

James McGranahan

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James McGranahan



James W. Buchanan



MRS. JAMES McGRANAHAN

In Memoriam.

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James McGranahan

Born July 4, 1840

Born of the Spirit—in Boyhood

Married to

Miss Addie Vickery

In 1863

Entered Upon His Work as Singing
Evangelist in 1877

Fell Asleep in Jesus July 9, 1907


His Favorite Verse

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on
the Son HATH everlasting life.”

His Consecration

“Take my voice and let me sing,
Always—only—for my King,
Take myself and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.”

James McGranahan

O know him was to love him," has been as strikingly true of few men as it was of the subject of this sketch. Possessed of a most lovable disposition, a face that beamed with the kindness in which his heart was so rich, with rare gifts in conversation, a master in music, and with a very passion to make others happy, a vast multitude valued his friendship as a great treasure. The home-going of James McGranahan left a vacancy in this world for many hearts.

In the flood of letters with messages of sympathy and appreciation that poured in upon Mrs. McGranahan after he was laid away, the desire was variously expressed that there might be some fitting memorial to his beautiful and useful life. That some of these tributes may be permanently preserved for Mrs. McGranahan in her great loneliness, and at the same time gratify the desire of a large number of friends on both sides of the Atlantic, this Memorial is prepared.

HIS EARLY LIFE

Mr. James McGranahan was born July 4, 1840, near Adamsville, Pa., his ancestry being mainly of Scotch-Irish descent. His grandfather came, a young, unmarried man, from near Belfast, Ireland, sometime previous to the War of the Revolution, in which he was for a time enlisted. He married a Miss Smith, of English parentage, and settled in Westmoreland County, Pa., later removing to Crawford County, Pa. There he purchased what is known as the Wade farm, near Hartstown, where he lived the remainder of his life. His youngest son, George, married Miss Jane Blair and settled on a farm near Adamsville, where there were born to them twelve children, of whom James was the ninth. Most of the brothers and sisters shared to some extent the musical gift that made James famous.

James spent his boyhood on the farm, and was designed by his practical father as the one who should remain at home in charge of the old homestead. The old-fashioned neighborhood "Singing School" was then in vogue, and from that institution many noted musicians were started on their career, notably: Bliss, Sankey and McGranahan. In this institution he, even as a boy, was not only pupil but soon became assistant by playing the bass viol. At the age of nineteen he was the teacher and soon became one of the most popular in his section of the State. He longed for the opportunity of further musical study, but how to get it was no ordinary proposition, for his father's notions of the value of a musical education were far from comforting to his rising ambition. With characteristic pluck, he finally gained his point and won his father's reluctant consent by not only earning all his expenses, but also employing a man in his place on the farm, while he pursued his musical studies. It is easily surmised that he improved well his opportunities. That his father later revised his notions about the value of a musical education, was very evident when no one rejoiced more than he that his son was being so marvelously used of God in winning souls through the power of persuasive song.

James McGranahan's own hardships in securing an education meant much to the boys and girls of the next generation, for the memory of his own struggles and his life-long regret that his literary and musical advantages had not been greater, begat the deepest sympathy for those situated as was he. Scores of boys and girls at Northfield and other schools will hold in everlasting remembrance the timely help of Mr. and Mrs. James McGranahan, who made for them an education possible.

PREPARATION FOR AND BEGINNING OF HIS MUSICAL CAREER

At the age of nineteen he entered the Normal Music School founded at Geneseo, N. Y., by William B. Bradbury, where he pursued his studies under T. E. Perkins, Carlo Bassini, and other eminent teachers.

Mr. Wilbur A. Christy, a friend and associate of Mr. McGranahan, thus describes the years of preparation and early achievement,

and the steps by which he was led to consecrate himself to the work of singing evangelist :

“The first term at this school was a veritable revelation to the young singer, unfolding to his vision as in a panorama the boundless wealth and beauty of song, at which he had as yet but dimly guessed. Henceforth his life was given to music and song. Here, too, he learned other lessons than those set down in the books, for here he met the young lady who afterwards became his wife, who, being a ready accompanist, became a most efficient helper in his later institute, convention and evangelistic work.

“In 1862 he became associated with the late J. G. Towner, and for two years they held conventions and made concert tours in the states of Pennsylvania and New York, giving great satisfaction in the work. He now continued his musical studies under Bassini, Webb, O’Neill, and others, studying the art of teaching with that prince of teachers, Dr. George F. Root, the art of conducting with Carl Zerrahn, harmony under J. C. D. Parker, F. W. Root, and, later, George A. Macfarren, of London. In 1875 he accepted a position in the management of the National Normal Institute. Here he served as director and teacher for three years, Dr. George F. Root continuing as principal. During this time he was winning an enviable reputation in his convention work, and by his glee, chorus and class music, and Sabbath school songs published from time to time. His equipment at this time for a successful career as a musical teacher and composer was complete. He had become a cultured musician, with a wide and growing reputation, his solo work attracting much attention, and even more alluring prospects were opening before him. Though he knew it not, God was fitting him for His own work, and at this time was leading him on to the ‘parting of the ways,’ where his decision would determine all his future.

“From his earliest years his rare tenor voice had been the wonder and delight of all who heard it, and now from

some of his most eminent teachers came the proposal that he should enter upon a course of special training for the operatic stage, in which career it was felt he would certainly achieve fame and fortune. It was a dazzling prospect; but, on the other hand, his intimate friend, P. P. Bliss, who had given his wondrous voice to the service of song for Christ, was urging him to do the same. Comparing his long course of study and training to a man whetting his scythe, he insisted that his friend should 'stop whetting his scythe, and strike into the grain to reap for the Master.' Mr. McGranahan, however, felt distrustful both of his adaptation to such work and of his call to enter upon it.

"While matters were in this undecided state came the dreadful catastrophe at Ashtabula, in which Bliss was swept away, and in the sorrow of that terrible bereavement, in the upward look for comfort and guidance, and in the confident assurance of Major Whittle that he was to take up the work of the lost singer, doubt and hesitancy gradually faded away, and his course became clear. When he became willing that God should decide for him, the decision came at once. Not only by the assurance in his own mind, but by the speedy receipt of letters from various places where he had engagements for musical work, asking that they be postponed or canceled, until of engagements covering about three months not one was left him; he was free. If the operatic world lost a star, the Christian world gained one of its sweetest gospel singers, and the hand of God was manifest in it all."

Major D. W. Whittle thus describes his first meeting with Mr. McGranahan:

"A week before Mr. Bliss left me he was writing at the table one day, and he read to me a letter he had written. He said it was to a man he very much wanted to see in Gospel work; he could write music and sing, and he wanted him to sing for the Lord. He asked me if I knew any evangelist who would go with his friend McGranahan. I

said I did not know of anybody; but if he would consecrate himself to God someone would be raised up to accompany him. At Ashtabula a man came up to me and said, 'Mr. Bliss was one of my dearest friends; my name is McGranahan.' There stood before me the very man whom Mr. Bliss had chosen. We went to Chicago; and there it pleased God to give my brother a great blessing in his soul. Among Mr. Bliss' papers that came by luggage train there were many manuscripts, and amongst others the words of the song, 'My Redeemer.' Mr. McGranahan prayed that he might be able to wed it to music. One day while sitting in my room I heard singing, and I went to listen. Then I heard for the first time the song that may be said to be Mr. Bliss' dying testimony of what Christ was to him."



AS EVANGELIST AND GOSPEL SONG WRITER

With a consecration that was most thorough, Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan entered their new field, and to their great joy found it most congenial. For eleven years he and Maj. D. W. Whittle were associated as true yoke fellows in evangelistic work in various parts of the United States, Great Britain, and Ireland. Two visits were made to Great Britain, the first in 1880, when they had great success in meetings in which the leading ministers of the Kingdom coöperated, in London, Perth, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Dundee, Belfast, and other places. The second visit was made in 1883, when they were associated with Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

Mr. McGranahan's music has a quality that is all its own. It is characterized by strength and vigor. Much that he has written will live in the permanent hymnology of the Church. Such songs as "My Redeemer," "I Shall be Satisfied," "The Crowning Day," "Showers of Blessing," "O, how Love I Thy Law," and many others will voice the praise of future generations in their worship of God.

Among the more elaborate pieces that Mr. McGranahan wrote, "I am the Resurrection and the Life" has a power in its cumulative effect and grandeur of treatment that would be hard to surpass.

