

# THE CENTRAL TIMES.

State Library

DR. J. H. DANIEL, Editor and Proprietor.

"PROVE ALL THINGS, AND HOLD FAST TO THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

\$1.00 Per Year, In Advance

VOL. IV.

DUNN, HARNETT CO., THURSDAY MARCH 15 1894.

NO. 3.

## DIRECTORY.

**TOWN OFFICERS**—Mayor, E. A. Parker, Commissioner, J. H. Pope, J. C. Cox, P. T. Massengill, F. T. Moore, Attorney, F. P. Jones, Marshal, M. L. Wash.

### Churches

**METHODIST**—Rev. Geo. T. Simmons, Pastor. Services every First Sunday, and 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. every Fourth Sunday. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 7 o'clock. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. G. K. Grantham, Superintendent. Meeting of Sunday-school Missionary Society every 4th Sunday afternoon. Young men's Prayer-meeting every Monday night.

**PRESBYTERIAN**—Rev. A. M. Hassell, Pastor. Services every First and Fifth Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Dr. J. H. Daniel, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 7 o'clock.

**DISCIPLES**—Rev. J. J. Harper, Pastor. Services every Third Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 o'clock. Prof. W. C. Williams, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 7 o'clock.

**MISSIONARY BAPTIST**—Rev. N. E. Cobb, D. D. Pastor. Services every Second Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. R. G. Taylor, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 8 o'clock.

**FREE-WILL BAPTIST**—Rev. J. H. Worley, Pastor. Services every Fourth Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday school every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Erasmus Lee, Superintendent.

**PRIMITIVE BAPTIST**—Elder Burnice Wood, Pastor. Services every Third Sunday at 11 a. m. and Saturday before the Third Sunday at 11 a. m.

**LEE J. BEST,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
DUNN, N. C.  
Practice in all the Courts.  
Prompt attention to all business.  
J 25 1 y

**A NEW LAW FIRM.**  
D. H. McLean and J. A. Farmer  
have this day associated themselves  
together in the practice of law in all  
the courts of the State.  
Collections and general practice  
solicited.  
D. H. McLEAN, of Lillington, N. C.  
J. A. FARMER, of Dunn, N. C.  
May-11-93.

**DR. J. H. DANIEL,**  
DUNN, HARNETT CO.,  
N. C.  
Practice confined to the disease of  
Cancer.  
Positively will not visit patients  
at a distance.  
A pamphlet on Cancer, its Treatment  
and Cure, will be mailed to any  
address free of charge.

**W. E. MURCHISON,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
Will Practice in all the surround-  
ing counties.  
JONESBORO, N. C.  
April-21-92.

**MILLINERY**  
HAVE YOU EXAMINED  
THE BARGAINS MISS  
MCKAY IS OFFERING IN  
LADIES, MISSES AND CHILD-  
REN'S HATS!  
SHE ALSO HAS ON HAND A  
BEAUTIFUL LINE OF VEILING.  
LADIES AND MISSES CORSETS.  
INFANTS AND CHILDREN'S  
CAPS, MERINE VESTS, HOSIE-  
RY, GLOVES AND MANY OTH-  
ER THINGS TOO NEUMERCUS  
TO MENTION, AND ALL AT  
HER USUAL LOW PRICES.  
SATISFACTION  
GUARANTEED.

## FORTY YEARS.

"Married, how long ago? Count the years by  
the slim, old wedding ring.  
Once thick and heavy, how fast they fly,  
the winners that melt in spring.  
And youth goes with them, so love, sweet-  
hearts, is the only lasting thing!"

We two, ah, what did we know of love,  
when roses of June were red?  
When you waltz sweet feet at a song, or sob-  
bed for some thoughtless word I said,  
And blushed if I only pressed your hand or a  
kiss on your fair brown head.

Our hearts were light as bright bubbles  
blow, like children in fairy land  
We wandered down where the daisies grew,  
to that wonderful Eden strand,  
Where all the dreams of the heart come  
true, and lovers walk hand in hand.

Since then, since then oh, the long, long road  
we have wandered through calm and storm,  
When leaves blew by us and snowflakes  
whirled, we watched the swallows form  
in winged clouds sweeping down the sky to  
lands where the sun was warm

There was always brightness for you and me  
and over the tears we wept.  
For life's sore losses and hurtling pain, a  
rainbow of hope still crept.  
And deep in your sweet, tear-clouded eyes  
my sunshine forever slept!

