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April, 1986

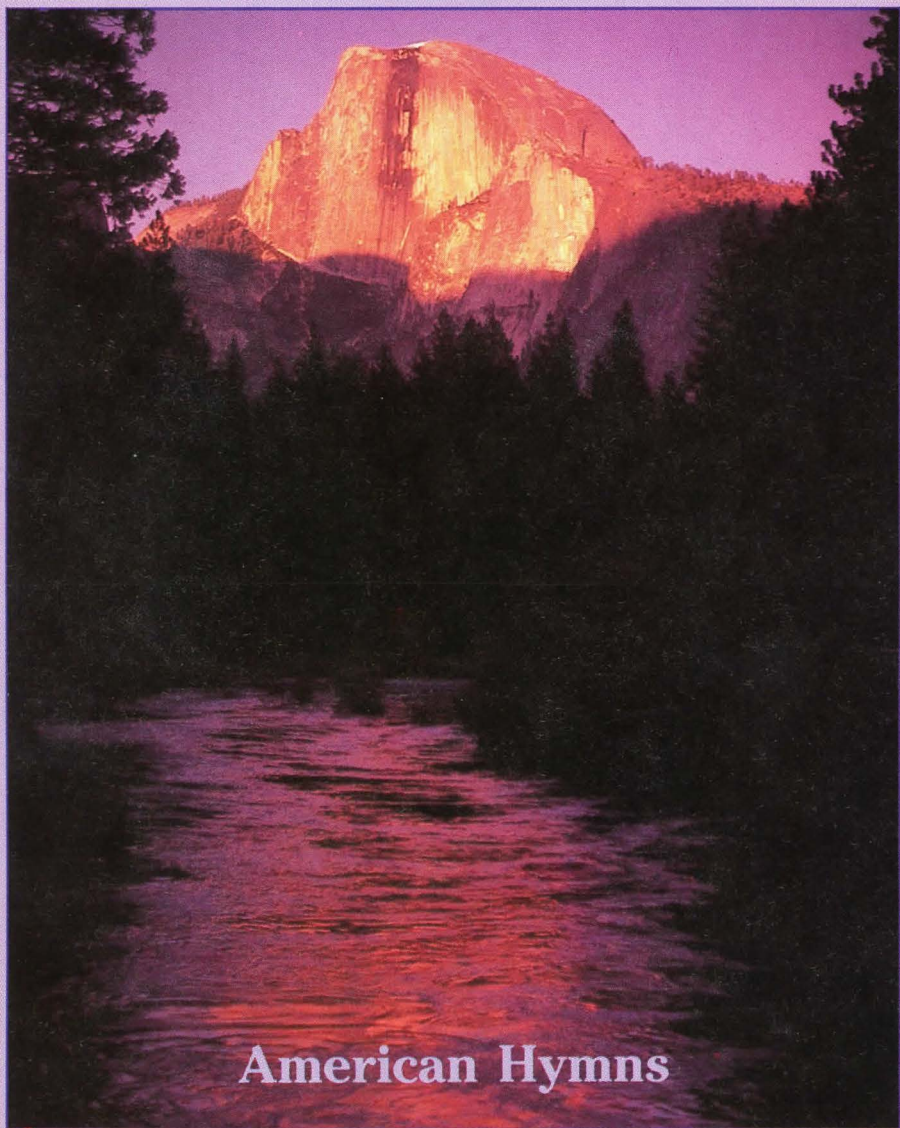
## 20th Century Christian April 1986

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April, 1986

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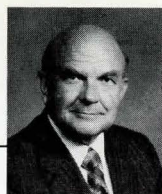
## 20th CENTURY CHRISTIAN

(ISSN 0162-7418)

Volume 48, Number 6—April, 1986



# Editorial Comment



*M. Norvel Young, Senior Editor*

Timothy Dwight is remembered today for three things:  
1) building a small college into a leading educational institution (he was president of Yale from 1795 to 1817); 2) creating misery for Jeffersonian Democrats, and 3) writing a hymn that promises to live longer than either Yale or any political party. It is the oldest known hymn by an American writer:

I love Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.

Hymns endure.

But the stories behind them are often lost. It is good to research their history. It helps to make the hymn more meaningful and the message more personal.

In the following pages you will read of the circumstances out of which some of the songs we sing came. Not only do the sentiments of the hymns enrich the thoughts and ennoble the actions, but the lives of the writers also become an inspiration, revealing the depths of consecration from which these compositions came.

The April 1983 issue of this magazine was guest edited by Dr. Jerry Rushford, a member of the Editorial Board and a knowledgeable restoration historian. That issue told the stories of some of the great hymns which had their birth in Britain. This issue, also guest edited by Dr. Rushford, focuses on hymns from American writers.

This work is reverently sent on its way as a tribute to those noble souls who made a great contribution to each of us in authoring and composing these hymns. We pray it will be a source of information, enjoyment, and inspiration to you—and that it will bring honor to God, for whose glory these great hymns were written.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "M. Norvel Young" in a cursive script.

M. Norvel Young

# The Fellowship of Christ's Sufferings

---

Elizabeth Prentiss (1818-1878)

Jerry Rushford\*

There is nothing in life that so accurately reveals the character of a person as the way he stands up to adversity. Hardship is one experience all have in common. It runs through the centuries like a crimson cord, binding mankind together. It respects neither race, color, nor social station. It treats the person of faith the same way it treats the person of no faith.

Often the Christian is stronger in adversity than he is in peace. "When I am weak," writes Paul, "then I am strong." This is one of the things about the Christian message people find hard to comprehend. To admit weakness, in the world's viewpoint, is the worst thing a person can do. But from the standpoint of the Christian faith it is the first necessity. God's strength cannot be ours so long as we lack a sense of our need for it.

Paul speaks out of his own experience. As long as he thought his own strength was sufficient, he went from failure to despair. The vision on the Damascus road dissolved his confidence in his own strength. That was the beginning of his salvation.

To cover up our weakness is failure. To pretend to a power we do not have is tragedy. But to face our weakness and hand it over to God is to find a strength we did not know was there. How many great books, for example, have been written in prison? Paul wrote his letter to the Philippians in prison, Samuel Rutherford and Dietrich Bonhoeffer penned their famous letters in confinement, and John Bunyan wrote *Pilgrim's Progress* in Bedford Jail.

Paul's insight on strength and weakness is also evident in the history of our hymns. Many of the hymns that communicate great

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\*Jerry Rushford directs the annual Bible lectureship at Pepperdine University.

strength to worshipers were written in dark and difficult days when their authors were beset with hardship.

George and Elizabeth Prentiss were enjoying the sunshine of life in the autumn of 1851. Their children, Annie and Eddy, were healthy and happy, and a third child was on the way. But Eddy contracted a disease in November, and in January he died. Bessie was born three months later, but the following month she died suddenly after an illness of a few hours.

