By and By! why would not that make a good hymn?' 'Maybe it would', said he indifferently. Turning to my desk I penned the words of the




*S. Fillmore Bennett.*

hymn as fast as I could write. I handed the words to Webster. As he read his eye kindled, and stepping to the desk he began writing the notes. Taking his violin, he played the melody and then jotted down the notes of the chorus. It was not over thirty minutes from the time I took my pen to write the words before two friends, Webster and myself, were singing the hymn. While singing, another friend entered, and, after listening awhile, said, 'That hymn is immortal'".

It was first published, with about one hundred others, in a book of songs called "The Signet Ring" issued soon after the war of the rebellion.

He began writing when a mere lad, and his first poem appeared in the Waukegan Gazette,



in the early fifties. Dr. Bennett was a prolific writer, and among his best prose works is a series of articles on "Alcoholism". His poem "The Pioneers" attracted the attention of scholars. He graduated from Rush Medical College in 1874 and for twenty-two years was a successful practitioner.


Nearly twenty years ago he entered that "Land that is fairer than day", for, although his name was written on no church roll, he was not an atheist or infidel, but a public spirited citizen, a teacher of children and young people, a healer of diseases, a defender of Old Glory, a poet, a scholar, a Mason and a gentleman! Let all who read these lines defend his name from the stain of vile slander and abuse with which it is so often shamefully and egotistically besmirched.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Annie L. Pinfold was born in Windsor, England, forty-six years ago, but lives, today, in a small New England village in the foothills of the White Mountains, on the border line between Maine and New Hampshire.

Her little six year old niece said of her: "Aunt Annie isn't a lady, 'cause ladies don't work, and Aunt Annie is always working." This childish statement explains why, some years ago, a sprain brought on serious spinal trouble. "The Doctors have told me", she writes, "that I ought to be dead, but I could not see it that way. I tell my friends that the grace of God, grit and gumption kept me alive through those two dark years in bed with a paralyzed right arm".

Her first attempts at literary work were short stories for various Sunday school publications. At the request of various composers of music she undertook the writing of hymns for Easter, Children's Day, Christmas and other special occasions. Her success was so phenomenal that she has devoted her talent largely to these lines of endeavor. Though hindered both physically and financially, she has reached an enviable position among living hymn writers, and says herself, "I am a very fortunate woman—happy in the little world that is mine. I am thankful for the small talent entrusted to me, and while it is and has been of financial value to me, I try to use it as a means to help others. \* \* \*




with pencil handy (as my memory is poor),



*Annie L. Pinfold*

I can combine potato-peeling and verse making, and so glorify a somewhat common task."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Laurene Highfield was born in Quincy, Ill., where she still resides. Her literary work consists of about three hundred hymns and sacred songs, the libretto of one oratorio and

*Laurene Highfield,*

several cantatas, besides many poems, exercises and recitations for special occasions.

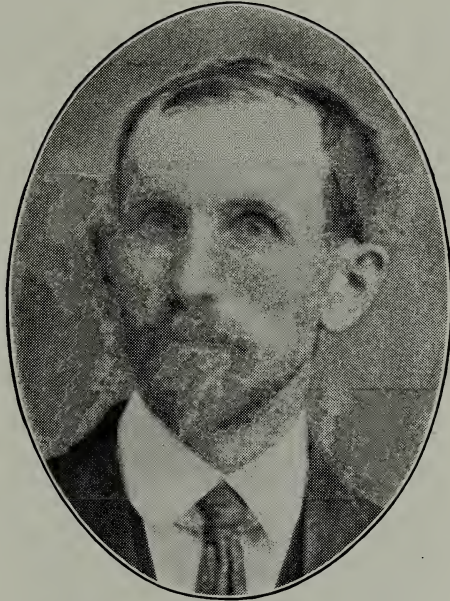
Her best known hymn, perhaps, is "Go Tell It", which was published in 1904, and became very popular through being featured in the Dr. Henry Ostrom and Gypsy Smith religious campaigns.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

Our Gospel hymn writers follow various vocations in life; some are ministers of the Gospel, some are teachers, others are physicians, lawyers, merchants, farmers and mechanics, each contributing his or her mite to the grand total of our hymnology.

The many thousands who have been cheered and helped by "A Sinner Made Whole" will



*W M Lighthall*

appreciate a word concerning William M. Lighthall, the writer of that hymn. A Canadian by birth, he was born at Omestown, half a century ago, but removed to Rouses Point, N. Y., in 1881, where he was educated and has since resided. He is a consecrated christian; a railroad man, and a telegrapher, having been in the employ of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad for over thirty years.

