

A NAME.

--CO--CO--

It has been said, "there's nothing in a name." From this I wish to dissent. There's all in a name. "A rose by any other name would smell just as sweet," says one. I do not believe it. If the rose were brought to me in the dark, or while I am blind folded and I were told that it was an onion, it would change the odor, if not in reality, then in imagination which to me would be all the same. My name, your name, every name means some thing. We recognize this when we name our children.

A father once took his little girl baby to the preacher to have her christened. When the minister asked the father to name the child he said, "Dinah M." "Dinah M.," repeated the preacher, "What does the M stand for?" Well replied the father, "If she should live to be a good girl and a good woman, the name will be Dinah May, but if she should be wilful, head-strong and turbulent, I shall call her "Dinah Might."

This world is full of Dinah Mays with an occasional Dinah Might. There are lots of ~~Johnnies Dogoods~~ and an occasional Johnny Nogoods.

The world is full of Dinah Mays who are making the world brighter and better by their presence, while every now and then we meet with a Dinah ~~Might~~ Might who is the terror of the household and an unwelcome visitor where ever she goes. We have the Johnny Dogoods who go about doing good when they have an opportunity-their lives are worth living, while we frequently have the Johnny Nogoods whose very presence in the world is a blight upon humanity.

If it were my intention to preach a sermon on this occasion, I ~~should~~ <sup>would</sup> perhaps take as a text, or as texts, two passages from the bible. One of the texts is, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." The other is, "A good name is better than precious ointment." As to where, or what part of the bible these texts are to be found, I shall not tell you, but let you search them out for yourself. While you are finding

these passages, you may likely find others that you have not seen for some time.

I will say however that both these quotations are the words of one who was called the wisest man of his day. We however have plenty of people in this day and time who feel that they are much wiser than was Solomon in ~~his palmyest day~~ the prime of his life. This man with all his wisdom was not fully wise as he did many things that to us appears to have been the acts of one who was not always at himself. Were he alive at the present time and come to town with all his wives in search of millinery, we imagine that there would be considerable hustling among the dealers, each one trying to get the trade of the over-married gentleman.

The subject of my discourse shall be "A name." Everything on the earth and in the waters has a name. As we have a name, we should try to have a name that is better than great riches, or that is more valuable than precious ointment. There is always a reason for a name. There are reasons why you are called by the name you bear, while there are reasons for the name that belongs to me as an individual. There are names that we inherit from our parents and then names that are / given to us to distinguish us from <sup>Other</sup> members of the same family.

( If the Smiths, Browns and Joneses had no given names so that one could be distinguished from the other, there would be interminable confusion. Therefore each Smith, Brown, or Jones has a name that was given to him at his birth. The same applies to you and also to myself. When I was born there were a number of other Glens. Therefore the name of James was given to me to distinguish me from my cousin<sup>s</sup>, William or Thomas. But when James was agreed upon, it was found that an uncle and one or two cousins had the same name, so that a middle name was added that I might be distinguished in some way from <sup>all</sup> my other relatives.

Sometimes we find those who are ashamed of their names, ashamed of their ancestors. Perhaps they have good cause for this, while again it might be that could their ancestors arise from their graves they them—

selves would feel ashamed to see how much the name had deteriorated by being handed down a generation or two. Again there are those who boast very much of the name they bear and refer with pride to the deeds of their ancestors. A good ancestry is a good thing to have in the family, but it is a mighty poor thing to make a living out of. The son of the millionaire, after he has wasted the substance that has come to him, can get just as hungry and shiver as much from the cold as does the son of the beggar who has never known anything better.

I am glad to say that I am not ashamed of my ancestry, but on the other hand am proud that I am the son and the grand son of noble men <sup>Christians</sup> and women. When I trace my ancestry back, I am able to go but a few generations. My grand parents did not think it necessary to keep what is known as a family tree. In tracing my lineage, I fail to find that any of my ancestors were ever president of the United States. Not one was even governor of his state. Neither were any of them ~~of his state, none held the post~~ honored by a seat in the United States Senate, nor even that of congress. Neither does history record the fact that any of these men were generals in any army, though they did as privates fight for the flag of their country.

