

## IMMORTAL MONUMENTS

From those distant days when primitive man chiseled his hieroglyphics on the walls of his cave home, men of every generation has given vent to an inborn desire to leave behind them a record of their existence.

Unearthed ruins dateing back to the dawn of human history reveal records, relicks, paintings, and drawings that are silent memorials to men of other days. We can never forget them; they have made their own peculiar indenture on times worns and faded pages. They have made their little niche in human history that time will never erase.

This age-old desire to leave something behind when we are gone may not be an inherited proneness. It does not usually appear in youth. But it becomes almost a universal cry of every heart the moment men first realize that they are passing from this world to the beyond.

There are a thousand varied evidences that testify in a mute and silent way that men long since turned to dust, once played their role on life's moving stage, even as we are playing ours tonight.



2  
The architect leaves his name on the corner stone; the ardent, dreaming lover carves his sweethearts initials on the ~~oak~~ tree beside the babbling brook; the sculptor leaves his statues in the great museums of art; the painter hangs his pictures where unborn generations may stop for a moment to gaze and then pass on; the writer places his books on the shelves of the libraries of earth that eager, anxious youths may stop to read and go on his way better prepared to serve his generation. The athlete leaves his trophies, the warrior leaves his scars. We like to think that all of these are our heritage, that ~~they~~ are to us:

Footprints that perhaps another  
Passing over life's solemn main  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother  
Seeing may take heart again.

You have read the legendary stories of the ancient city of Troy. A city made famous by the writings of Homer, the blind minstrel. In 1933, excavations began that confirmed previous evidence that since the New Stone age, dating some five thousand years, that the ruins of nine cities had been piled one upon another. The sixth city down Homer's Troy From these unearthed ruins came relics



5  
trophies, documents that have shed light upon some of the hidden mystery of the past.

Possibly the most renowned and historical monuments on earth are the Great Pyramids of Egypt. They stand in resplendent stateliness, paying silent tribute to the multiplied thousands of human souls who laid down their lives in pileing together that masterpiece of architecture. They represent the wild fancy of pagan Pharoos who were willing to expend fabulous wealth, sacrifice unnumbered lives that their own names and deeds may never be forgotten.

If you will go in the great libraries of earth, you will find there the volumes of Shakespear, Milton, Chauser, Byron, Browning, and a thousand others. These all speak to us of years of hardship, toils, **tears**, pain, and poverty. They represent the life's blood of these great men. They are invaluable and immortal by the interwoven souls of the men who wrote them, and by the unutterable handicaps through which they were given to the world.

Wherever we move in the field of Science, invention, and modern progress, we find the imprint of **Newton. Watts.**



4  
Lewis Pasteur, Thomas Edison, Ienstine, and others. They have lighted the night like the day, made all the world our next door neighbors, and caused the desert to blossom like the rose. We could not live a day without feeling the touch of these hands upon us.

To mention one other, I suggest ~~memorix~~ the field of religion; it too, has had its part in passing down its memorial to succeeding generations. No other phase of life is more enriched, or more deeply indebted to heritage. What would religious life and thought be today if we had not the letters of Saint Paul. How poverty stricken we would be if there had been no records left by St. Augustine, Luther, Spurgeon, Talmadge, Clark, Matthew Henry, and many others. How uncertain would be our bearings, how dim our perspective if there had never been a Bunyon, a Livingston, A Wesley, A G. F. Taylor, or a J. H. King.

✓ *Link*  
All of these link us with the forgotten ages, and constantly remind us that the bridge upon which we cross the swirling, treacherous streams of life, were built by the gnarled and calloused hands of men and women of by-gone days who were expendable to the uttermost that this world might be a



burdens lighter for a single soul.

The Great Pyramid was 30 years under construction. A Million men labored like slaves day and night. Some of the stones in that structure weighed 20 tons. It is indeed a masterpiece of Architectural skill, a tribute to a pagan king. But what has the Great Pyramid done for the world to compensate for the price that was paid. It is only a fitting illustration of misguided zeal. Purposless planning and unholy ambition run riot.

You are standing tonight at the most momentous hour in human history and at the most strategic point in your life. However, you may not be able to appreciate the grave significance of this moment until you view it ~~perspectively~~.

*IN RETROSPECT*

Even so, I hesitate not to say that you are men and women of destiny. You are not just another graduating class. Across America tonight the great and small institutions of learning are sending out their graduates to take their place in the crowded thoroughfares of life. But this class does not belong to the common run. I say this because of who and what you are and because of the character of the college



7.

out of whose portals you are passing tonight.

When I consider the caliber of the men and women at whose feet you have sat and the moral and spiritual ideal taught here, I know that wherever you go and whatever you do, that the world will have to reckon with you.

