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It was the
Road to Jericho



It was 
the Road
to Jericho

By      Annie 
Fellows Johnston

 Author of   The 
Little Colonel
The Desert of
Waiting
Etc.


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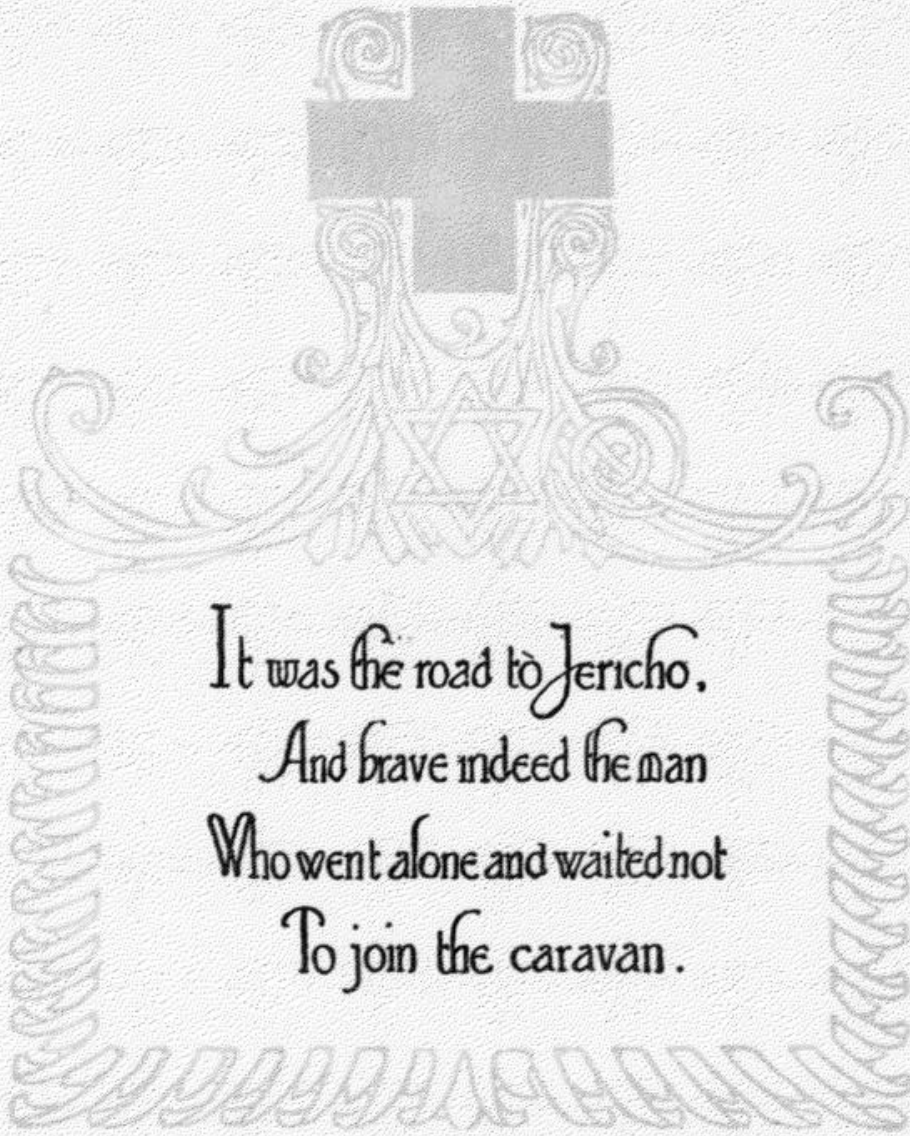




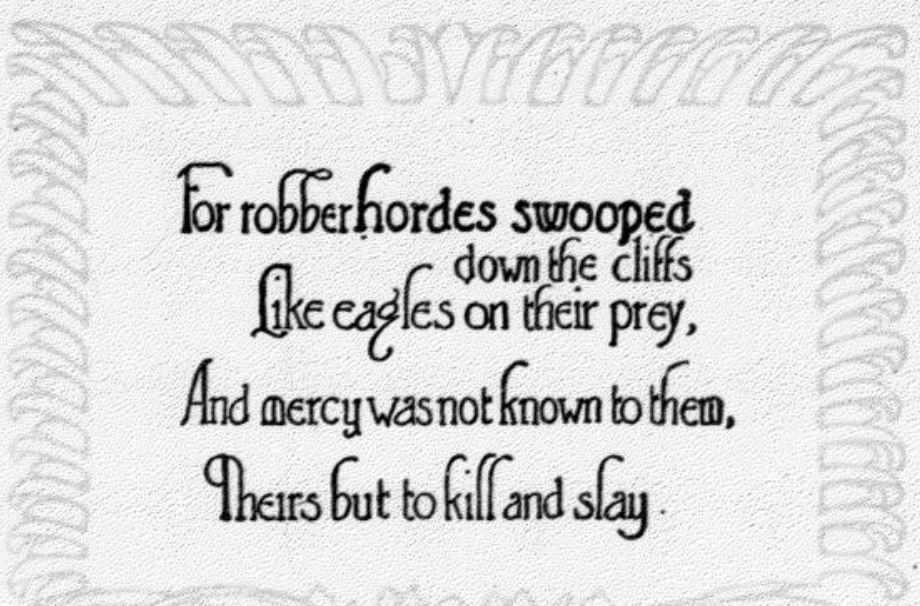




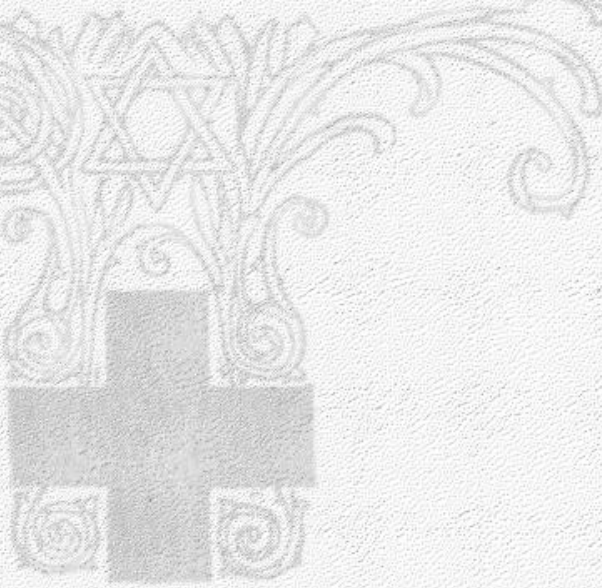
It Was the
Road to
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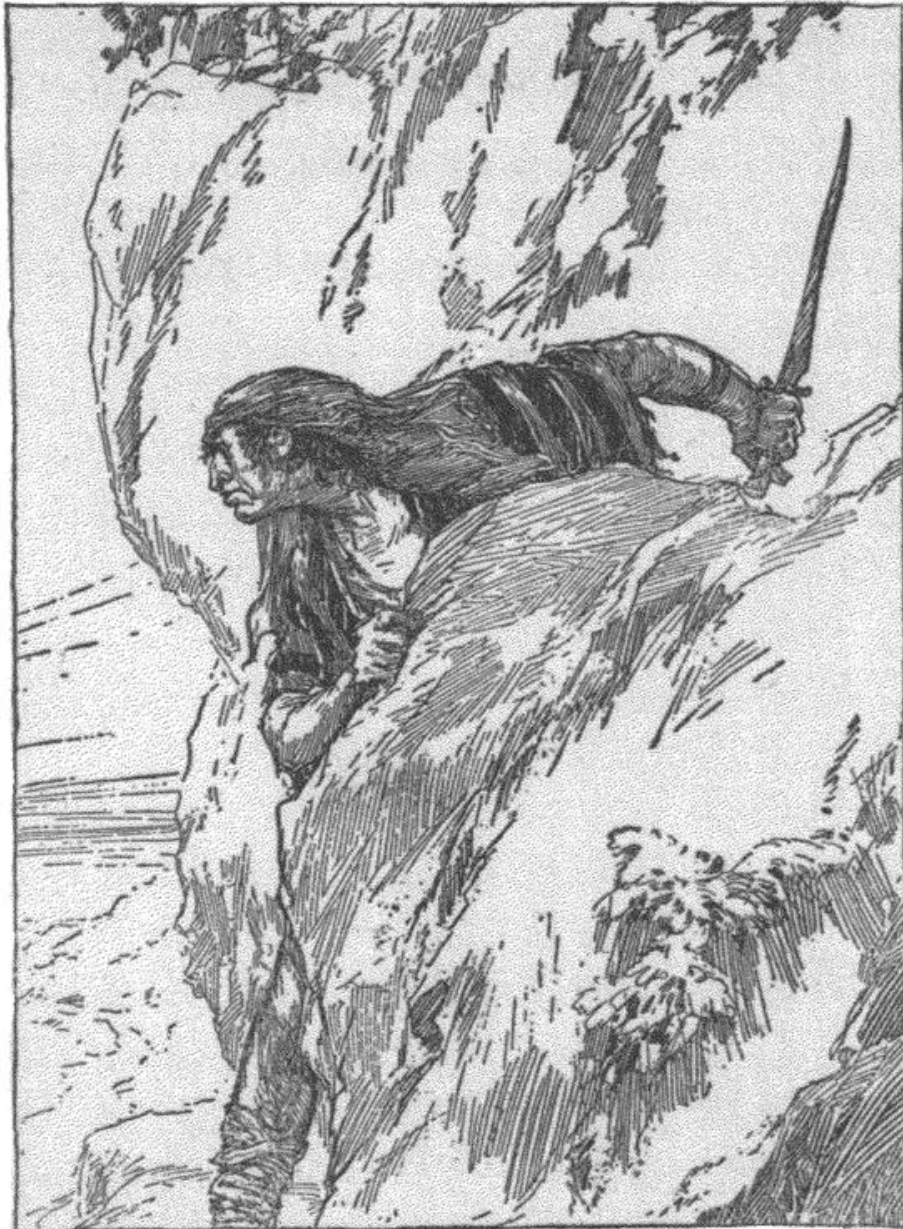


