

NORTH CAROLINA PROHIBITIONIST

Rev. W. T. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. "IS THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION A GREAT" HIS SUBJECT.

A Delusion that Numbers 200,000,000 Souls as dupes, that Has Conquered the Heathen, that Has Reformed the Drunkard, that is Joy on Earth. Brooklyn, Jan. 30.—At the Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., baptized by immersion a number of persons who preferred that mode, as on the Sunday previous he had baptized by sprinkling those who so desired.

nothing compared with the delusion now abroad in the world, the delusion of the Christian religion. That delusion has today two hundred million dupes. It proposes to encircle the earth with its girdle. That which has been called a delusion has already overhadowed the Appalachian range on this side the sea, and it has overshadowed the Balkan and Caucasian ranges on the other side of the sea. It has conquered England and the United States. This champion delusion, this hoax, this swindle of the ages, as it has been called, has gone forth to conquer the islands of the Pacific; the Melanesia and the Micronesia and Malayan Polynesia have already surrendered to the delusion. Yes, it has conquered the Indian archipelago, and Borneo and Sumatra and Celebes and Java have fallen under its wiles.

66 he was despatched. Perhaps the mightiest intellect of the 6,000 years of the world's existence hoodwinked, cheated, cajoled, duped by the Christian religion. All that is the remarkable thing about this delusion of Christianity, it overpowers the strongest intellects. Gather the critics, secular and religious, of this century together and put a vote to them as to which is the greatest book ever written, and by large majority they will say "Paradise Lost." Who wrote "Paradise Lost?" One of the fools who believed in this Bible, John Milton. Benjamin Frankin surrendered to this delusion, if you may judge from the letter that he wrote to Thomas Paine, begging him to destroy the "Age of Reason" in manuscript and never let it go into type, and writing afterward, in his old days "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say that the system of morals He left and the religion he has given us are the best things the world has ever seen or is likely to see." Patrick Henry, the electric champion of liberty, enslaved by this delusion, so that he says: "The book worth all other books put together is the Bible." Benjamin Rush, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist—what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." Isaac Newton, the leading philosopher of his time—what did he say? That man surrendering to this delusion of the Christian religion crying out: "The sublime philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the Gospel." David Brewster, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world bows his head, David Brewster saying: "O, this religion has been a great light all my days." President Thiers, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed when he said: "I invoke the Lord God in whom I am glad to believe." David Livingstone, a vic to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet conquered by this delusion, this hallucination, this great swindle of the ages, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees. William E. Gladstone, the strongest in England to-day, unable to resist this chimera, this fallacy, this delusion of the Christian religion, gave to the house of God every Sabbath, and on the invitation of the pastor reads the prayer to the people. O, if those mighty intellects do not surrender to this delusion, what chance is there for you and for me?

But, no. In his dying hour he begs the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy. Powerful delusion, all conquering delusion, earthshaking delusion of the Christian religion. Yes, it goes on it is so impertinent, and it is so overbearing, this chimera of the gospel, that having conquered the great picture galleries of the war, the old masters and the young masters, as I showed in a former sermon, it is not satisfied until it has conquered the music of the world. Look over the programme of that magnificent musical festival a few years ago in New York and see what were the great performances, and learn that the greatest of all the subjects was religious subjects. What was it one night when three thousand voices were accompanied with a vast number of instruments? "Israel in Egypt." Yes, beethoven deluded, and I ask a few questions. I ask: "Dying Stephen, what have you to say?" "L. rd Jesus, receive my spirit." "Dying John Wesley, what have you to say?" "The best of all God is with us." "Dying Edward Payson, what have you to say?" "I float in a sea of glory." "Dying John Bradford, what have you to say?" If there be any way of going to Heaven on horseback, or in a fiery chariot, it is this. "Dying Neader, what have you to say?" "I am going to sleep now—good night." "Dying Mrs. Florence Foster, what have you to say?" "A pilgrim in the valley, but the mountain tops are all aglow from peak to peak." Dying Alexander Maclure, what have you to say? "The Lord, who has taken care of me fifty years, will not cast me off now; go glory be to God and to the Lamb! Amen, amen, amen." Dying John Powson, after preaching the gospel so many years, what have you to say? "My death-bed, is a bed of roses." "Dying Doctor Thomas Scott, what have you to say?" "This is heaven begun." "Dying soldier in the last war, what have you to say?" "Bo-s, I am going to the front." "Dying telegraph operator on the battlefield of Virginia, what have you to say?" "The wires are all laid, and the poles are up from Stony Point to headquarters." "Dying Paul, what have you to say?" "I am ready now to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." O my Lord, my God, what a delusion; what a glorious delusion! Submerge me with it, fill my eyes and ears with it, put it under my dying head for a pillow—this delusion—spread it over me for a canopy, put it underneath me for an outspread wing—roll it over me in ocean surges 10,000 fathoms deep! O, if infidelity, and if atheism, if annihilation are a reality, and the Christian religion is a delusion, give me the delusion!