Interested in everything that tends to the uplift and good of humanity, he is zealous and unflinching in church work, having held almost every position available to a layman within the gift of the Presbyterian Church, the Y. P. S. C. E. and the Y. M. C. A. He is also prominent in the work of the Odd Fellows and Masons; has served 15 years on the Rouses Point Public School Board, as member, Secretary and President.

Mr. Iighthall has written many splendid hymns, but his best known is "A Sinner Made Whole".

\* \* \* \* \*

"Some years ago I had almost decided to give up hymn writing, but about that time I attended a convention in Ohio. A lady I met said to me, 'May some soul be converted through a hymn that you shall write, who



*Ada Blenkiron*

would not be converted if you do not write it! Those beautiful and inspiring words seemed an invisible but mighty chain that

held me fast and would not let me give up". So writes Miss Ada Blenkhorn, the successful writer of "Let The Sunshine In", "Keep On the Sunny Side of Life", "Dark Africa" and many other popular hymns. Of "Let The Sunshine In" the Chaplain of a Kentucky State Prison said, "It has done our prisoners more good than all the sermons preached to them". Another said, "It brought the first ray of light to a condemned criminal, who was converted, afterward pardoned, and who has for several years been preaching the Gospel".

She got her inspiration for "Keep On the Sunny Side of Life" from wheeling an invalid nephew, who always wanted to ride "on the sunny side of the street".

"Dark Africa" has been, under the blessing of God, the means of sending more than one missionary to that dark land, and to other lands as well.

She began writing hymns in 1892 and is still busy with her work. "Kind words and helpful suggestions", she writes, "from composers and publishers have been most helpful to me, but to the Giver of all good gifts my constant and deepest thanks are always due".


\* \* \*

"My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Savior Devine:  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O let me from this day  
By wholly Thine", etc.

Is at once a hymn, a creed, and a prayer; it is faith seized with a sudden joy while counting her treasures and laying them at the feet of Jesus in song; it is the incense of prayer rising so near the rainbow round the throne that it catches its colors and becomes radiant and beautiful—"a cloud of incense illumined with a cloud of glory".

Fanny Crosby, as all know, was blind from childhood, and her hymns breathe that sweet hope, faith and trust that there is a world where all eyes can see. They are also free from that worldly atmosphere that is so often noticeable in the lines of many writers.

There is another blind poetess whose verses are well worthy the notice into which they are coming.



Lavinia E. Brauff is a native of Pittsburgh, Pa., where she was born October 12th, 1851. Blind from her infancy—caused by a severe illness—she has no conception of our beautiful world, or memory of the face of her father, who died when she was eleven years old, nor looked in the loving eyes of her mother, whom she lost in 1832. She was educated at the School for the Blind in Philadelphia.

Her first hymn was published in 1894 to the music of H. P. Danks. Mr. Adam Geibel, the blind composer, has used many of her hymns, among them "Christ Was Once A Little Boy", which has found its way into many foreign lands.

In 1907 she had the misfortune to fall on a polished floor, sustaining a fracture of her right hip, which has left her lame for the rest of her life. For a long time thereafter constant suffering unfitted her for the work she so loved, but out of the second affliction came the hymns, "The Song That Tells of Jesus" and "Whispers of Peace", which will keep her memory green long after her blinded eyes shall have been opened in that land of which she writes so interestingly.



In the beginning of her career she was compelled to have the aid of an amanuensis, but for years, having mastered the typewriter, she has been doing all her own writing, as well as attending to her large correspondence, in which she seldom makes an error—her page being, as a rule, free from any correction.

"While composing", she writes, "I put all my thoughts down on paper with a Braille slate. I am a member of the Methodist church. Words can never express the happiness I derive from my writings. I thank God for the talent He has given me and pray that I may be able to use it in His service".

\* \* \*

Jennie Evelyn Hussy was born February 8th, 1874, in Henniker, N. H., where she still lives in the old farm home occupied by four generations of ancestors. She is an invalid from rheumatism, the fingers of her left hand curled up while those of her right hand bend only at the knuckles.