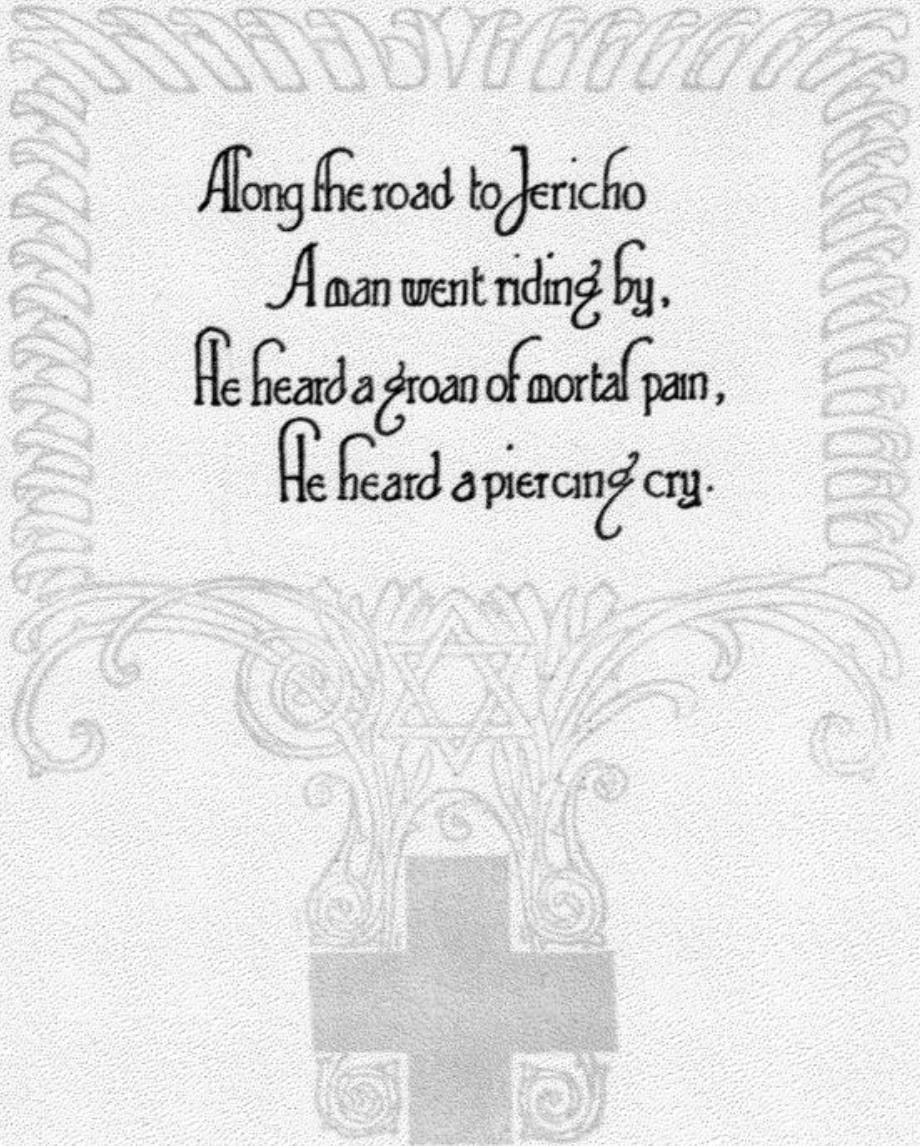
It was the road to Jericho,
And brave indeed the man
Who went alone and waited not
To join the caravan.



For robber hordes swooped
down the cliffs
Like eagles on their prey,
And mercy was not known to them,
Theirs but to kill and slay.





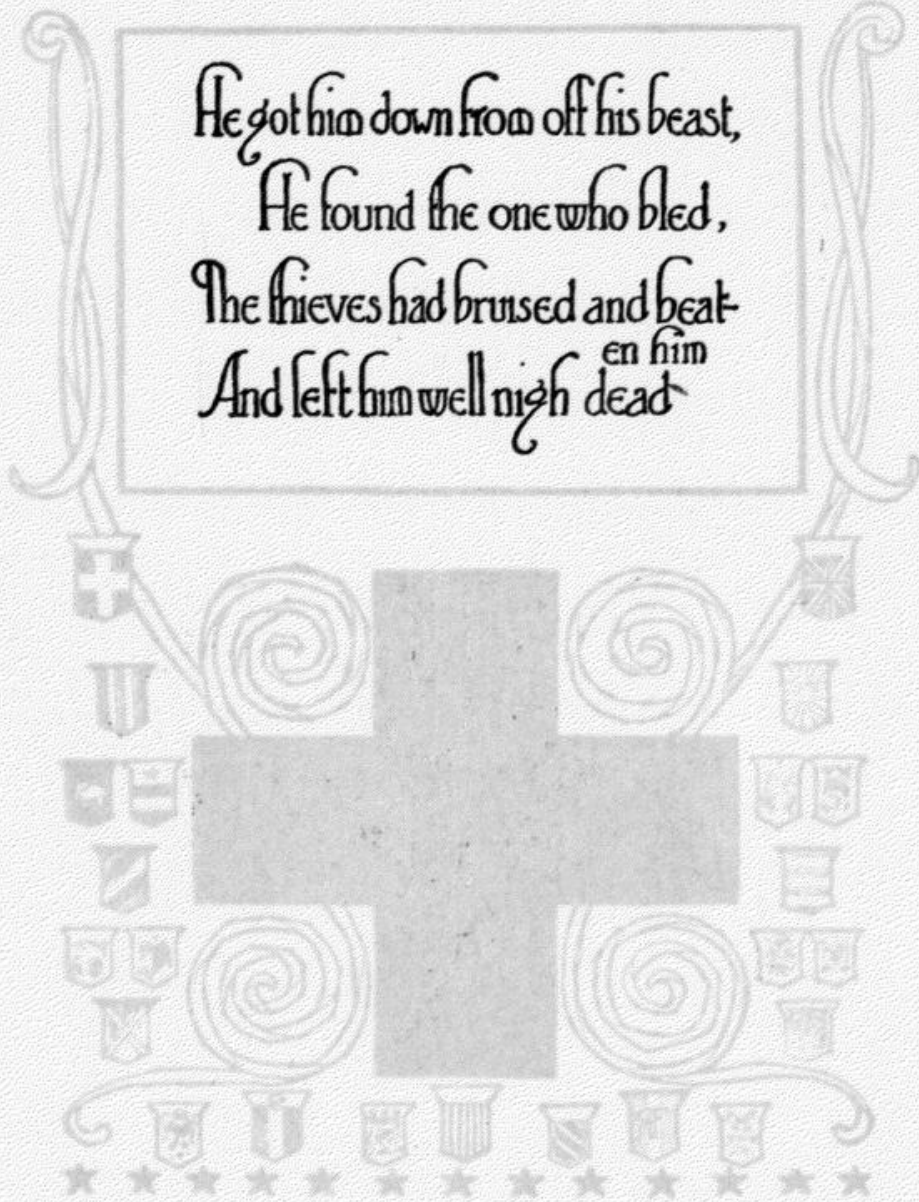
A decorative border with a repeating pattern of stylized, overlapping arches frames the text. Below the text is a large, ornate crest featuring a central cross with a Star of David above it, all set against a background of intricate, swirling floral and foliate patterns.

Along the road to Jericho
A man went riding by,
He heard a groan of mortal pain,
He heard a piercing cry.



