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AMERICA NEEDS THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Gen. 18:19

INTRODUCTION:

The Lord said, speaking of Abraham, for I know him - that he will command his children and his household after me. And they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice in judgement, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken.

I invite your attention to engage you in thought and every person listening to me should think about this subject. If you are a father, or a mother - son or a daughter the subject of this hour ought to secure your thoughtful attention.

*Different - man named Charles getting home after work & the only one who acts as if he cares is my little dog - go through back door wife leaves, Oh, you must have already seen through living room traps say hello to Keala TV do not hear or he walk up wrong time - sticks do work arm, out your*

First, we speak of the dearest and most sacred spot, on earth. To you and to me. It is a spot around which we have the sweetest associations. And the most precious memories. I am speaking about the home.

The longer I live and the more homes I visit from house to house, the more I see of the sorrow, the cares, the successes, and the failures of this life. The more I am impressed that the home problems are the greatest problems of our civilization. From the homes of our country, there are streams pouring out.

From the proper or improper settlement of the home question comes more joy or sorrow, or more woe than any other question. We might build our palaces, amass our great fortunes, pile up our luxuries about us, but as we sit in the midst of all of these - we discover that the home is basic.

*Tonight* That there may be staggering steps of a drunken son coming home. Or the



downward steps of a wayward daughter with happiness flying out of your heart and out of your home.

There is nothing that can cause parents to be happy when there are Godless and wayward children. In the home circle, the cottage, or the palace - there is a great possibility for joy or for sorrow. The happiness of the world can center in the home. The moral, social, and civil life of this world comes forth from the home.

Did you ever think about it? (Every) drunkard, every gambler, every lost character once sat in a mother's lap and learned the mother's tongue and was taught by mother's actions and mother's life. The downfall of every character can be traced to some defect in the homelife many times.

If God Almighty has fixed it up so that we cannot take our children to Heaven with us, he has put us in horrible condition.

One of the (prettiest pictures) on earth is furnished with the whole family on the way to Heaven. On the other hand, the most (horrible picture) is the whole family on the way to Hell. I think the book of Proverbs states it - train up a child in the way he shall go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it. A child properly trained up to the proper point, will not go astray. He may wander but he will always come back. So the normal way to get rid of drunkards is to stop raising them. The normal way to get rid of liars and thieves is to quit raising them. Every man steps from the home door out into the civil world.

When Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Talmage were talking about an international question, Mr. Gladstone looked at this great preacher and said - there is



but one question -- settle that right and you settle all others. That question (is Christianity). I think that as we stand tonight here in this place, we can say that if we settle Christianity right in the home - it will settle all questions everywhere.

The national life of this country will never rise higher nor sink lower than the home.

Napoleon being asked what is the greatest want of the French people? replied, mothers! The church life cannot rise higher than the home life. And really, I have no faith of the woman who talks of Heaven in church and makes a Hell out of home when she is there. Nor of a man who talks about a clean heart at church and then, discounts it and lives like a demon at home. Church religion never goes beyond or above home religions.

You cannot shout higher than you live. The home is the head fountain. When water rises up above it's fountain it has to be forced with an air pump or a machine. When you talk about people at church higher than they live at home, I know the talk is being forced up. People who do not quarrel at home rarely quarrel with their neighbors. As you live in the home, so you will live in the world.

Henry Grady, the brilliant Georgia orator, so short lived to the regret of his great republic tells us where he found the home of his country. As he stood in Washington and looked upon the Capitol for the first time, tears came to his eyes. He said to himself, (here is the home of my nation). That building is the official home of the greatest nation God's eyes ever saw. A few weeks later after spending the night in an old-fashioned country home, where the noble Christian father read from the old-fashioned Bible and knelt with his



children at the family altar, he said, I was mistaken in Washington. That pile of marble, magnificent as it is - is not the home of my nation. But here in these country homes are reared the men and women of my country. These homes give us our men and women. Brick and marble do not make the country. Men and women make a country. And God himself would start a nation, he made a home-life a deciding question. Our text says, he selected Abraham as the foundation on the ground set for because God knew that he would command his children and his household after him. And that to bring up Abraham, that which he had spoken of - God's ideal nation starts with the home. With the father of the home walking in the way of the Lord to do justice and judgement and his children had his household to follow after him.

The next thing we notice is that not only is a successful home connected with national life, but home must have authority and home must have example. I think this is expressed in the words, he will command his children and his household after him.

Now the school teacher meets children in the classroom under every condition. And they learn a great deal about this text - that the home authority and home example has set the great question of life concerning character.