~~But~~ I find that my paternal grand father was a school teacher, that he taught the best schools of the country, that the boys and girls for miles around received / instructions from him that made them better men and w/omen by having been under his care. There is more honor in being a good school teacher than being a poor governor, though perhaps it does not pay quite so well in the way of dollars and cents. My grand father on my maternal side was a shoemaker, perhaps some would say quite an humble calling. But that man made good shoes. When Joe Brown <sup>made</sup> a pair of shoes, it was understood that there were no paper soles, that the sewing would not rip and that the work was well and faithfully done. There is more honor in making a good pair of shoes than there is in fathering a

had measure in a legislative body.

My father was a farmer, just an ordinary farmer. He owned no Blue Grass acres, but tilled the Penny Royal ~~land~~ land of beloved Kentucky. His reputation as a tobacco grower was known to all the buyers. He had no trouble in getting the best prices offered for the product of his soil. When the tobacco was to be stripped, he saw that every leaf went into the proper class. No lug leaf was ever found with the good, nor was trash mixed with the lugs. The buyer knew when he bought Sam Glenn's tobacco that it would be delivered in proper order, that no water would be used to make it weigh heavier and that it would be honestly sorted. My mother, God bless her memory, was one of the best of women. She knew but little of society, she cared nothing for the gaudies of the world, she lived for her husband and her children. And she too had a name. She was the neatest house-keeper in all that country and no woman could beat her making pies and cakes, and beyond and above all that, she was a christian woman seven days in the week - *and 52 weeks in the year.*

Who can boast of a better lineage than this? I am proud to be the grand-son of one who was a pioneer teacher of the state of Kentucky. I am proud that Joe Brown, <sup>my</sup> grand father, though an humble shoe-maker, made shoes that were sound in every part and clear of all shoddy. I am proud that I had a father, who though a farmer, was noted far and wide as being a good one, a man ~~whose~~ whose products were ~~respected~~ sought by all and whose word was never doubted by any one who knew him. I am proud that I had a mother whose good name was a household word among her neighbors, a woman who was beloved and respected by all who knew her, a woman whose christian example was such that I feel that it had much to do, perhaps all to do, with keeping me in the path of rectitude. These ancestors chose a good name rather than great riches, a name that was better than precious ornament. Yes, I am a descendant of uncrowned kings and queens of America. Perhaps no royal blue blood, such as aristocracy claims, runs through my veins, but better than <sup>the</sup> this is the rich red blood of old Kentucky.

selves would feel ashamed to see how much the name had deteriorated by being handed down a generation or two. Again there are those who boast very much of the name they bear and refer with pride to the deeds of their ancestors. A good ancestry is a good thing to have in the family, but it is a mighty poor thing to make a living out of. The son of the millionaire, after he has wasted the substance that has come to him, can get just as hungry and shiver as much from the cold as does the son of the beggar who has never known anything better.

I am glad to say that I am not ashamed of my ancestry, but on the other hand am proud that I am the son and the grand son of noble men <sup>Christians</sup> and women. When I trace my ancestry back, I am able to go but a few generations. My grand parents did not think it necessary to keep what is known as a family tree. In tracing my lineage, I fail to find that any of my ancestors were ever president of the United States. Not one was even governor of his state. Neither were any of them ~~of his state, none held the pos~~ honored by a seat in the United States Senate, nor even that of congress. Neither does history record the fact that any of these men were generals in any army, though they did as privates fight for the flag of their country.