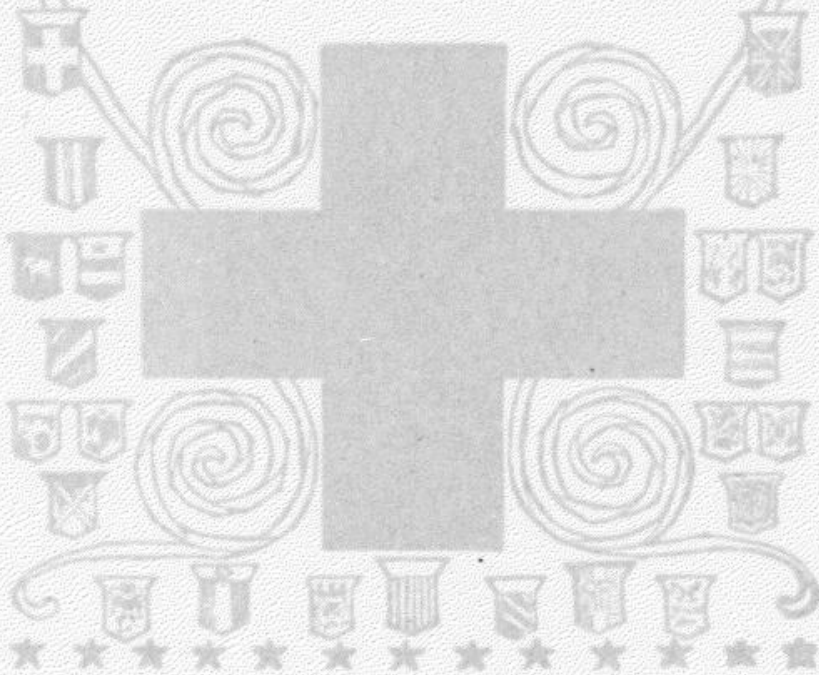


He got him down from off his beast,
He found the one who bled,
The thieves had bruised and beat
And left him well nigh dead^{en him}



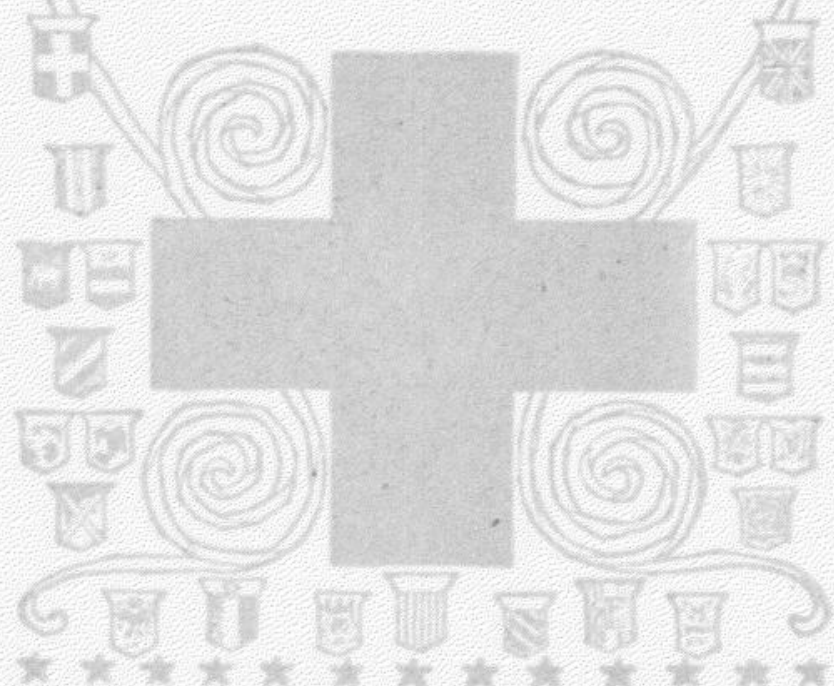


(The Levite and the priest had passed,
The calls to them were vain).
He bound his wounds. With oil
and wine
He eased the grievous pain.



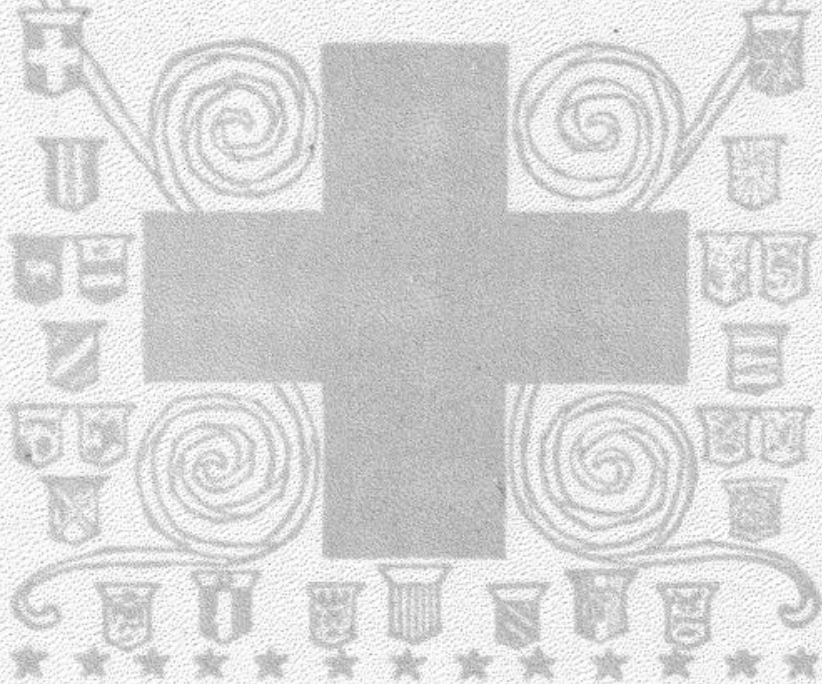


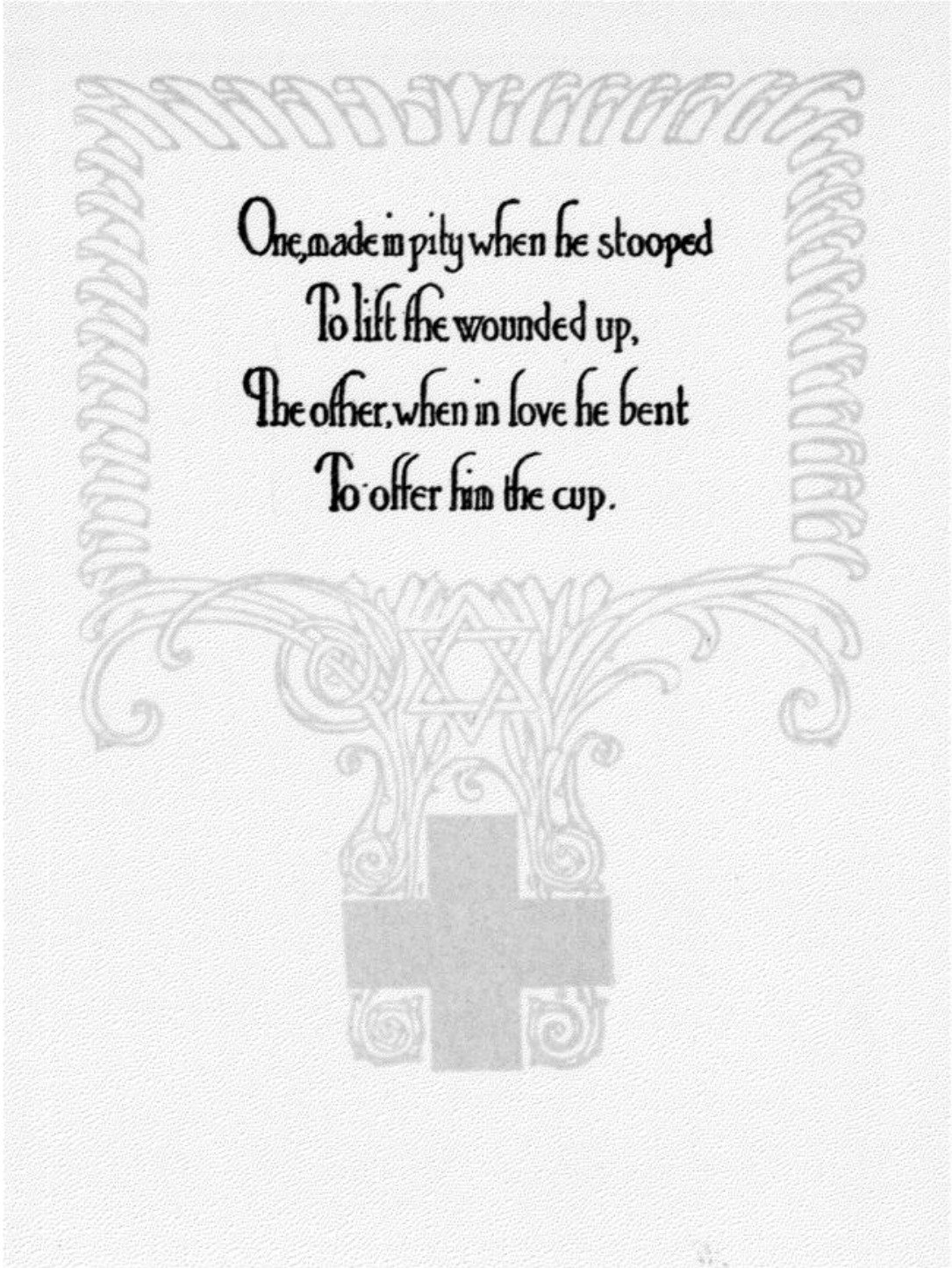
Then to the inn he carried him
And paid the Keeper's price,
As one who does a deed for love,
Nor counts it sacrifice





Lo, as he passed upon his way,
His robe it showed a stain —
Two red marks on his white sleeve,
The bleeding head had ^{where} lain.

