

The ARNOLD Report

Louis Arnold
Editor

MAY 2009

Nicholasville
Kentucky 40356

Sankey's Story of the Gospel Hymns

By Ira D. Sankey

Safe in the Arms of Jesus

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

*Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,*

Mr. Doane came into a room in New York, once, where Fanny Crosby was talking with Mr. Bradbury, the father of Sunday-school music, and said to her: "Fanny, I have written a tune and I want you to write words for it."

★"Let me hear ho★the tune goes,"★re replied. After Mr. Doane had played it
(Continued On Page 2)

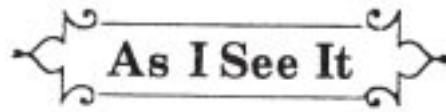
The Faith of Darwin

By the Late Oswald J. Smith

It ma★surprise stu★nents of evol★ution, who do not know, to learn that in the closing days of his life, Charles Darwin returned to his faith in the Bible. Many a man, as he approaches the end and consequently the presence of God and eternity, has regretted both his views and his conduct. Such a man was Darwin.

The story is told by Lady Hope of Northfield, England, a wonderful Christian woman who often sat at the bedside of Darwin before he died. She herself writes it, and not only is it interesting, it is enlightening. Here it is in her own

(Continued On Page 3)



Big Bang Creation Is Impossible

On March 9, 2004, the Hubble Space Telescope made pictures of a part of the universe that had never before been seen by man. It is said that the pictures show about 10,000 galaxies that are more than 13 billion miles away from the earth. They tell us that it would take almost a million years of uninterrupted observing for the Hubble Space Observatory to observe the entire sky.

It is beyond imagination that an explosion could have created a universe so vast that man will★never be able to see all of it. Evolutionists★believe in the "★Big Bang," and they are trying hard to prove an unprovable theory. No explosion could possibly have created such a vast universe. Come to think of it, nothing has ever been created by an explosion except rubble.



Water to Share

"... but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John 4:14).

When the Samaritan woman came to Jacob's Well to draw water, Jesus used the occasion to tell her about the water of life. He told her that she could have a well of water in her heart that would never run dry. It would be an artesian well, springing

(Continued On Page 3)

JUST TALKIN'



As you know, Mother's Day comes this month. I trust you will have a great time in church honoring mothers on this special day.

My mother has been gone to her reward for many years, but I still remember how

(Continued On Page 4)



One to Understand

When a man with soul on fire
With holy ambition stirred
Driven by burning desire
To outdo the common herd
Has striven until strength is gone
Has yet toiled on and on
To meet with failure on every hand
Then he needs the encouraging word
From the one who can understand.

To woman is given power
To bless or cause to fail
She in the crucial hour
Can make his ship set sail
Or drop the anchor in the deep
And let ambition sleep
It is hers to lend a helping hand
To help him up life's rugged trail
She alone can understand.

—Louis Arnold

Visit Us At: louisarnoldministries.org

STORY OF GOSPEL HYMNS

(Continued From Page 1)

over for her on a small organ, she at once exclaimed: "Why, that tune says, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and I will see what I can do about it."

She at once retired to an adjoining room, where she spent half an hour alone. On returning she quoted to Mr. Doane the words of this now immortal hymn. It was first published in the book entitled, *Songs of Devotion*.

A party of steerage passengers were gathered one foggy day below decks on an Allan liner near the entrance of the Belle Isle Straits. They were cold and cheerless and weary of the voyage, though only two days out, and a lady had come down to talk and sing to them. The subject was "Stepping over the line," and the song was *Safe in the Arms of Jesus*. She told the story of a young sailor, who was summoned to her mother's deathbed. "Willie," said the mother, looking up at him with tearful eyes, "sing to me once more *Safe in the Arms of Jesus*." "Mother," he replied, "I can't sing that song. It would be a lie; I am not safe, and I can't sing a lie." The speaker said that she thanked God that the young sailor afterward stepped over the line and was safe. After the story was



Bit of Humor

It was said of a man that he criticized his wife's puddings, her cake, her biscuits, her stew, and how she washed her dishes. She didn't do them as his mother used to do.

She tried to do her best. So, when one day he came home, and starting criticizing that she didn't do as his mother used to do. She turned and boxed his ears, just as his mother used to do.

told and a hymn sung, a man suddenly left his place among the listeners. The lady was troubled. Had she offended him or was his conscience stricken? She watched for him day after day, but a storm succeeded the fog, and it was not until the last day of the voyage that she saw him again. Then, while the vessel was moored in Merville Harbor, and all was bustle on the deck, the tall Scotchman sought her, saying:

"Oh, I am so glad that I have found you again! I could not leave without thanking you for those words you sang, *Safe in the Arms of Jesus*. I felt that I could not sing that hymn, as I was not safe. I have been to church all my life, and have taken the sacrament; but I was not safe, and I could not sing it. Then came the storm and I was miserable, for I thought we might go to the bottom and I should be lost."