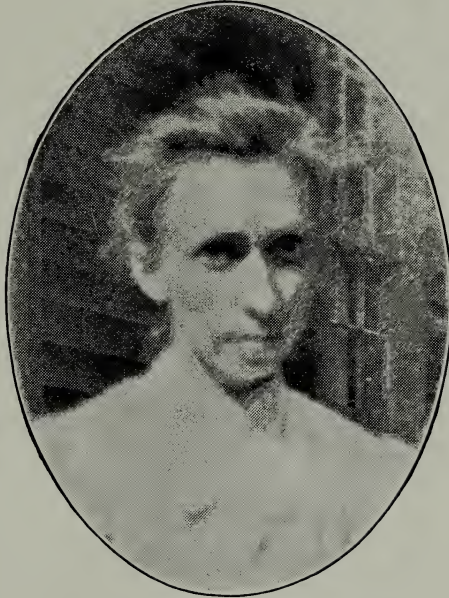
She began writing verses when but eight years of age, although none were published until she was thirteen. At sixteen she furnished stories for young people, floral articles,





and designs for crochet needlework for magazines. In 1898 her first hymns were published, since which time she has furnished many to various publishers. She is a member of the Society of Friends whose meetings she has attended from childhood, although her mother, now eighty-three years of age, is a Congregationalist.

Shut in as she is, her life is one of useful-



*Jennie Evelyn Hussey,*

ness and blessing others far more favored might well envy. "If you could look in on me some winter morning", a private letter says, "you might find me in a wooded valley at the foot of Mount Hunger, feeding a company of gray squirrels that come to the trees and scramble over my windows, while blue-jays call their companions to share the food I scatter for them. I am fond of and know by name the flowers in my range; I cultivate many house and out-of-door plants, while the trumpet vine, striped grass, old fashioned yel-


low lilies, elm and crab apple trees, lilac and syringa bushes surround our house, with its rockeries of ferns and columbine."

Herbert Buffum writes, "I was born in La Fayette, Ill., November 13, 1879, and was converted to God in the Methodist Episcopal church under Capt. Lee, now of Colorado Springs. Went to preaching at seventeen




*Herbert Buffum*

years of age. Did city mission work up and down the Pacific Coast, where I was known as "The Boy Preacher" for several years, having phenomenal success. Published my first song in sheet music at eighteen years of age. Almost all of my songs have been written under what I have been pleased to term "inspiration". For years I refused to sell a manuscript as I had a feeling of being sacrilegious at the thought of making my song writing a commercial enterprise. One song,



written after passing through a severe test spiritually, was composed on the train going from Salt Lake to Los Angeles. This little song entitled, "I'm Going Through" was to the Holiness movement and City Missions, Salvation Army, etc., what the "Glory Song" has been to the wide world. Publishers vied with each other to see who could get possession of it. The last we heard, about six different ones had copyrighted the song. I have never had an ambition to be a writer outside of the glory of God and my personal enjoyment. I have made this secondary. With my wife and three children I constantly travel in evangelistic work. My early work was all on the Pacific Coast in the large cities. Of recent years it has been in small country towns of Kansas where the "big guns" do not go. We have witnessed something like 10,000 seek the Lord for salvation while thousands of Christians have been helped into a deeper experience.



## CHAPTER NINE

History records that terrible winter of 1888, in South Dakota, and especially the blizzard of January 12th, when many were frozen to death. To venture a few yards from shelter was to challenge death, and when the indoor fuel was exhausted the people took refuge in cellars.

Mrs. Ina Duley Ogdon, then a girl of eleven years of age, was a resident of St. Lawrence, S. D., during that eventful period. Born near Hoopeston, Ill., her first 19 years of life were spent on the farm and ranch; the next nine





*Ina Duley Ogdon.*

were devoted to teaching school, during which time she married. In 1900 she removed to Toledo, Ohio, where she still resides.

Her first hymn was "Open Wide the Win-





dows"—the inspiration for which she received by reading a story related by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage: A mother, having lost her only child, sat in a darkened room, day after day, grieving for the little one the Reaper had bound with his sheaves, when the servant entered and said, "My dear Mistress, why do you grieve? Do not sit in the darkness—let's open the window and look toward the light". The hymn was set to music by myself in 1892 and has often been reprinted.

This was the first of a great number of excellent hymns, among them, "Could I Tell It", "Jesus Will", "The Promise to Mother", etc. Her last success, "Brighten the Corner Where You Are", is becoming a national favorite, and is one of the most popular songs used in evangelistic meetings today.



Mrs. Ogdon has always been an intense lover of gospel songs, and their influence on her early life was the controlling incentive that gave to the world that which only she could give. The object of every song seems to have been the winning of souls. Unpretending, amiable, esteemed by a large circle of friends and loved by thousands who have sung her hymns, she shrinks from celebrity in the knowledge that her songs are God-given, and that without Him she could do nothing, that in this way He has chosen to use her in the work of His vineyard.

