

## **“Saved Alone”**

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**September 1995**

**H**oratio G. Spafford was born on October 20, 1828. If Horatio's parents knew what life held in store for their little boy, surely they would have died of a broken heart.

Horatio grew up to become a successful lawyer and a “man of unusual intelligence and refinement, deeply spiritual, and a devoted student of the Scriptures.” He was blessed with four daughters and a son. Profits from his law practice were heavily invested in real estate on the shores of Lake Michigan near Chicago. Life was good for Mr. and Mrs. Spafford.

But in his early forties, Horatio began his descent into the dark valley trodden beforehand by the great patriarch Job. First, his son died. A short time later the Chicago Fire of 1871 destroyed all of his investments. Two years later, desiring a restful vacation with his family, Horatio booked passage on a ship bound for England. But at the last minute, some business difficulties arose and Horatio decided to send his family on ahead with the intention of joining them later.

Somewhere in the North Atlantic, the ship carrying Mrs. Spafford and her four daughters, the *S.S. Ville du Havre*, was struck by the English ship *Lochearn*. The *S.S. Ville du Havre* sank in twelve minutes. Mrs. Spafford was rescued, but sent the following cable to her husband: “Saved alone.”

While on a ship bound for England to be with his grieving wife, Horatio Spafford, quill in hand, wrote the following lyrics:

*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, it is well with my soul.*

*Tho Satan should buffet, tho trials should come, Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.*

*My sin – O the bliss of this glorious tho't – My sin, not in part, but the whole,  
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more: Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!*

*And, Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll:  
The trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend, “Even so” - it is well with my soul.*

Sometimes in life there's nothing else to do but resign ourselves to God's keeping, thank Him for forgiveness, and wait for the Lord.