One evening when they returned from the cemetery, Elizabeth talked about her "unutterable longings to flee from a world that has had for me so many sharp experiences." When she questioned the reality of the love of God, George replied softly, "But it is in times like these that God loves us all the more, just as we loved our own children more when they were sick or troubled or in distress." He encouraged his wife to return God's love.

That night, in the stillness of her living room, Elizabeth Prentiss gave expression to her faith by writing this prayer:

More love to Thee, O Christ,  
More love to Thee!  
Hear Thou the prayer I make on bended knee;  
This is my earnest plea:  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest;  
Now Thee alone I seek: Give what is best;  
This all my prayer shall be:  
More love, O Christ, to thee,  
More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

Many years later, following the death of his wife, George Prentiss published a memoir of her life in which he commented on her response to the tragedies of 1852:

Although the death of these two children tore with anguish the mother's heart, she made no show of grief, and to the eye of the world her life soon appeared to move on as beforetime. Never again, however, was it exactly the same life. She had entered into the fellowship of Christ's



sufferings, and the new experience wrought a great change in her whole being.

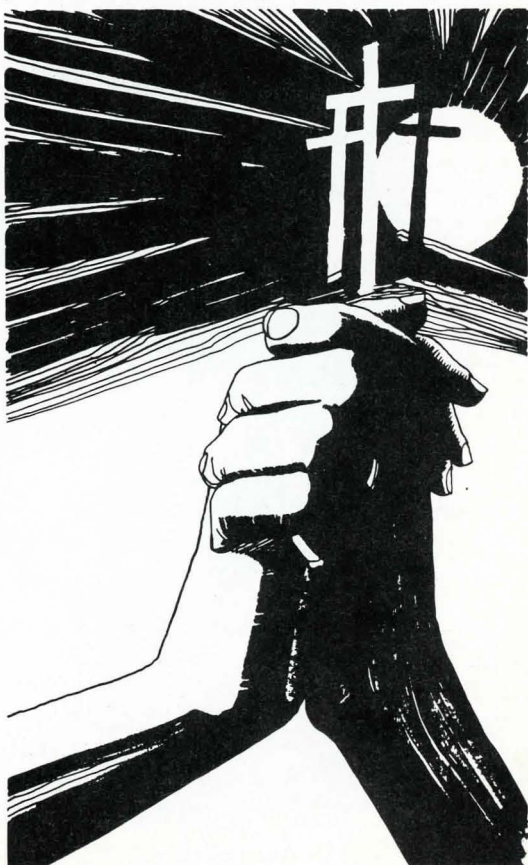
For years we maintain the even tenor of our way through life. Everything goes well with us, goes so well we take it for granted: health, happiness, work and the ability to do it. And then, sometimes with appalling suddenness, we are in deep waters and sorrows like sea billows roll.

What we need in such an hour is an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, something we can hold on to, something that will keep a strong hold on us and not let us go or let us down, something stable, dependable, its foundations firm and immovable. The need can be supplied. We are not alone. We are never alone. We are more than conquerors through him that loved us. ■

We are  
not alone.

We are  
never alone.

We are  
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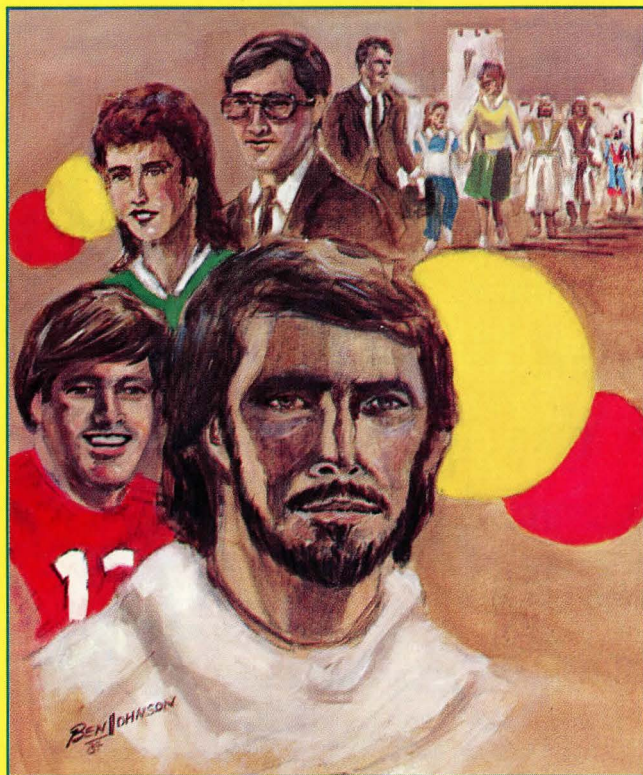
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love for Jesus produces  
the same kind of com-  
mitment Jesus had.

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(John 5:1-15) This les-  
son helps us look at at-  
titudes and ways to  
enact kindness.

**Day 4 *Walking in Anger*** (John  
2:13-17) We must dis-  
tinguish appropriate  
anger from sinful  
wrath.

**Day 5 *Walking in Gracious-  
ness*** (John 14:1-5)  
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ment of people is the  
model for us today.

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# American Musicians

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Lowell  
Mason  
(1792-1872)

William  
Bradbury  
(1816-1868)

Russell N. Squire\*

Lowell Mason was a talented citizen and a person of many interests. He was a banker, churchman, educator, musician, philanthropist, politician, and song-writer. He believed in music as a *real* part of life which should be made available to everybody. He was the recipient of the first doctor in music degree awarded by any institution of higher learning (New York University, 1835); a student and teacher of the methods and thought of the famous Swiss reformist educator, Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi (1746-1827).

He was the father of William Mason (1829-1908), a respected pianist in New York and an author who reported on his experiences in Germany in *Memories of a Musical Life* touching on Liszt, the Weimar Circle, and Wagner. He was the grandfather of the founding partner of the Mason and Hamlin Piano Co.; and of Daniel Gregory Mason (1873-1953), a successful, respected composer and educator—the recipient of many honors and awards, among them a doctorate in music from Oberlin College.

Lowell Mason, born in Medfield, near Boston, where most of the accomplishments of his life occurred, died in Orange, New Jersey. As a young adult, he went to Savannah, Georgia, where he served as a bankteller. Although he was a passionate lover of music, he was never an elitist. He believed music was a natural interest of children

---

\*Russell Squire is the author of *Church Music: Musical and Hymnological Developments in Western Christianity*.

and that hearing it and performing it should be regularly provided as part of children's growth. Thus, he gave up his job in Georgia, went to Boston and introduced music instruction into the local schools (with the permission of the Boston Board), working without compensation.