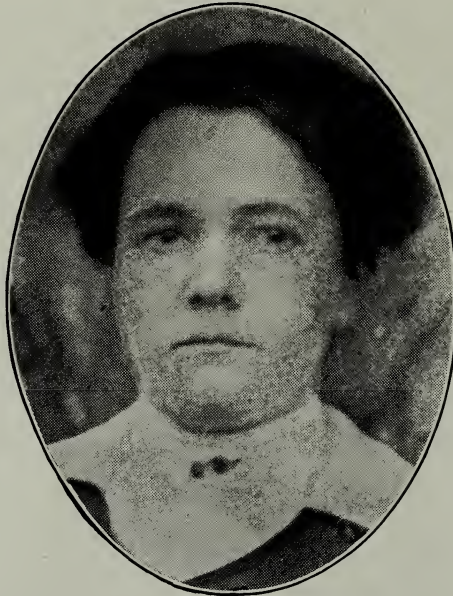
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After reading the 145th Psalm, one Sunday afternoon in 1902, Mrs. Katharyn Bacon was impressed to write a poem from the 17th verse, using "The Lord is Righteous" for a theme. This was the beginning of her literary career.

Versatile, diligent and enthusiastic, she has, during the thirteen intervening years, written several hundred hymns, which have been set to music by our best known composers—W. H. Doane, W. J. Kirkpatrick, Adam Geibel and others—beside a number of short stories, sketches, etc., for the secular press.

Mrs. Bacon was born (1884) and still lives among the "hills of Tennessee", where her life is spent among books, flowers, field and garden, close to the great heart of nature, whose voice speaks to her saying, "write with the hope that your thoughts may reach some





*Kathryn Bacon*

wearry soul, carrying hope, rest, peace and joy through salvation, and glorify the Father to whom your life is consecrated".

\* \* \*

Rev. R. H. McDaniel was ordained in the Christian church in 1873, and has been engaged in the ministry ever since. From earliest recollection he found much joy in church music. The old-fashioned hymn book was one of the delights of his boyhood. When in his teens he frequently led the song service of the good old-time prayer and testimony meetings when people became "shouting-happy".

Always possessed with a desire to compose verses, circumstances prevented him from entering that field, much to his regret. In the eighties he wrote a few hymns and poems for local use, but did not attempt writing for general use. Several hymns written since that time were published and are still in use more or less extensively.

"The old desire for hymn writing has lately been around", he writes me, "and I feel in my soul that God has something for me to do in brightening the experience of struggling souls. My chief desire is to be a blessing, if possible, to my fellow-men through these hymns, and thereby glorify God in the name of his dear son "whose I am and whom I serve".

About a year ago Mr. McDaniel wrote the words of "Since Jesus Came Into My Heart", which is so rapidly becoming the song of the day.



*R. H. McDaniel.*

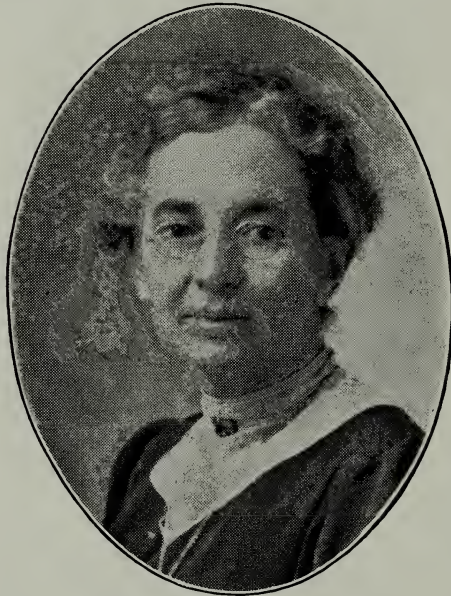
When Rev. W. A. Sunday left the Des Moines, Ia., railroad station at the close of his wonderful revival in that city, many thousands of people gathered to bid him good-bye; hundreds of these people having been converted during the campaign, they changed the words to "Since Jesus came into my home", and the noise of commerce was silenced by the mighty

wave of song that arose from that human throng—

“Floods of joy o'er my soul  
Like the sea billows roll,  
Since Jesus came into my heart”.

\* \* \* \* \*


Within sight of the town where John Bunyan, in the solitude of his prison cell, “dreamed” “The Pilgrim’s Progress”, Miriam E. Arnold was born about 200 years after that wonderful allegory was written, of which it is said no book, except the bible, has gone through as many editions.