~~But~~ I find that my paternal grand father was a school teacher, that he taught the best schools of the country, that the boys and girls for miles around received / instructions from him that made them better men and w/omen by having been under his care. There is more honor in being a good school teacher than being a poor governor, though perhaps it does not pay quite so well in the way of dollars and cents. My grand father on my maternal side was a shoemaker, perhaps some would say quite an humble calling. But that man made good shoes. When Joe Brown <sup>made</sup> a pair of shoes, it was understood that there were no paper soles, that the sewing would not rip and that the work was well and faithfully done. There is more honor in making a good pair of shoes than there is in fathering a

bad measure in a legislative body.

My father was a farmer, just an ordinary farmer. He owned no Blue Grass acres, but tilled the Penny Royal ~~land~~ land of beloved Kentucky. His reputation as a tobacco grower was known to all the buyers. He had no trouble in getting the best prices offered for the product of his Soil- country. When the tobacco was to be stripped, he saw that every leaf went into the proper class. No lug leaf was ever found with the good, nor was trash mixed with the lugs. The buyer knew when he bought Sam Glenn's tobacco that it would be delivered in proper order, that no water would be used to make it weigh heavier and that it would be honestly sorted. My mother, God bless her memory, was one of the best of women. She knew but little of society, she cared nothing for the gaieties of the world, she lived for her husband and her children. And she too had a name. She was the neatest house-keeper in all that country and no woman could beat her making pies and cakes, and beyond and above all that, she was a christian woman seven days in the week, *and 52 weeks in the year.*

Who can boast of a better lineage than this? I am proud to be the grand-son of one who was a pioneer teacher of the state of Kentucky. I am proud that Joe Brown, <sup>my</sup> grand father, though an humble shoe-maker, made shoes that were sound in every part and clear of all shoddy. I am proud that I had a father, who though a farmer, was noted far and wide as being a good one, a man ~~whose~~ whose products were ~~accepted~~ sought by all and whose word was never doubted by any one who knew him. I am proud that I had a mother whose good name was a household word among her neighbors, a woman who was beloved and respected by all who knew her, a woman whose christian example was such that I feel that it had much to do, perhaps all to do, with keeping me in the path of rectitude. These ancestors chose a good name rather than great riches, a name that was better than precious ornament. Yes, I am a descendant of uncrowned kings and queens of America. Perhaps no royal blue blood, such as aristocracy claims, runs through my veins, but better than <sup>the</sup> this is the rich red blood of old Kentucky.

It is our duty when a good name has been handed down to us to preserve that name and keep it untarnished. We also owe it to posterity that those who are to follow us shall be properly trained for the duties and responsibilities of life. Those of us who have children committed to our care and keeping have great and grave responsibilities resting upon us, responsibilities that cannot be shifted on to others.

A beautiful illustration of personal responsibility to ~~our~~ children is that given of Cornelia, daughter of Scipio Africanus. Though she were what we would now call a heathen, and lived away back in the dark ages before the birth of Christ, yet she believed that it was the duty of the mother to train <sup>her</sup> boys for useful citizenship. She had married at an early age. Before many years her husband died and left her with two sons. She at once turned her attention to the education of these boys. As she was wealthy, she had many offers of marriage. To all these, she turned a deaf ear, always saying that her duty was to the children left to her care.

On one occasion a wealthy nobleman paid court to the widow. He brought with him a casket of rare gems, hoping thereby to capture the heart of the widow. These he displayed to the people of the household. Some one knowing that Cornelia was also possessed <sup>of</sup> rare and costly jewels asked her to bring forth her gems that they too might be admired. Cornelia arose, went into an adjoining room and soon returned, leading her two boys. She placed a hand upon the head of either and said, "These are my jewels."

And indeed they were, as are my boy and my girl my jewels. Your boy and your girl are your jewels; the ~~many~~ many thousands of boys and girls of the state of Kentucky are the jewels of the Commonwealth; while the millions of boys and girls of the United States are the jewels of the people of this nation, more valuable, more priceless than any and all the jewels that ever decked the crowns of royalty.