In 1822, he had compiled the *Handel and Haydn Society's Collection of Church Music*, adapted from the works of Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven. By 1869, he had published some twenty additional collections of a quality to appeal to unsophisticated persons who desired to improve themselves.

Among Mason's best known church songs are: "Go Labor On," "God Is the Fountain," "Hail to the Brightness," "Hungry, and Faint, and Poor," "Jesus, Shall It Ever Be," "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," "Nearer, My God to Thee," "O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth," "Praise My Lord," "Safely through Another Week," "There Is a Fountain," "To Us a Child of Hope Is Born," "Watchman Tell Us of the Night," "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," and "Work for the Night Is Coming."

But Mason's most memorable contribution following his founding of the Boston Academy of Music in 1832 was his success in teaching music, repertoire and reading to the children in the Boston schools. He had conceived the idea of public instruction for children from his experience with special singing schools that were supported by various churches. He had been influenced by the much-talked-about success in Switzerland of Pestalozzi who was advocating music and singing for children. Out of all this, Mason became the first music educator in the world.

His influence spread throughout the population centers of the United States and Canada, and to Europe and Japan. In 19th century Japan, where Luther Whiting Mason from Kentucky (no relative of Lowell) took his musical methods and educative philosophy, the "do, re, mi's" for many years were known as "Masonsong."

In the 1960s and 70s, at the State University where I taught, 600 students each semester were enrolled in studying how to read music and sing, how to select materials for teaching music to children. Now, a generation later, there are fewer than sixty students enrolled! Wonder what Lowell Mason would be saying!

William Bradbury, who was much helped by Lowell Mason, had an important influence on church music as well as on the entire art of music in the United States. He was born in York, Maine, and died in Montclair, New Jersey. His was a musical family where he sang and learned to play several musical instruments. In his adult life he was an accomplished organist.

His family moved to Boston in 1830 where Bradbury attended Lowell Mason's Boston Academy of Music and sang in the church choir. At the close of the 1830s, he served as organist and taught singing in Machias, Maine. He moved to New York in the 1840s, where he became director of music in one of the Baptist churches.

During this period his reputation was growing as an organizer of singing societies and festivals (usually spoken of as "conventions"). He was becoming well known as a publisher and composer. In 1841, he published his first collection of music for choirs. He followed with many more which became increasingly popular. In 1856, he composed *Esther*, a "Sunday school cantata," to be presented in church gatherings. His success came from his ability to write music which appealed to those who, while often musically uninstructed, sought to avoid what was looked upon as "trashy" music, of which there was much.

From 1847 to 1849 Bradbury studied in Leipzig with Wenzel (piano), Boehme (singing), Hauptmann (theory and harmony), and Moscheles (composition). While in Europe, he contributed letters and articles to the *New York Observer* and to the *New York Evangelist*.

In the 1850s, back in the United States, he continued teaching music to children. During this period, he compiled numerous collections. His *The Jubilee* (1858) and *Fresh Laurels* (1868) sold 2,000,000 and 1,200,000 copies each. He, like Lowell Mason's grandson, founded a piano manufacturing partnership which eventually joined the Knabe Piano Company.

Bradbury's hymnal songs are well-known and popular. Some of these are: "He Leadeth Me," "How Sweet, How Heavenly Is the Sight," "Jesus Loves Me," "Just As I Am," "Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing," "My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less," "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," "Saviour, Like a Shepherd, Lead Us," "Soldiers of Christ, Arise," "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow." ■



# A Blind Woman Helps Us See

---

*Fanny Jane Crosby*  
(1820-1915)

Forrest M. McCann\*

When Fanny Crosby was born in 1820, American hymnody was in its infancy. When she died in 1915 at the age of ninety-five, American church music had not only come of age, but she herself had made a significant contribution to its advancement. She composed what have become the best-loved and most often sung poems of the gospel song tradition.

Virtually every American church-goer has sung "Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross" (1869), "Rescue the Perishing" (1869), "Blessed Assurance" (1873), "All the Way My Savior Leads Me" (1875), "To God Be the Glory" (1875), "Tell Me the Story of Jesus" (1880), "Jesus Is Tenderly Calling" (1883), and "A Wonderful Savior" (1890).

Although blind from the age of six weeks, when a country doctor mistakenly prescribed a mustard plaster for an eye ailment, she turned her misfortune into a blessing. By age eight, she began to write verse. At twelve, she entered the New York City School for the Blind, and remained there, first as student and then as teacher, for twenty-three years.

Future President Grover Cleveland was secretary for the school, and he often transcribed the poems she dictated to him. In later years, during Cleveland's administrations, she was a frequent visitor to the White House.

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\*Co-editor of the revised edition of *Great Hymns of the Church* which was published in February.

In 1858 she married Alexander Van Alstyne a teacher at the school, but she continued to use her maiden name, as well as many pen names, in signing her poems.

Until 1864 Fanny Crosby wrote secular poetry. The famous *Franklin Square Collection* (New York: Harper & Bros., 1881, p. 84) contains her popular "There's Music in the Air" for which George F. Root composed the tune. At age forty-four, however, at the urging of the popular church music composer, William B. Bradbury, she began to write religious poems. She never again wrote secular verse.

Always devoutly spiritual, she made the religious lyric her special province. Over the next fifty years, she produced poem after poem. Moody and Sankey took her hymns and songs abroad in their revival campaigns, and Sankey included scores of them in his *Gospel Songs* series.

During many years she was under contract to the Bigelow and Main Company to write three hymns a week, and her poems eventually numbered almost nine thousand.

Although Fanny Crosby could never remember having seen the light of day, her ability to "visualize" color and movement were remarkable. In the secular poem referred to above, one sees this power:

There's music in the air  
When the infant morn is nigh,  
And faint its blush is seen  
On the bright and laughing sky.

Many a harp's ecstatic sound,  
With its thrill of joy profound  
While we list enchanted there,  
To the music in the air.

Her hymns are full of light and of her reliance on that One who could always see her path. In "All the Way My Savior Leads Me" she wrote:

Though my weary steps may falter,  
And my soul athirst may be,  
Gushing from the Rock before me,  
Lo! a spring of joy I see.

And there are these beautiful lines from "Hold Thou My Hand" (1880):

Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and helpless,  
I dare not take one step without Thine aid;  
Hold Thou my hand, for then, O loving Savior,  
No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.

Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the margin  
Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me,  
A heavenly light may flash along its waters,  
And ev'ry wave like crystal bright shall be.

Fanny Jane Crosby's songs and hymns embody the spirit of the revival movements which followed the American Civil War, and they contain the very essence of the gospel song, which has attained a permanent place in American church music. Her lyrics are at once simple and scriptural: they are earnest and evangelistic. They capture the spirit of the gospel message and speak to the heart of the common worshiper. While she can express the common sense of unworthiness in man and his yearning for God's acceptance in "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior" (1870), she can also show the believer's confidence in God's salvation in "Redeemed, How I Love to Proclaim It" (1882).