*Miriam E. Arnold.*

At five years of age she, with her parents, came to America, and settled at Mount Clemens, Mich., where she yet resides. Her parents were deeply religious, bible students and lovers of the old church hymns. The Sabbath meant, to them, a holy day, a day of rest, worship and meditation, and when the evening







came, the family always assembled for prayer, bible reading and songs. Christmas, the Heavenly Babe, Mary, the oxen, the shepherds, the sleeping flocks, the angel, the "multitude of the heavenly host", all seemed wonderfully real to the imaginative mind of the child, and made impressions never to be erased. She has read the bible through many times, and has recited whole chapters from memory. Converted at 15 years of age, she is a consistent member of the M. E. church. Her first poem was published in 1895, and has been succeeded by probably 100 others, almost all of which have been set to music and found their way into different song books.

The works of some authors seem to be caught up by the hand of peculiar circumstances and carried into view of the world, while those of other writers, equally as clever and commendable, fail to receive, through some irreconcilable destiny, due consideration. Many an author has lived, labored, hoped, wrought and died without recognition or honor, and the flowers that should have been his in life are laid on his grave to wither unappreciated, yet there is a secret charm, an inexpressible joy, a subtile infatuation in the work of the true poet, composer or litterateur that dispossesses the sting of withheld comfort, pleasure, riches, honor or fame.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Ida. M. Budd first opened her eyes in a log cabin, in Saginaw Co., Michigan, in 1859. When she was three years of age her parents removed to Milford, Mich., where from earliest recollection she drank deeply of the natural beauties in which the place and its vicinity abounded; made friends of the trees and their feathered denizens; of the hills, the Huron river and the small creek which flowed past her home to join it; traced pictures in the drifting clouds and became, indeed, a child of nature.

Co-ordinate with her love of nature, became her love of books. "From the time I had my first knowledge of an institution called school", she writes, "I felt an ardent longing to be a part of it". In her fifth year she was permitted to be a "visitor" at school, and during that wonderful morning, at that early age, the answer to the perplexing question con-



cerning her life-occupation was charmingly unfolded to her—she would be a school teacher. At ten years she began her studies. At fifteen, although hampered by ill health, she received her first teacher's certificate.


Her father's return from the war in 1865, bringing with him his copy of "The Army and Navy Hymn Book" awakened her first interest in hymnology and she speedily obtained mental possession of such treasures as "Jesus, Lover of My Soul", "Rock of Ages",



*Ida M. Budd*

etc., singular mental food for a child of six years, at which time she first attended Sunday school and became the owner of a song book, "Happy Voices", all her "very own".


As a child she scribbled verses, but, as years passed she became familiar with the masterpieces of American poets, such as "Evangeline", "Hiawatha", "Bitter Sweet", and others, which convinced her that the mystic spirit



which had produced them resided, in some degree, in her own being.

Her first poem was printed in 1881; her second in 1890, in the Detroit Free Press under a nom de plume. As a writer of verse for children she has few equals, and no superior, and it gives me pleasure to know that I composed the music for her first and many subsequent poems of childhood, some of which have been reprinted in foreign lands.

Her best known hymn, perhaps, is "Leaving All to Follow Jesus". John G. Whittier, with his simple, trusting faith in the Eternal Goodness, his all-including charity and his strong helpfulness, has furnished much of the inspiration for her work, and since her first acquaintance with his writings he has been her favorite poet. The Youth's Companion paid her \$20.00 for her poem "Resurgam", printed in the Easter number for 1904. Her writings include a number of short stories, sketches, and miscellaneous articles. "These waifs of mine", she writes, "have brought me many delightful friendships and a big account in the bank of happy memories, and I am led thankfully to believe that they have also, in some instances at least, been helpful to others."





## CHAPTER TEN





In Art, in Literature, in Music, in Industry, he who is first or among the leaders is ever the target for emulation or of envy. If some one's work arouses scorn or derision it is entirely safe from mediocrity, since what is condemned must have something in it in order to attract attention. The palm of greatness is always accompanied by the weed of detraction and while thousands worshipped at the throne of Bayreuth, the few whom Wagner dethroned call him Impostor. "It cannot be done!" "It is not done!" "It will not be done!" are but slogans of the incompetents. Mediocrity is neither envied nor emulated.

We should not attempt either to condemn or overwhelmingly praise contemporaneous art,—we may opionate and possibly judge. All of which is merely to emphasize the maxim, "The Living Live".