Look at me, dear, with your true, kind eyes,  
beaming under your soft, white hair;  
They are far more beautiful now, sweeter,  
than when morning and youth were fair;  
And far more lovely your pale, worn cheeks  
than when blushes were burning there.

I talk like a lover? Of course I do. What else  
should I talk like, pray?  
For a man is never a lover true to the girl of  
his heart, I say,  
Till he's lived as her husband, forty years and  
seen her grow old and gray."

## CHRIST THE CONQUEROR.

A Sacramental Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

What Christ Has Done for Man Man is  
Constantly Doing for Those Depend-  
ant Upon Him in the  
Home Circle.

The following sacramental discourse  
on the subject: "Christ the Conqueror"  
was delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Tal-  
mage in the Brooklyn tabernacle, the  
text being:

Who is this that cometh from Edom, with  
dye'd garments from Bozrah? this that is glori-  
ous in his apparel, travelling in the greatness  
of his strength—is aiahk lxiii.  
Edom and Bozrah, having been the  
scene of fierce battle, when those  
words are used here or in any other  
part of the Bible, they are figures of  
speech setting forth scenes of severe  
conflict. As now we often use the  
word Waterloo to describe a decisive  
contest of any kind, so the words Boz-  
rah and Edom in this text are figures  
of speech descriptive of a scene of  
great slaughter. Whatever else the  
prophet may have meant to describe,  
he most certainly meant to depict the  
Lord Jesus Christ, saying: "Who is  
that cometh from Edom, with dye'd  
garments from Bozrah, traveling in  
the greatness of his strength?"

When a general is about to go out  
to the wars, a flag and a sword are  
publicly presented to him, and the  
maidens bring flowers, and the young  
men load the cannon, and the train  
starts amid a huzza that drowns  
the thunder of the wheels and the  
shriek of the whistle. But all this  
will give no idea of the excitement  
that there must have been in Heaven  
when Christ started out on the cam-  
paign of the world's conquest. If they  
could have foreseen the siege that  
would be laid to Him, and the mal-  
treatment He would suffer, and the  
burdens He would have to carry, and  
the battles He would have to fight, I  
think there would have been a million  
volunteers in Heaven who would have  
insisted on coming along with Him;  
but no, they only accompanied Him to  
the gate, their last shout heard clear  
down to the earth, the space be-  
tween the two worlds bridged  
with a great hosanna. You know  
there is a wide difference be-  
tween a man's going off to battle  
and coming back again. When he goes  
off, it is with epaulets untangled, with  
banner unspecked, with horses sleek  
and shining from the groom. All that  
there is of struggle and pain is to  
come yet. So it was with Christ.  
He had not yet fought a battle. He  
was starting out, and though this  
world did not give Him a warm-hearted  
greeting, there was a gentle mother  
who folded Him in her arms; and a  
babe finds no difference between a  
stable and a palace, between courtiers  
and camel-drivers. As Jesus stepped  
on the stage of this world, it was  
amidst angelic shouts in the galleries  
and amidst the kindest maternal ad-  
ministrations. But soon hostile  
forces began to gather. They de-  
ployed from the Sanhedrim. They  
were detailed from the standing army.  
They came out from the Casarean cas-  
tles. The vagabonds in the street joined  
the gentlemen of the mansion. Spirits  
rode up from hell, and in long array  
there came a force together that  
threatened to put to rout this newly-  
arrived one from Heaven. Jesus now  
seeing the battle gathering lifted His  
own standard; but who gathered  
about it? How feeble the re-  
cruits! A few shoremen, a blind beg-