Three generations after Fanny J. Crosby's death, her songs are still being sung. When a religious poet has but one song that lives, we honor him. Fanny Crosby, seventy years after her death, has at least a score of poems in common use. She has proved to be the universal poet of modern evangelical Christianity. For this we doubly honor her. ■

## *Life Quotes. . .*

"We cannot approach singing. . . passively, waiting for the leaders to stimulate us, but we must approach [it] with a heartfelt desire to express the thoughts, praises and yearnings of the heart of God.

—*F. Furman Kearley*



# When Peace Like a River

Horatio  
Gates  
Spafford  
(1828-1888)

Nick E. Smith\*

**I**t was a curious agreement struck between the Lord and Satan. Job lost his earthly possessions and then his children. When his faith overcame his despair Job was able to say,

The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away;  
may the name of the Lord be praised.

Adversity and tragedy have inspired modern hymn writers. Faced with nearly identical circumstances as those of Job, Horatio Gates Spafford found the spiritual strength to say,

I am glad to trust the Lord when it will cost me  
something.

Spafford was a successful lawyer and professor in Chicago when the Great Fire caused him tremendous financial loss. He rebounded from these problems through his deep faith and with the help of his loving wife Anna and their four daughters.

For a family vacation in the fall of 1873, they planned a trip to France aboard the luxurious liner *S. S. Ville du Havre*. Spafford was detained due to last-minute business commitments, so he sent his family ahead promising to join them as quickly as possible.

Anna Spafford and her daughters were enjoying a lavish cruise when at two o'clock in the morning of November 22, the *Ville du Havre* was struck by the English iron sailing vessel *Lochearn*. Within twelve minutes, the luxury liner was swirling into a whirlpool and sinking into the Atlantic. As Anna and her daughters were standing helplessly on the careening deck, Maggie looked up at her mother and said, "Mama, God will take care of us." Anna was the only survivor. She wired home to her husband, "Saved alone."

Back in Chicago, Mr. Spafford was anxiously awaiting the reunion with his family. Writing Anna on Thanksgiving Eve, with no knowledge of the terrible tragedy, he told her,

. . . tell me about the children. How thankful I am to God  
for them. May He make us faithful parents. . . Annie,  
Maggie, Bessie, and Tanetta—it is sweet consolation even to  
write their names.

Upon receiving Anna's cable, the sorrow was nearly too much to bear. His faith was severely tested by the obvious questions: Why is

---

\*A dentist in Stockton, California, and a deacon in the church there.  
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God doing this? What great sin have we committed? Hurrying to join his wife, Spafford set sail. One evening the Captain called him to his private cabin and told him, "A careful reckoning has been made and I believe we are now passing the place where the *Ville du Havre* was wrecked." Writing his sister, Spafford said of that night,

. . . we passed over the spot where she went down, in mid-ocean, the water three miles deep. But I do not think of our loved ones there. They are safe, folded, the dear lambs, and there, before long, shall we be too.

Spafford's anguished heart was bolstered by his faith. The strength he found in the Lord was that night passed on to generations to come. We, too, can now receive God's comfort in trial and adversity in the words Spafford wrote,

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

## Special Announcement to our 20th Century Christian Family

Jim Bill McInteer, our president and publisher, will be 65 years of age in June, 1986. His many friends want to honor him with a birthday party June 12, 1986, at Nashville's Opryland Hotel. You are invited. Admission will be \$65.00 or seven subscriptions to *20th Century Christian*. Nothing would please him more than to receive thousands of subscriptions on his birthday. Gifts go to the 20TH CENTURY CHRISTIAN FOUNDATION, are fully tax-deductible, and will be used entirely to send *20th Century Christian* subscriptions to those needy places not presently served.

If you can come, call his secretary, Mrs. Katheryn Palmer, for more details. Our toll free number in Tennessee is 1-800-247-2921; nationwide, 1-800-247-2921. If you cannot come, perhaps you would like to send birthday cards, letters, telegrams, or subscriptions, which will be given to him at the party.

He knows we are having a party but there will still be a lot of surprises he does not know about. Your card or letter could be one of them!



# Attracted to Music

---

*Philip Paul Bliss*  
(1838-1876)

John G. McKeel\*

**I**n the fall of 1848, a bare foot boy heard beautiful music emerging from a large house as he passed by. Drawn by the melody, he entered, uninvited, through the back door. He stood enthralled and unnoticed in the doorway of the parlor as the lady played one tune after another.

When she finished, young Philip said, "O lady play some more!"

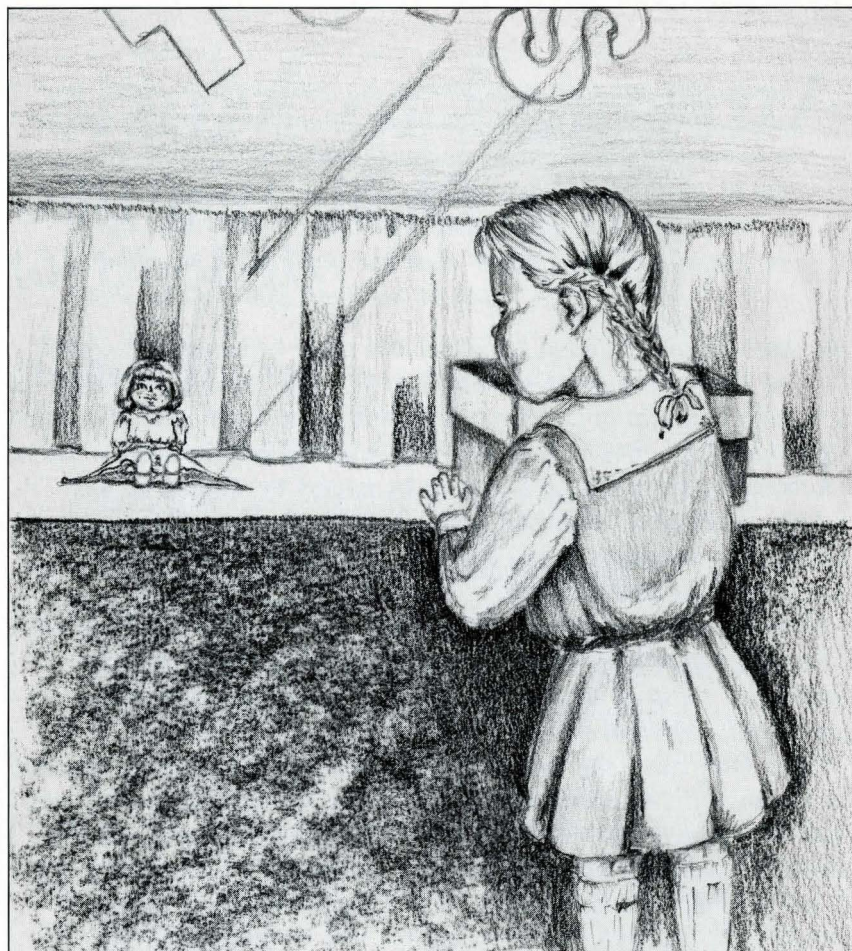
Startled, the woman whirled around to see the gangly lad with muddy feet standing there in her parlor. "Get out of here with your great feet!" she cried.