As everywhere within our horizon the results of preeminence are twofold, they are germane to those in Gospel hymnology. Many of the hymns contained in our Church Hymnals, would, were they submitted to a nineteenth century editor, be thrown in the waste basket; likewise many a gem lies hidden between the covers of our present-day song books, that will become known and appreciated in the days to come.

Miss Julia Harriette Johnston is a name familiar to all singers of Church and Sunday School songs. Coming from generations of Presbyterian ministers on both sides, with blood of the first Pilgrims and Puritans, and a potent drop of Scotch-Irish in her veins, she has her pen by inheritance from her minister-father and poet-mother. From cradlehood her ear was familiar with classic verse recited, and uncounted church hymns sung, from memory.

She began writing when but nine years of age, but not until early High School days did she really begin to obey the impulse to express herself in verse. Her first hymn was for the music of her personal friend, Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, being a child-song entitled "I Will Tell Jesus". Among others set by this gifted composer was the well-known "All My Class for Jesus".





Among many written for the late James Mc-Granahan was "His Mercy Flows", which was a great favorite of Mr. D. L. Moody. "Saving Grace", set by Mr. D. B. Towner, is another of her contributions to hymnology.



*Julia F. Johnston*

Miss Johnston considers her hymn-writing peculiarly sacred, but, although she has quite five hundred of them in print, it is only a part of her professional work, which includes Primary lessons for two periodicals, Golden Text Talks for Mothers is another, with stories, editorial paragraphs and sketches for little and larger ones, with articles and poems scattered widely. She has a little volume of verse, one of essays and poems, three Missionary books and various other works. From very early girlhood her continuous Sunday School work has been with little children, being now in charge of a Beginners' Depart-

ment in her own home town of Peoria, Illinois, in which work she finds the fullness of joy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another successful writer of hymns for children is Mrs. Edith Sanford Tillotson. Scarcely a song book or a Special Day Service is issued that does not contain one or more of her clever hymns, poems or recitations. She says of herself, "I can hardly imagine a person about whom less could be



*Edith Sanford Tillotson*

'written up', to interest the people, than this same E. S. Tillotson. I was born right here in Corona. I lived in the house where I was born until the day I was married. After that we built a home only a stone's throw away from my old home, and here we are".

For ten years she has been writing hymns, poems, librettos, and doing other professional work that has made her name a guarantee of safe, sound, useful and desirable material.

• • • • •

Moses Gage Shirley was born at Goffstown, N. H., May 15, 1865, at the old homestead, under the shadows of the Uncanoonuc mountains.


Mr. Shirley is very proud of the fact that he was born and still lives in the house that was built by a soldier of the Revolution—John Dinsmore. Probably it is the oldest and only house in town that has always been owned and occupied by one family. Mr. Shirley is the fourth generation of his family to occupy it.

John Dinsmore was one of the first settlers in this town. He gave the homestead to Mr. Shirley's grandfather, who, in turn gave it to his son, the father of the subject of this sketch, who now occupies it.

The poet is also proud of the fact that he is a descendant of Lieutenant William Shirley, who served on General John Stark's staff at the battle of Bunker Hill and throughout the stormy days of the Revolution. Like his illustrious ancestor the poems of Moses Gage Shirley breathe the spirit of truth, justice and righteousness, combined with a sweet beauty of rhyme and rhythm. They are all on high moral ground and appeal to better living and a more exalted life. He has published one book of poetry. Although but few of his poems have been set to music, yet the one beginning:

"Someday the sun of life will set,  
And I shall fall asleep;  
And leaving all that I hold dear,  
Will find that silence deep—  
That mystery, which, still unsolved,  
God and His angels know,  
(And those who walk by crystal streams  
Where cooling breezes blow),  
Where grief nor sorrow ever come,  
Nor trouble's billows sweep;  
Someday the reaper will appear,  
And I shall fall asleep."

will long attest his genius.



T. O. Chisholm was born near Franklin, Ky., in 1866. His boyhood up to the age of twenty-one, was spent on a farm and in teaching district schools. He was for five years editor of the local paper at Franklin; was converted at 26, and soon afterward was business manager and office editor of the "Pentecostal Herald" of Louisville, Ky. In 1903 he entered the ministry of the M. E. Church, South.

Prior to conversion he had done versifying, contributing to the Louisville Courier-Journal, and was chosen poet for the Kentucky Press Association. His first hymns were sent to Fanny Crosby for criticism, who returned them with kindly suggestions and such words of commendation as to encourage him in the work. His first success was "O, To Be Like Thee". His aim in writing is to magnify the Word, incorporating as much Scripture, either literally or in paraphrase, as possible, and to avoid any flippant or sentimental themes, choosing subjects from the inexhaustible storehouse of the Bible.