Mr. McGranahan was pioneer in the use of the male choir in Gospel song. When holding meetings at Worcester, Mass., a draught which had not been noticed laid aside for the time being all the female voices, and he found himself with a chorus of male voices only. Always resourceful, he quickly adapted the music to male voices and the meetings went on with great power. What was necessity at first became a most popular and effective agency in the Gospel work. Soon was published "Gospel Male Choir" Nos. 1 and 2, and the Male Choir and Quartet are recognized forces in the Church today.

To Mr. McGranahan was due also the introduction of the unadorned words of Scripture to striking airs and harmonies. He loved the Word, and if he could make the exact words of Scripture do service as the chorus of a hymn he always did so.

The United Presbyterian Church owes much to Mr. McGranahan in the service he rendered in setting to appropriate music the Psalms as used in the "Bible Songs." Some of his best music was written for this purpose.

ENFORCED RETIREMENT, BUT GREAT ACTIVITY

In 1887 a break in Mr. McGranahan's health compelled him to give up active work in the evangelistic field. It was then that he builded his beautiful home among his old friends at Kinsman, Ohio, and settled down to devote himself, in his semi-retirement, to the composition of music which would still make him a sharer in the evangelistic work of the period, at the same time earnestly longing and praying that, if the Master willed, he might again enter the evangelistic field, and be used directly in that in which his heart so delighted—the winning of souls. This wish was denied him, but the Church is richer in its hymnology through his disappointment. Though his health demanded limited hours at his desk, yet he was a prodigious toiler while he could work, and a large number of his best hymns were written in these days. He left a large number of unpublished hymns, which Mrs. McGranahan, with the aid of her nephew, Prof. Hugh H. McGranahnn, will edit and publish in the near future.

The Kinsman home, in the years of his retirement from public life, became the center of healthful social life and deep religious in-

fluence in a way that will cause it to be remembered as a model home. Mr. McGranahan was a prince of entertainers. He loved good fellowship, and was masterful in blending the highest of the social with the deepest of the spiritual so that the former was sanctified and the latter made effective in every-day life. Without effort, apparently, on his part, his guests would be treated to the most delightful social feast, and, with all the naturalness that ought to be, some appropriate hymns and a word of prayer would close the pleasant hours.

Without children of his own and a great fondness for young life, his large circle of nieces and nephews, grand-nieces and grand-nephews, as well as other friends, counted a visit to "Uncle James'" something to be looked forward to from one time to the next with special delight. His sunny disposition drew all life to him, but it was especially true of the young lives who found in him so faithful a friend.

His home life was ideal. It required no wall mottoes to proclaim that his was a Christian home. The very atmosphere was permeated with the spirit of the Master. He lived near his Savior, and in the glad assurance of a present salvation and a confident expectation of his Lord's second coming, he was the apostle, at home and abroad, of a Gospel of Good Cheer and Love.

Never did husband and wife more beautifully and fully supplement each other than did Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan. Rich musical gifts, with which both were endowed, first brought them together. The harmony of those two rare voices as they blended so beautifully in some uplifting Gospel song, was like the harmony of the two lives that blended so perfectly that they seemed made for each other.

THE LAST DAYS

For eleven years diabetes had waged a steady warfare against Mr. McGranahan's health. Valiantly and cheerfully he had met its attacks, but the inevitable had to come. During the winter of 1906-7 he had suffered much from increasing weakness, and when spring began to appear he was quite emaciated, and his growing weakness was indication that the end might not be far away. In his anxiety to relieve Mrs. McGranahan as far as possible of the burden of caring for

him, as well as a hope that a change of treatment might enable him to regain strength for some further service for the Master, he went to the hospital at Meadville, Pa., where he remained till within three weeks of his death. The treatment was beneficial and contributed much to his comfort in his last weeks. His mind was stayed on God, and he was kept in perfect peace. He expressed himself as longing to depart and be with Christ, which was far better, but regretted leaving in loneliness the wife who was so dear to him. His concern for her, even to the last, was very tender. As the end drew near he longed to return to the Kinsman home. His desire was granted, and tenderly he was taken back to the place so dear to him. The change revived him, and his friends found him so bright and cheerful that it was impossible to believe that the hand of death was upon him. Slowly he seemed to "slip away," as he himself expressed it, until on July 9, after three days of unconsciousness, he went home to meet the Savior whom he loved so well, and served so faithfully, and a great host of kindred spirits who closely associated here had gone on before.

THE FUNERAL

The precious body, in which so choice a spirit had dwelt, was laid where the piano had stood in the room that had been consecrated by the birth of many an inspiring hymn, and where his voice, now hushed forever on earth, had so often lifted souls near to their Christ. Death had stilled the voice and closed the eyes, but had not robbed his face of its kindly smile and loving benediction that lingered for the hundreds from far and near who had been drawn thither by the love they bore him.

On Friday, July 12, the funeral services were held in the home. Mr. W. R. Moody had left the Northfield Conference of which he was in charge, that he might bring a tribute of love to his father's friend and his, and representing his wife who is a daughter of Major D. W. Whittle, the "true yoke fellow" of Mr. McGranahan in evangelistic work, his well-chosen words made very real that glorious reunion of those choice spirits in the better land. Rev. E. A. Jester, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Cambridge, Ohio, but formerly a fellow townsman of Mr. McGranahan, came to tell what

the influence of that godly man had been upon him, and how much he had loved him. Rev. F. A. Kerns, for several years Mr. McGranahan's pastor, and now of Youngstown, Ohio, spoke feelingly of the life that had been so much to him in his early ministry, and whose taking away he felt so keenly. Rev. L. P. McCulloch, pastor of the Kinsman church, of which Mr. McGranahan was a member, very appropriately conducted the services and spoke fitting words from a heart sore with a great personal loss. The Church choir, who were all warm friends of Mr. McGranahan, and from him had received such constant help and encouragement, sang from his own hymns messages of Faith and Hope.

Flowers in profusion were lavished upon the casket. Loving friends had lined the grave with white, and festooned it with beautiful floral and green covering, and in this, located in the beautiful Kinsman cemetery, was placed the body of James McGranahan, to await the coming of the returning Lord, which blessed hope entered so fully into his life.

Many incidental references to the influences of Mr. McGranahan's life were heard in conversation among the friends at the funeral, such as these: "No voice ever reached me as did his;" "James is gone, but a life like his will never die;" "When I first knew him his voice was said to be impaired, but he still had more music in his voice than I ever heard in any other man;" "He came into my life at the time I was young in the ministry, and I thank God for the blessing of knowing him;" "I never met with him but that my Savior was more to me because He was so much to him."

If James McGranahan sent forth a piece of music, or wrote a letter of business or friendship, it would go winged with a fervent prayer that it might be used to the glory of God. With a like fervent prayer this sketch of his life, so inadequate and so poorly portraying it, is written by one who has prized his love as one of the Heavenly Father's best gifts, and who is profoundly grateful for all the help and inspiration from the home and lives of these consecrated servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, Mr. and Mrs. James McGranahan.

In Memoriam

James McGranahan

His was a voice that was tuneful in song,
Singing the gospel of light.
His was a heart that for others was strong—
Strong for his Lord and the right.

Sweet are the notes he has woven in song.
Music was thrilling his soul.
Sweetly it bore his worn spirit along,
While he was nearing his goal.

Tender his strains, yet so earnest and strong,
Rising and soaring above :
Bearing the hearts of the worshipping throng
Nearer the Author of Love.

Oft as his music rings out on the air,
Thoughts of the singer will come—
How he will sing in those regions so fair—
Sing in the spirit's bright home.

Rest thee, dear brother, so gentle and true,
Thine was a mission of love.
Though for a season we bid thee adieu,
Yet we shall greet thee above.

Mrs. Mary B. Wingate



At Twenty-three
The Popular Singing Teacher



At Thirty
The Convention Leader



At Thirty-seven
P. P. Bliss' Consecrated Successor



At Forty-six
The Evangelist and Hymn Writer

The Kinsman Memorial Service



It was truly fitting that the "Moody meetings" at Kinsman should this year have as their chief feature a memorial of the man who had founded and developed them. On Sabbath, August 25, 1907, a most impressive service was conducted, in which addresses were made by Rev. L. P. McCulloch, the pastor of the Kinsman church, and Dr. Henry Ostrom. There was a great deal of singing of Mr. McGranahan's favorite hymns.

ADDRESS BY THE REV. L. P. McCULLOCH

I can scarcely think of anything that I should like to do more than to speak in this memorial service; yet I can think of few things that would be more difficult.