While we are making a name for ourselves, we are also assisting others in making a name for themselves. Our schools and colleges assist in educational matters and thus help make the name of <sup>our</sup> ~~of~~ country grand and glorious. We have the name as a nation, of fostering educational institutions. From Maine to California, from the lakes to the gulf, in every state, in every county, in every town, hamlet and village, in the valleys and on the hill-tops are erected school houses, some built in the latest style of architecture, others not so pretentious, but all for the purpose of educating the hundreds, the thousands and millions of boys and girls of the nation. These are being educated for citizenship. There is perhaps no other one subject more discussed and perhaps no one so misunderstood as that of education. There is a true education and a false education, as there is the false and the true in all other things.

An education to be worth anything to the country must be three fold in its nature; an education that educates the mind, the heart and the body. An education that develops only the mind to the neglect of the heart and the body, makes of the man an infidel; the education that looks only to the development of the moral, makes of the man a fanatic; while the education that looks only to the development of the body makes of man a mere machine. But when the mind, the heart and the body are all educated, then we have a man, a true man, the noblest work of God.

In this world we have all kinds and sorts of people. It takes all these to make the world, as it is now composed, though it would seem from our view point that quite a number of these so called people could be well spared from the walks of life. Yet every one of these people has a name of some kind. Just at present I happen to think of one class of people, who are no doubt very good people, men and women who make a name, but who at the same time are worth very little to any cause they espouse. I will denominate them as "Sassafras" citizens.



It will perhaps be necessary to explain what I mean when I speak of "Sassafras" people, or "Sassafras" christians. When I was a boy and lived in the country, it frequently fell to my lot to chop wood and make the fires. It did not take me long to find that sassafras wood was easy to chop, that it was light and thus when I had an opportunity I would use it to make a fire. When the wood was piled up and set on fire, it would begin to pop, spirt, blaze and burn and it looked as if there was soon to be a red hot fire. But the very minute the chunks rolled apart, the ~~chunks~~ would make a few spirts, the fire would go out and all there was left of the fire would be a few black sticks of wood. ~~So it is with the sassafras christian. When a protracted meeting is at hand,~~

So it is with the "Sassafras" christian, ~~when~~ When there is a protracted meeting on hand, he will pray, shout, work and exhort until one would think he was ready to spend his life in the cause of the church. But the next day after the meeting closes, you will find the brother beginning to get cold, the fire is out and there is nothing but a black chunk waiting for another revival. What is needed is hickory christians, hickory men and women in all the walks of life. When the hickory wood is piled together it catches on fire, it burns, it consumes. The chunks may be separated, they may be ~~scattered~~ scattered in every direction, but they burn until all is consumed. We need a zeal in good works that never stops as long as there is anything to do. Whether we work, or fail to work, we are making a name and the world is knowing that name.

Some there are who want to make a name as being charitable and such a name if properly obtained is all right, but the man who spends a nickel to relieve the suffering of his fellowman and spends a dollar in the saloon is making very slow progress toward a home in heaven. And yet we have all ~~seen~~ known those who were parading their charitable deeds before the world, when in fact they were never moved by the proper spirit to contribute to the relief of the distress of others.

It is said that one time one of these self assumed charitable fellows dreamed that he was dead. Like all dreamers, he dreamed that he went to heaven. When he arrived at the gate of the New Jerusalem, he rang the bell and very soon St Peter made his appearance. "Who are you and what do you want," demanded the saint who is supposed to guard the entrance to celestial kingdom.

The man replied, "My name is Smith, I am from Kentucky and I want to get inside where I may rest forever."

"What did you do in the world below that would entitle you to a home in heaven" asked St Peter.

"Oh" said Smith, "While I was there I was noted for my charitable deeds."

"All right," said St Peter, "Please tell us of some of your deeds of charity."

"Well," said Smith, "I remember on one occasion that I was walking along the street, it was cold weather and I had my arms full of bundles that I was taking home to my wife and children. A poor widow, with several children came along and they were in distress. They appealed to me and though I was in a hurry, I stopped, laid aside my bundles, searched in my pockets, found two cents, ~~in~~ the only small change I had. This I gave to her with my blessing."