"Having been led, for a part of my life", he tells us, "through some difficult paths, I have sought to gather from such experiences material out of which to write hymns of comfort and cheer for those similarly circumstanced".

\* \* \* \* \*

Rev. Alfred Barratt is a writer better known in England than in our country, although his hymns are becoming familiar in New England and finding their way westward. Born in New Springs, Wigan, Lancashire, England, October 25th, 1879, of devout Christian parents, he began preaching as an Evangelist at 18 years of age, and soon after was ordained to the ministry of the Baptist denomination.

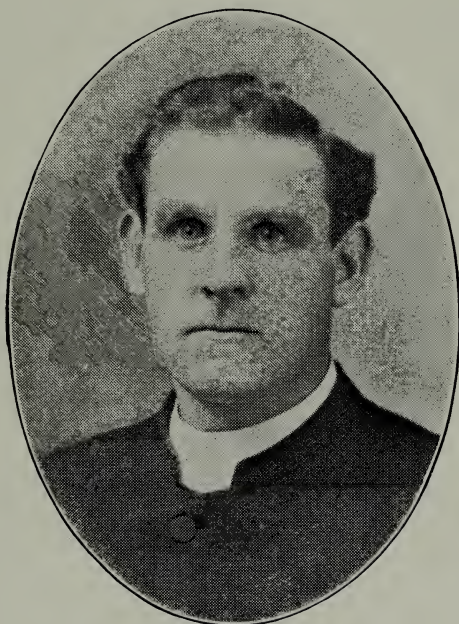
He began writing verses at the age of 22, which were published in local papers. His first hymn, "Sing for Jesus", has become a favorite in many parts of England. He is the author of over 600 hymns, each breathing a cheerful, optimistic spirit; among them, "Shining for Jesus", with music by J. A. Meale, has penetrated almost every corner of England.

At present he is pastor of an appreciative





congregation in Boston, Mass., whose members say that he is an able preacher and devoted pastor. His whole life is consecrated



*Alfred Barratt.*

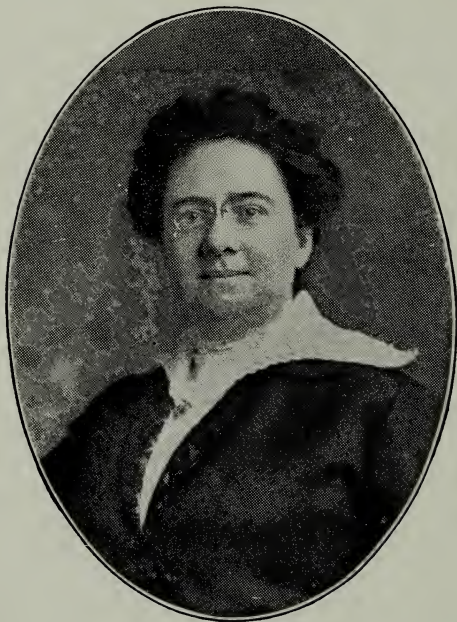
to the service of the Master—hymn-writing, preaching and pastoral work all done for His glory.

\* \* \* \* \*

The thousands of singers who have sung "Just One Touch" or "Jesus Understands", will be glad to see the portrait of the writer—C. Louise Bell.

Her first hymn, "Come To Me", was written when she was but sixteen years of age. She is the author of more than 500 hymns, 200

religious poems, and 200 Christmas and Easter lyrics, beside numerous short stories, sketches and other prose articles contributed to various literary publications.




*Birdie Bell*

She writes under the name of "Birdie Bell" which is not, strictly, a nom de plume, but a name used in the family, and endeared by associations. She was born, raised and lives in New York City.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the religious world began singing, "Are you washed in the blood?" the name of the Rev. E. A. Hoffman came into prominence when, later, "What a wonderful Saviour" sang its way into the Church that name became a synonym of success.



Mr. Hoffman was born in Orwigsburg, Pa., in 1839. His father was a minister of the gospel in the Evangelical Association; both his parents were musical, and it was not an uncommon occurrence for the family to spend from half an hour to an hour, after the morning devotions, in the singing of hymns and songs.

Very interesting is the following incident, quoted from a personal letter recently received from him:

While I was pastor at Lebanon, Pa., I called one day at the home of a parishioner and found the lady in great distress and sorrow. Wringing her hands, she cried: "What shall I do—what shall I do?" I replied "You cannot do better than to take it all to Jesus—you must tell Jesus." For a moment she seemed abstracted in meditation, then her face glowed, her eyes lighted up, and with animation she exclaimed: "Yes, I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus!"