I speak as the pastor of Professor McGranahan. In doing so, my remarks must necessarily be of a somewhat reminiscent character. As many of you know, I am holding my first pastorate here in the Presbyterian Church of Kinsman. When in my senior year in the Seminary at Auburn, I received a letter asking me to come here and preach as a prospective candidate for the pastorate of this church. All I knew of Kinsman at that time, except that it was located in Ohio, was that it was the home of that sweet singer, James McGranahan, and that these great meetings were held in a natural amphitheatre in the woods.

My only fear in coming was that of preaching to such a man as James McGranahan. He was a man of large experience and of wide association with the best preachers of his generation; how could I preach to a man like that? But I shall never forget my first meeting with him. It was during my first evening in Kinsman. Having taken tea with a member of the Session, I was told that Mr. McGranahan wished to see me. As I walked into his presence, he took me by the hand and said, "Young man, I am glad to look

into your countenance," but I felt that he was looking to the depths of my heart. At once I felt at home with him. His greatness was forgotten; he was my friend, and soon he was my helper, and companion. As I took up the duties of the pastorate, it was worth more than my words can tell, to see that sympathetic face in my audience. I soon came to regard him as a pillar in the church, and in addition to his strength of character, there was a kindliness, a beauty and sweetness, that one could not fail to appreciate.

In the description of the first Hebrew temple, we are told that "On the top of the pillars was lily work." Mr. McGranahan combined in his character the strength of the pillar and the beauty of the lily. He was strong because a man of convictions. One did not have trouble in finding where he stood in relation to moral questions.

The very impersonation of sincerity, he could no more bear a sham than he could sacrifice his principles for the sake of policy. The beauty of his life shone out through his cheerfulness under all circumstances. There was refreshment in his appreciation of the beauties of nature. He drank in sweetness from the flowers and the birds, he learned lessons from the fields and the trees. Nothing in nature was too insignificant or too common to beget appreciation from him. Had he possessed the title to all the earth, I am sure he would have used it well: while he did possess but an insignificant fraction of it, he really inherited all because of the open heart and receptive mind with which he listened to all of God's messengers.

Whence came these qualities? They were his because he was a man of two worlds. While with his feet he trod the earth, his head was in the clouds. He related the things of time and sense to the unseen realities; he measured men and ideas by the standards of eternity; he was faithful and cheerful because he could hear the footfalls on the other shore. So he was not dragged down nor contaminated by the things of this world. As in memory I linger over the victories of his life, there comes to me the promise, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God."

ADDRESS OF DR. HENRY OSTROM

I have heard with deepest interest these words of Mr. McCulloch concerning the purity and gentleness, the brotherliness and spiritual

greatness of our distinguished friend, James McGranahan, and so deeply do I affirm them that to stand on this platform at Kinsman and recall how much he did to promote this work, and how cheerfully he bore responsibilities connected with the well-being of this community, makes me feel like declaring, without a moment's hesitation, that we do not speak of a dead man, but rather that "it had come to pass that the time that he should be received up" had arrived. He has been translated. His exaltation has been accomplished. It is not death, but the greater life.

I speak conservatively when I remind you of the value of this great soul to the people as it poured itself out in music. We laud the inventor, we compliment the scientist, we say that the man who can whistle to the dogs of the air so that they come to the kennel and then rush out, their very breath a power with which to light cities and move great machinery, is a "wizard."

But what can we say of the man who can court angels of melody until they come to find a home under this skull, and then, after he has fellowshiped with them, sends them forth to carry the Gospel of the Saviour of men into the very midmost of the hearts of the people?

Geology, and botany, and astronomy great as they are, cannot approach in greatness this wonderful field of music. To be friendly to melody, and have melody in turn respond favorably to your friendship, how few have been honored with such a gift!

What must it mean for a man to take the words,

"There shall be showers of blessing,
This is the promise of love,
There shall be seasons refreshing
Sent from the Saviour above,"

and amid spiritual death where the people fear and quake in the presence of adverse conditions, set them to singing this song of assurance in America and Europe, Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea? I speak well within the limits when I say that it is real greatness.

What must it be to be able to take the words,

"The crowning day is coming,
The glory draweth nigh,
The crowning day is coming by and by,"

and put them on a current of melody and send them laving the brow and heart of the discouraged in factory and kitchen, on sea and land, in the church prayer-meeting and the great thronging assembly, or at the couch of the soul verging eternity? And many of these melodies have enriched the spirit after they have been heard or sung. For months and years the breath has given newness of life to those who could no more sing them to their tune than could our great and God-honored Moody.

When I think of James McGranahan I do not stop long to consider the sweet holy atmosphere of the home over here by the village edge, or the calmness of spirit one feels when he stands under the old apple tree back of the house. I halt but briefly to consider the blessing of the Kinsman meeting, and the good influence of a godly citizen in this county; for I hasten to remind you that when a great Christian musician ascends to God he has bequeathed to us his influence over those angels of melody which abide year in and year out to express more perfectly the munificence of God's heart. As a man he was noble, at home he was lovely, in the church he was Christly, in the community he was honorable, but the world on land and sea cherishes his music, and it is for that he will be more widely known.

Some lives we are permitted to see which when they go into eternity seem to have gone because the glory of the eternal outweighed the capacity for the life in the flesh. The upper attraction was too great for them to remain here below. The magnetism of the throne drew them from the footstool.

Say not that death is stepping into the bog; say not that death is closing the career (we are here to-day in memory of a Christian man); death is planting the foot upon the rock; death is beginning the higher career; death, as St. Paul said, is the loosening of the cables and putting out to sea; death, as was said on the Mount of Transfiguration, is the "exodus," and it is no such dreary journey to the Christian to pass out into that eternal. Elijah, the mountaineer, thought that the trip would be so comfortable that he would not need to take his cloak, so he threw that back for Elisha. Lazarus, having been a poor beggar and not well accustomed to long journeys, was carried by

the angels, to make the trip comfortable, I think, and to keep him from getting dizzy. Oh, death to the Christian looks to heaven, the third heaven and the heaven of heavens; but to whatever else, it looks to melody.

So let us gird ourselves and loyally sing our way through, making melody in our hearts unto the Lord, until we greet this lovely spirit and share with him in singing the song unto the Lamb in the midst of the throne. He was great here, but now it is "far better." One of the apostles, having been but a few months in heaven, looked so beautiful that St. John, in the Revelation, says he fell down to worship him; and by the truth with which such a circumstance suggests, what do you think it would be like to hear James McGranahan sing to-day! The comfort and confidence in the hearts of his widow and kindred would be even deeper and steadier, I think, could they see for one moment how great his gain in being absent from the body and present with the Lord.



Memorial Service in Chicago



VER since the days of Mr. McGranahan's active evangelistic work, he has kept in close touch with the Moody Church and the Bible Institute in Chicago. His visits there were always much appreciated. A memorial service was held in the church on the evening of August 25, 1907, at which the pastor of the church, Dr. A. C. Dixon, and the music director of the Institute, Dr. D. B. Towner, made addresses.

DR. A. C. DIXON'S ADDRESS

Several years ago I received an invitation from Mr. McGranahan to go to Kinsman, O., and preach in what he called "The Moody Meetings." Mr. Moody preached several times in the Fair Grounds, in a great auditorium under the trees, seating about six thousand people. When Mr. Moody preached, every seat was usually full and the woods around were full. I had the pleasure of spending several days in the home of this sweet singer. My impression was that he was an ideal Christian gentleman. He was so gentle—"Thy gentleness hath made me great." And yet with that gentleness he was very strong. He was a man of faith. He believed the Bible to be the Word of God. He was a man of prayer. He let God speak to him out of the Book, and he was fond of speaking to God in prayer. He was a man of hope. He believed in the blessed hope of the return of the Lord, or he would not have written the hymn, "Christ Returneth," that stirred our hearts as Dr. Towner sang it to-night.