The many homes that I have been into - I have discovered that neither the law nor the Gospel can really build a Christian nation without the help and authority of the home and the example there. Now, out-laws are not really born in the street. And the question of obedience to law is settled in childhood. The child who does not obey his father and his mother, will not obey social, civil, nor divine laws. When God said, children obey your parents, he told that obedience originated here in the home. And I think this is one of the most dangerous signs of the times.



It is the neglect of home life. And the growing disrespect for children of their parents. As one ruler of Greece says, my little child rules over Greece. Asked what he meant, he replied, the little child rules its mother, the mother rules me, and I rule Athens, and Athens rules all of Greece.

Now a six year old boy can scream and stamp and boss a household. He can postpone a trip, he can change a program, he can bring father and mother to his terms.

For example, here is a home where the father asks a little six year old child to shut the door. He replied, I won't do it. He said, well, poor papa will have to shut it himself. The child replied, I don't care, I won't. Poor papa got up and shut the door. Now if you had seen an experience such as that and had been a school teacher - you would have wanted to borrow that child for about 15 minutes. But if you had reflected on that for awhile, you would decide that the father was the one that needed lending. No man can bring a greater curse upon law and order and a good civilization - than to let a child go uncontrolled at six. At 20 he is apt to be an out-law.

The need of the world today is that children need some first class daddy's and mama's. Many of our boys are like the fellow who came down the river to Knoxville on a log raft with his father. And when asked where he was brought up, replied - I wasn't brought up at all, I just come down on the raft with Dad. Now many boys have never been properly brought up. They just drifted along with a careless father or a careless mother.

*Boy Brought Report card home - Failed Every Subject -  
Teacher, What did your father have to say & leave out the Bad words. Boy: Well He did not have anything to say!*

Now the learning and the education in college and the university may fade from your mind, but there is one simple lesson that will defy the years and that



is the lesson that you get in the home. Words of a mother make deeper impressions than any other words that touch our plastic childhood. The mother of Walter Scott was well educated and a great lover of poetry and painting. The mother of Byron was proud and ill-tempered and violent. The mother of Napoleon was full of ambition and energy. The mother of Lord Bacon was a woman of superior mind and deep piety. The mother of Nero was a murderer. The mother of Washington was a pure and good woman. The mother of Patrick Henry was eloquent in speech. The mother of John and Charles Wesley was intelligent and pious. The mother of Doddridge taught him scripture and history by the fireplace.

When the Devil robs a boy, the last thing he takes are the earthly impressions of his father and his mother.

Now you can talk with a dog trainer and he will give you two or three rules that the trainer goes by. And the (first) rule that he has is, that he gets the puppy under full control. And then everything else will fall in its place. Every father and every mother ought to promise Almighty God that they will bring their children under control with the spirit of authority. They can pray God's blessing on the child and though there may come some wayward child, but the proper combination is authority and a Godly example. Children are turned out on the streets of the city and God only knows where they go and what they do. They are like oats— they come to the head too soon (in dry weather). And there is not much there. But when girls seems to be women at 13 and boys think they are men at 14.

A man never gets over the diaster of a bad mother. He never gets away from the benediction of a good one. If a boy grows up without a mother's loving care, life is never the same to him.



Here is a boy whose mother died when he was six. He has never had the knowledge of a mother's love. His heart has starved for that all his life. But he has grown a rich and a full life and has worked in the world because he has never listened to the music of a mother's prayer. He's never been sheltered by a mother's arms. She has never shared her secrets with him. And it makes all the difference to a boy, even when he grows up and reaches manhood, if his mother is a godly woman. A Christ-like woman and not a Christless woman. If she thinks more of the soul of her child than she does about keeping her fingernails in order, or about the style of her next hat - God help the child that has a bad mother. And God help the little baby whose mother thinks more of dancing, bridge parties, and social functions when she can send the child off to sleep and then go out and play the fool in bad company.

What America needs and what all nations need this hour is good mothers, Godly mothers. And the kingdom is very short. You have heard young people say, it would be much easier for me to be a Christian if my mother was a Christian and if she would go to church, and mature spiritually.

Now young men and young women desire to follow Christ but if the home-life is worldly and if God is left out of the families program, and if Christ is not the head of the house, if he is not the chief guest at the table, things are not given the rightful place. In such a place, to be a disciple is hard. It is not the thing, it is not fashionable to do. And it is easier to go with the stream and drift further and further away from Christ.

What is there for children in such an atmosphere. You mothers have to take your stand for God and for truth. In the home, take your stand for Jesus Christ against the forces that would cause the boys and girls to sink and to

drift. Now I have seen little children in some homes follow the example of their parents. They will take up the newspaper and they'll look. And some of them look for the divorce courts - why? Because the standard of living and their way of life has caused them to think about these wrong doings and these things of shame. America needs to stand her stand for Christ against the divorce court and if we could get people to be Christians, we would have to close up and you know that this is the truth.