gar, a woman with an anabaster box,  
another woman with two mites, and a  
group of friendless, moneyless and  
positionless people came to His stand-  
ard. What chance was there for Him?  
Nazareth against Him. Bethlehem  
against Him. Capernaum against Him.  
Jerusalem against Him. Galilee  
against Him. The courts against Him.  
The army against Him. The throne  
against Him. The world against Him.  
All hell against Him. No wonder  
they asked Him to surrender. But He  
could not surrender, He could not  
apologize, He could not take any back-  
steps. He had come to strike for the  
deliverance of an enslaved race, and  
He must do the work. Then they sent  
out their pickets to watch Him. They  
saw in what house He went, and when  
He came out. They watched what He  
ate, and who with; what He drank,  
and how much. They did not dare to  
make their final assault, for they knew  
not but that behind Him there might  
be re-enforcement that was not seen.  
But at last the battle came. It was  
to be more fierce than Bozrah, more  
bloody than Gettysburg, involving  
more than Austerlitz, more combats  
employed than at Chalons, a ghastlier  
conflict than all the battles  
of the earth together, though Edmund  
Burke's estimate of thirty-five thou-  
sand millions of the slain be accurate.  
The day was Friday. The hour was  
between 12 and 3 o'clock. The field  
was a slight hillock northwest of Jeru-  
salem. The forces engaged were earth  
and hell, joined as allies, on one side,  
and Heaven represented by a solitary  
inhabitant, on the other.

The hour came. Oh, what a time it  
was! I think that that day the uni-  
verse looked on. The spirits that  
could be spared from the heavenly  
temple, and could get conveyance of  
wing or chariot, came down from  
above, and spirits getting furlough  
from beneath came up, and they list-  
ened, and they looked, and they  
watched. Oh, what an uneven battle!  
Two worlds armed on one side; an un-  
armed man on the other. The regi-  
ment of the Roman army at that time  
stationed at Jerusalem began the at-  
tack. They knew how to fight, for  
they belonged to the most thoroughly-  
drilled army of all the world.  
With spears glittering in the  
sun they charge up the hill. The  
horses prance and rear amidst  
the excitement of the populace—the  
heels of the riders plunged in the  
flanks, urging them on. The weapons  
begin to tell on Christ. See how faint  
He looks. There the blood starts, and  
there, and there, and there. If He is

to have reinforcements let Him call  
them up now. No; He must do this  
work alone—alone. He is dying. Feel  
for yourself of the wrist; the pulse is  
feeble. Feel under the arm; the  
warmth is less. He is dying. Ay,  
they pronounce Him dead. And just  
at that moment that they pronounced  
Him dead He rallied, and from His  
wounds He unsheathed a weapon  
which staggered the Roman legions  
down the hill and hurled the satanic  
battalions into the pit. It was a weapon  
of love—infinite love, all-conquering  
love. Mightier than javelin or spear.  
It triumphed over all. Put back, ye  
armies of earth and hell! The tide of  
battle turns. Jesus hath overcome.  
Let the people stand apart and make a  
line, that He may pass down from Cal-  
vary to Jerusalem, and thence on and  
out all around the world. The battle  
is fought. The victory is achieved.  
The triumphal march is begun. Hark  
to the hoofs of the warrior's steed,  
and the tramping of a great multitude!  
For He has many friends now. The  
Hero of earth and Heaven advances.  
Cheer! cheer! "Who is this that com-  
eth from Edom, with dye'd garments  
from Bozrah, traveling in the great-  
ness of His strength?"

We behold here a new revelation of  
a blessed and startling fact. People  
talk of Christ as though He were  
going to do something grand for us after  
awhile. He has done it. People talk  
as though, ten or twenty years from  
now, in the closing hours of our life,  
or in some terrible pass of life, Jesus  
will help us. He has done the work  
already. He did it eighteen hundred  
and sixty-one years ago. You might  
as well talk of Washington as though  
he were going to achieve our national  
independence in 1850, as to speak  
of Christ as though He was going to  
achieve our salvation in the future. He  
did it in the year of our Lord 33, eight-  
een hundred and sixty-one years ago,  
on the field of Bozrah, the captain of  
our salvation fighting unto death for  
you and my emancipation. All we  
have to do is to accept that fact in our  
heart of hearts, and we are free for  
this world and we are free for the  
world to come. But, lest we might  
not accept, Christ comes through here  
to-day, "traveling in the greatness of  
His strength," not to tell you that He  
is going to fight for you some battle  
in the future, but to tell you that the  
battle is already fought, and the vic-  
tory already won.