Philip Paul Bliss, the author of such memorable hymns as "Rescue the Perishing," "Almost Persuaded," "More Holiness Give Me," and "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," had always been attracted to music. He inherited his faith from his grandfather, John, who at age 41 had walked from Greenfield, New York to Newport, Rhode Island, to be baptized. He inherited his love of music from his father, Isaac. Philip's father would sing as he worked. He would sing as he sat on the porch, and he would sing with his family after supper. Later, Philip wrote about his father's choice of songs: "Mother used sometimes to say to him, laughingly, that all his hymns commenced with the word 'Come' . . . 'Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy,' 'Come On, My Partners in Distress,' 'Come Ye That Love the Lord.' "

Philip was the third of five children, and at age eleven he had to leave home to help support his poor family. As he left their rough-hewn cabin with all his belongings wrapped in a kerchief, he turned

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\*Minister in Glendale, California



and threw two pennies to his sisters, then walked down the country path to find a job. He worked on a farm for nine dollars a month. The next year he was baptized by a Christian church preacher. For the next five years, P. P. Bliss worked in lumber camps and went to school during the winters. By 1855, Bliss had enough schooling to teach school himself, first in East Troy, and then in 1858 in Rome, Pennsylvania, where he had attended his first music convention with W. B. Bradbury the year before.

In Rome, Bliss married Lucy Young on June 1, 1859. That night, in his diary, he wrote, "Married Miss Lucy, the best thing I could have done."



Bliss loved children. The week before Christmas, 1876, just before he died, Philip and his wife, Lucy, were buying presents for their two children when he saw a little girl in rags standing before a toy store window. He knew she wouldn't be able to have the doll she was staring at, so he approached her and said, "Little girl, you may have that doll. I will buy it for you." But she ran away.

That night Bliss told a friend, "That is just the way sinners treat Christ. I was grieved that that little one wouldn't let me do for her what I wanted to, and that she distrusted me, when I just wished with all my heart to make her happy. I think I understand a little better how the Lord feels at our unbelief of his precious promises."

Although Bliss taught school and farmed, his greatest desire was to teach music. In 1860, he taught music in people's homes for \$2 per evening. That winter he wrote, "Old Fanny (a horse) and a \$20 melodian furnished by O. F. Young set me up in the profession."

He began writing songs in 1864. All his writing was done between the years 1864 and 1876. Following the Civil War, Bliss and his wife moved to Chicago where they traveled for the Root and Cady Music Company.

In 1869, Bliss heard Henry Ward Beecher preach, and that summer he began his association with D. L. Moody by leading singing on Sunday evenings.

Moody believed Bliss should quit his job with the music company and become a full-time singing evangelist. During his preaching tour of England, Moody sent letter after letter to Bliss urging him to do so. It was a big step to leave a very successful publishing and teaching career, but once he made the decision, he devoted himself wholly to the work.

Bliss and his wife took time out to visit the family home in New York and have an old fashioned Christmas with their two children in 1876 before returning to Chicago to begin a gospel meeting with Moody. On Friday, December 29, their train left the station in a terrible blizzard, and as it was crossing a railroad bridge just before 8 p.m. the trestle collapsed. Philip climbed out of a broken window only to discover Lucy was still trapped within. As fire erupted Bliss re-entered the train where he and his wife died in each other's arms.

The following Sunday, D. L. Moody took up the only collection ever offered at the Chicago Tabernacle to build a monument to the man who wrote the music for "It is Well With My Soul." ■





# Rise Up— Make Her Great!

William Pierson Merrill  
(1867-1954)

Randy Mayeux\*

**Y**ou have to live in the city to understand. When I moved to the Los Angeles area in 1973, “Big” Don Williams warned me. “The people will overwhelm you,” he said. There are *so many*! The need is so great. The church is so “unequal to her task.”

It was a messenger to the city who felt that need so desperately. William Pierson Merrill was an energetic man of forty-four. He had begun his ministry in Philadelphia, was now in his sixteenth year in Chicago, and was to end his ministry with a 27-year tenure at a downtown church in New York City. The city was planted firmly in his heart.

He knew the value of involved members and of a strong tie between Christians, so he was actively speaking and writing in hopes of deepening brotherhood throughout the country. In 1911, he was returning to Chicago after an exhausting speaking tour. As he approached the city on a Lake Michigan steamer, he was reading a journal article by Gerald Stanley Lee on “The Church of the Strong Men.” An accomplished hymnologist, he had been commissioned to write a hymn to rally the movement toward a deeper brotherhood. So the scene was fully set: A man with a mission, a request for a hymn, a journal article on the need for the church to be filled with strong men.

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\*Minister for the church in Long Beach California



Then it happened. He walked up on deck and, rising before him, were the lights of Chicago, the second largest city of America. The city—his city—filled with lonely, desperate, lost people. He thought of the investment of so much talent, so much money, into lesser causes. He thought of the people in his own church who had gifts to transform his city, but the church was deprived of such gifts. The church was weak; weak in resources, weak in talent, weak in commitment.

As the steamer approached the city, Merrill sat with pen and paper. Out of the anguish in his heart, and out of his vision of the city, he wrote:

Rise up, O men of God! Have done with lesser things;  
Give heart and soul and mind and strength  
To serve the King of kings. Rise up, O men of  
God! His kingdom tarries long: Bring in the day  
of brotherhood and end the night of wrong. Rise  
up, O men of God! The Church for you doth wait,  
Her strength unequal to her task: Rise up, and  
make her great! Lift high the cross of Christ!  
Tread where his feet have trod: As brothers of  
the Son of Man Rise up, O men of God!

He lived up to the call. He did rise up, striving to make the church great. Never denying that it is God alone who grants the needed power, he resolved to be one of God's messengers to the needy city.

The hymn was sung in Merrill's presence all over the world. (He heard it in India, China, Japan—it had gone into over forty countries by 1952.) It became a hymn for churches in the city. It is a hymn for the church in the city today.

"The church unequal to her task: Rise up and make her great!" The need is still there. The prayer still goes up for the church to be filled with strong men and women—strong in his strength, making his church great again and again! ■

## *Life Quotes. . .*

"Christians sing naturally because they have something to sing about."

—Charles Hodge

# *A Taste of* **HONEY**

Randy Mayeux

## *Sing!*

This special issue will deepen your appreciation for some of our greatest hymns. When you sing them, they will come more alive. Let's take a look at this ancient discipline of singing.