At no other time since the dawn of creation could it be more truly said than now that no man liveth to himself. The person whose vision culminates with his own day or whose dreams do not reach beyond the horizon does not justify his right to live. To think in terms of the span of one natural life is to live on the level of the tribe of Esau. To make your calculations in the first person or in the present tense is to place your name in the category of the men who might have been. To chain your immortal soul to the sphere of the physical and mortal is worse than clipping the wings of the great eagle or confining to servitude and slavery the youth with the call of the distant hills strong in his breast. Just as the hands long stilled by death reach out of the silent past, and touch our shoulders tonight, just as the voices long silent come whispering out of the shadows into



our ears, just as the lives of the good and great of the yesteryears gather about us to inspire, to encourage, to warn and rebuke, so will we in a little while be coming back to speak to the unborn generations. The question of the hour is what will our message be to them. Will it be that of the rich man who would send to his five brothers the warning "Don't do as I have done lest ye also come to this place of torment", or will it be the message of Samuel to Saul "Why did you disturb me from my peace and rest?" May it be like that of the Sainted Apostle Paul who at the moment when he wanted to be a light to guide his followers after he had gone--"Follow me as I have followed Christ."

No other people at no other time, under no other circumstances looking out through the golden arch of youth has a ~~gre~~ greater advantage than you. You're in a position now to call the ~~play~~ *play* in your own game of life. It's the way you call them now that will determine whether you cross the goal line before the game is over.

One of the first questions that will confront you will be What do you expect of life and what do you intend to give.



9.

I bargained with life for a penny  
And life would give no more  
However, I begged at evening  
When I counted my scanty score

For life is a just employer  
She gives us what we ask  
She always pays her wages  
When we have done the task

We're told that the truest form of reality consists of those invisible principles that age not with time--that brighten with use and service. If we are to bless the world, for more than one generation, if we are to join the honor roll of the immortals, we must come to grips with the eternal verities that abide forever. To write our deeds upon marble is not enough, to inscribe our achievements upon the pages of a book cannot be the supreme achievement. We must identify ourselves with the unchanging values that make for true greatness. This was the policy of Jesus who well earned the tribute of the poem,



Jesus stooped and wrote in the sand  
 And the tracing was lost in a day  
 But He stooped and wrote in the hearts of men  
 and the writing will last alway

Yet, ever we seek to continue our fame  
 On the records that crumble and mold  
 When a single stamp on the heart of man ~~xx~~  
 Will last till the ages grow old.

A young man once asked the great Henry Ward Beacher for direction to an easy place in life. said Mr Beacher, if you are looking for an easy profession I would advise you not to enter the ministry, for there the going is tough. Dont study law, that too is hard. And by no means teach or farm, in fact the only easy place I know of is in the grave.

This is by no means an inference of the reflection of your attitude towards life. It is but a contrast to show the other extreme.

Need I tell you that competition is the life of trade.  
 That difficulty and hardships are builders of character.  
 That trials, suffering and struggle are the elements that



make for immortality.

The people of the past whom we remember best are those who stretched their life upon the altar of sacrifice and gave all for the cause they represented.

The iron that pierced Joseph's soul in Pharaoh's prison, put the temper in his character that will make him outlive time and be at home in eternity.

While Belshazzar was making a feast to thousands of his lords and drinking wine to the gods of silver and gold, Daniel was opening his window ~~and pray~~ toward Jerusalem and praying three times a day and tonight Belshazzar and Babylon belong to the past and Daniel belongs to the ages. While Nero lavished on the throne, Paul groveled in the prison. And today men call their dogs Nero and name their children Paul.

~~One day when~~ Around the middle of the nineteenth century while other young men were going the ropes of pleasure one young man was studying by a pine log fire saying, "I'm going to be a man. And one day when America was looking for a man to fill a big place. She found Abraham Lincoln and raised him from obscurity to the highest pinnacle of popular favor."



Every man for a hundred years from today who looks upon this ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ magnificent superstructure will be reminded that one day a man by the name of G. F. Taylor hobbled over these hills, and dreamed, prayed and labored

And finally in that far off tomorrow, when time has lost its limitations in an on rolling eternity, and when the redeemed of all ages look back upon the forgotten ruins of this world, there will be unnumbered witnesses who will stand up to testify that the influence of Thomas L. Aaron came into their life for good.

Let not procrastination steal from you the opportunities that come with the flood tide of your life, What thou doest do quickly. If you would finish your task before ye die do as these have done.

Daniel was a hero at 17-

David killed the giant while the blush of youth was still in his cheek.

Alexander conquered the world at 31.

Napoleon ruled Italy at 26.

George Washington was a general at 25

Hannibal ruled Carthage at 26



Joan of Arch saved France at 18

Bacon graduated from Cambridge at 16

Wesley, Luther, Spurgeon rocked the world toward God  
while still in their twenties.

Jesus Christ redeemed the human race at the age of 33.