A few months ago I heard that Mr. McGranahan was in the Palmer House sick. I at once went down to call on him. I found him very feeble, having a professional nurse with him. He had been in poor health for several years. I shall carry, until I meet him in glory, the impression that that interview gave me. He said with a smile, "I thought perhaps the Lord would call me, but if He

wants me here a while longer, I am ready to stay." He said, "I am ready to go," and he talked about going as if it were to his marriage, or as if it were going on a vacation, out of school. He was looking forward to the time as release from suffering and from weakness, and yet he had the thought that he would like to stay and work awhile longer if it was God's will. When I talked with him, I found that he knew he could not live very long. He was certain that death was near and he was ready. There was not a tremor. Death had been conquered for him. I went out of that room determined as never before to preach Jesus Christ, the Conqueror of death, the One who died for us, and in dying killed death for the Christian, so that he can say, "To depart and be with Christ is far better"; "To die is gain"; "The time of my departure is at hand"; "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." He had pleasant memories of the past—the times of association with Dr. Towner and others—but his "henceforth" was the bright part. Death did not shadow it; disease did not shadow it. He was looking through the vista into eternity, and his face was all aglow with the light that came from the celestial hills.

That sort of religion is worth having. When John Wesley said, in his first report of the Methodist movement, "Our people die well," he stated a fact worth noting—that a man who believes in Jesus Christ will die well. He does not have to pretend that there is no such thing as death, and he has not to take an opiate. He can look death in the face and smile, because he can look beyond death into the glory that is reserved for him. I have just been thinking what a time Mr. Moody, Major Whittle, Geo. C. Needham, P. P. Bliss, James McGranahan, and scores of others who have gone up within the gates from this church are having in heaven to-night. I will warrant McGranahan is singing. He did love music. He had a passion for music. He liked any sort of music. I was quite surprised that he had in his home in Kinsman a symphony self-playing organ, on which he took great delight in rendering the orchestra scores of the world's most famous classical music. When he could get a group of his friends about him, he delighted to

sing the gospel songs, and though his voice was not as strong as it used to be, he made melody in his heart that God listened to.

As you sang "Hallelujah for the Cross," I could hear his voice above the chorus in heaven. The fact is that this song is an echo from heaven, for up there they sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"; and as you read through Revelation you will find the word "Hallelujah" coming from the celestial choir. The Jews tell us that the Hebrew is to be the language of heaven. They love it so well that they think it will do for heaven, and there is one word of it that is the language of heaven certainly, and that is the word "Hallelujah." It is a Hebrew word, and is untranslatable. When you find it in Greek, it is "Hallelujah"; when you find it in English, it is "Hallelujah"; when you find it in French, it is "Hallelujah"; when you find it in German, it is "Hallelujah"; when you find it in Swedish, it is "Hallelujah"; and when you find it in Dutch, it is "Hallelujah." You cannot translate it. It looks as though all the Christians on earth were practicing on that word for the chorus in heaven. "Hallelujah for the Cross."

Mr. McGranahan believed in the power of the cross of Jesus to save and transform character. Have you accepted his Saviour? Are you ready to die as well as to live? Have you the passport across into the other world, the passport that makes you happy to think of? If you have not, I offer you his Saviour. Accept Him by faith and love and serve him as God may give you opportunity.

Oh, blessed God, it is a part of heaven to love and serve Christ. Though our brother has passed into the land of joy and glory, we have a foretaste of it here, as we love his Saviour and sing his songs. Give us the fulness of his Christ, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. D. B. TOWNER'S ADDRESS

We are not here to-night to eulogize a man, but we do wish to pay a last tribute to one we love. I came to know Mr. McGranahan when I was only a lad. In 1863 our paths first touched. "Mac and Addie," as we always called them, were associated with my father in musical conventions, and in musical institutes and concerts for a number of years, then he went into work for himself. His first

work was among the children. He became famous through north-eastern Pennsylvania and southern-central New York as a leader of children's choruses. It was in these concerts that I first began to sing in public.

Being associated with Major Whittle put Mr. McGranahan into contact with Moody and Sankey in England, Scotland and Ireland. Perhaps the greatest work of Major Whittle and Mr. McGranahan was in Scotland. When over there a few years ago I found numerous very warm friends of Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan in Edinburgh, where they had a great work, and also in other parts of Scotland, Ireland and England. It was in London where Mr. McGranahan organized the first male chorus in England for gospel singing. There were one hundred men in the chorus, all said to be converts of the meetings. They became very famous in England, and held together for a great many years. Mr. McGranahan was the first man to publish a book of gospel songs exclusively for male voices. Since then a great many have been published.

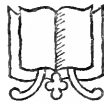
By the songs we have sung to-night you will notice he was a joyous Christian. A great deal of his music was full of praise and "Hallelujah." I suppose we never will be able to fully estimate the good that Mr. McGranahan has done until the Books are opened up yonder because his influence will go on in these songs that we have been singing, and others that we will not be able to sing to-night, that he has given to the world.

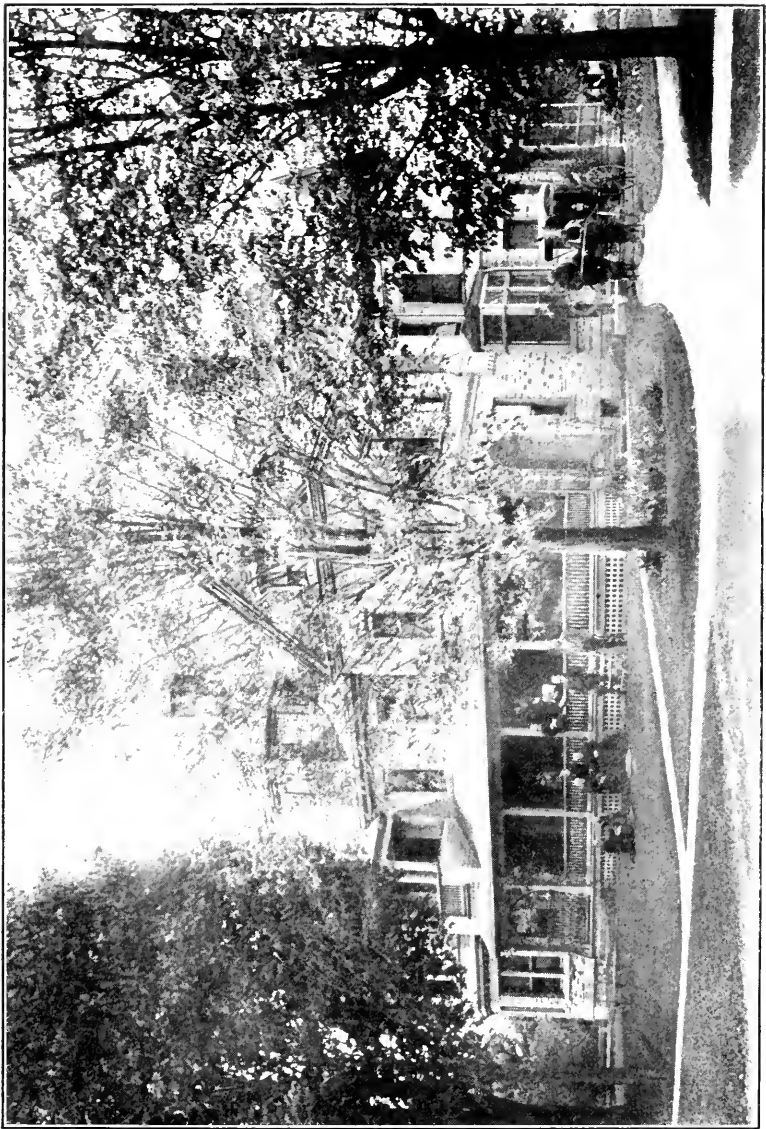
His songs have done good. They have lived and run a race. Many of them are still living. Some of them, of course, that he wrote on current topics, have passed away, but served their purpose and did a great deal of good.

While we shall never see Mr. McGranahan again on this earth we certainly shall not forget to love him; we shall not forget to sing his music; we shall not forget to pray that it may be a blessing to others as it has been to us; we shall not forget, if we are so fortunate as to enter through the pearly gates, to expect to meet him and clasp his hand again and talk over the good times that we have had here.

More than once Mr. McGranahan has come to me and offered, and I have accepted, his brotherly advice about matters, after my

father was taken away. Because of this close relation I look upon him almost as an elder brother, and I expect that when I reach the glory land that I shall meet Mr. McGranahan in the midst of that innumerable company that are around the throne, praising God day and night, singing, not the songs that he has written or we have loved to sing that he has written, but the new song of "Moses and the Lamb."





Maplehurst, the Kinsman Home of Mr. and Mrs. James McGranahan

Memorial Service in Pueblo, Colorado



ANY who have been associated with Mr. McGranahan in evangelistic work used the occasion of his home-going to tell of his life and work. Among these was Rev. William H. Bates, D.D., who conducted a memorial in his church, the Presbyterian Church, of Pueblo, Col.