### **Part I: Word Search**

(Read each passage. Reflect on each. Write your response.)

1. What prompted these outbursts of song?

- a. Numbers 21:10-20 \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Exodus 14:29-15:21 \_\_\_\_\_
- c. 2 Samuel 22:1-51 \_\_\_\_\_
- d. 2 Chronicles 5:2-14 \_\_\_\_\_
- e. 2 Chronicles 29:27-30 \_\_\_\_\_
- f. Ezra 3:10-13 \_\_\_\_\_
- g. Matthew 26:26-30 \_\_\_\_\_
- h. Acts 16:22-34 \_\_\_\_\_

2. When should you sing?

- a. James 5:13 \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Psalm 100:1-5 \_\_\_\_\_

3. Why should you sing? (List every "purpose" you can find.)



- a. Ephesians 5:19-20 \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Colossians 3:16-17 \_\_\_\_\_
- c. I Corinthians 14:26 \_\_\_\_\_

### **Part II: Heart Search**

(Reflect on each and write a response.)

1. When were you most moved listening to a hymn? \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
2. When were you most moved singing a hymn? \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
3. When did a hymn most minister to you at a time of need? What was the hymn? What were the circumstances? \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
4. The Bible describes spontaneous outbursts of praise in song (e.g., Isaiah 12:4-6). When did you last burst out in praise to him? \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

### **Part III: Life Search**

(Reflect on each, write a response.)

1. Write a hymn of praise. It need not be "pretty"—just make it *your* hymn of praise.
2. How do you intend to enhance your appreciation for and participation in the ministry of singing? \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

#### **Write a Prayer:**

Father, help me during our singing to

In Jesus name Amen

#### *For Further Reading:*

*Scripture:* The Psalms mention "sing," "song," and related words over and over again. Re-read the Psalms, looking especially for what they say about singing.

*Additional Resources:* Start by carefully reading this entire issue of *20th Century Christian*. And re-read the April, 1983, issue for stories of great hymns from Britain. There are many good books containing stories on our hymns. A starting volume would be *101 Hymn Stories*, by Kenneth W. Osbeck.

# Heaven Holds All

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## Tillit S. Teddlie (1885- )

Paul Piersall\*



Teddlie receives award from Willard Collins on his 98th birthday.

On June 2, 1985 churches of Christ joined in song to honor one of their most prolific and finest song writers on his one hundredth birthday. Such familiar songs as “Worthy Art Thou,” “Lord, I Am Coming to Thee,” “The Lord’s Supper,” “Oh the Depths and the Riches,” “Singing Redemption’s Song,” “Heaven Holds All to Me,” as well as many others were sung on that special day in honor of Tillit S. Teddlie.

Teddlie, born in Swan, Texas on June 3, 1885, has had a tremendous impact for good through his preaching ministry, singing schools, books, and his many songs. Almost immediately following his baptism in 1903, Teddlie and his brother, V. O. Teddlie, began teaching singing schools, and in 1904 Tillit Teddlie began his career as a song writer.

He served churches in Memphis, Tennessee and numerous churches in Texas—in Belton, Greenville, Dallas, Ennis, and Sulphur Springs. His influence in the field of church music is great. He has taught singing schools, written about one hundred songs, published twelve hymnals, and in 1974 published a book of his songs entitled

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\*Director of choral activities and professor of music at Pepperdine University

### *Golden Harvest Hymns.*

One of Teddlie's most popular hymns was written at Golden, Texas in 1912. The small village of Golden is located in Wood County, and it was there that Tillit Teddlie obeyed the gospel. The family moved away in 1907 and upon his return to Golden in 1911, he wrote the song. Concerning the occasion, he said:

I returned to Golden in 1911, and, while passing the church yard where I made the good confession, I caught this theme, sat down on the roadside under a hickory tree and wrote the music and words to the chorus on a soiled envelope which I had in my jumper pocket. When I arrived at home, I immediately wrote the full song as it is now sung. It is still a thrilling experience to go back to the spot and live, in memory, the night I made the good confession, and the joy of becoming a Christian the next morning. Heaven is not far away, and it still holds everything to me. This song has appeared in the church hymnals for the past fifty years . . . may it still be used during the next half-century."

"Heaven Holds All to Me," a song of faith and assurance from the pen of a man of faith and dedication, inspires us to think on things above. In this day of international tensions, humanism, and commercialism, it is good to be reminded that "Earth holds no treasures but perish with using," and that, indeed, for the Christian, "Heaven Holds All to Me." ■

## *Life Quotes. . .*

"Alas for those that never sing, but die with all their music in them."

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*



# A Scientist with the Soul of a Poet

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A. W. Dicus  
(1888-1978)



Bill Humble\*

More than thirty years ago, with a just-finished master's degree in hand, I headed for Temple Terrace, Florida, to join the faculty of Florida Christian College. The school was small, and the faculty young and inexperienced. But those were exhilarating years, for what the young faculty lacked in experience they made up in youthful optimism and idealism. What the school needed was maturity and wisdom in academic leadership. This need was supplied when Dr. A. W. Dicus came to Florida to be our dean.

Dicus had already had a distinguished career in education. He had served for years as chairman of the physics department at Tennessee Tech University in Cookeville, Tennessee. When he came to Florida, we were told he had been one of the most distinguished physics teachers in America. We were also told he had sent more students into the laboratories at Oak Ridge, where the developmental work was done on the atomic bomb, than any teacher in America. Dicus might have rested on his laurels. Instead, because of his strong commitment to Christian education, he took an early retirement from his prestigious post at Tennessee Tech and became dean of Florida

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\*Director of the Center for Restoration Studies, Abilene Christian University

Christian College at about half the salary.

Dicus' mature leadership was just what we needed. He was patient in dealing with a young and sometimes strong-willed faculty. But we soon learned that he was more than an honored scientist and academic leader. He was a Christian of deep faith and spirituality, and he was a song writer. It was A. W. Dicus who wrote both the words and music to the well-known hymn:

There is, beyond the azure blue,  
A God concealed from human sight,  
He tinted skies with heavenly hue,  
And framed the worlds with His great might.

There is a God, He is alive,  
In Him we live, and we survive;  
From dust our God created man,  
He is our God, the great I AM.

Whenever I hear a congregation singing "Our God, He is Alive" with all the exuberance of faith this hymn inspires, memories well up in my heart, memories of Dicus' impact on my life. I listen to the words, "There is a God. He is alive." And the second stanza, "He is the God that we should know, who speaks from His inspired Word." And I reflect that it would probably strengthen the faith of every Christian to know that these words of faith were written by a distinguished physicist, a brother in Christ, a scientist with the soul of a poet. ■

## *Life Quotes. . .*

"The fruit of the lips, singing, is not worship in itself,  
but it accompanies what is done in the heart."