You have noticed that, when soldiers

come home from the wars, they carry  
on their flags the names of the battle-  
fields where they were distinguished.  
The Englishman coming back has on  
his banner Inkermann and Balaklava;  
the Frenchman, Jena and Eylau; the  
German, Versailles and Sedan. And  
Christ has on the banner He carries as  
conquerer the names of ten thousand  
battlefields He won for you and for me.  
He rides past all our homes of be-  
reavement—by the door bell swathed  
in sorrow, by the wardrobe black with  
woe, by the dismantled fortress of our  
strength. Come out and greet Him to-  
day, O, ye people! See the names of  
all the battle-passes on His flag.  
Ye who are poor read on this  
ensign the story of Christ's hard  
crusts and pillowless head. Ye  
who are persecuted read here of the  
ruffians who chased Him from His first  
breath to His last. Mighty to soothe  
your troubles, mighty to balk your  
foes, "traveling in the greatness of His  
strength." Though the horse be  
brown with the dust of His master, and  
the fetlocks be wet with the carnage,  
and the bit be red with the blood of  
your spiritual foes. He comes up now,  
not exhausted from the battle, but  
fresh as when He went into it—coming  
up from Bozrah, "traveling in the  
greatness of His strength."

You know that when Augustus, and  
Constantine, and Trajan, and Titus  
came back from the wars what a time  
there was. You know they came on  
horseback or in chariots, and there  
were trophies before and there were  
captives behind, and there were peo-  
ple shouting from all sides, and there  
were garlands flung from  
the windows, and over the high-  
way a triumphal arch was sprung.  
The solid masonry to-day at Beneven-  
tum, Rimini and Rome still tell  
their admiration of their heroes.  
And shall we let our Conqueror go  
without lifting any acclaim? Have  
we not flowers red enough to depict  
the carnage, white enough to celebrate  
the victory, fragrant enough to  
breathe the joy? Those men of whom  
I just spoke dragged their victims at  
the chariot wheels; but Christ, our  
Lord, takes those who once were cap-  
tives and invites them into His chariot  
to ride, while He puts around them  
the arm of His strength, saying: "I  
have loved thee with an everlasting  
love, and the waters shall not drown  
it, and the fires shall not burn it, and  
eternity shall not exhaust it."

If this be true, I can not see how any  
man can carry his sorrows a great  
while. If this Conqueror from Bozrah  
is going to beat back all your griefs,  
why not trust Him? Oh! do you not  
feel under this Gospel your griefs fall-  
ing back, and your tears drying up, as  
you hear the tramp of a thousand illu-  
strous promises led on by the Conqueror  
from Bozrah, "traveling, traveling, in  
the greatness of His strength?"  
On that Friday which the Episcopal  
church rightly celebrates, calling it  
"Good Friday," your soul and mine  
were contended for. On that day  
Jesus proved Himself mightier than  
earth and hell; and when the lances  
struck Him, He gathered them up into  
a sheaf, as a reaper gathers the grain,  
and He stacked them. Mounting the  
horse of the Apocalypse, He rode down  
through the ages, "traveling in the  
greatness of His strength." On that  
day your sin and mine perished, if we  
will only believe it.

There may be some one here who  
may say: "I don't like the color of  
this Conqueror's garments. You tell  
me that His garments were not only  
spattered with the blood of conflict,  
but also that they were soaked, that  
they were saturated, that they were  
dye'd in it. I admit it. You say you do  
not like that. Then I quote to you  
two passages of Scripture: "Without  
the shedding of blood there is no re-  
mission." "In the blood is the atone-  
ment." But it was not your blood. It  
was His own. Not only enough to red-  
den His garments and to redder His  
horse, but enough to wash away the  
sins of the world. Oh, the blood on  
His brow, the blood on His hand, the  
blood on His feet, the blood on His side!  
It seems as if an artery must have been  
cut.

There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.  
Or perhaps the mother lingers long  
enough to see a son get on the wrong  
road and his former kindness becomes  
rough reply when she expresses  
anxiety about him. But she goes  
right on, looking carefully after his  
apparel, remembering his every birth-  
day with some memento, and when he  
is brought home worn out with dissipa-  
tion, nurses him till he gets well and  
starts him again, and hopes, and ex-  
pects, and prays, and counsels, and  
suffers, until her strength gives out  
and she fails. She is going, and at-  
tendants, bending over her pillow,  
ask her if she has any message to  
leave, and she makes great effort to  
say something, but out of three or four  
minutes of indistinct utterance they

can catch but three words: "My poor  
boy!" The simple fact is she died for  
him. Life for life. Substitution!