EXTRACT FROM ADDRESS OF DR. W. H. BATES

Personally Mr. McGranahan was one of the most lovable men I ever met, gentle, kind, modest, unassuming, refined, cultured, winsome, sincere, devoted—one could not help loving him. As a singer, since the first time I heard him he has been the standard by which I have measured all singers of sacred song. I have heard those who approximated but never equaled him. His voice, for sweetness, compass, power, was phenomenal. His enunciation was as perfect as though the words were spoken instead of sung. His wife usually played his accompaniments, and sometimes sang alto with him. He would stand at the end of a cabinet organ, perfectly impassive, not a look, act or anything that would attract attention to himself, and there send forth a flood of melody bearing on its crest the sentiment, thought, feeling of the words that were sung. You saw, not McGranahan, but the Saviour. His was the most complete exemplification I ever beheld of the phrase, "Hiding behind the cross."

And the pathos of his voice was wonderful. I have heard singers—a few, very few—the quality of whose tones touched the fountain of my tears. McGranahan's voice had this quality. I succeeded at Adams, northern New York, in the church where Finney was converted, a minister who went to Ottawa, Ills., and he told me this incident which illustrates my point: Whittle and McGranahan went there for an evangelistic campaign. For some ten days or more they labored and apparently made almost no impression. Ottawa hearts seemed harder than adamant and it was questioned if there

were any available power that could make them feel. There was to be a meeting in the opera house on Sunday afternoon for men only. It was looked forward to with fear and foreboding. As the crowd assembled the atmosphere seemed almost petrific. The courage and hope of the evangelists were sinking. Mr. McGranahan came forward upon the stage and sang "My Trundle Bed." The men were carried back to the old boyhood home. They were children again. Dear household scenes were brought before them, and as they rummaged in the attic they found the trundle bed in which they used to sleep; and with the refrain of each stanza they heard again the sweetest thing that mortal ears can ever hear—a mother's crooning lullaby:

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!"

The song and the pathos with which it was sung just melted all those hard hearts and flooded the eyes with tears; and thus the way was opened for the preacher and for the effectual entrance of the saving truths he had to present. A mighty work was wrought in Ottawa.

Mr. McGranahan was the most prolific, and, in the judgment of many, he is the best writer of so-called gospel music. In "Gospel Hymns Combined," the book we are using to-night, there are, if my count be correct, one hundred and twenty of his pieces, nine of which we have on our program for singing. He is the editor or joint editor of seventeen or more books of music.



Tributes

FROM THE LONDON "CHRISTIAN"



THE two visits of Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan to Europe made for them a wide circle of friends, particularly in the British Isles. *The Christian*, of London, contained in its issue of September 19, 1907, an appreciation under the title of "Famous Song Evangelist," from which liberal extracts are here given:

"FAMOUS SONG EVANGELIST— "THE LATE MR. JAMES McGRANAHAN

"There was sorrow in many hearts when it became known that—as was intimated in our columns at the time—on July 9 last Mr. McGranahan had passed peacefully to be with the Lord. Some years had elapsed since he had been obliged by impaired health to retire from active evangelistic labor; but there are many in this country, and a vastly greater number in America, who remember with deep affection the sweet singer of the Gospel.

"It is deeply instructive to note that Mr. McGranahan set forth an outline of his belief in the following simple sentences:

"(1) Salvation is not the result of a Christian life, but rather its cause; not the fruit but the tree; it is the result of believing on Jesus. (2) 'Eternal life' is not a *prize* to be awarded at the end of the Christian race, but a gift to be taken at the beginning in order to *enter* the race. (3) We are not to run the Christian race in order to be 'saved at last,' but *first* to be saved in order to run. (4) A heart without Christ therein can no more bring forth Christian fruit than a garden without the vine can produce grapes. 'He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.'

"Having severed their other connections, Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan threw themselves whole-heartedly into evangelistic work. From east to west and from north to south they traveled over the United States.

Sometimes they accompanied Mr. Moody, and at other times Major Whittle; but their services were also much in demand on their own account. Two long-to-be-remembered visits were paid to Europe. Close and constant contact with the work led to a deeper realization of the needs and longings of men and women; and experience proved that Mr. McGranahan's song-messages touched the hearts of the people.

"During his first sojourn in England he edited 'Songs of the Gospel; much of the music being his own composition. This was widely used', and was followed by the 'Gospel Male Chorus Book,' which proved specially serviceable where large numbers of men had been gathered in through evangelistic work—as in the case of the great Mizpah Band at Glasgow. Again, in the preparation of successive editions of 'The Christian Choir,' Mr. McGranahan's name was associated with that of Mr. Sankey. The abiding character of his work is proved by the fact that all these books are still available, and highly valued in many quarters. Those in all parts of the world who have used 'Sacred Songs and Solos' also know well how he was enabled to set to appropriate music many hymns written by Major Whittle (under the signature, 'El Nathan') and others. He also possessed himself the true poetic gift, writing under various arrangements of his initials.

"His arrangements of the words of others were used with great effect. For instance, the original of the hymn, 'Are you coming home, ye wanderers,' was—as Mr. Sankey tells us in his book, 'My Life and Sacred Songs,—written by a young lady in Scotland, who signed herself 'C. C.' It fell into Mr. McGranahan's hands, and he rearranged the poem somewhat, also setting it to music. Since its publication in this form it has been a blessing to many.

"A wild young soldier was induced to attend a Gospel meeting in London. As he entered, this hymn was being sung, and made a deep impression on him. He returned the next evening, and continued to attend the services until he was enabled to realize that the Lord Jesus Christ had redeemed him. 'I had to come,' was his testimony, 'that hymn would not let me stay away. All night long that question of the song, both in the words and the music, kept returning to me, demanding an answer—Are you coming home to-night?'

"Another general favorite, of which the words were arranged and the music supplied by Mr. McGranahan, has been, 'Someone will

enter the pearly gate, by and by.' An active minister in the western States wrote Mr. Sankey that, at the close of a service in a town he was passing through, the minister who presided invited him to sing a solo. He was led to choose this piece. In the audience was a well-educated man, evidently under the influence of drink. He said afterwards that he either failed to hear or forgot all about the sermon, but he heard the song, and the words, 'Shall you? Shall I?' kept ringing in his ears, until he gave his heart to God. The man became known in later years as a faithful minister of the Gospel.

"The words of 'I know not the hour when my Lord may come,' were from the pen of Mr. Bliss. The need for such testimony was borne in on his mind by the publication of 'The Gates Ajar,' by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, a story which aroused much criticism. Mr. Sankey explains that Mr. Bliss felt the Scriptural teaching, that we should be 'with the Lord,' to be sufficient for spiritual contentment—offsetting the "I know not" of speculation by the "I know" of faith.' He handed the piece to Mr. McGranahan, asking whether he could set it to music. The latter worked at it a long time without being able to satisfy himself with the result. One night the family went to their rooms, leaving him in the parlor at the piano. Finally, dissatisfied with the result of his efforts, he threw himself down and fell into a doze. Suddenly he awoke, and the tune, chorus and all, had come—different from the harmonies upon which he had been working. When he sang it in the morning Mr. Bliss was delighted, and immediately adopted it for use.

"When strength began to fail, Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan settled at Kinsman, Ohio. He still devoted all his powers to the composition of Gospel hymns and music; and friends well qualified to judge have spoken of some of these latest works as among the best. Testimony is borne by his pastor and others that the influence on the community of that home circle was strongly for good. Large numbers of young people and others found both pleasure and profit in the society into which they were cordially welcomed. The poor knew also that in that home they would meet with genuine sympathy and help; and appeals on behalf of many a good cause were assured of generous consideration. We whose privilege it was to know Mr. McGranahan

in private life will ever describe him as a man of singular sweetness of disposition, combined with a great desire to be used by his Lord and Master in the ingathering of souls. It was truly said of him that he sang with the simplicity of a child, but it was masterly simplicity.

FROM WILLIAM R. MOODY

Thirty years ago Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Bliss were killed in the fearful Ashtabula catastrophe, and their loss seemed to the Christian world an irreparable one. It was at this time that Mr. and Mrs. James McGranahan entered evangelistic work and became associated with my father, Mr. D. L. Moody. In missions in both Great Britain and American, they were associated with him for more than ten years, as well as with my father-in-law, Major D. W. Whittle.