St Peter turned to Gabriel and asked him to look and see if Mr Smith had credit for the  $\frac{1}{2}$  cents as he claimed. The account was examined and it was found that Smith had the proper credit. Then he was asked if he had done any deeds of charity.

"Yes" said Smith, "On another occasion I met a poor newsboy. It was cold and he was shivering. He had not been able to sell any of his papers and said he would have to sleep out all night and beside was very hungry. I did not need his papers, but I bought one, paid him a cent for it and thus helped him along in the world."

Gabriel was again told to look and see if Mr Smith had credit as he claimed for the one cent. It was found that it was as he claimed. "Have you any more deeds of charity to your credit?" asked good old Peter.

"None that I can now remember" said Smith.

Then said St Peter to Gabriel, "Pay back the three cents to Mr Smith, let him buy himself a good sized fan and give him a through ticket to hell."

And by the way, there are men in this world who hope to get in to heaven on what they may call deeds of charity, perhaps deeds that have been performed with the hope of buying a seat in that place, who will perhaps at the last day be tendered back the small pittance they have given and will be ticketed through to that place that is hotter than any country here on earth. The fellow who makes a name and landing of this kind will feel as if his name were "Dennis."

We have another class of men, with an occasional woman, who always lay claim to a good deal more than is coming to them. If the community is engaged in some worthy work, these people take hold, they make a great noise, but perhaps shirk more or less and if success comes, they lay claim to all the honor of the accomplishment of the task. We find these people in churches, in society, in politics, they are in every walk of life. They are ready to exclaim, "I did it."

They are very much like a woodpecker who thought he had pecked down a tree in the forest. One day the bird was engaged in his usual business of pecking. He heard the noise he was making and was satisfied. A wind was blowing and very soon it blew down the tree and the bird went down with the timber. When the tree struck the ground, the wood pecker flew away, and even until this day, that bird <sup>continues</sup> believes that he pecked the down the tree.

Dead Cat people.

We are every one of us making a name at home and the outside world is very apt to know something about what kind of a name it is. There are those who are known as good husbands, good wives and good parents, while there are those who are known as being terrors in the household. Your neighbor knows all about how you live at home. Although you may live behind heavy doors and curtained windows, yet you cannot keep the outside world from knowing what kind of a home you have and what your home life is. It does not take a peeping Tom to make this discovery.

I can take a position on the opposite side of the street and see you come home after the day's work is done and can very nearly size up the situation. ~~The man who returns from his labor, walking upright, with a smile of contentment on his face, and opens his gate, who is met by the dog opens the gate.~~ I like to see a man come home as the sun is setting, wearing a smile on his face and on the look-out for a welcome from those who are watching his coming. The family dog rouses up from his nap, leaps for joy and wants to jump all over the master. The cat comes up and wants to rub against his legs to show that she too is proud of his home coming. The children almost fly down the walk and they cling to the legs and coat tails of the father. They are a noisy set. Then the good wife comes to the door and she has a smile and a kiss for the loved one. He enters the home, the doors are closed. I have no fears as to that home. There is heav<sup>en</sup> there. Heaven on earth.

But watch the neighbor as he returns. His walk is a little unsteady. He is what we might call some what "wabbly." At last he manages to get the gate open. The dog arouses from his nap and sneaks under the floor; the cat jumps up in a hurry, turns her fur the other way and scoots up a tree; the children have been on the look out and when they near the footstep on the walk, like the cat and the dog, the<sup>y</sup> seek safety in the back yard behind the kitchen; the wife and mother follow the exam<sup>5</sup>ple of the others and all at once she gets very busy in the kitchen preparing the frugal meal for the beast who is called her husband.