About thirty-four years ago there  
went forth from our homes hundreds  
of thousands of men to do battle for  
their country. All the poetry of battle  
soon vanished and left them nothing  
but the terrible prose. They waded  
knee-deep in mud. They slept in snow-  
banks. They marched till their cut  
feet tracked the earth. They were  
swindled out of their honest rations,  
and lived on meal not fit for a  
dog. They had jaws all fractured,  
and eyes extinguished, and limbs  
shot away. Thousands of them cried  
for water as they lay dying on the  
field the night after the battle, and  
got it not. They were homesick, and  
received no message for their loved  
ones. They died in barns, in bushes,  
in ditches, the buzzards of the sum-  
mer heat, the only attendant on their  
obsequies. No one but the infinite  
God who knows every-  
thing, knows the ten thousandth  
part of the length, and breadth, and  
depth, height of anguish of the north-  
ern and southern battlefields. Why  
did these fathers leave their children  
and go to the front, and why did these  
young men, postponing the marriage  
day, start out into the probabilities of  
never coming back! For the country  
they died. Life for life. Blood for  
blood. Substitution!

But we need not go so far. What is  
that monument in Greenwood? It is  
to the doctors who fell in the southern  
epidemics. Why go? Were there not  
enough sick to be attended in these  
northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the  
doctor puts a few medical books in his  
valise, and some vials of medicine,  
and leaves his patients here in  
the hands of other physicians,  
and takes the rail-train. Before he  
gets to the infected regions he  
passes crowded rail-trains, regular and  
extra, taking the flying and affrighted  
populations. He arrives, in a city  
over which a great horror is brooding.  
He goes from couch to couch, feeling  
of pulse and studying symptoms, and  
prescribing day after day, night after  
night, until a fellow physician says:  
"Doctor, you had better go home and  
rest; you look miserable." But he can  
not rest while so many are suffering.  
On and on, until some morning finds  
him in a delirium, in which he talks of  
home, and then rises and says he must  
go and look after those patients. He  
is told to lie down; but he fights his  
attendants until he falls back, and is  
weaker and weaker, and dies for people  
with whom he had no kinship, and far  
away from his own family, and is has-  
tily put away in a stranger's tomb, and  
only the fifth part of a newspaper line  
tells us of his sacrifice—his name just  
mentioned among five. Yet he has  
touched the furthest height of sublim-  
ity in that three weeks of humanitar-  
ian service. He goes straight as an  
arrow to the bosom of Him who said:  
"I was sick and ye visited Me." Life  
for life. Blood for blood. Substitu-  
tion!

Some of our modern theologians who  
want to give God lessons about the  
best way to save the world tell us they  
do not want any blood in their redemp-  
tion. They want to take His horse by  
the bit and hurl him back on his  
haunches and tell this rider from Boz-  
rah to go around some other way.  
Look out, lest ye fall under the flying  
hoof of His horse; lest ye go down  
under the sword of this Conqueror from  
Bozrah. What meant the blood of the  
pigeons in the old dispensation? the  
blood of the Bullock? the blood of the  
heifer? of the lamb? It meant to  
prophecy the cleansing blood of this  
Conqueror who came from Bozrah,  
"traveling in the greatness of His  
strength." I catch a handful of the  
red torrent that rushes out from  
the heart of the Lord, and now  
I throw it over this audience,  
hoping that one drop of its cleansing  
power may come upon your soul. O  
Jesus! in that crimson tide wash our  
souls! We accept Thy sacrifice! Con-  
queror of Bozrah, have mercy upon us!  
We throw our garments in the way!  
We fall into line! Ride on, Jesus, ride  
on! "Traveling, traveling in the great-  
ness of Thy strength."

But after awhile, the returning Con-  
queror will reach the gate, and all the  
armies of the saved will be with Him.  
I hope you will be there, and I will be  
there. As we go through the gate and  
around about the throne for the re-  
view, "a great multitude that no man  
can number"—all Heaven can tell  
without asking, right away, which  
one is Jesus, not only because of  
the brightness of His face, but be-  
cause, while the other inhabitants in  
glory are robed in white—saints in  
white, cherubim in white, seraphim in  
white—His robes shall be scarlet, even  
the dye'd garments of Bozrah. I catch  
a glimpse of that triumphant joy, but  
the gates open and shut so quickly I  
can hear only half a sentence, and it is  
this: "Unto Him who hath washed us  
in His blood!"