—Hugo McCord



Senior editor M. Norvel Young (left) was presented the Christian Service Award by Pepperdine University. Congratulating him are publisher Jim Bill McIner and *Power for Today* Editors Steven and Emily Y. Lemley.

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# *My Prayer*

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*Philip Morrison*

*Dear God,*

*I want to thank you  
for a very special man. . .  
who has been like. . .  
a second father.*

*More than four decades ago  
he became my father in the faith. . .  
when he baptized me. . .  
into Christ.*

*He was the first. . .  
except for my parents. . .  
to encourage me. . .  
to preach the gospel.*

*The training class was for boys  
over twelve. . .and I was only nine. . .  
But I begged and pestered. . .  
until he let me attend.*

*Later he would be my teacher. . .  
at David Lipscomb College.  
Then advisor, role model, confidante. . .  
and friend.*

*Two generations of Lipscomb students  
smiled at his chapel announcements. . .  
tried to imitate his booming voice. . .  
and loved him without reservation.*

*We knew him as a man  
who loved Lord, family, church. . .  
without shame or apology.  
A man without guile. . .  
A man to be trusted.*

*In this, his retirement year,  
I pray, oh, Lord. . .  
that he may know the satisfaction. . .  
of a life well-lived.*

*Though he has earned rest  
from his labors. . .  
He is still sure to be found. . .  
in some small, rural church. . .  
preaching the gospel he loves so dearly.*

*Thank you Lord, for letting us be touched  
so deeply and lastingly. . .  
by Willard Collins. . .  
Friend and Brother.*



# *From My Heart*

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*M. Norvel Young*

I had barely reached the top of the stairs leading to our bedroom when the phone rang and our son-in-law, Dr. Sam Jackson, said in a matter-of-fact tone, "It is 5:15 and firemen in front of our condominium have given us 20 minutes to evacuate. You should pack your car with everything you treasure most and leave in 20 minutes." Sam and Sara live in one of the 54 condominiums for faculty and staff on the campus in the Santa Monica mountains overlooking the Pacific Ocean. We live just below them.

Helen was working at her desk, grading tests. We had watched the smoke and smelled it since noon, but the radio reports indicated the fires were being contained. Every year or two, there are brush fires when the Santa Ana winds blow with storm force from the hot desert to the ocean.

By the time I finished the phone conversation, a fire engine was at our front door and the order was given first-hand, "Leave in 20 minutes."

Eric Beyer and three of his friends called from the men's residence and offered to help. They were magnificent. Helen was calm, but determined. She is always brave in a crisis. She had previously made a list of items to take, in order of importance. The silver and all items which would not be damaged by water were to be put in the swimming pool. We pulled out file drawers which contained our most important papers. (Four file cabinets of notes of sermons and articles had to be left.) We picked up the large family Bible which contains records of births, marriages, baptisms, and deaths of four generations. We gathered up albums of family pictures and portraits of family and friends off the wall. We removed a valuable painting by Charles Russell which belongs to the University and a favorite water color by Gay Banowsky. We packed the hand-painted china which my mother had painted in 1904 as a student at the old Nashville Bible School. Some special books of sentimental value were boxed and put in the car. Twenty minutes is a short time. Now



the raging fire could be seen in fierce billows above our mountains. It was ominous. We checked on our neighbors who were busy with their packing. Several young faculty came by offering to help.

As we drove down President's Drive, the smoke was so dense we used handkerchiefs to cover our noses. We drove to the entrance of the campus on Pacific Coast Highway. The police had set up road blocks to clear the highway for fire fighting equipment. It was hard to leave a place we loved so much when it was in danger. So we stopped between the campus and the ocean and held hands and prayed.

The firestorm was growing more fierce. The flames were shooting up a hundred feet as new acres of manzanita and other brush and trees were consumed. The flames leaped over the faculty condominiums and the brush burned up to the Law Center. We stood transfixed as we saw the flames engulf the area in Winter Canyon just below our home. We watched and we prayed. Suddenly, a new firestorm exploded next to the President's home. A student ran by and shouted that the President's home and all of the fifty faculty homes were on fire. So many had put so much of their dreams and plans into those buildings. We thought of the young faculty who were straining make their monthly payments. We thought of all the loss and all of the time and money it would take to replace them. And yet, even then, we consoled ourselves with the thought that those who had poured themselves into seeing that campus was built had done it, not for the buildings, but for the students, and they were safe.

Thank God, our prayers were answered. No buildings were lost. No person was injured. But hundreds of acres were blackened. Shrubs and trees were burned. God had used capable firemen to save buildings and lives. It was late at night when we were allowed to return. We all praised God for deliverance.

How fragile is life. How dear is each day. How precious is friendship and mutual helpfulness. How comparatively unimportant are our material possessions. Only the spiritual is lasting.

I share this with you because thousands across the nation who saw the TV news prayed for our safety. We thank God for your calls and letters, but most of all for your prayers. Only the spiritual is lasting.

Thank God for Jesus Christ and the hope he gives us of possessions which cannot be taken away in a firestorm.



# *The Christian Bookshelf*

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Art McNeese

This month we look at two new releases from Charles Swindoll.

Swindoll, Charles, *Come Before Winter* (Portland, Oregon: Multnomah Press, 1985), \$14.95

Charles Swindoll is a wordsmith. His ability to craft pictures and clothe ideas with just the right phrase is unparalleled in contemporary Christian writing. We have enjoyed his arresting images before in *Growing Strong in the Seasons of Life*. And we will again in this new work, a collection of 122 essays for daily reading and study. If you are looking for respite from the drudgery of most devotional literature, this is it.

Swindoll presents these readings in three sections. "Before Winter. . . preparation" stresses spiritual measures for anticipating the fierce challenges to come. The crucible of suffering demands that we batten down the hatches and secure the anchor. His philosophy grows out of the words of Jeremiah, "If you have raced with men on foot and they have worn you out, how can you compete with horses?" (Jeremiah 12:5).

Section two is entitled, "Mid-Winter's Blast. . . perseverance." "How many military battles would never have been won without persistence? How many men and women would never have graduated from school. . . or changed careers in midstream. . . or stayed together in marriage. . . or reared a retarded child? Think of the criminal cases that would never have been solved without the relentless persistence of detectives. How about the great music that never would have been finished. . . . Back behind the impeccable beauty of each work is a dream that wouldn't die mixed with the dogged determination of a genius of whom this indifferent world is not worthy."

The final section "Winter's End. . . promise," induces a hopeful look at the future and Swindoll details the healing that comes with grace and the power of new beginnings.

