

# Pictures from the Life Of Horatio Spafford





**Horatio and Anna Spafford,  
ca. 1873**



*H. G. Spafford. H. O. McDaid. John P. Wilson.*

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Attorneys & Counselors at Law,*

ROOM 37 REPUBLIC LIFE BUILDING,

157 & 159 LASALLE STREET, *CHICAGO.*



The Spafford daughters, Annie, Maggie, Bessie, and Tanetta (*top row, left to right*) drowned The Spafford's son Horatio (*bottom row second from right*), born three years after the tragedy, died in 1880 at age four.





Anna and the four girls sailed to Paris on the steamer *The USS Ville du Havre*. On November 21, 1873, the luxury steamer sank in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean after being rammed by the British iron sailing ship the *Lochearn*. Their four daughters drowned.



Form 3.

2694

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WILLIAM ORTON, President

SECRETARY.

To Mafford

at Chicago Ill

Dec 2nd 1873

159 LaSalle St

Chicago

Saved alone - what shall I do. Mrs Goodwin Children Willie Culver lost go with Lorriarex until answer reply Porclain 64 Rue Abouckir Paris

Mafford

29

Telegram to her husband Anna starts:  
 "Saved alone – what shall I do?"





# BREVOORT HOUSE,

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,

Madison Street, between Clark and La Salle Streets,

H. M. THOMPSON, Proprietor.  
W. H. GRAY, Chief Clerk.  
W. K. STEELE, Cashier.

Chicago, \_\_\_\_\_ 187


When peace like a river, attendeth my way,  
When sorrows like sea-bellows, roll, -  
Whatever may betide, then least I ought to know  
It is well, it is well with my soul -

Though Satan should buffet, - though 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, - oh the bliss of this glorious thought, -  
My sin, - not in part, but the whole, -  
Is nailed to the cross, & I hear it no more, -  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh my soul -

And Lord, back to the day when the faith shall be sight, -  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, -  
The trump shall resound, & the Lord shall descend, -  
- A long in the night, oh my soul!  
To see him watch, as thou wait, my soul





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

It is well, with my soul,  
It is well, with my soul,  
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

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

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!  
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!

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:  
If Jordan above me shall roll,  
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life  
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,  
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;  
Oh trump of the angel! Oh voice of the Lord!  
Blessèd hope, blessèd rest of 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.



The Spaffords moved to Jerusalem and helped found a group called the American Colony; its mission was to serve the poor.

The colony later became the subject of the Nobel prize winning Jerusalem, by Swedish novelist Selma Lagerlöf. It was located in the building on the top of the hill.





# IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