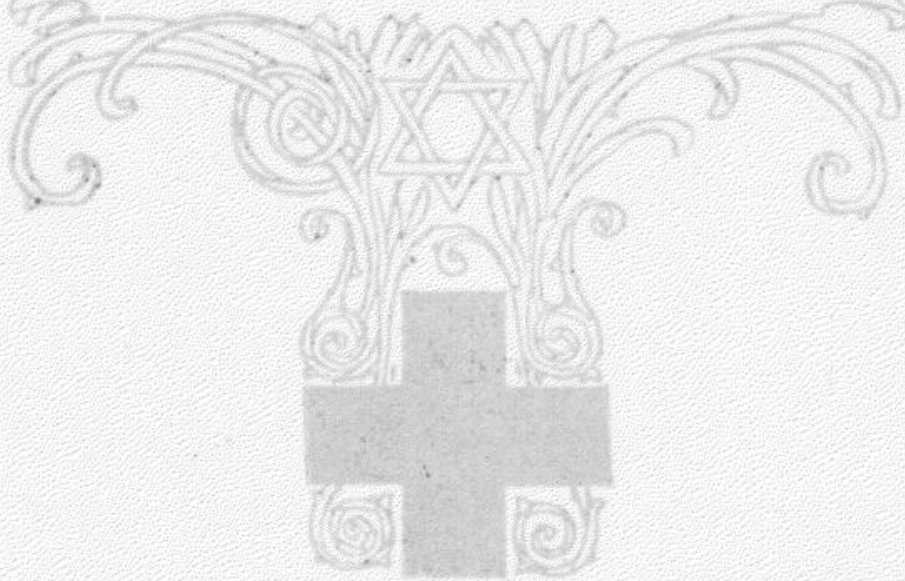


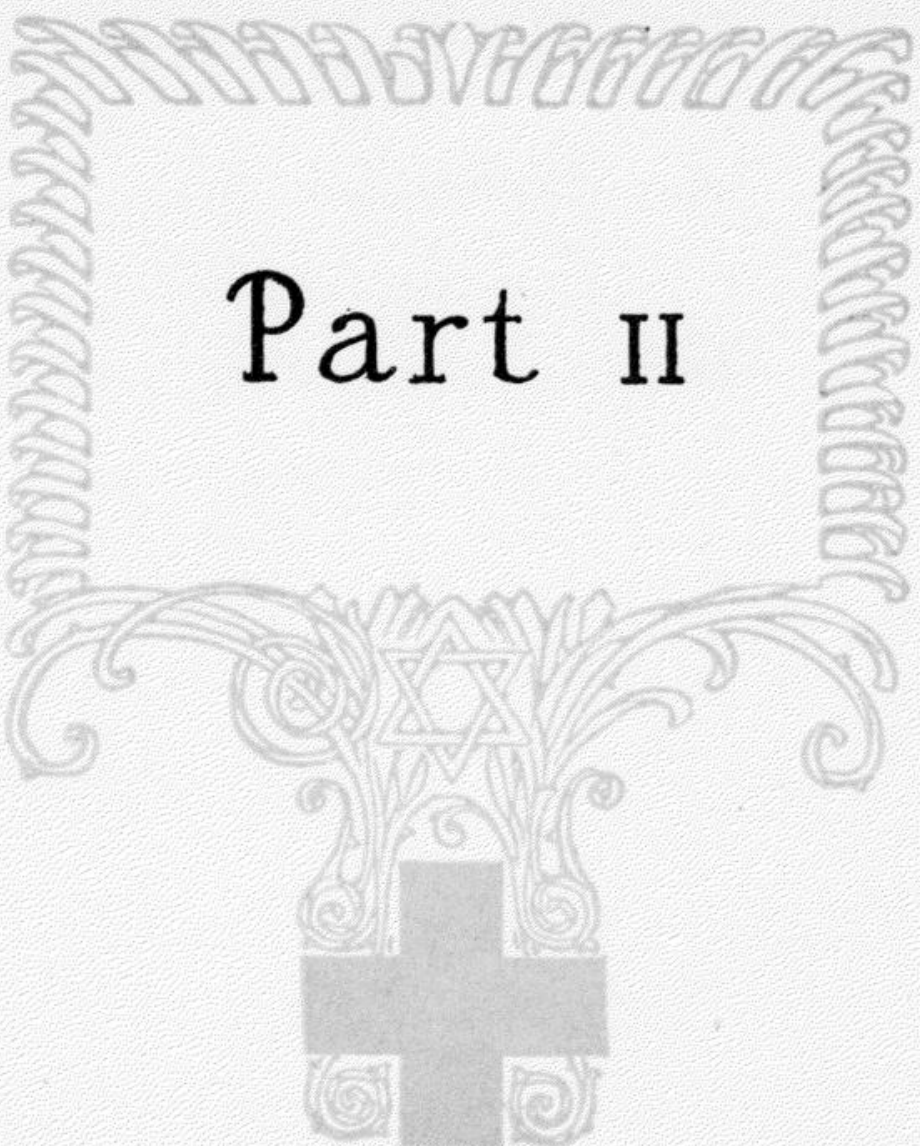
The page features a decorative border of repeating, stylized, wave-like patterns. Below the text is a large, intricate illustration of a chalice or cup. The cup's body is a solid dark cross, and its stem is composed of complex, interlocking geometric and floral patterns. The cup is flanked by two large, symmetrical, swirling flourishes that resemble stylized leaves or petals.

One, made in pity when he stooped
To lift the wounded up,
The other, when in love he bent
To offer him the cup.



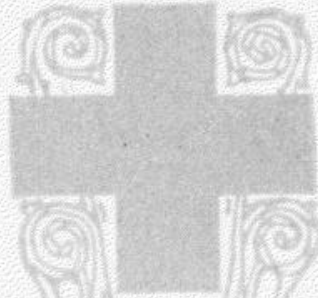
Two red, red lines which made a cross,
And marked him as the man
Whose name is, till the end of time
"The Good Samaritan".



A decorative border with a repeating pattern of stylized, overlapping shapes surrounds the text. Below the text is a large, ornate emblem featuring a central six-pointed star (Magen David) with intricate scrollwork and flourishes extending outwards. At the base of the emblem is a solid black cross with rounded ends.