Mr. McGranahan's sweet Christian spirit, his earnest sympathy in every phase of evangelistic effort, and his untiring endeavors in increasing the efficiency of the service of song, endeared him to all who were associated with him. In addition to active labors in the evangelistic field, Mr. McGranahan contributed over one hundred and fifty hymns which he composed, toward the several Gospel Hymns, many of which will live in the Christian hymnology of the future.

In the passing from earthly service of Mr. McGranahan there has been felt a keen loss in the Christian Church, and to many friends, but in this sorrow we must not lose sight of the joy which comes to him and to others with whom in years past he has been so closely associated, in the reunion in that city where sorrow and sighing have passed away.

FROM REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

There are but few men numbered among my acquaintances in the past whose characters stand out like mountain peaks as I think of them. Mr. Moody towers the highest, and next to him along evangelistic lines I think I can say stands Professor James McGranahan. His hymns have always moved me, through and through.

When I was a pastor in Albany, N. Y., a suggestion made by Mr. Moody changed my entire idea of preaching and Christian service. He told me he thought that I ought to make my services evangelistic,

and that if I did that I might reasonably expect success. I was utterly in the dark as to what evangelistic services might be, although I had for years been in the ministry. When I explained my dilemma to him, he said that first of all I ought to change the character of the music and give the people a chance to sing. He himself sent me a supply of hymn books, which then were published in a five cent word edition only, and when I had begun the song services in my church, the crowds became so great that the building was unable to hold them. This marked the beginning of my evangelistic experience, and the hymns used were those written by James McGranahan.

So, long before I knew him, I loved him for his work's sake, and I also felt that his hymns were of the very highest type along evangelistic lines.

When I was a pastor in Philadelphia, he came one day to the Bethany Sunday school, which was a part of my church, and as he stepped upon the platform, he introduced himself in the quiet, modest way so like him. I wanted him to sing, but he was as bashful about it as a child, and when he did sing, I can remember to this day how his sweet tenor voice thrilled me. We gave him the Chautauqua salute in the Sunday school, and the man who had sung his way around the world, and whose hymns were used in almost every Christian Church, blushed as if it had been the first time he ever appeared before a crowd. With this personal introduction I was drawn to James McGranahan for his own sake.

After Mr. Moody's death I was invited to Kinsman, Ohio, Mr. McGranahan's home, and asked to take charge of the Kinsman meetings, held in the grove not far from the McGranahan home. It was there that I saw my friend among his own personal friends, and especially in his home, and where I began to have an affection for him too great to be expressed in words. I never have known a gentler, rarer soul. He was Christlike in everything he did. I conferred with him about an intricate business proposition which would greatly have angered most men, but when he told me that he had been injured, he told me with tears in his eyes and a pathetic ring in his voice. His whole treatment of the subject was as Christlike as anything I have ever seen.

His music will sing itself on through the years, and there are some of his hymns which I should like to be singing, if I could, as I pass from time to eternity.

James McGranahan's professional career was of the highest sort; his evangelistic experience was of the very best—but his home life was almost more beautiful than any other part of his life. Thousands of people rise up and call him blessed, and among this number I count myself privileged to stand.

FROM REV. FRANCIS A. KERNS

I deem it a great pleasure and privilege to have known Mr. McGranahan, to have loved him, and to have had a share of the love of that broad, sympathetic heart. Aside from my father, no man ever came so fully into my heart and led me heavenward as he. He taught me the blending of true humility and greatness of character. His was not a mere profession of words, but a more eloquent profession by a life surrendered to the Master's service.

The first time I heard him and Mrs. McGranahan sing, music seemed to have a new meaning. They sang "God is now willing, are you?" With tears coursing down their cheeks and voices touched by the pathos of souls yearning for lost souls, I thought they were truly ambassadors for Christ Jesus, beseeching men to be reconciled to Him. Subsequent years of acquaintance strengthened my belief.

The yearning of his soul was for a prolonged life in which to serve the Master. One evening after prayer meeting, in which I was illustrating the need of the Holy Spirit for Christian work by the main-spring of my watch, he said "I need new works in my watch." I answered, "New works?" He said, "Well, I need them greatly renovated." I said, "You are discouraged because your health will not permit you to take part as you once did. When you are not permitted to work you may find pleasure in the fact that your hymns are doing good all over the world." His answer was full of his characteristic humility and yearning: "I had scarcely thought of taking any congratulations to myself on the score of what I have done. I hope the Lord will give me grace to not be satisfied with what I have done. My prayer is that He will give me ten years

more of service." Nearly ten years were given, but broken by seasons of sickness which prevented his doing as much as he wished. He lived in the spirit of that beautiful hymn,

"I know not the hour when my Lord will come
To take me away to His own dear home;
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be heaven for me."

But limitations and hindrances often enrich our lives. He was able to sing with the pathos of such enriching experience of the years :

"Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in a better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears
And there, sometime, we'll understand."

And who knows? Perhaps he may have the privilege of composing some of the songs to be sung around the throne, and the experiences of life will fit him for more perfect composition than even the most beautiful of his compositions here, and that sweetest of voices restored, and made even clearer and more resonant in the vivifying atmosphere of heaven. And may he not even now be permitted to lead some of the heavenly choirs? And may we not, some day, blend our voices with his in grand harmony around the throne of Him who hath redeemed us.

Sweet were his compositions here, but—

"The music of heaven is sweeter in measure,
And purer in every strain,
Than the music of earth, though it fills us with pleasure,
As it thrillingly rolls over valley and plain.

"The music of heaven is grander in rhyming
Than any that mortal e'er toned,
And the mansions of glory forever are chiming
With the songs that come up to the Saviour enthroned.

'Oh music of heaven, so rich and so sweet !
Oh joy it will bring us, so full and complete."

FROM REV. EDWIN A. JESTER

For sixteen years it was my privilege to be intimately acquainted with Prof. James McGranahan. It was one of the richest blessings that has come into my life to have been associated with a man of such fibre. Our first acquaintance was when, for a time, he was a member of the congregation to which I preached and unusual opportunity was afforded to know his spirit and character. To talk with him was always an inspiration. With him it required no awkward transition to talk about Jesus the Saviour. It was just as natural as to speak of any of his friends who lived near him. When he spoke of Jesus it was with a rare blending of reverence and confidence, without familiarity yet in a tone which suggested close acquaintance and companionship.

In the closest conversation, at the most trying times of his life, I cannot recall that I ever heard him speak in a censorious spirit or utter one unkind word, or indeed a word which it would not have been perfectly proper to have spoken in any company at any time.

He had an intense desire to see the spiritual life of the community in which he lived advanced. To this end he planned much and gave liberally of his means and was wont to say, "What do you think of this plan and how can it be made to mean most to our community?"

He was liberal in his charities, but never paraded them and those helped by him often did not know the source of their help. While pastor in Kinsman he would say to me: "Do you know any place where a little money is needed? Are there any poor people who might wisely be helped? If you find any such, kindly let me know. They need not know where the money comes from."

He loved the beautiful and thanked God for it. One day I met him coming home with a fine bouquet. As he approached me he held it up and said: "When the Lord makes flowers like these, don't you think it is right for us to wear them and enjoy them?"

His palatial home was so liberally shared with others that it is not easy to estimate how large a blessing it was, nor the extent of the influence which went out from it. Because of his wide acquaintance in musical circles, it was possible for him to bring together rare musical talent, and here it has been my privilege to see what has seemed to

me the realization of the ideal in social occasions. The company was first inspired by solos and instrumental selections of high order. Even the conversation with which it was interspersed was tempered by his gentleness. After dainty refreshments, which he and his wife knew so well how to plan for their guests, he would bring out a liberal supply of a Gospel Song book and say, "Let us all sing some hymns." With his wife at the piano, he would lead, often telling an incident connected with the use of the song, of how God had made it a blessing to a soul at one of the meetings conducted by Moody or Major Whittle, until instead of seeming unnatural or strained, there was but one appropriate thing to do and he would say, "Shall we not thank our Father for his goodness?" Every heart was prepared for the prayer which followed. From these social occasions have gone those to whom the Savior had been made so real and brought so close that they could not sleep until they had kneeled before Him and surrendered to Him their hearts and lives.

But no words of mine can give an estimate of his life nor describe the charm of his personality. To understand either it would have been necessary to have known him.

FROM REV. DAVID REED MILLER, D.D.