## GLENN PRINTING COMPANY

People who use Printing say "GLENN'S" is the Best

Madisonville, Kentucky

Love suffereth long, and is kind;  
Love envieth not;  
Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,  
Doth not behave itself unseemly,  
Seeketh not her own,  
Is not easily provoked,  
Thinketh no evil;  
Rejoiceth not in iniquity,  
but rejoiceth in the truth;  
Beareth all things, believeth all things,  
hopeth all things,  
endureth all things.

-----00000000-----

Love never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part and prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.<sup>s</sup> For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am known. And now there abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

That door to<sup>o</sup> may be closed. The outside world may not look behind the scenes and see what is there enacted. Neither is the peeping Tom needed here. We all know what kind of a name that man has. We all know what kind of a home it is. ~~There is hell on earth~~ There is hell on earth.

And by the way, I contend that while here we are to a very great extent making our hereafter. If our homes are havens of rest, heavens on earth, it is only a p/reparation for the heaven to which we all hope to go when we are done with t/he things of this earth. If we make our homes hells instead of heavens, we are only getting ready for the one which at the end of life is to be the abode of the wicked.

It is the home life that makes our nation what it is. Let me know how the home is conducted and then I can tell you just what the child is and what it will be when it becomes a man or a woman. I do feel sorry for the boy or the girl whose mother has not the time to give to that offspring a small portion of her time to its moral training. The home above all other places should be made so pleasant, so inviting, so interesting that the child would prefer that home, though humble it should be, to any other place on earth. X

We feel that we do not miss it very much when we say that the home life, the training around the fireside has much, very much, perhaps almost all to do with the success or the failure of the young men of this country. The home here on earth should be typical of the home which we all hope to inherit beyond the grave. The home is the one place where all should be peace and happiness. The place where love reigns supreme.

"Kindly heaven smiles above,  
When there's love at home.  
All the earth is full of love,  
When there's love at home.  
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,  
Brighter beams the azure sky,  
Oh there's one who smiles on high,  
When there's love at home."

The ideal life here on earth is a home, with husband, wife and children, each one trying to do his or her duty. Home happiness is not by any means gauged by the size of the room or the furnishings of the house. We make life very much what it is. To make life a success, we must have a reasonable amount of industry, enough energy that when we want a thing that we can go out after it and get it. Labor is honorable and the Lord up to the present time has never yet made a man or a woman who was too good by nature to take hold and lend a helping hand in doing, or producing some thing. It was decreed that by the sweat of the brow we should eat our bread.

We are assured that if we labor that we shall be rewarded. We need not expect to succeed without effort. We must do our part and the Lord will do his part. Depend upon the Lord, but do not depend upon him too much. The worm is made for the bird, but before the worm is caught, the bird must hunt for <sup>his</sup> dinner. There is a living for every one of God's creatures, but the creature must get out and hustle for that which satisfies.

Uncle Rastus was one of those ne'er do well darkies who was in favor with neither God nor man. His moral life was not what it should be. He was some what given to the bad habit of visiting chicken roosts at night. Uncle Rastus at last made a profession of religion and joined the church. He was prayerful and proposed to live by faith alone. At night he prayed loud and long that the Lord would send him a lot of chickens. The prayer was not answered. Then he prayed that the Lord would send him to the chicken roost and it was but a short time until the old sinner had plenty of fowl for his supper. Our prayers are perhaps all right, but unless we get out and help to answer them, they are worth nothing to us in the way of getting chickens.

Kelms

Thomas  
Linn  
to  
Linn  
Carter

When God created us he placed in every one of us an idea of the beautiful. We all have our ideals along this line, but perhaps no two agree exactly as to what is the most beautiful. The aesthetic claim that beauty is to be found only in art galleries where the masters have put on canvass, or chiseled from stone, pictures and images. These people spend hours and perhaps days, weeks and even months in gazing at these works of art. But all people cannot have the pleasure of these sights. With us, that is the common middle class, we must be content with that which some would call more common place. We have the landscape as made by the creator himself, the beautiful sunset, the birds with their sweet songs, the forest in the spring when arrayed in green or in the fall when in all the colors of the imagination can conjure up, all these and all more beautiful and lovely than can be placed on the all the canvass ever used by artists.