What kind of impression does your homelife give your child. Teach them. You cannot teach them what you do not know. You cannot give them what you do not possess.

If you have an empty cupboard, you cannot provide food for your child. If you, yourself, are not right with God - you cannot influence your child Godward. It is essentially true that the hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world.

Your child is worthy of all of this. And your child wants you to help his cause.

For example, here is a boy that has been pushed out in the world. He is on the battlefield in France dying. And he was trying to get someone to help him to pray. This man said to him, sonny, don't you know one little prayer. No sir, he whispered. (I was pushed out into the world without any prayer. My mother never taught me to pray.) Now God help any boy or girl who would have to make that confession. Some people never wake up to the importance of Godliness in the home until their boys or girls have gone to the Devil. Then they discover it was they who helped to send them there.

It is not easy to say (Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?) when you realize that he is in a far country. Eating out his heart in the swine trough and you



did nothing to hinder him from getting there. You were godless - you were in the world when you ought to have been in the church. You missed your opportunity to mold and to fashion your child in the mold and likeness of Jesus Christ. And when his character was in a plastic form, you had the chance to help fashion it according to the Master, Jesus Christ.

You mothers and fathers, this is a very solemn thing to realize perhaps above everybody else, you will be held responsible at the judgement bar of God for the fate and destiny of your children. Make no mistake about that - it is so. Now some mothers bemoan the fact that their children are gamblers. But what about you. There are mothers who will gamble at card games and they are shocked and horrified when the boy turns out to be a gambler.

What I am saying is that home instruction and example is a thing that determines what your boys and girls will be. And the Devil will try and get at your son soon enough. And you need to lead him to Christ and teach him to look to Christ.

Have you ever thought of this - that it is possible for your children to rise up and curse you, instead of calling you blessed.

I never heard any son or daughter say evil against their mothers for attending church with them every Sunday. I mean not a hit and a miss proposition but every week. And I have never seen a child curse his parents for being faithful to church, and to his Lord. But sin will make all the difference in their attitude - towards you, toward the home, toward goodness and toward God.

What I am saying is - I'm not telling you what to give up. That is not



my business tonight. I don't know what your habit is. I don't know what your sin may be. I don't know what your gripe is that you do not attend church regularly. But I am telling you there are some commandments in the Bible and it takes me all my time to keep them. Why do you ask me the question, what shall I give up. If the habit is doubtful, then if it is on your conscience - then take the question to Christ - his purity, his holiness will help you decide for that.

Anything that comes between you and God is wrong. No matter what it is. If it comes between you and God - it must go. Now in the light of that statement, you can settle all the rest of your life. God said, thou shall have no other Gods before me. The throne room of your heart is to be given over to him.

He demands a whole surrender - for mothers and for fathers. And you are going to be more likely to win your child for God and for good if you are right yourselves. Wives, you will have a better chance of leading even your husbands. Heavenly if you will trod Christ's path. But if you do not, you will stand in the way of your husband's salvation even. Any woman who is out and out Christian in the home is going to have influence. Now this means, taking up your cross. It means becoming patient, gentle, loving and victory over yourself and sin.

I would do this for the sake of the babies - boys and girls. Your provision, your influence in the home - let Christ fill your life. Tell him that you will give him your talents, your body, your mind - and stand on that promise. It is the home life that tells. And this is what God was interested in when he came and spoke about this man following him.

All  
A man saw in a town one day, an old cow trodding along at the rear of a wagon. She was not tied with a rope - but everywhere the wagon went, the nose



of the old cow was close to the hind gate. She paid no attention to carriages, wagons, or streetcars. She followed the wagon and the man couldn't understand it. He said he waited until the wagon approached him to find out the secret. And he discovered a little calf was in a box in the wagon. She was determined to see what became of her calf. He pointed that out to a friend of his and in the same way, he put attention on three little boys standing next door to a saloon across the street. He said, now I do not know where the mother of those boys is. But that old cow is a more faithful mother than the mother of those three boys. The cow is determined to know where her calf goes. But the mother of those boys doesn't care where they go.

Now I have never seen a hen gather her little ones under her wings unless a hawk flies over the yard - but you can think about the moral atmosphere that is literally full of the hawks of Hell, that mothers and fathers have protected their children and shielded them down through the years.

