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# THE CENTRAL TIMES.

DR. J. H. DANIEL Editor and Proprietor. "PROVE ALL THINGS, AND HOLD FAST TO THAT WHICH IS GOOD." \$1.00 Per Year. In Advance

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## THE HUMAN FACE.

Dr. Talmage Brings Words of Cheer to Homely People.

With God in Their Lives and Love in Their Hearts the Homeliest Faces May Become Transfigured and Attractive.

As the subject of a recent sermon in the Brooklyn tabernacle Rev. T. De Witt Talmage took "The Human Face," basing his words on the text:

A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine and the boldness of his face shall be changed.—Ecclesiastes, viii., 1.

Thus a little change in our English translation brings out the better meaning of the text, which sets forth that the character of the face is decided by the character of the soul. The main features of our countenance were decided by the Almighty, and we can not change them; but under God we decide whether we shall have countenances benignant or baleful, sour or sweet, wrathful or genial, benevolent or mean, honest or scoundrelly, impudent or modest, courageous or cowardly, frank or sneaking. In all the works of God there is nothing more wonderful than the human countenance. Though the longest face is less than twelve inches from the hair line of the forehead to the bottom of the chin, and the broadest face is less than eight inches from cheek bone to cheek bone, yet in that small compass God hath wrought such differences that the one billion and six hundred million of the human race may be distinguished from each other by their facial appearance. The face is ordinarily the index of character. It is the throne of emotions. It is the battlefield of the passions. It is the catalogue of character. It is the map of the mind.

Now, what practical religious and eternal use would I make of this subject? I am going to show that while we are not responsible for features, the Lord Almighty having decided what they shall be pre-natally, as the Psalmist declares when He writes: "In Thy book all my members were written which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them," yet the character which under God we form will chisel the face most mightily. Every man would like to have been made in appearance an Aleibiades, and every woman would like to have been made a Josephine. We all want to be agreeable. Our usefulness depends so much upon it that I consider it important and Christian for every man and woman to be as agreeable as possible. The sloven, the sloven, the man who does not care how he looks, all such people lack equipment for usefulness. A minister who has to throw a quid of tobacco out of his mouth before he begins to preach, or Christians with beard untrimmed, making them to look like wild beasts come out of the liar, yea, unkempt, uncombed, unwashed, disagreeable men or women, are a hindrance to religion more than a recommendation.

And now I am going to tell you of some of the chisels that work for the disfiguration or irradiation of the human countenance. One of the sharpest and most destructive of these chisels of the countenance is Cynicism. That sours the disposition and then sours the face. It gives a contemptuous curl to the lip. It draws now the corners of the mouth and inflates the nostrils as with a malodor. What David said in haste they say in their deliberation: "All men are liars;" everything is going to ruin. All men and women are bad, or going to be. Society and the church are on the down grade. Tell them of an act of benevolence, and they say he gave that to advertise himself. They do not like the present fashion of hats for women, or of coats for men. They are opposed to the administration, municipal, and state, and national. Somehow, food does not taste as it used to, and they wonder why there are no poets, or orators, or preachers, as when they were boys. Even Solomon, one of the wisest, and at one time one of the best, of men, calls into the pessimistic mood, and cries out in the twenty-first chapter of Proverbs: "Who can find a virtuous woman?" If he had behaved himself better and kept in good associations he would not have written that interrogatory point implying the scarcity of good womanhood. Cynicism, if a habit, as it is with tens of thousands of people, writes itself all over the features; hence so many sour visages all up and down the church and the world. One good way to make the world worse is to say it is worse. Let a depressed and foreboding opinion of everything take possession of you for twenty years and you will be a sight to behold. It is the chastisement of God that when a man allows his heart to be cursed with cynicism his face becomes gloomed and scowled and lachrymosed and blasted with the same midnight

But let Christian cheerfulness try its chisel upon a man's countenance. Feeling that all things are for his good, and that God rules, and that the Bible being true the world's floralization is rapidly approaching, and the day when beer-wag, and demijohn, and distillery, and bomb-shell, and rifle-pit; and seventy-four pounders, and roulette tables, and corrupt books, and satanic printing press will have quit work, the brightness that comes from such anticipation not only gives zest to his work, but shines in his eyes and glows in his cheeks and kindles a morning in his entire countenance. Those are the faces that look for in an audience. Those countenances are sections of a millennial glory. They are Heaven impersonated. They are the sculpturing of God's right hand. They are hosannas in human flesh. They are hallelujahs alighted. They are Christ incarnated. I do not care what your features are or whether you look like your father, or your mother, or no one under the heavens—to God and man you are beautiful. Michael Angelo, the sculptor, visiting Florence, some one showed him in a back yard a piece of marble that was so shapeless it seemed of no use, and Angelo was asked if he could make anything out of it, and if so was told he could own it. The artist took the marble, and for nine months shut himself up to work, first trying to make of it a statue of David with his foot on Goliath, but the marble was not quite long enough at the base to make the prostrate form of the giant, and so the artist fashioned the marble into another figure that is so famous for all time because of its expressiveness. A critic came in and was asked by Angelo for his criticism, and he said it was beautiful, but the nose of the statue was not of right shape. Angelo picked up from the floor some sand and tossed it about the face of the statue, pretending he was using his chisel to make the improvement suggested by the critic. "What do you think of it now?" said the artist. "Wonderfully improved," said the critic. "Well," said the artist, "I have not changed it at all." My friends, the grace of God comes to the heart of a man or woman and then attempts to change a forbidding and prejudicial face into attractiveness. Perhaps the face is most unpromising for the Divine Sculptor. But having changed the heart it begins to work on the countenance with celestial chisel, and into all the lineaments of the face puts a gladness and an expectation that changes it from glory to glory, and though earthly criticism may disapprove of this or that in the appearance of the face, Christ says of the newly-created countenance that which Pilate said of Him: "Behold the man!"