The love sick swain, perhaps a country boor, a fellow who could not distinguish between shoddy and broad cloth, or who would not know the difference between muslin and silk, has his ideal. Although his sweetheart may be red-headed, freckled-faced, crossed eyed, turnip nosed, with a wart on either cheek, <sup>she</sup> is to him the most beautiful object in this world, while he to her is a perfect Adonis. The bull frog on the bank croaks his love song to his sweetheart, in the marshes and believes that she, with her warty face is the most beautiful thing in nature. No doubt the alligator in the swamps of the south thinks the wide open mouth of his loved one, with its row of glistening and wicked teeth, the very essence of sweetness. So it is with all of us, and with all things created. We form our own ideals of beauty.

There is one thing however on which we can all agree and that is beauty of character. And this shines out with more luster in the character of the mother than in any other one thing in the world. With us our mothers, are, or should be the models of all that is great and noble



in this world. The mother who has not impressed her nobleness of character on her child, <sup>who</sup> ~~that~~ has not made a name for goodness with her offspring has indeed been a miserable failure, ~~in this world~~. The name of mother is one whose very mention causes the heart to beat faster, the blood to move more rapidly, a name to fire the very soul of the one who reveres that name.

~~There is no tribute too high, no eulogy too grand, eloquent,~~

There is no tribute so great, no eulogy so eloquent, no words in the English language that can fully define the meaning of that word MOTHER in its fullest sense. <sup>A Hindu proverb says:</sup> ~~A wise man once said,~~ "As God could not be everywhere, therefore he made mothers." The one who does not love, respect and revere the name of MOTHER, is not fit for service in the devil's kitchen. The true mother is the queen of the household and the older she <sup>grows</sup> ~~gets~~ the more queenly and beautiful does she become.

I hope I may be pardoned for an allusion which I wish to make in reference to one incident in the life of my mother. It is used to illustrate a point which I want to make. After she and her husband had lived together in peace for more / than forty years, had reared a family and had seen the boys and girls all married and in homes of their own, the husband and father sickened and died. For a few years that good woman remained on earth, a blessing and benediction to her children. She was a devoted christian, loved her children, her Bible and lived in faith that when her earthly labors were done that she would enter into the rest beyond the grave.

~~Her home was with her children after she became a widow.~~

After she became a widow, her home was with her children. Like most ✓ old people, she had her accustomed arm chair, her accustomed place in the <sup>home</sup> ~~room~~. I remember one summer's afternoon stepping into her room. There she was in her <sup>usual</sup> ~~accustomed~~ place. She had been reading from the word of God. The old family Bible lay open on her lap. Her hands were laid

across the book. She had fallen to sleep. I looked at her as she sat and slept. Across her face / I saw a smile play and I wondered if she were not in her dreams wandering back to her younger days when she and her husband were starting out / on life's journey; or perhaps she was dreaming that the two had met in the land beyond the skies.

Then I looked and saw the chapter she had been reading. It was the 23 Psalm, ~~that beautiful~~ in which David expresses his confidence in God's grace.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with ~~oil~~ <sup>oil</sup>; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

I did not disturb the sleeper in her dreams? Such happiness should not be rudely disturbed, even though I might so much wish to speak to the one who loved me only as a mother can love. I left her still dreaming, still smiling.

Then I thought of mother and the Bible. What though ~~the~~ religion may be a myth, a chimera of the brain; what though the Bible may be a cunningly devised fable; what though there shall be no meeting of loved ones beyond the valley and the shadow of death; what though the whole plan of salvation were the works of man, the whole idea of heaven the result of a diseased imagination, yet for the world I would not ~~not~~ destroy or

shake the faith of the christian mothers and fathers of this land. I ask for no better or safer guide in this life than my mother's Bible, I ask for nothing more comforting when I shall come down to the valley and shadow of death than the religion of my mother. "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Cold, cruel and <sup>un</sup>relentless is the man who would rob the christian of his only hope and leave <sup>fraud</sup>him on the cold, bleak and barren shores of despair.