In recalling the death of my dear friend, James McGranahan, I have many times regretted that I did not know him more intimately. I have known him only during this past decade, and even during these years our orbits have crossed only occasionally. My last pastorate was near the scenes of his childhood and youth and in the neighborhood where many of his relatives still reside. Some of these good people were members of my congregation. I therefore felt that I knew him long before we met. The first time I saw him was at a funeral of one of his relatives; and the second time, if my memory serves me right, was at a Church reunion at Old Shenango, where he and Mrs. McGranahan sang a few selections, to the delight of the multitude in the grove. Since then we have met many times, but only for a little while, like ships in passing. We have had correspondence back and forth for the past few years. And from these odds and ends of acquaintanceship, I caught many glimpses into the heart of the man.

He was of a most beautiful and winsome disposition, modest and unassertive, as I knew him; but one in whose very presence there was a latent tenderness and power. His face was a benediction. In it were the elements of strength and beauty, meekness and purity. He lived much on the heights. In his presence I always felt the atmosphere of a higher stratum stirring within me. It was a pleasure, sometimes, just to sit down and think of the things which his eyes had seen and his ears heard on those peaceful uplands of communion with God. I have tried to imagine the visions which his subtler gaze beheld, and the meditation has brought me good.

He was a broken man during the years that I knew him: not broken in spirit, but in health. But the desire to use his splendid musical gifts was unrestricted by physical impediments. He longed for the return of the day when he might again be permitted to open the pearl gates of song, that through him, once more, the thoughtless and the unconcerned might enter the kingdom of peace with God.

It was a great gift—that gift of song which kind heaven had breathed into his soul, and right nobly, in his stronger years, did he use it. Heaven's first proclamation of the gospel was in the words of song on the lips of angelic singers; and he whose mission it is to reach men's hearts and bring them spell-bound to the manger cradle, is certainly not distantly related to the choir which sang the annunciation song at Bethlehem.

There was something about James McGranahan's music which won the heart. Many of his renderings of the psalms carry with them a wonderful power. They take hold of one's very soul and bring it near the gates of God. Take, for instance, "I Shall Be Satisfied," as it appeared in the early edition of the Bible Songs. What an uplift that gave to every Christian heart! How it illuminated and brought home with power, those wonderfully significant words! May be these comforting words, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness," will come home to him now in the glory land with their added blessing as he recalls the consolation which his tender numbers gave to thousands here below! I have just gone through the Bible Songs noting the numbers which he wrote, and I must confess to an additional sorrow when I remember that the voice which first sang

them is now hushed on earth forever. How much our praise service would miss if these numbers were omitted from our book. Some of the best music in this splendid book is from his pen, some of the most popular selections, some of the best revival and evangelistic songs are his. James McGranahan, although in later years not a member of our Church, had very much to do with popularizing our Church music and putting the enthusiasm of modern melody into these classic and heroic songs. He has done much to blaze the way for their acceptance in other denominations, and probably, more than he knew or dreamed of, and more than anyone anticipated, has done much to bridge the way to interdenominational union. The world is always a loser when such men leave it. May his memory be a blessing to us all.

FROM PROF. GEO. C. STEBBINS

It is a pleasure for me to add my testimony to the esteem in which Mr. James McGranahan was held not only by the public who knew him through his work but by those associated with him as well.

In his career as an evangelist he impressed those that came under his influence as a man not only endowed with rare gifts but a man of a singularly pure and transparent character, and one with a simple and unwavering faith in his Lord and in the message committed to him.

In Mr. McGranahan's personality there was combined many of the graces that go to make up an attractive and well rounded character; among which were a gentleness and cheerfulness and an unaffected simplicity of nature that made him by the grace of God the lovable man that he was, and that won for him the friendship of all that knew him.

In addition to his winsome personality, he possessed a voice of rare purity and sweetness which never failed to touch the hearts of the people, and which in association with that of his wife, swayed the great congregations before which he sang during the year of his active service, and the echo of its notes still remains in the memory of those who came under its power.

As wide reaching as his influence as a man and as a singer was, it yet remains to be said, however that his influence as a writer of

the music used in the evangelistic movement in which he took so conspicuous a part, has gone far beyond the comparatively limited sphere of one's personal ministry, and has become world-wide in its sweep.

Regarding Mr. McGranahan's work as a composer, it is apparent to all who have taken pains to observe it, that it is characterized by originality, by musicianly skill in the treatment of his themes, and by the most painstaking care in adapting his music to the truth to be sung.

It is also to be said that the great favor with which his hymns have been received in all parts of the world and the blessing they have brought to the cause to which he gave his life, makes it plain that his work was wrought in God and that the seal of His approval rested upon it in a very marked way.

FROM IRA D. SANKEY

I am very glad to be able to contribute a few words to the Memorial Booklet to be prepared in memory of James McGranahan. He was one of the noblest of men and one of the best musical composers of his day. It was a great pleasure to be associated with him in compiling books, which contain hymns and tunes which will long be remembered. His name is greatly loved in Great Britain, where his songs are still sung by the people. I believe the most beautiful gospel song he ever wrote is "Sometime We'll Understand," and next, perhaps, come "Showers of Blessing," and "I Shall be Satisfied."

I hope to join him bye and bye in the land where there is no more sorrow, pain or death, and where God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. In that fair land we will sing again with Bliss a better song than we have ever sung on earth, before Him, who hath redeemed us, and built for us a mansion in the sky.

FROM PROF. C. C. CASE

After forty years of intimate friendship with James McGranahan, beginning as young men feeling after one's life work; continuing at Normal Music Schools in different parts of the country in preparing

for the life work ; in the composition and editing of music books ; in various enterprises, chiefly musical, in which we have both been interested ; in recreation as well as work ; in the sharing of each other's joys and sorrow until the temporary parting by death, my wife and I realize that the friendship of and fellowship with one so filled with the Spirit of God next to the fellowship with God and with His son, is the most helpful thing in this life, and the most hopeful anticipation for that which is to come.

FROM REV. R. A. TORREY, D.D.

I never met James McGranahan in the days of his physical strength and more public work, but I met him in the days of his spiritual maturity when he had been tried in the fire and had come out as refined gold. In those days I knew him very intimately and learned to love him as I have loved few men.

He was always so gentle and yet so hopeful, still planning great things, that there was to me a peculiar charm about him.

It was my privilege to be present, with Mr. Moody, at the first of the great Kinsman meetings that James McGranahan planned and engineered, and also at the last at which he was to be present. At both he was very weak in body, but strong in soul. After the last meeting last year we had a long talk together over how God could get the most glory for years to come, out of the hymns He had given our friend to write.

To me James McGranahan stood at the head of all the modern school of Gospel tune writers. I always selected his hymns before all others from the Moody and Sankey books. May God continue to bless them.



NO memorial of James McGranahan would be complete without some selections from his music. The following hymns have been selected as being the special favorites of his friends. Perhaps the one which is sung most is "Showers of Blessing," while the continued popularity of "I Shall be Satisfied," "The Crowning Day," and others show that they have won their way to the hearts of the Church. Of his late writings, "Some Day We'll Understand" has, perhaps, touched a chord in more hearts than any other. ¶ Of the hymns in which Mr. McGranahan wrote both words and music, "Go Ye Into all the World" has been selected as a fair sample of the uniting of his poetical and musical gifts. ¶ "Oh, How Love I Thy Law," is one of a large number in which his best music is wedded to metrical version of the Psalms and a great service rendered to the Church. :: :: :: :: ::

"Go Ye Into All the World"

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Far, far a-way, in hea-then dark-ness dwell-ing, Mill-ions of souls for
 2. See o'er the world wide-o-pen doors in-vit-ing, Sol-diers of Christ, a-
 3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing, "Why will ye die?" re-
 4. God speed the day, when those of ev-'ry na-tion "Glo-ry to God" tri-

ev-er may be lost; Who, who will go, sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing,
 rise and en-ter in! Chris-tians, a-wake! your forc-es all u-nit-ing,
 ech-o in His Name; Je-sus hath died to save from death ap-pall-ing,
 um-phantly shall sing; Ran-somed, re-deemed, re-joic-ing in sal-va-tion,

CHORUS

Look-ing to Je-sus, minding not the cost?
 Send forth the gos-pel, break the chains of sin.
 Life and sal-va-tion there-fore go pro-claim. } "All pow'r is giv-en un-to me,
 Shout "Hal-le-lu-jah, for the Lord is King!"

All pow'r is giv-en un-to me, Go, ye in-to all the world and

preach the gos'-pel, And lo, I am with you al way."