"And what did you do then?" asked the lady.

"Why, I remembered how you said that we might trust the Lord Jesus to save us now—and I did trust Him right there in my berth. I stepped over the line, and now I can praise Him, for I am safe in His arms, and I wish to live to His glory."

Two little girls were playing in a corner of the nursery with their dolls, and singing as they played, '*Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast*.' Their mother was writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk, unobserved by them.

"Sister, how do you know that you are safe?" asked Nellie, the youngest.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands—tight!" was the reply.

"Ah, that is not safe," said Nellie. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!"

The sister looked much troubled for a few moments, dropped her doll and thought deeply. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out, "Oh! I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with His two hands, and Satan can't cut His hands off; so I am safe!"

A party of friends, traveling in the Alps, commenced to sing the first verse of this hymn, when, much to their surprise, they heard the second verse taken up on another mountain peak, as a response; and though the two parties of tourists could not see each other, they sang the alternate verses and passed on their ways. . . .

Once when laboring in London I went to Basel, Switzerland, for a few days' rest. The evening I got there I heard under my window the most beautiful volume of song. I looked out and saw about fifty people, who were singing, *Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast* in their own language, but I recognized the tune. I spoke to them through an interpreter. The next evening I held a song service in an old French church in that city. The church was packed with people, and many stood outside on the street.

Dr. John Hall, of New York, said of this hymn, in a great Sunday-school convention in Brooklyn, that it gave more peace and satisfaction to mothers who had lost their children than any other hymn he had ever known. It has become very famous throughout the world, and was one of the first American hymns to be translated into foreign languages.

Safe in the Arms of Jesus

*Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.*

*Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!*

*Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.*

Chorus

*Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.*

—Fanny J. Crosby

WATER TO SHARE (Continued From Page 1)

up and overflowing. We get the picture of a well that would overflow and bring others in contact with everlasting life.

It is tragic that many believers allow some trivial thing to clog the well of water in their hearts and stop it from flowing. A clogged well is a stagnant well, and it cannot bring blessings to others.

The Jordan River flows into the Sea of Galilee, then through it and down the valley. The same river flows into the Dead Sea, but it does not flow out it. Because the Sea of Galilee gives forth as much as it receives, it is a body of living water. The Dead Sea is dead because it receives, but it does not give. If we are to remain spiritually alive, we must allow God's blessing to flow through us and bless the lives of others.

—Selected "Day Starters"

A Partnership With God

A partnership with God is Motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self control.
What love, what wisdom would belong to her
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul.

—Selected

The Mother's Prayer

Starting forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
Oh! we know not what of harm
May betide them!
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
Father hide them!
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Do Thou hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Do Thou clear them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Do Thou steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

Unto Thee we give them up,
Lord receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them,—
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them;
Trustful in Thy hands of love
We must leave them.

—William Cullen Bryant

THE FAITH OF DARWIN (Continued From Page 1)

words.

It was one of those glorious autumn afternoons that we sometimes enjoy in England, when I was asked to go and sit with the well-known professor, Charles Darwin. He was almost bedridden for some time before he died. I used to feel when I saw him that his fine presence would have made a grand picture for the Royal Academy; but never did I think so more strongly than on this one particular occasion.

He was sitting up in bed, wearing a soft embroidered dressing gown of a rich purple shade. Propped up by pillows, he was gazing out on a far-stretching scene of woods and cornfields, which grew in the light of a marvelous sunset. His noble forehead and fine features seemed to be lit with pleasure as I entered the room.

He waved his hand toward the window as he pointed toward out the scene beyond, while in the other hand he held an open Bible, he was always studying.

"What are you reading now?" I asked as I was seated by his bedside.

"Hebrews!" he answered — "still Hebrews, The Royal Book, I call it." Then placing his finger on certain passages, he commented on them.

I made some illusion to the strong opinions expressed by many persons on the history of creation, its grandeur and then the treatment of the earliest chapters of the Book of Genesis.

He seemed greatly distressed, and his fingers twitched nervously, and a look of agony came over his face as he said, "I was a young man with

uninformed ideas. I threw out queries, suggestions, wondering all the time over everything; and to my astonishment the ideas took like wildfire. People made a religion of them."