Part II

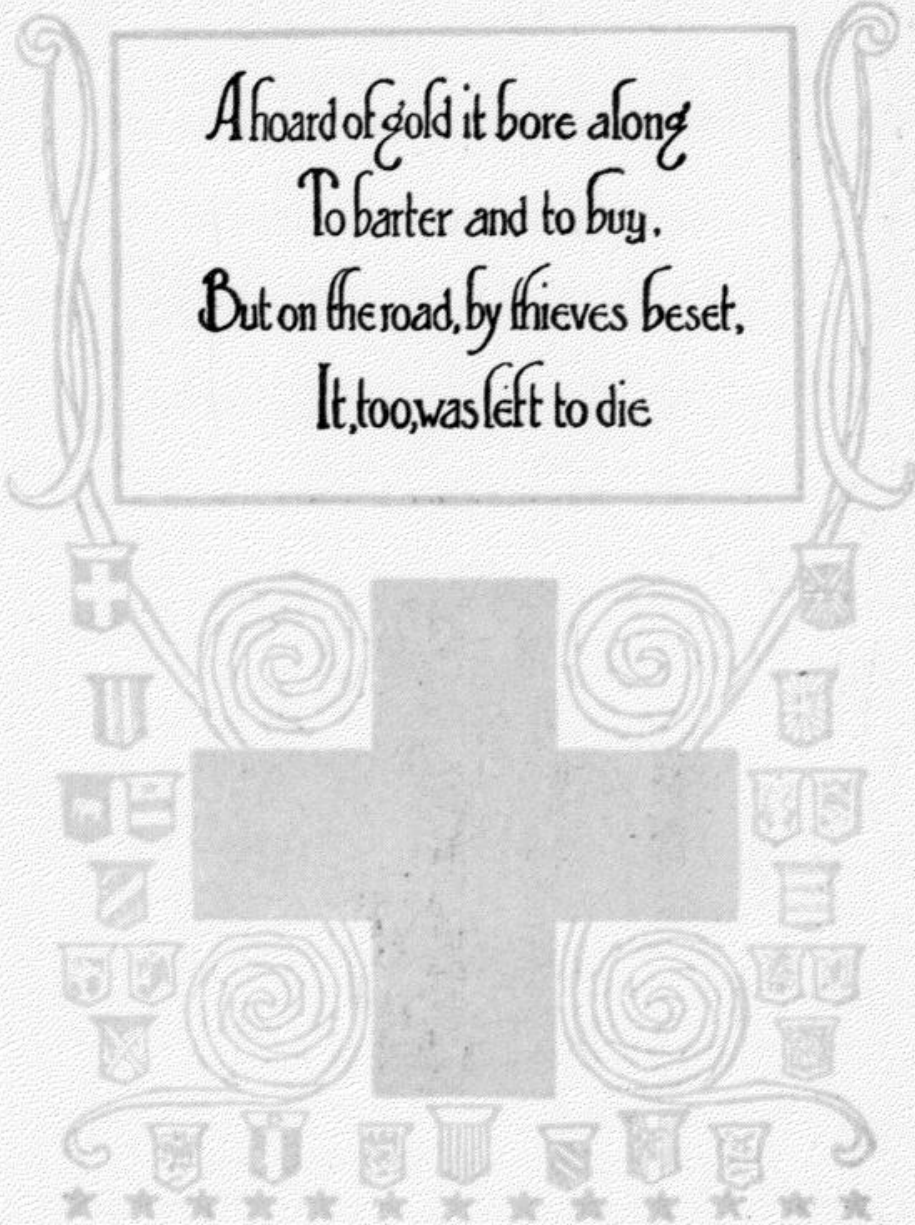




The World pressed toward its Jericho,
The goal of its desire —
Its marts, its pleasures and its shrines
Its dreams of great empire.

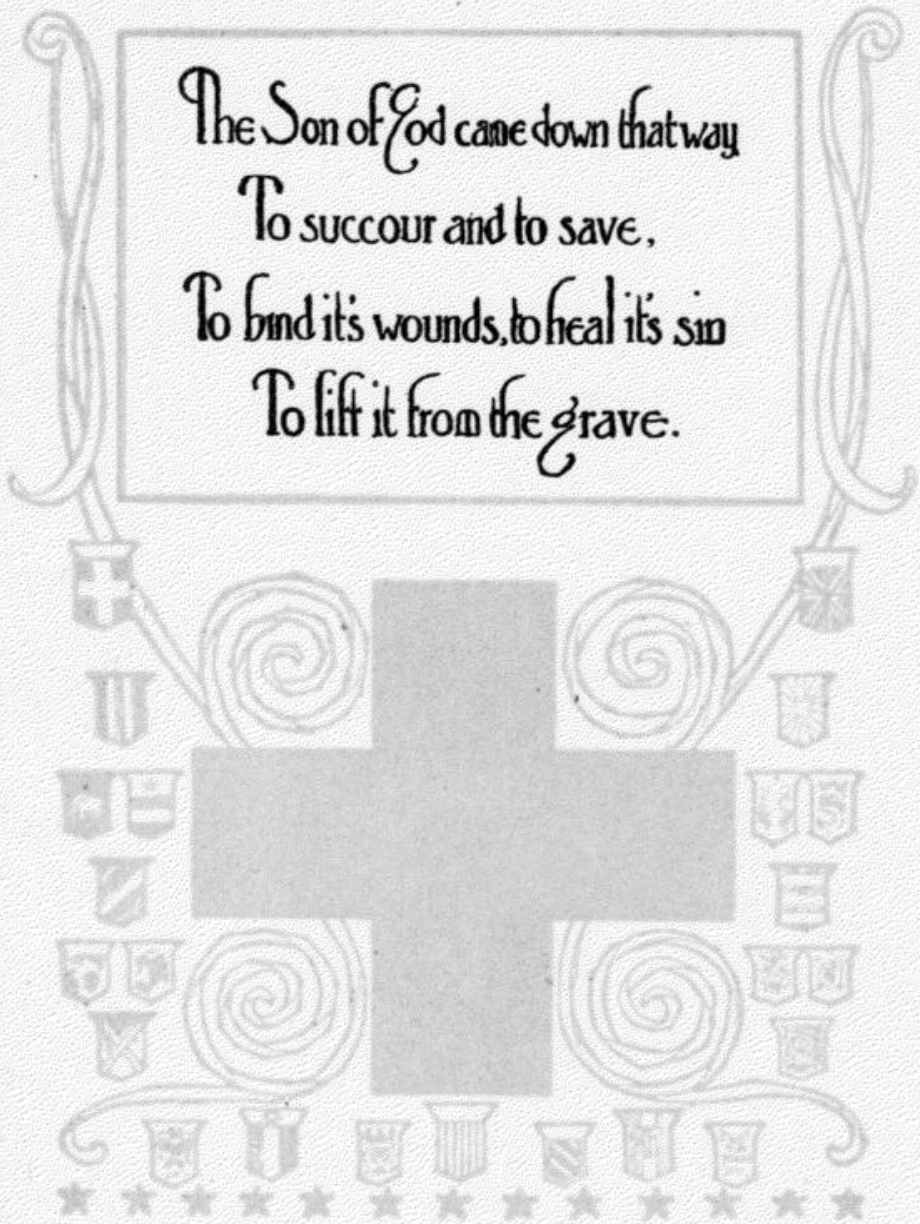


A hoard of gold it bore along
To barter and to buy,
But on the road, by thieves beset,
It, too, was left to die

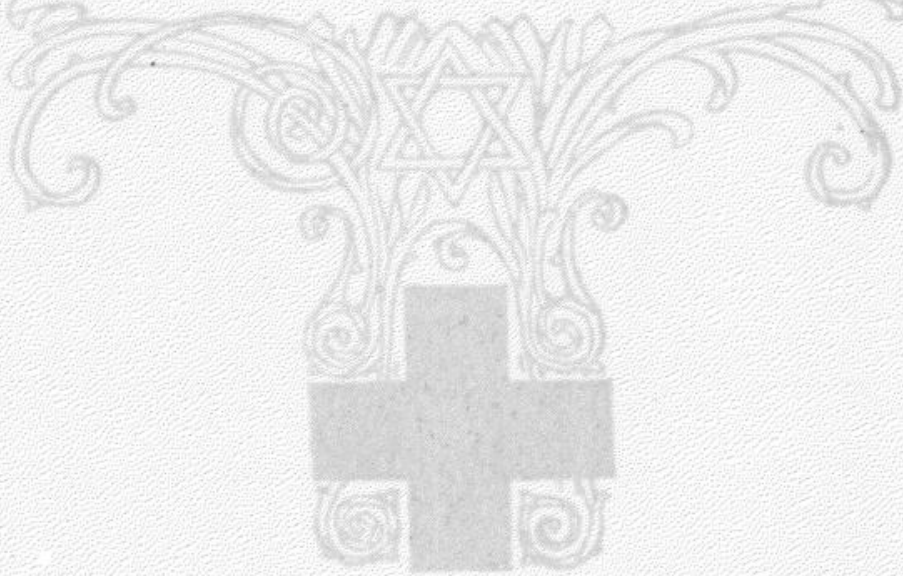




The Son of God came down that way
To succour and to save,
To bind it's wounds, to heal it's sin
To lift it from the grave.



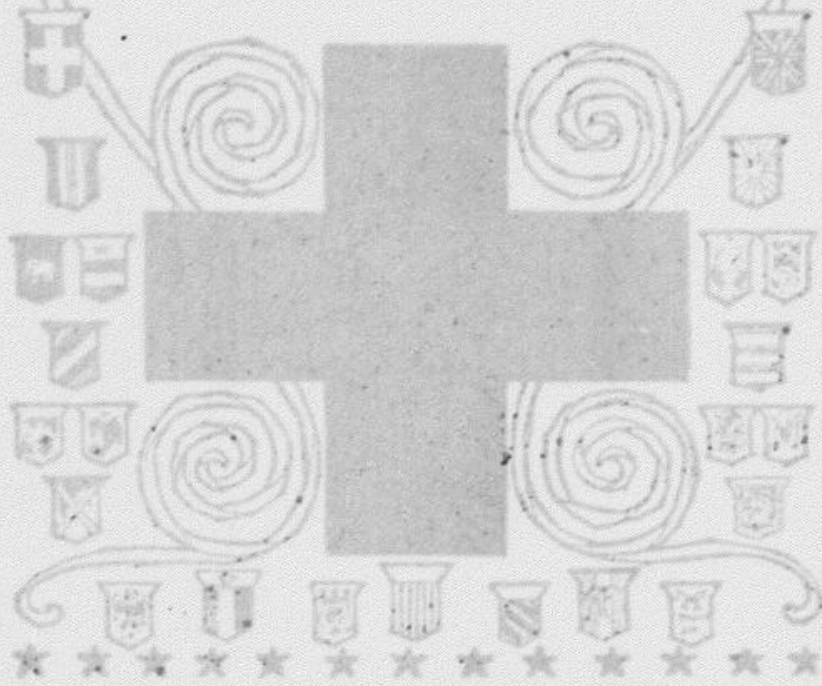
Lo! He too, went upon His way
When He had paid the price,
Marked by the red red lines that make
The Cross of Sacrifice.