~~There is no name in the ~~world~~ language of the world~~

The three most precious names ever spoken by human tongue are MOTHER, HOME and HEAVEN. They are names that are better than precious ointment. The mothers make the homes and happy homes are the very gateway to heaven. The mother's love is like unto that of our heavenly father-it never forsakes, but whether waking or sleeping, whether in prosperity or adversity, it is the same. When all others forsake the wayward boy, the mother's love is with the erring one and serves as a benediction to him in his darkest hours.

There is a beautiful old legend that at creation's dawn, an angel was dispatched to earth with instructions to take back with him the most beautiful thing he could find. He left the courts above and winged his way to earth. Soon he found a flower and he said, "This is beautiful." And he plucked the flower from its parent stem. Then he found a sleeping babe and on its face was a smile. This was a beautiful sight and the smile was plucked also. Beside the sleeping child was the mother with her heart full of love. And that love he plucked and placed with his other treasures. ~~Then~~

Then he took his flight back to the court of heaven. When he arrived there, he looked and behold the flowers had withered and died, the smile of the babe had vanished, but the mother's love was found to be as pure as the eternal waters that flowed by the heavenly throne.

Then all the angels exclaimed: "There is nothing on earth pure enough for heaven but a mother's love." What a sublime thought and holy moral this old legend illustrates and teaches to mortal creatures.

What of your name? What of my name? ~~A We are making names that shall live after we are gone.~~ We are writing our names every day. A few weeks since I was standing on the shores of the ever restless Gulf of Mexico. The waves were rushing and tumbling as though they wished to deluge the whole land. As the waves receded, I wrote my name in the sand on the beach. It was but a few minutes until a wave swept over the spot and the name was gone forever. Then I thought of life, ~~of the deeds and~~ ~~and~~ and thought of the name that I was making and of the writings on the <sup>a</sup> ~~spads~~ <sup>time</sup> of ~~the~~. I knew that I was every day writing my name upon the hearts of those with whom I came in contact, not in sand that was to be washed away with the incoming waves, but that my name was indelibly impressed for either good or evil upon my fellowman.

And as I saw the waters of the mighty gulf obliterate the name I had written, I thought perhaps that a heavenly father would look down in pity and in mercy and that perhaps in his goodness, ~~that perhaps~~ He might, with the blood of his son, wash out ~~of~~ from His book of remembrance the evil I had done and would remember no more forever the errors of a wayward son.

We are to be judged, not by our professions, not by our loud talks, but by what we do. ~~we love our fellowman~~ Have we charity for our brother when he falls? Do we make the world better and happier by our having lived therein? Do we love our fellowman?

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;  
 And to the presence in his room he said,  
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,  
 And with a look made of all sweet accord  
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay not so,"  
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
 But cheerily still: and said, "I pray thee then  
 Write me as one who loves his fellowmen."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night  
 It came again, with a great wakening light,  
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,  
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Finally my friends, it takes each one a whole life time to make a name, one name only, and when we are gone that name will live after we are interred in the cold ground. It takes the whole of our existence in this world to complete the name that we are making. Day by day its letters are carved, year by year they are written for weal or woe on the immortal tablets of human hearts; decade by decade they are embellished with *acts of upright Character* noble ~~deeds~~, or blurred and marred by the evil deeds of a sinful life. What shall my name be? What shall your name be? Shall the world be better by our having lived in it, or shall it be the worse for our having existed here on earth? May our names shine like diamonds in settings of pure gold and may they be emblazoned in letters of living light on the memory of humanity and be recorded in the Lamb's Book of life.