Here is another mighty chisel for the countenance, and you may call it revenge, or hate, or malevolence. This spirit having taken possession of the heart in encamps seven devils under the eyebrows. It puts cruelty into the compression of the lips. You can tell from the man's look that he is pursuing some one and trying to get even with him. There are suggestions of Nero, and Robespierre, and Diocletian, and thumbscrews, and racks all up and down the features. Infernal artists with murderers' daggers have been cutting away at that visage. The revengeful heart has built its perdition in the revengeful countenance. Disfiguration of diabolic passion!

But here comes another chisel to shape the countenance, and it is kindness. There came a moving day, and into her soul moved the whole family of Christian graces, with all the children and grandchildren, and the command comes from the heavens that that woman's face shall be made to correspond with her superb soul. Her entire face from ear to ear becomes the canvas on which all the best artists in Heaven begin to put their finest strokes, and on the small compass of that face are put pictures of sunrise over the sea, and angels of mercy going up and down ladders all a-flash, and mountains of transfiguration and noon-day in Heaven. Kindness! It is the most magnificent sculptor that ever touched human countenance. No one could wonder at the unusual geniality in the face of William Windom, secretary of the treasury of the United States after seeing him at the New York banquet just before he dropped dead, turning his wine-glass upside down, saying: "I may be doing this offend some, but by not do it, I might damage many." Be kind to your friends. Be kind to your enemies. Be kind to the young. Be kind to the old. Be kind to your rulers. Be kind to your servants. Be kind to your superiors. Be kind to your inferiors. Be kind to your horse. Be kind to your cat. Morning, noon and night be kind, and the effects of it will be written in the language of your face. That is the Gospel of physiognomy.

A Bayonne merchant was in the south of Europe for his health, and sitting on the terrace one morning in

his invalidism, he saw a riller flung from a horse into the river, and without thinking of his own weakness, the merchant flung off his invalid's gown and leaped into the stream and swam to the drowning man, and clutching him as he was about to go down the last time, bore him in safely to the bank, when glancing into the face of the rescued man, he cried: "My God! I have saved my own son!" All kindness comes back to us in one way or another if not in any other way then in your own face. Kindness! Show it to others, for the time may come when you will need it yourself. People laughed at the lion because he spared the mouse that ran over him, when by one motion of his paw the monster could have crushed the insignificant disturber. But it was well that the lion had mercy on the mouse, for one day the lion was caught in a trap and roared fearfully because he was held fast by ropes. Then the mouse gnawed off the ropes and let the lion go free. You may consider yourself a lion, but you can not afford to despise a mouse. When Abraham Lincoln pardoned a young soldier at the request of his mother the mother went down the stairs of the White House saying: "They have lied about the president's being homely; he is the handsomest man I ever saw." All over that president's rugged face was written the kindness which he so well illustrated when he said: "Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination in the army by pardons and respites, but it makes me rested after a hard day's work if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happier as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family." Kindness! It makes the face to shine while life lasts, and after death puts a summer sunset between the still lips and the smoothed hair that makes me say sometimes at obsequies: "She seems too beautiful to bury."

But here comes another chisel, and its name is hypocrisy. Christ with one terrific stroke in His Sermon on the Mount described this character: "When ye fast be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance; for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast." Hypocrisy having taken possession of the soul it immediately appears in the countenance. Hypocrites are always solemn. They carry several country graveyards in their faces. They are tearful when there is nothing to cry about, and in their prayers they catch for their breath, and have such general dolefulness that they disgust young people with religion. Ween had one of them in one of my churches. When he exhorted he always deplored the low state of religion in other people, and when he prayed it was an attack of hysteria, and he went into a paroxysm of ohs and ahs that seemed to demand resuscitation. He went on in this way until we had to expel him from church for stealing the property entrusted to him as administrator, and for other vices that I will not mention, and he wrote me several letters not at all complimentary from the west saying that he was daily praying for my everlasting destruction. A man can not have hypocrisy in his heart without somehow showing it in his face. All intelligent people who witness it know it is nothing but a dramatization.