This is more than a collection of nicely tailored vignettes. The essays provide helpful insights that are rooted in reality and make you wonder, "How did he know I struggle with that?" Swindoll draws heavily on his extensive reading and is wonderfully creative in retelling Biblical stories. A specific subject index is provided in the back, along with a scripture index. This is

an encouraging guidebook for travellers looking for assistance before, during, and after the storm.

Swindoll, Charles, *Living on the Ragged Edge* (Waco, Texas: Word Books, 1985) \$12.95

Few have ever looked reality in the face like Solomon. In an attempt to discover the core meaning of life, Solomon sampled a smorgasbord of life's experiences, only to come up with empty hands. Anything but insulated, Solomon dabbled in power, wealth, sex and acquisition—only to discover that “all is vanity.” Solomon's chronicle of this pursuit, *Ecclesiastes*, forms the sourcebook for this series of sermons/chapters by Charles Swindoll.

Swindoll discusses life in the fast lane from the perspective of Solomon's journal. This is a book for those who wrestle with deadlines and decisions, motivations and money. The counsel of Solomon is applied to the business executive, the dual-career marriage, the Christian who finds himself working at a frenetic pace. Swindoll offers illuminating chapters on: “The Lonely Whine of the Top Dog,” “An Objective View of the Rat Race,” and “The Qualities of a Good Boss.”

The dilemma is summarized in these words: “You wake up with a dream. Your mind moves in the realm of dreams. You think of how you can organize and orchestrate and finance this dream. Your idea is born and your company grows. It enlarges. It emerges into something of a giant over one part of your country and you're invited to join a conglomerate. You become part of that broad picture and now you have a larger office with deeper pile carpet and more to wait on you, and a larger salary. You become great! Yet your dreams don't stop. There is a hunger for more, more, more. But more never seems to satisfy.”

How to deal with this insatiable hunger is one of the major themes of Solomon and, therefore, Swindoll. Swindoll never advocates an anemic approach to life, but suggests that the flurry of activity must be grounded in the right premise. . .the right Person.

I have appreciated *Ecclesiastes* before. . .but never so much as I did after reading this book.

***Come Before Winter***  
**and**  
***Living on the Ragged Edge***  
**by Charles Swindoll**  
**are available by calling TOLL-FREE:**  
**1-800-251-2477 (Nationwide)**  
**1-800-247-2921 (Tennessee)**  
**Prices subject to change without notice.**



# Words And Music Cross 1,000 Miles

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Lloyd O. Sanderson  
(1901- )

Leon Sanderson\*



Lloyd O. Sanderson has always had a keen interest in music. He learned music notation at age five from his mother, studied music under his father, attended many music schools as a lad, and taught his first music drill at age fifteen.

He attended Harper Christian College, Harding College from which he graduated, and Southwest Missouri State College. He also

studied voice at Little Rock Conservatory of Music.

He became music editor of the *Gospel Advocate* in 1933 and still holds this position. He has edited several songbooks, three of which, Christian Hymns I, II, and III have been widely used.

He has written words and music to about four hundred compositions, most of them under his own name. However, over fifty of these have appeared under the name of Vana R. Raye, a pen name derived from his wife's name.

Prominent preachers told him his works would not be used if both words and music were by the same person. So he did the work and used the pen name.

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\*One of the ministers for the church at White Station in Memphis, Tennessee

His well-known compositions, many of which have been recorded by Harding and Lipscomb choruses as well as others, include "I'll Never Forsake My Lord," "The Lord Has Been Mindful of Me," "The Precious Book Divine," "Yes For Me He Careth," "'Tis Set the Feast Divine," "Pray All the Time," "Providence of God," "Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining," and "I Would Shine for Jesus," a child's song written especially for his daughter, Lloydene.

He wrote music for a dozen of Thomas O. Chisholm's songs, including "A New Creature," "Bring Christ Your Broken Life," and "Be With Me Lord."

Chisholm lived in Vineland, New Jersey about 1000 miles from Springfield, Missouri, where Sanderson served as minister for the South National church. Travel was not easy in 1934, so the two men never met, yet they collaborated in song writing by correspondence.

Late one evening Sanderson was working on a hymnal. The tune for "Be With Me Lord" kept coming to his mind. He stopped and wrote it down to be able to continue his work. Shortly the harmony seemed clear, and he completed it the same night. He searched for words to fit but found none, as the music had an unusual meter of 11/10/11/10.

Eight days later he received a letter from Chisholm telling of an incident on this same night. He had gone to bed, yet some words were on his mind. He got up and wrote them down and was sending them to see what Sanderson thought. They were an exact match! Whether coincidental or providential, this particular composition has been sung more widely than any other of Sanderson's songs and has been translated for use in Italian, German, African, and other languages.

His musical influence has been extended through articles, music theories, and music normals in many cities with W. B. Bacon, Paul H. Epps, Texas H. Stevens, and me as co-laborers.

He has traveled in 48 states and Canada as an evangelist.

He has been associate minister at Avondale in Atlanta and Wooddale in Memphis. He lost his companion in August 1984. ■

Be with me Lord  
I cannot live without Thee  
I dare not try to take one step alone  
I cannot bear the loads of life unaided  
I need Thy strength to lean myself upon.



# *As I See It*

*Jim Bill McInteer, President and Publisher*

---

Hell is not the El Al ticket counter at the Leonardi di Vinci airport in Rome. That is indiscriminate murder! Some vengeful, sick minds may call it “heroic” but to civilized folk, it is heartless, pointless carnage of the innocent. All nationalities died amid a fire blast of machine guns and deadly hand grenades. It is the old view of some that “war is hell.”

It isn't.

Hell does not have a single soul in it that has not earned his place there. The Scriptures say, “The wages of sin is death.” “Wages”—“stipened”—“salary”—“salt”—all the same thought—it is what the soldier has rightfully earned. No one stumbles into hell—he earns it. (Neither does anyone ever get to heaven by the same method—eternal life is a gift of God.) And it is not bestowed helter skelter as rose petals scattered in the wedding aisle. This gift is conditional—it is through “our Lord Jesus Christ.”

As a result of terrorist cruelty, an eleven year old girl and other innocents died. Struck down were scores of bystanders that had nothing to do with Mid-east hatred. They just happened to be at the Rome and Vienna airport at the wrong time. That is not hell! God has never been guilty of cruelty or judgmental action that would place an innocent in the punishment of the banished. The blessed obedient soul that enjoys heaven has the grace of God to praise for his unspeakable gift—and whoever knows the separation of hell earns his pay day—he is not a by-chance wayfarer who just stumbled into the pits.

The justice of God puts an arresting hand on the disobedient action of man and, as I see it, the love God has for the world grants to those who come into Christ his everlasting gift. Hell is earned. Heaven is a gift, and you need an eternity to thank the God of all grace. Why not confess your faith in Jesus, repent of your sins, and put Jesus on in baptism today? God has a gift for those who do.



Jim Bill McInteer

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