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

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

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MISSIONARY BAPTIST—Rev. N. B. 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 5:30 o'clock.

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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.

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HAVE YOU EXAMINED THE BARGAINS MISS MCKAY IS OFFERING IN LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN'S HATS? SHE ALSO HAS ON HAND A BEAUTIFUL LINE OF VEILING. LADIES AND MISSES CORSETS. INFANTS AND CHILDREN'S CAPS, MERINE VESTS, HOSIERY, GLOVES AND MANY OTHER THINGS TOO NEUMEROUS TO MENTION, AND ALL AT HER USUAL LOW PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
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UNAPPRECIATED ACTS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Talks Upon Apparently Trivial Things

That Frequently Lead to Great Results The Conversion of Paul and the Means Used in Its Accomplishment—Other Instances.

While absent on a visit to the south Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage made selection of sermons to be sent out to his great congregation throughout the world of newspaper readers. The following discourse is based on the text: Through a window in a basket I was let down by the wall.—I Corinthians, xli, 53.

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture sometimes called "the eye of the east," sometimes "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for swords of the best material called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric called damasks. A horseman called by the name of Paul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and I think so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterward speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is: "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall, and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cilician preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets. Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as fifty incidents in his life demonstrate. But he feels his work is not done yet, and so he evades assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street incognito he passes through a crowd of clenched fists, and sometimes he secretes himself on the house-top. At last the infuriated populace get on sure track of him. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that gospeler, and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Provisionally there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds on to the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, further down and further down, until the basket strikes the earth, and the apostle steps out, and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and Heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Observe, first, on what a slender tenure great results hang. The rope-maker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend on the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphylia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. The example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean euroclydon, under flagellations and at his beheading would not have kindled the courage of ten thousand martyrs. But the rope holding that basket, how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on what seemed slender circumstances.

Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as had a boat of leaves, from taffrail to stern only three or four feet, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitumen and floating on the Nile with the infant lawmaker of

the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crunch it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry forty guns looking through the portholes, ready to open battle. But that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sissi at the law-giving. On how fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance.

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushes through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the grounds, but one remains in the consuming building. That one wakes, and finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulders of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descended—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all round the world. Ask the hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stair of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn island, and, right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor, the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools and beautiful homes and highest style of religion and civilization. For fifty years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before a ship had met disaster and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there, and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. The book was read on all sides until the rough and vicious population were evangelized, and a church was started, and an enlightened commonwealth established, and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what small circumstance depended what mighty results.

Practical inference: There are no insignificances in our lives. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals. Great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manager pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well! If you make a rope make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat let it be water-proof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far-reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happened so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the church in the northeast storm of the centuries.

Again notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steadied the illustrious preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus nor in all the earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had in their agitation tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of the mob at the door had led them to say: "Paul must take care of himself, and we will take care of ourselves." No, no! They held the rope, and in doing so did more for the Christian church than any thousand of us will ever accomplish. But God knows and has made eternal record of their undertaking. And they know. How exultant they must have felt when they read His letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippian, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timothy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews, and when they heard how he walked out of prison with the earthquake unlocking the door for him.

and took command of the Alexandrian corn-ship when the sailors were nearly scared to death, and preached a sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgment seat. I hear the men and women who helped him down through the window and over the wall talking in private over the matter, and saying: "How glad I am that we have effected that rescue! In coming times others may get the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope."

There are said to be about sixty-nine thousand ministers of religion in this country. About fifty thousand I warrant came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessities of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their everyday bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily apparelled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was. And there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student.

The years go by, and the son has been ordained and is preaching the glorious Gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accept the Gospel from the lips of the young preacher, and father and mother, quite old now, are visiting the son of the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing father and mother retire to their room, the son lighting the way and asking them if he can do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they want anything in the night just to knock on the wall. And then all alone father and mother talk over the gracious influence of the day, and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy! It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it, but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice, tremulous with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes, father; we held the rope. I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." "Pshaw!" says the father, "I never felt so much like living in my life as now. I want to see what that fellow is going on to do, he has begun so well."

Once for thirty-six hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time; but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the man in charge we came out of the cyclone and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Capt. Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman went off that ship without thanking Capt. Andrews, and when, years after, I heard of his death, I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Capt. Andrews, but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness amid the hissing furnaces doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism and his continuance and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight, as the captain who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest.

Come, let us go right up and accost those on this circle of heavenly thrones. Surely they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief. Who art Thou, mighty one of Heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daughter in a humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaints all their querulousness and ministered to all their wants for twenty years."

Let us pass on round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of Heaven? "I was for thirty years a Christian invalid, and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confidant of all those who had trouble, and once in awhile I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor family in the back lane." Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of Heaven? "I was the mother who raised a whole family of children for God, and they are out in the world, Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, Christian wives, and I have had full reward of all my toil." Let us pass on in the

circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath-school class, and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival."

But who art thou, the mighty one of Heaven on this other throne? "In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street, and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking in my house, and I could no longer keep him safely, I advised him to flee for his life, and a basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope." And I said: "Is that all?" and he answered: "That is all." And while I was lost in amazement, I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said: "Not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in His presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! it was the very one who had said: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Henceforth think of nothing as insignificant. A little thing may decide your all. A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officer, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried: "Land, ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A six-penny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word he puts his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica at night by the light of an insect, called the candle-fly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution, with seventy-five thousand tons of shipping, to the bottom of the sea, or flung the splintered logs on the rocks.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three ciphers placed on the right side of the figure "1" to make a thousand, and six ciphers on the right side of the figure "1" a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation illimitable. All the ages of time and eternity affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony!

—The Bible, as a whole, is the best treatise on sound and successful business principles and practice that can be consulted by anyone.

Two students of Princeton College were lately fined \$50 for ill-treating a Chinaman. What spoils the good effect of this action is the incomprehensible remarks of the judge when the students were brought before him. He objected to the consideration of such cases, and said that the college authorities ought to have punished the students without calling in the aid of the law. It is just this idea that college students are not like other citizens amenable to civil laws that has been a prolific source of demoralization in cities where colleges are found. Nobody should be above obedience to law and nobody should be beneath its protecting shield.

The physicians of Brustels have recently banded themselves into a union, pledged to resist any attempt to cheapen their scale of remuneration, and have bound themselves not to accept any fee below a certain fixed sum. They have been led to take this course by a circular addressed to them by several industrial unions, informing them that physicians who would give medical attendance at the rate of 30 cents a visit would be exclusively called in by sick members of the trades unions.