The Crowning Day

EL NATHAN

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. Our Lord is now re-ject ed, And by the world dis-own'd,
 2. The heavns shall glow with splen-dor, But bright-er far than they
 3. Our pain shall then be o-ver, We sin and sigh no more,
 4. Let all that look for, hast-en The com-ing joy-ful day,

By the man-y still neg-lect-ed, And by the few en-thron'd,
 The saints shall shine in glo-ry, As Christ shall their ar-ray;
 Be bind us all of sor-row, And naught but joy be-fore,
 By ear-nest con-se-cra-tion, To walk the nar-row way;

But soon He'll come in glo-ry, The hour is draw-ing nigh, For the
 The beau-ty of the Sav-our Shall daz-zle ev-'ry eye, In the
 A joy in our Re-deem-er, As we to Him are nigh, In the
 By gath'ring in the lost ones For whom our Lord did die, For the

CHORUS

crowning day is coming by and by.
 crowning day that's coming by and by } Oh, the crowning day is com-ing,
 crowning day that's coming by and by }
 crowning day that's coming by and by }

is com-ing by and by, When our Lord shall come in "pow-er,"

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The Crowning Day—Concluded

And "glo - ry" from on high. Oh, the glo - rious sight will glad - den

Each waiting, watchful eye, In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

Give Thanks Unto the Lord

Psalm 136

M. A. SEA

QUARTET OR CHOIR

ALL

1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good:
2. O give thanks to the Lord of lords:.....
3. To Him that by wisdom made the heavens:..
4. To Him that made great lights:.. .. .
5. Who remembered us in our low estate:.....
6. Who giveth food to all flesh:

For His mercy en-dur-eth for ev-er:

QUARTET OR CHOIR

ALL

O give thanks unto the God of gods:.....

To Him who alone doeth great wonders:

To Him that stretched out the earth above the waters:..

The sun to rule by day: the moon and stars to rule by night:..

And hath redeemed us from our enemies:.....

O give thanks unto the God of heaven:.....

For His mercy endureth for ever.

O how Love I Thy Law

Psalm 119

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. God's law is perfect, and converts The soul in sin that lies:
 2. The statutes of the Lord are right, And do re-joice the heart;
 3. Un-spotted is the fear of God, And ever doth endure;
 4. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be desired are;
 5. More-over, they Thy servant warn How he his life should frame:

God's tes-ti-mo-ny is most sure, And makes the sim-ple wise.
 The Lord's command is pure, and doth Light to the eyes im-part.
 The judg-ments of the Lord are truth, And right-eous-ness most pure.
 Than hon-ey, hon-ey from the comb That drop-peth, sweet-er far.
 A great re-ward pro-vid-ed is For them that keep the same.

CHORUS (Psa. 119: 97, Prose Version)

O how love I Thy law! O how love I Thy law! It is my med-i-

ta-tion all the day. O how love I Thy law! O, how

Rit.

love I Thy law! It is my med-i-ta-tion all the day (all the day).

There Shall Be Showers of Blessing

EL NATHAN

JAMES McGRANAHAN



1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,



There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
 O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
 Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
 Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!



CHORUS



Show-ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
 Show-ers, show-ers of bless-ing,



Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



Hallelujah for the Cross

HORATIUS BONAR, ART.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. The cross it standeth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! De-fy-ing
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Its tri-umph
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Our sins on

ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown,
 let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here shone,
 Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing,

Cres. The world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver-thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
 Thro' Christ the blessed Son, Who did for sin a-tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
 Of Christ our of-fer-ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
Cres. ff

* SOLO SOP. OR TENOR, OR DUET.

Hal-le-lu-jah, bal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah.

SOPRANO AND ALTO

CHO *mp* Hal-le-lu-jah, bal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah.

TENOR AND BASS

* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

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Hallelujah for the Cross—Concluded

lu jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah for the cross, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Musical notation for the first system, including vocal lines and piano accompaniment.

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss.

Musical notation for the second system, including vocal lines and piano accompaniment.

f FULL CHORUS

* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;

Musical notation for the full chorus section, including vocal lines and piano accompaniment.

Cres. *ff*

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

Musical notation for the final section, including vocal lines and piano accompaniment.

* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

Some Time We'll Understand

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
 2. We'll catch the bro-ken thread a - gain, And fin - ish what we here be - gan;
 3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o - ver many a cherished plan;
 4. Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our ea - ger hand;
 5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un - err - ing hand;

We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
 Heav'n will the mys-ter - ies ex - plain, And then, ah, then, we'll un-der-stand.
 Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
 Why hopes are crushed and cas-tles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
 Some-time with tear-less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll un-der-stand.

CHORUS *A little faster*

Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
 doth hold thy hand;

A tempo

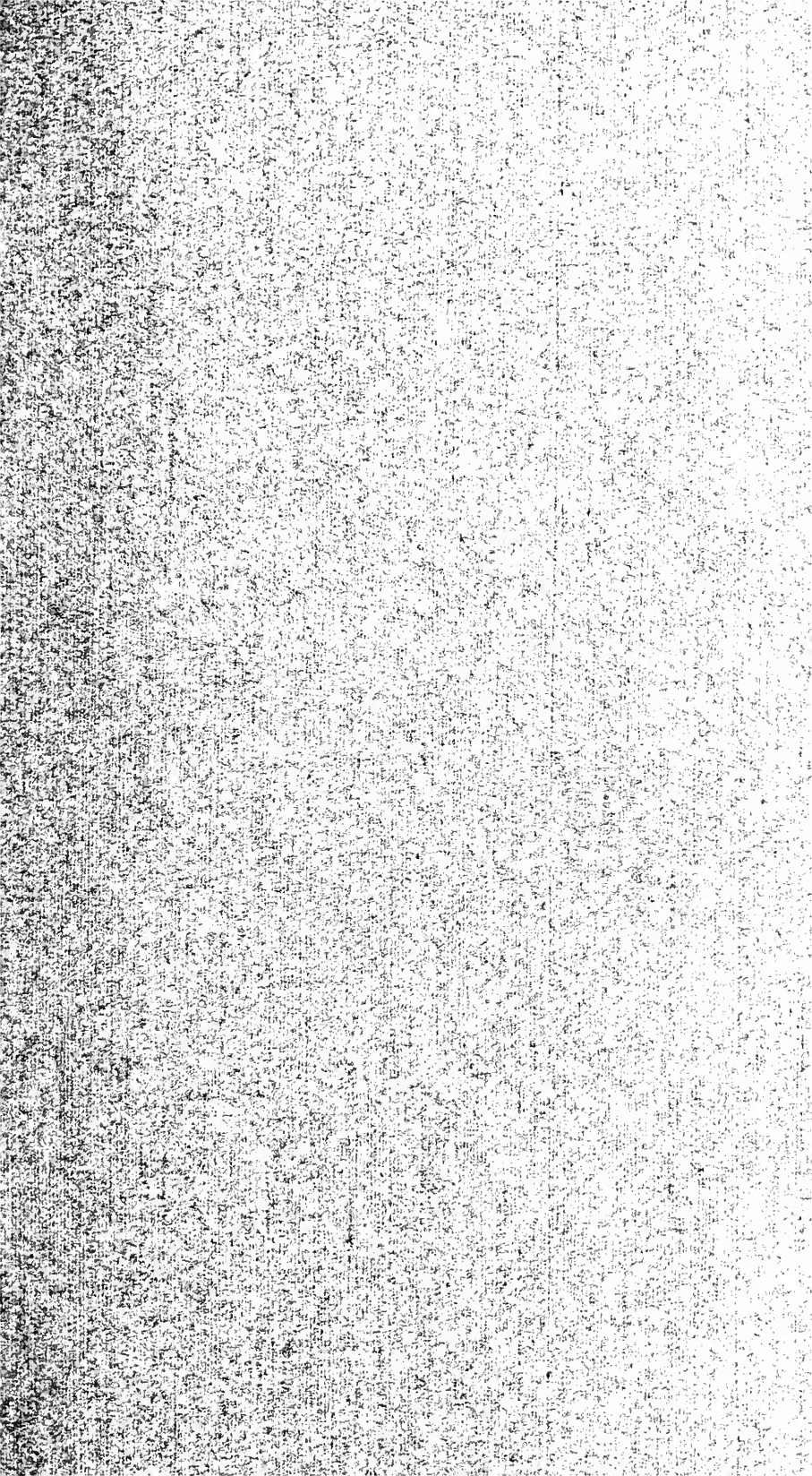
Cres.

Ad lib.

Though dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.

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