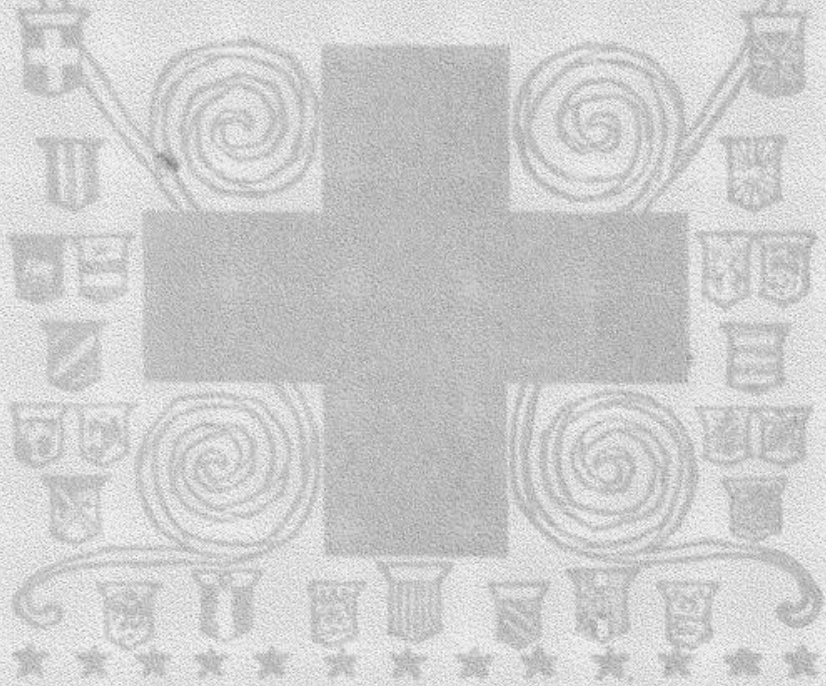


Where all the woe of all the world
Upon His heart had lain
And all the sin of earth pressed sore
There gleamed that double stain.






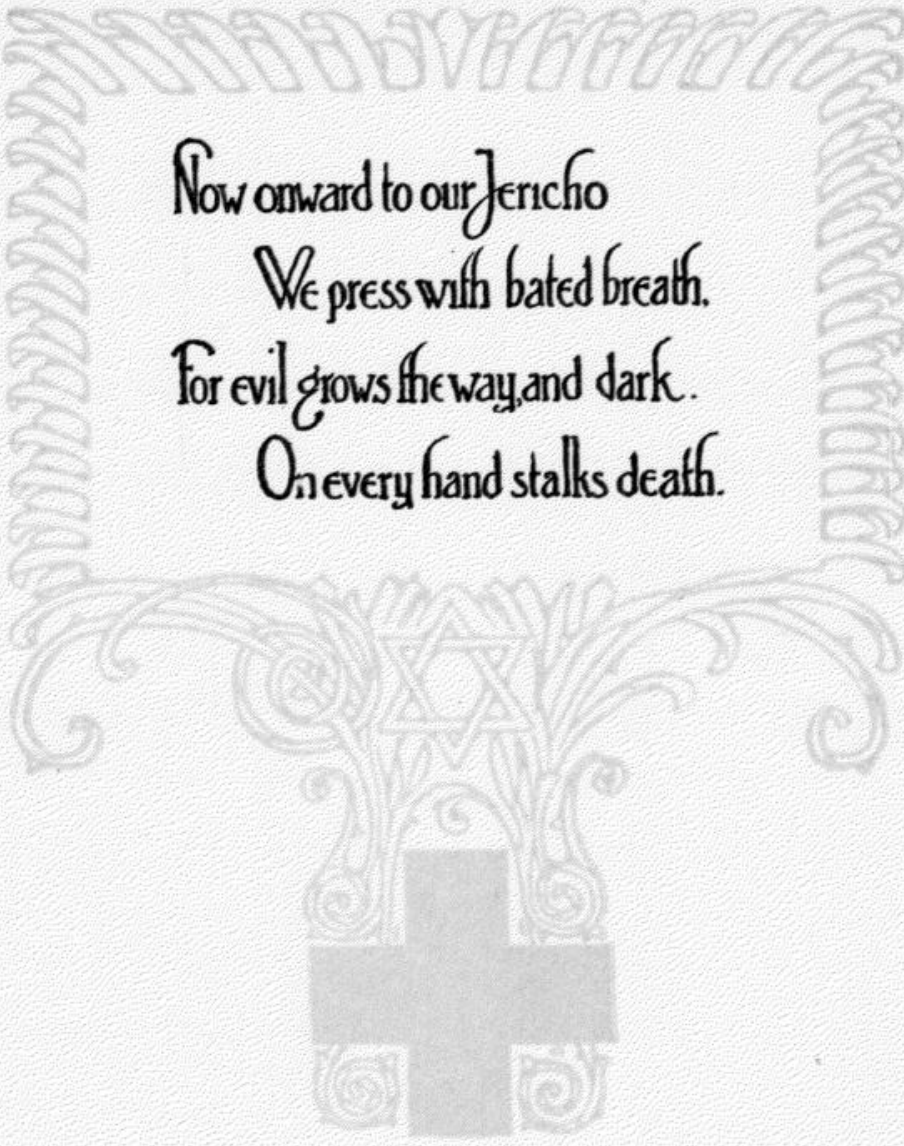
And now we cannot name His name
Who is the Lord of Heaven,
Without a thought of that symbol
By love and pity given.



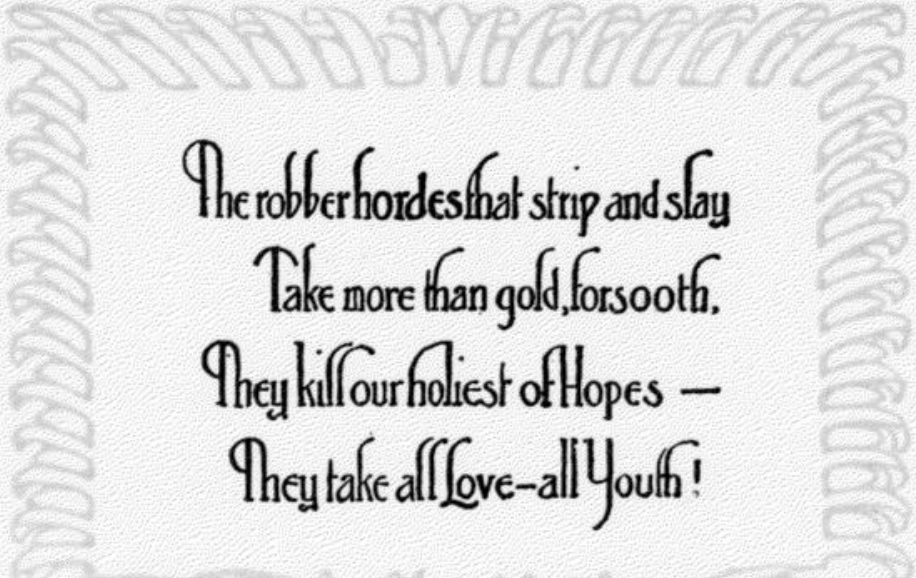


A decorative border with a repeating pattern of stylized, overlapping leaf-like shapes surrounds the text. Below the text is a large, intricate emblem. The emblem features a central six-pointed star (Magen David) with a smaller six-pointed star inside it. The star is set against a background of swirling, acanthus-like leaves. Below the star is a dark, solid cross. The cross has a decorative, swirling pattern in each of its four quadrants.