Mrs. Wesley used to say, and you know she gave the world a noble family, that the lives of whom will bless the world for generations to come, that her first step she says was to get complete control of the child. How this is done I cannot tell. I wish I could give some rule because each child has a different disposition. But one thing is true, authority is necessary. Take the child and the problem to God. But as you love your child and fear your God, secure it's obedience with authority.

A young man once who stood before a judge to be sentenced to death, the judge asked him if he had anything to say, as to why the sentence of death should not be passed upon him. He bowed his head and he said, "oh, if I had had a mother." Many a boy who has gone into a life of wreckless folly without the restraints of home can stand up even tonight and say, oh, if I had had a mother. If I had



had a father. Some boys can say, like the tramp, when asked how long he had been an orphan - I was born an orphan. I am profoundly thankful above all things for the fact that I have had a good mother. A mother to say to me, thou shalt not. And I tried not. If I did, then she said, I owe you thus and so. But there was authority.

I read the story about a young man who had planned to take a trip to Europe. He had read and talked and planned for months. And a few months before he was ready to go, he mentioned the trip to his mother. Since his father had died and passed on - she lived with him. And he had given her the sunniest and the best room in his home. When he mentioned about the trip she said, I am getting old. You are my only stay and I am afraid of the ocean. And I would prefer that you did not go while I live - wait until I am gone and then you can go to Europe. Well, with her sentiment - he had arranged to go. He had made all the arrangements for everything but he stopped. And he said, the trip is off. He did not argue the question but he was crushed. He did not discuss it with her. Here he was 21 years old, married, had a child. But still, according to her wishes - he was going to abide by it. A few days later he got a letter to go to Canada on a trip. And he went and enjoyed this very much. But there were things that he told a friend - about the trip he had planned across the ocean. And his friend said, well, one of the whales might have gotten you. And then he received word that a terrible railroad wreck had happened and there was a long list of those who had been killed. And looking at the list of those who had been killed, and burned, and destroyed - he threw up his hands and he said, my name would have been on that list. But for the authority of my precious mother. He turned from this journey, went back home, and then walked up the street to where his mother lived. And he could picture her weeping. And she threw her arms around him and thanked God that he was safe. He said, Mother, I have never missed when I have taken your advice. I'm sure I'll take from



this all the way to my grave. Now he learned what God said - to honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the face of the land.

Home must be a real example. It is the nature of a child to follow. Did you ever look across the room and suddenly look around and see that there is little Mary who has been hanging on to your dress - attempting to following you and has been jerked and is sprawling to the floor. Have you as a father ever reached the gate on departure from home, and there is little John at your heels. Right close by the gate, and you look up - and he says, Daddy, I want to go with you. The children go with us, they follow us.

How beautiful the sight to see a father and mother walking in the ways of righteousness and followed by holding on to God.

How horrible is the sight of a father and mother who are walking toward Hell and every little child in that home is following them, step by step. I would stay, stop my brother - stop my sister tonight.

How many of you have ever watched a little boy or a little girl come and spring out in full dress with some adult clothes on. He's tied a string around the long trousers. He's rolled the pants legs up. His coat drags the floor. He has on a big hat that hides his eyes almost. He has on some shoes that are number 9's. It is very funny and comical to see this. But if you look at it, you can see the serious side of it. Here is a lesson that is touching. Here is something that teaches us that the little boy wants to be like his father. He wants to dress in his father's clothes. And every father ought to say, God help me to go right. Look out, father, I am following



you. Every father who hears my voice tonight should not forget that there are scenes in your homes that talk to you everyday. There are scenes that cry out. Just as life and death - look out father - look out mother. I am coming after you. Don't go wrong. Don't lead the little feet astray.

Here is a father that comes into the house and he hears his little boy and little girl quarrelling, as if they were going to fight. He said, why children are you quarrelling so with each other. The little boy smilingly replies, why papa, we are not quarrelling - we are just playing papa and mama. Those little ones had heard something. If we watched our little ones we will see them playing papa and mama in more ways than one.

A minister once told of a little boy that he meant in his visiting with his hair clipped close from the top of his head. Presenting a most comical picture which called for the following explanation by his mother. This little fellow got hold of my scissors yesterday and the first thing I knew, he had clipped the hair off the top of his head. And when I asked him why he did it he replied with an air of victory, make my head like papa's head. His father was bald. How often we find a boy's head like his father's head. You know, he may be a skeptic. He may be against the church. And against everything that is godly.

x I read of a man once who went swimming in a river with his boys. He said boys we will try and swim together. And with his boys at his side, they swam together out toward the current of the river. A way out the current, the father called a halt. And advised a return. But as they turned to go back to the shore, the waters proved too swift. The distance was too great and the two boys sank by his side. He swam to the shore crying - my boys are gone.