As I went from that sorrow-filled home a vision walked before me, a vision of a joy-illumined face, of a soul transformed from darkness into light, and I heard all along my pathway the echo of a tender voice saying, "I must tell Jesus!"

Immediately on reaching his study Mr. Hoffman wrote both the words and music of that splendid song, "I Must Tell Jesus", which is destined to be one among the few songs of our day that will be handed down from age to age. More than two thousand of Mr. Hoffman's hymns are in print, and he is still busy with his pen.



\* \* \* \* \*

John R. Clements was born in County Armagh, Ireland, November 28, 1868, and was brought to the United States at the age of two years.

He lived in the country until he was seventeen years old, and got his education in the country school.

He began commercial life at the age of thirteen, as a retail grocery clerk, and has since been successful in the wholesale grocery business.

Mr. Clements began writing verse when quite young, but he says Christian Endeavor put the devotional touch to his pen.



Among his well known hymns are "Jesus Leads", "No Night There", "Lord, Is It I" and others, but the most famous of his songs is "Somebody Did a Golden Deed", which was set to music by the late W. S. Werden.



A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "John Clements".

Wherever Christian Endeavorers meet the song is heard, and it is also in general favor with the public.

The first stanza was not written by Mr. Clements, but is part of an anonymous poem he discovered, arranged, and to which he added four other original stanzas, the last of which is prophetic:

"Somebody filled the day with light,  
Constantly chased away the night;  
Somebody's work bore joy and peace,  
Surely his life shall never cease—

Was that somebody you?"



Since the first chapter of this series of biographies was written the world has lost the one who so sweetly sang:

“Some day the silver cord will break,  
And I no more, as now, shall sing;  
But this I know, when I awake  
Within the palace of the King,  
That I shall see Him, face to face,  
And tell the story—saved by grace!”  
That day has come and gone, and Fanny  
Crosby is in the presence of the King.

The Christian world, with uncovered head,  
has stood around her grave and dropped the  
flower of love upon her coffin lid.

No longer does she require the services of  
an amanuensis; no more a hand to lead her;  
her blinded eyes are opened, and with sight  
made perfect she has looked upon the face  
of Him she loved and served so faithfully.

Born in Putnam Co., N. Y., March 24, 1820,  
she died in Bridgeport, Conn., Feb. 12th, 1915.

Words cannot do justice to her memory.  
She lived, loved, labored, died—but she is not  
dead! Coming generations will learn to know  
and love her—the author of more than eight  
thousand hymns.

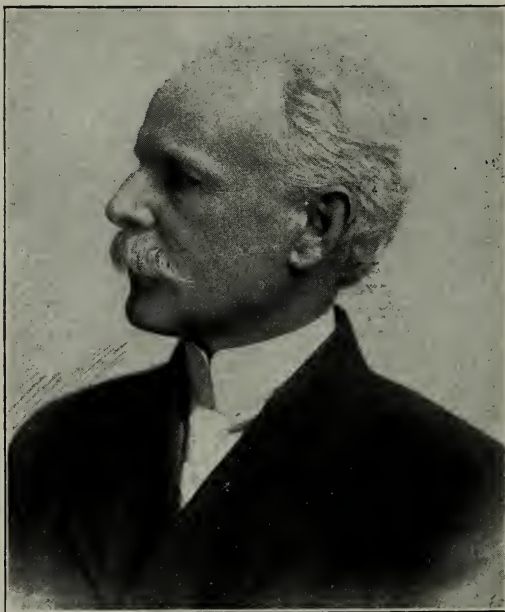
Reverently, silently, sorrowfully, we look  
upon that new-made grave, and whisper:

“Safe in the arms of Jesus.”

Perhaps before this last chapter shall have  
been printed, the Great Reaper may bind with  
his sheaves others whose names I have men-  
tioned. Job says of man—“He cometh forth  
like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also  
as a shadow, and continueth not.”

Happy should be the man whose name shall  
live in the hearts of the people! Not because  
of great wealth accumulated; not because of  
having held a high position in politics or busi-  
ness; not because of having led mighty armies  
to victory, or having invented machines for  
the destruction of mankind, but because of  
some word of hope or comfort he may have  
left behind him to cheer those who shall come  
after him—that he may be as one of whom the  
poet has written

“Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.”



J. H. SAMMIS

Sketch of Mr. Sammis appears on page 22