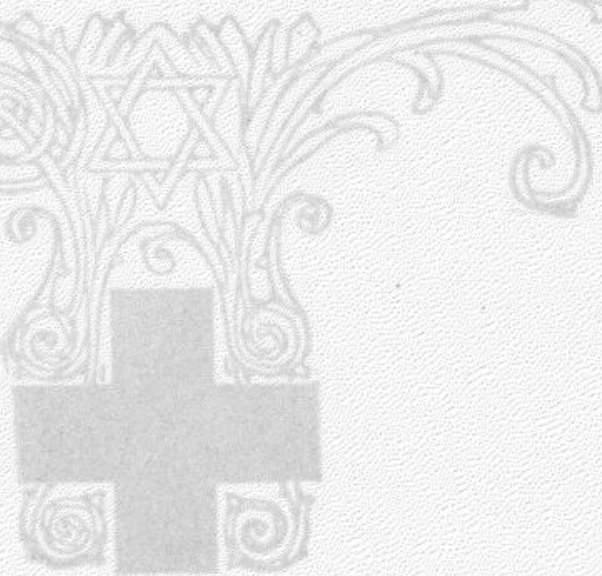
Part III

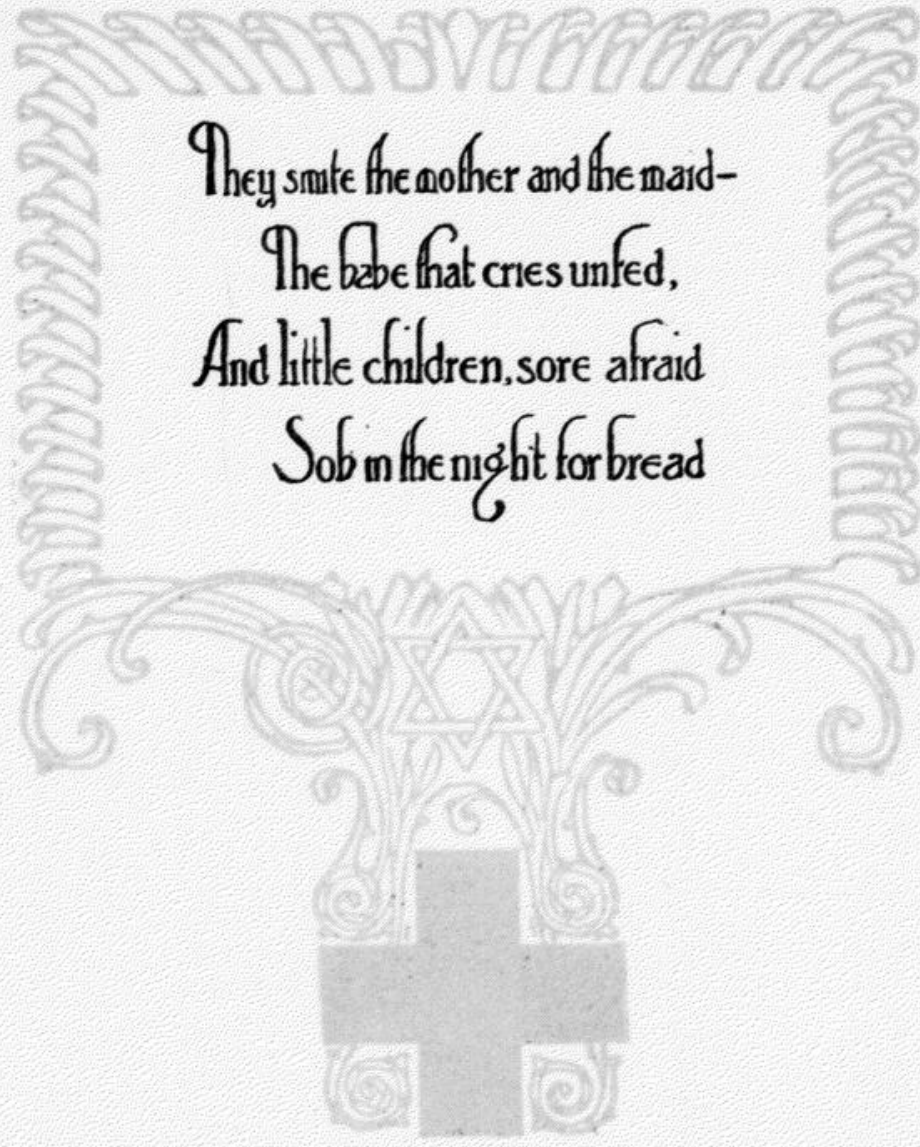
A decorative border with a repeating scalloped pattern surrounds the text. Below the text is a large, intricate decorative element featuring a central cross with a Star of David above it, all set against a background of swirling, vine-like patterns.

Now onward to our Jericho
We press with bated breath.
For evil grows the way, and dark.
On every hand stalks death.



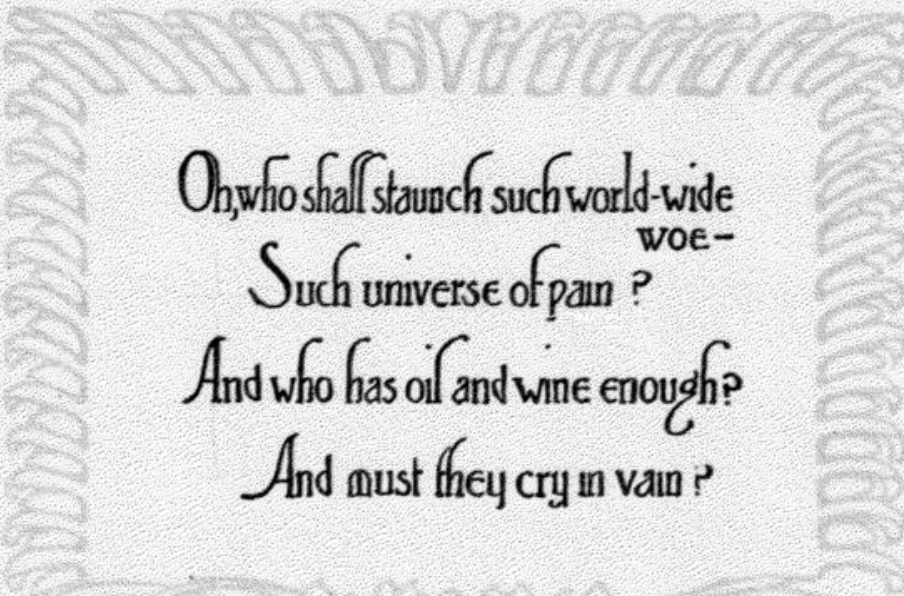
The robber hordes that strip and slay
Take more than gold, forsooth,
They kill our holiest of Hopes —
They take all Love—all Youth!