He said the mistake I made was I swam out too far with the boys.

Now what I am talking about too far is - that men are swimming out too far in the social currents of life. In amusements, in pleasures - some of these days you are going to want to call a halt to this sort of thing. And you'll want to get back to the shores - but you'll be carried off with the current. They will walk the shores of life sad and lonely. And they will have broken hearts - and you will say, my boys are gone. My boys are gone. Why not stop tonight, young father. Why not stop right now my brother and not go any farther in the world.

I read the story of a Congressman in the United States, who had said that I have never doubted my father's piety. He has lived without reproach a Christian life in his own home. But in spite of all the teachings and examples of which I have been wonderfully blessed, little doubt would still enter my mind. When my father came to his death bed I said to myself, now is the time for me to settle some questions. I walked up to the bedside of my dying father and said, father, I know two things. You can tell me another. And these things will settle the problem of life. And the father said, what are they son. He replied, I know that you have been an honest man. You never told a story in your life. Second, I know you practiced the teachings of the Christian religion, as perfectly as man has ever followed his Christ. But the question I want to ask you is - is this religion all that you had hoped it would be. Has it in life and death proved a reality to you. He said, his father looked up and smiled, with a tear of triumph in his eye - my son, I know whom I have trusted and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day. Thank God, Christianity is all that this Congressman could ask for in life. And to hope for in the hour of death. He had lived a happy life and he is now thanking God for the reality of Christ in death. The son said I walked away from the bedside of my dying father, and so help me God from that day to this



not a shadow of doubt has ever found a place in my mind. He said, when I went to the U. S. Congress among the first packages of mail, was a package containing the works of Ingersoll with his compliments to me. I opened the package and the very sight of those books brought up a smiling face of my dying father. I carried the books and dropped them in the grate and saw them burn to ashes. I washed my hands with soap, dried them with a towel, and that is as near as I have come to going back on the faith and the life of my precious father.

Now this little bit of history teaches us that the power of Godly example - thank God for Christian parents who live and whose lives are like a beacon light.

I heard the story of Sam Jones who once was in Nashville, Tennessee. And after a sermon one day he was invited to go to the home of a local preacher. Who wanted to get the whole family together. The father had died and gone to Heaven. And they had a large family and the mother was still living. And he said, I would like to see the whole family together and have a reconsecration, and re-dedication service. And so they arranged it on a Friday for that purpose. The preacher consented to go. And so they went out to the old home out in the country. A large number of the brothers and sisters gathered. One was a farmer, one was a doctor, one was a real estate man, one was a bookkeeper. One of them was a preacher. And they all gathered.

Did you ever stand in the yard of the old home after an absence of many years and maintain memories that were brought up, by the very beaten path, tree, gate and building, and about the old place. Here this man was introduced to some noble looking men. All of them were members of the church - living consistent Christian lives except the younger boy who had wandered a little bit away from God. The old mother was happy. There were smiles on the wrinkles of



her dear face. The large old-fashioned family room - they gathered in a circle and there was a large Bible. They asked the preacher to lead the service. Do what you think is best. And so, he started the service. And then said, I think it would be good if each one of us, each child in order of his age - would tell of his experience. The oldest arose and pointed his finger to an oil portrait of his father hanging on the wall. He said there is a picture of the best father God ever gave a family. Many a time he has taken me to his secret place of prayer. Put his hand on my head and prayed for his boy. And at every turn of my life since he has left me, I have felt the pressure of his hand upon my head. And have seen the tears upon his face and have heard the prayers from his trembling lips. I have not been as good a man since his death as I ought to have been but I stand up here to tell you today that my brothers and sisters and dear mother - that I am going to live a better life from this hour until I die. I will start my family offering and come back to father's way of life. Over come with emotion, he took his seat and the children in order spoke in the same line, each one referring to the secret prayer and the hand upon the head.

At last they came to the youngest boy. His face buried in his hands and sobbing - refusing to speak. The preacher said Buddy, say a word. There is no one here but the family and it will help you. He arose, holding the back of his chair, and looking upon those around and said -- tell me, they tell me that you have come to dedicate the home to God. But my dear old mother, there has never let it go half an inch from God. They tell me that this meeting was called that my brothers and sisters might dedicate their lives to God - but they are good. I am the only black sheep in the flock. Every step I wandered away from God and from my precious father. I have felt his hand upon my head and heard his blessed word of prayer. Today I come back to God, back to my father's life, and so help me God, I will never wander away again.



Following this, there was a burst of sobbing.

The only way  
God could bring upon  
Abraham what he promised  
" Had to be trusted