Here comes another chisel, and that belongs to the old-fashioned religion. It first takes possession of the whole soul, washing out sins by the blood of the Lamb and starting Heaven right there and then. This done deep down in the heart, religion says: "Now let me go up to the windows and front gate of the face and set up some signal that I have taken possession of this castle. I will celebrate the victory by an illumination that no one can mistake. I have made this man happy, and now I will make him look happy. I will draw the corner of his mouth as far up as they were drawn down. I will take the contemptuous curl away from the lip and nostril. I will make his eyes flash and his cheeks glow at every mention of Christ and Heaven. I will make even the wrinkles of his face look like furrows plowed for the harvests of joy. I will make what we call the "crow's feet around his temples suggestive that the dove of peace has been alighting there." There may be signs of trouble on that face, but trouble sanctified. There may be scars of battle on that face, but they will be scars of campaigns won.

But I can tell you of a more sympathetic and more tender and more loving face than any of the faces I have mentioned. "No, you can not," says some one. I can and I will. It is the face of Jesus Christ as He was on earth and is now in Heaven. When preparing my "Life of Christ," entitled "From Manager to Throne," I ran-

sacked the art galleries and portfolios of the world to find a picture of our Saviour's face that might be most expressive, and I saw it as Francesco Francia painted it in the sixteenth century, and as the emerald intaglio of the sixth century presented it, and as a fresco in the catacombs near Rome preserved it, and as Leonardo Da Vinci showed it in "The Last Supper," and I looked in the Louvre and the Luxembourg and the Vatican and the Dresden and the Berlin and Neapolitan and London galleries for the most inspiring face of Christ, and many of the presentations were wonderful for pathos and majesty, and power, and execution, but although I selected that by Ary Scheffer as in some respects the most expressive, I felt, as we all feel, that our Christ has never yet been presented either in sculpture or painting, and that we will have to wait until we rise to the upper palace, where we shall see Him as He is. What a gentle face it must have been to induce the babes to struggle out of their mothers' arms into His arms! What an expressive face it must have been when one reproving look of it threw stalwart Peter into a fit of tears! What a pleading face it must have been to lead the Psalmist in prayer to say of it: "Look upon the face of Thine anointed." What a sympathetic face it must have been to encourage the sick woman, who was beyond any help of the doctors, to touch the hem of His garment! What a suffering face it must have been when suspended on the perpendicular and horizontal pieces of the wood of martyrdom, and His antagonists slapped the pallid cheek with their rough hands, and befouled it with the saliva of their blasphemous lips! What a tremendous face it must have been to lead St. John to describe it in the coming judgment as scattering the universe when He says: "From whose face the earth and the Heaven fled away."

Oh, Christ! Once the Nazarene, but now the Celestial! Once of cross, but now of throne! Once crowned with stinging bramble, but now crowned with the jewels of ransomed empire! Turn on us Thy pardoning face and forgive us; Thy sympathetic face and console us; Thy suffering face and have Thy atonement avail for us; Thy omnipotent face and rescue us. Oh, what a face! So scarred, so lacerated, so resplendent, so overwhelmingly glorious that the seraphim put wing to wing, and with their combined pinions keep off some of the surer that is too mighty even for eyes cherubic or archangelic; and yet this moving turning upon us with a sheathed splendor like that with which He appeared when He said to the mothers baneful about presenting their children: "Suffer them to come;" and to the poor wail of the street: "Neither do I condemn thee;" and to the eyes of the blind beggar of the wayside: "Be opened." I think my brother John, the returned foreign missionary, dying summer before last at Bound Brook, caught a glimpse of that face of Christ when in his dying hour my brother said: "I shall be satisfied when I wake in His likeness." And now unto Him that loves us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion, forever and ever, Amen and Amen! Amen and Amen!

—Are you willing to take your weights and measures to the judgment with you?

### FAITH.

I was in a crowded depot not long ago. A dozen trains were on there respective tracks. Hundreds of passengers were jostling each other in their haste to get tickets or baggage-checks. Everybody was moving, pushing, hurrying, worrying. But in one corner of the ladies' room sat a little girl looking calmly on that scene of confusion. I said to her, "Why are you so quiet my child? Have you reached the end your journey?" "Oh, no," she replied, "we are going away down into Texas, but 'a-ther to me to sit here while he attended to the tickets and baggage." If that child had not trusted her father she would have been running to and fro adding confusion and to his anxiety. By her quietness she showed her faith. To sit still and wait was the wisest thing she could do. And it is often so with us. Our heavenly Father cares for us. He will attend to the tickets and baggage. He will make all things work together for good to them that love Him. And if we love Him we must trust Him—The Occident.