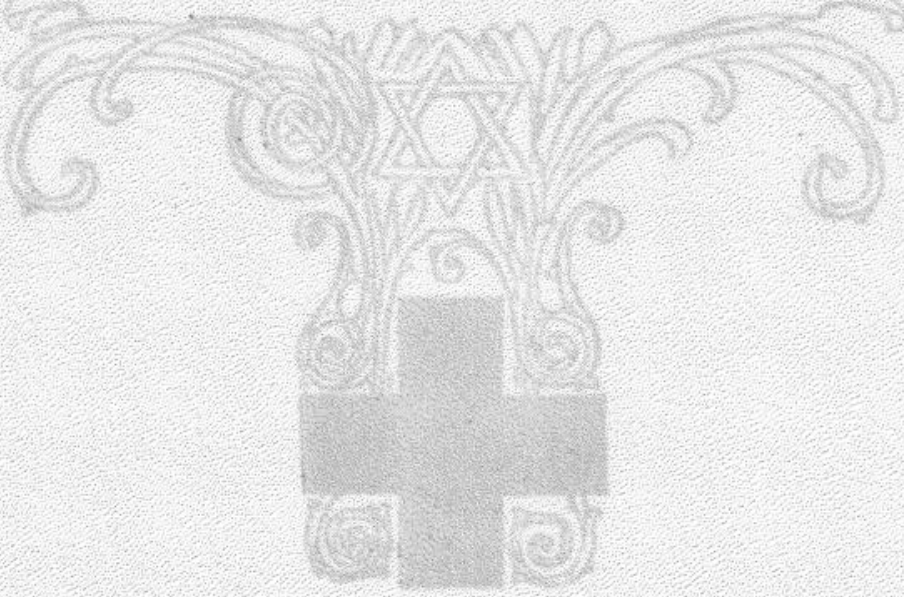


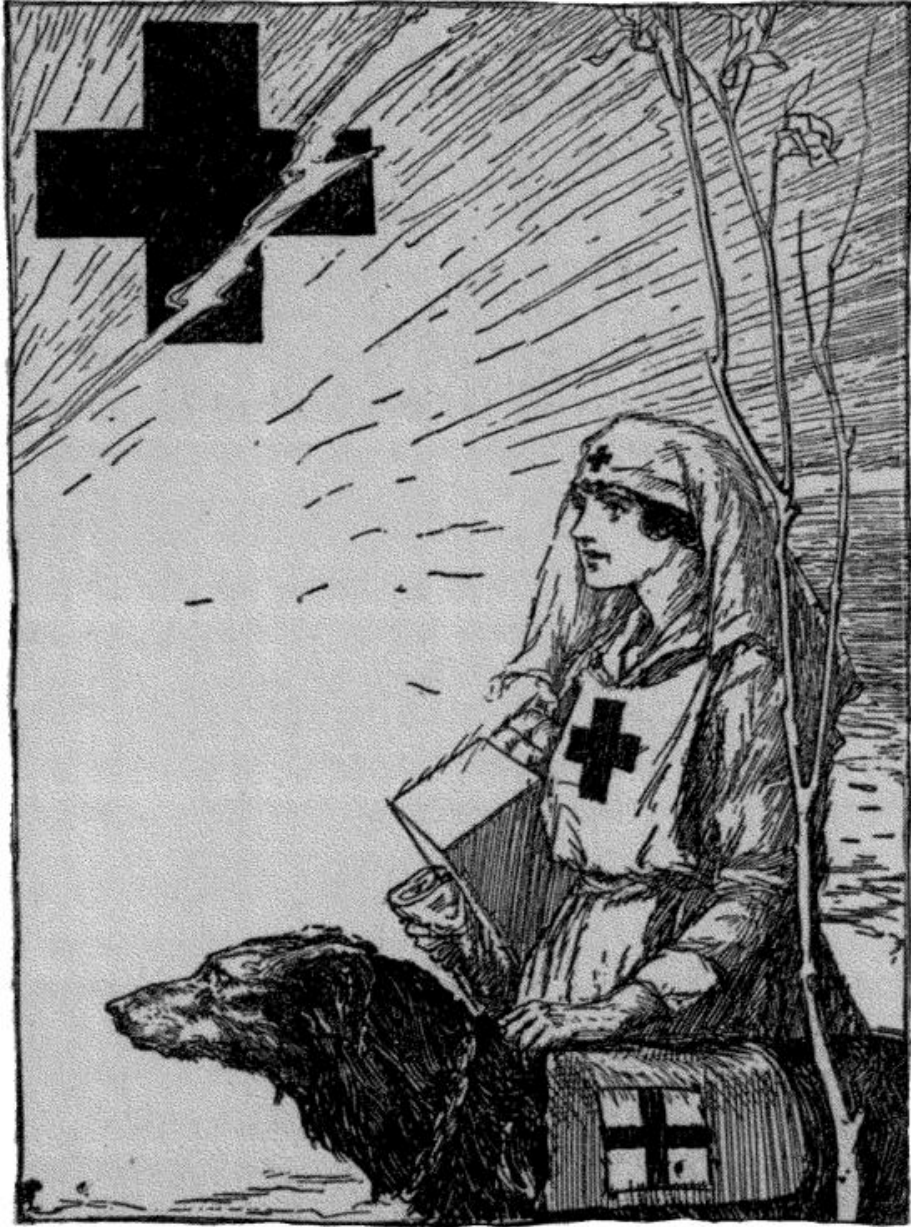
They smite the mother and the maid—
The babe that cries unfed,
And little children, sore afraid
Sob in the night for bread





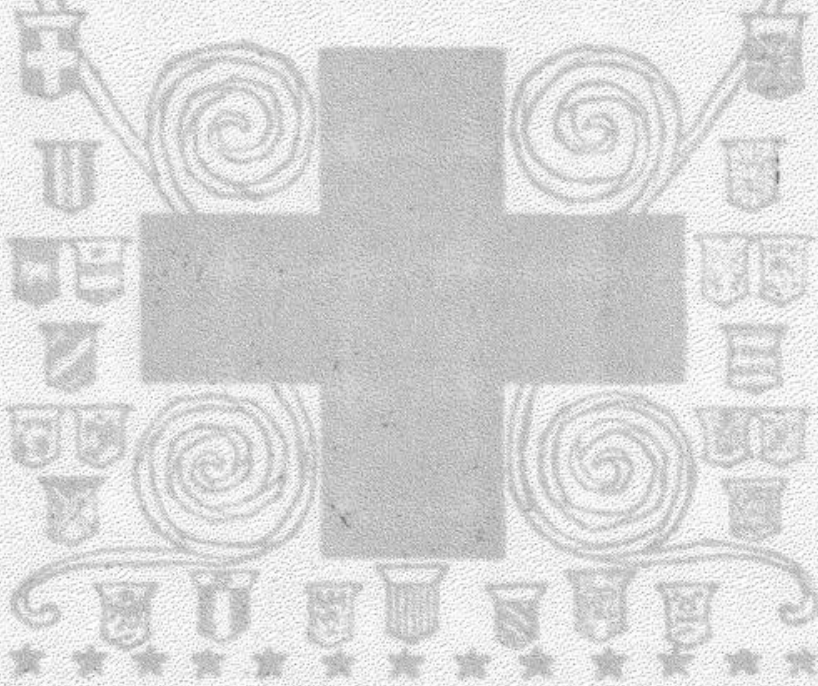
Oh, who shall staunch such world-wide
Such universe of pain? ^{woe-}
And who has oil and wine enough?
And must they cry in vain?





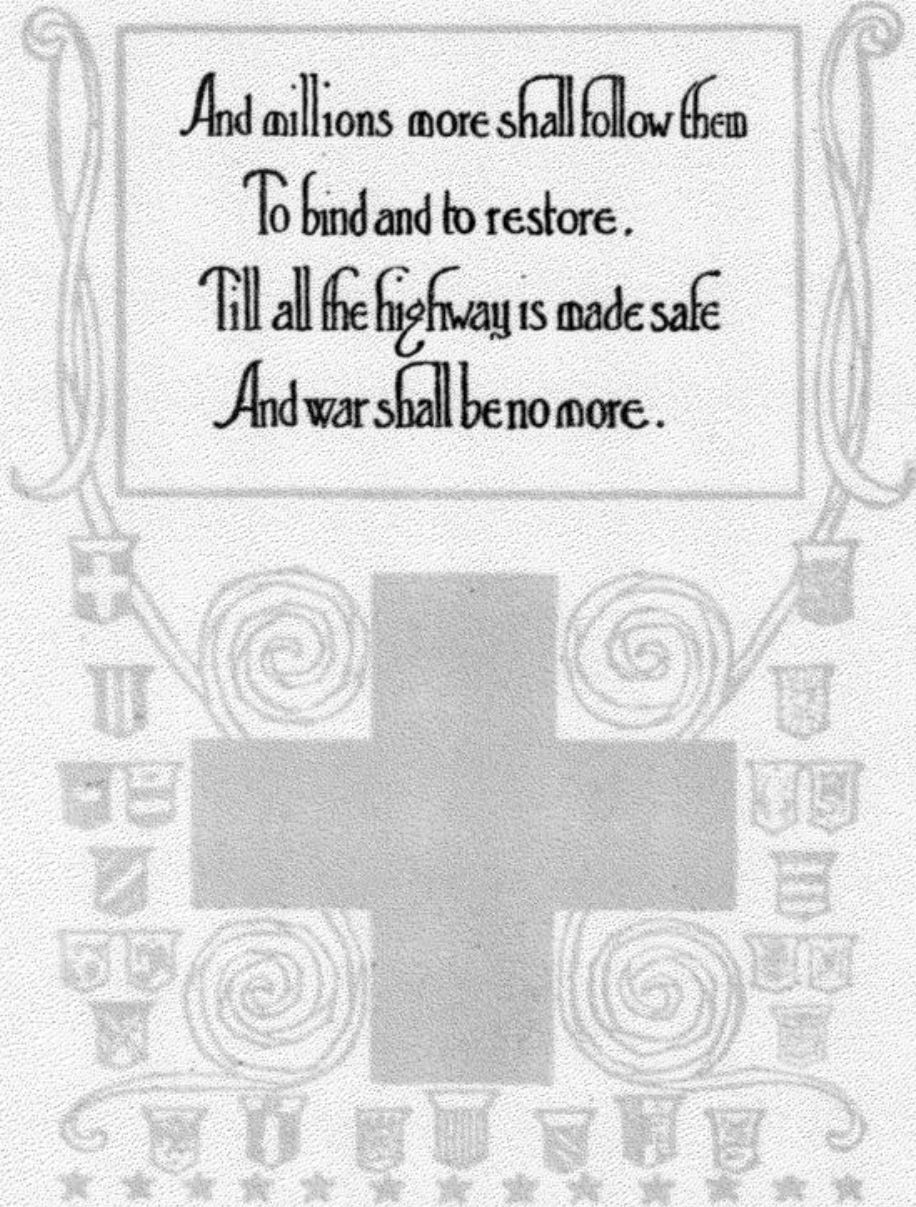


Nay! On the road to Jericho
There be a million now,
Who bear Christ's pity in their hearts,
His sign upon their brow.





And millions more shall follow them
To bind and to restore.
Till all the highway is made safe
And war shall be no more.



Now God give grace to all who bear,
And may His love suffice
To blaze upon each heart this day
The Cross of Sacrifice