Then he paused, and after a few more sentences on the holiness of God, and the grandeur of the Book, looking at the Bible which he was holding tenderly all the time. He suddenly said, "I have a summer house in the garden which holds about thirty people. It is over there," pointing through the open window.

"I want you very much to speak there. I know you read the Bible in villages. Tomorrow afternoon I should like the servants on the place, and a few of the neighbors to gather there. Will you speak to them?"

"What shall I speak about?" I asked.

"Jesus Christ," he replied, "and His salvation. Is not that the best theme? And then I want you to sing hymns with them."

The wonderful look of brightness and animation on his face as he said this, I shall never forget, for he added, "If you take the meeting at three o'clock this window will be open, and you will know that I am joining in the singing."

How I wish that I could have made a picture of that fine old man and his beautiful surroundings on that memorable day!

Was there ever a more dramatic scene? The very soul of tragedy is here exposed to us! Darwin's enthusiasm for the Bible, speaking with glowing enthusiasm about the grandeur of the Book, reminded of the modern evolutionary movement in theology which, linked with skeptical criticism, has become a blight in all the Churches and has destroyed Biblical faith in multitudes. Darwin, with a look of agony, deploring it all and declaring, "I was a young man with uninformed ideas."

This remarkable picture of Darwin is a challenge to every evolutionist. That the uninformed ideas of the young man are the basis of modern evolutionary theology takes the foundation from under the theory of evolution.



Abe Two Sez

“I think they ought to give me more space in **The Arnold Report**. After all, I’m the only donkey on the staff.”



JUST TALKIN’

(Continued From Page 1)

she would go out to the rosebush in the front yard and select a rose to wear to church on Mother’s Day. For many years she wore a red rose, but the time came when she selected her first white rose after her mother had gone. She was sad, but triumphant. She knew that her mother had gone to the home of the redeemed.

If your mother is yet alive, tell her that you love her, and praise God and rejoice. If your mother is gone, thank God for all the good memories she left you.

God bless you. Keep in touch.

My mailing address is Louis Arnold Ministries, 2440 Bethel Road, Nicholasville, KY 40356. Our toll free number is 1-800-854-8571.

Local Number: 859-858-3538

Web Site: louisarnoldministries.org

E-Mail: louisarnoldlwa@windstream.net

SAYINGS BY LOUIS ARNOLD

Some people try to sing like a mockingbird, when they have only had a tadpole experience. A mockingbird is cradled in a downy nest in a treetop with a sky view and a mockingbird melody for a lullaby. A tadpole is cradled in the mud with a view of green scum. His lullaby is the croaking of pappy frog. He will never get so far away from the mud that he will not dive back into it and hibernate six months out of the year.

Death takes the beautiful baby from a loving mother’s arms, snatches the mother from the fond caresses of chil-

dren, takes the strong, young husband from the loving arms of his wife, but death has never snatched anyone from the loving arms of Almighty God. *Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?*

Let us realize that what happens round us is largely outside our control, but that the way we choose to react to it is inside our control.

ARNOLD REPORT
2440 Bethel Road
Nicholasville KY 40356
Return Service Requested

Non-Profit Organization
U.S. Postage
PAID
Nicholasville KY 40356
Permit No. 70

-Selected

shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? (Rom. 8:35).

The reason some people fuss so much in church is because they get practice at home.

SELECTED QUOTES

If the womanhood of America had been no better than its manhood, the devil would have had the country fenced in long ago.

-Billy Sunday

The greatest tragedy of life is not unanswered prayer, but unoffered prayer.

-F. B. Meyer

Prayer does not fit us for the greatest work; prayer is the greater work.

-Oswald Chambers

APPLES OF GOLD

It takes both rain and sunshine to make a rainbow.

Comments We Love

“My friends gave me a subscription to **The Arnold Report** for Christmas. I have enjoyed it so much I want to send **The Arnold Report** to some friends of mine. The poems inspire me and some of the poems I go back to reread and they inspire me again. Dr. Arnold inspires me” Lady, Nicholasville, Kentucky.

“I read *Day Starters* every day, and I really like it” Lady, Nicholasville, Kentucky.

“I have enjoyed many of your books, but the last one, *Miracles I Have Seen*, is the best yet. It brought back many memories, smiles, and tears as well. I’d like to have one more for a gift” Lady, Nicholasville, Kentucky.

“Thank you so much for the wonderful books you sent me. I really enjoyed reading them. Your newspaper (**The Arnold Report**) is really an inspirational delight. I read it from cover to cover” Lady, Nashville, Illinois.