have sung, and some have been so overwrought with joy they could only look ecstatic. Palace gates open, g. they thought; diamonded coronets flashing, hands beckoning, orchestras sounding. Little children dying, actually believing they saw their departed parents, so that, although the little children had been so weak and feeble and sick for weeks, they could not turn on their dying pillow, at the last, in a paroxysm of rapture uncontrollable, they sprang to their feet and shouted: "Mother catch me, I am coming!" And to show the immensity of this delusion this awful swindle of the gospel of Jesus Christ, I open a hospital and bring into that hospital the deathbeds of a great many Christian people, and I take you by the hand this morning, and I walk up and down the wards of that hospital, and I ask a few questions. I ask: "Dying Stephen, what have you to say?" "L. rd Jesus, receive my spirit." "Dying John Wesley, what have you to say?" "The best of all God is with us." "Dying Edward Payson, what have you to say?" "I float in a sea of glory." "Dying John Bradford, what have you to say?" If there be any way of going to Heaven on horseback, or in a fiery chariot, it is this. "Dying Neader, what have you to say?" "I am going to sleep now—good night." "Dying Mrs. Florence Foster, what have you to say?" "A pilgrim in the valley, but the mountain tops are all aglow from peak to peak." Dying Alexander Maclure, what have you to say? "The Lord, who has taken care of me fifty years, will not cast me off now; go glory be to God and to the Lamb! Amen, amen, amen." Dying John Powson, after preaching the gospel so many years, what have you to say? "My death-bed, is a bed of roses." "Dying Doctor Thomas Scott, what have you to say?" "This is heaven begun." "Dying soldier in the last war, what have you to say?" "Bo-s, I am going to the front." "Dying telegraph operator on the battlefield of Virginia, what have you to say?" "The wires are all laid, and the poles are up from Stony Point to headquarters." "Dying Paul, what have you to say?" "I am ready now to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." O my Lord, my God, what a delusion; what a glorious delusion! Submerge me with it, fill my eyes and ears with it, put it under my dying head for a pillow—this delusion—spread it over me for a canopy, put it underneath me for an outspread wing—roll it over me in ocean surges 10,000 fathoms deep! O, if infidelity, and if atheism, if annihilation are a reality, and the Christian religion is a delusion, give me the delusion!

THE STRONG CONCLUSION OF EVERY MAN AND WOMEN IN THE HOUSE IS THAT CHRISTIANITY PRODUCING SUCH GRAND RESULTS CANNOT BE A DELUSION. A lie, a cheat, a swindle, an hallucination cannot launch such a glory of the centuries. Your logic and your common sense convince you that a bad cause cannot produce an illustrious result; out of the womb of such a monster no such angel can be born. There are many in this house this morning, in the galleries and on the main floor, who began with thinking that the Christian religion was a stupid farce, who have come to the conclusion that it is a reality. Why are you here to-day? Why did you sing this song? Why did you bow your head in the opening prayer? Why did you bring your family with you? Why, when I tell you of the ending of all trials in the bosom of God, do there stand tears in your eyes—not tears of grief, but tears of joy such as stand in the eyes of homesick children far away at school when some one talks to them about going home. Why is it that you can be so calmly submissive to the death of your loved one, about whose departure you once were so angry and so rebellious? There is something the matter with you. All your friends have found out there is a great change. And if some of you would give your experience, you would give it in soberly style, and others giving your experience would give it in broken style, but the one experience would be just as good as the other. Some of you have read everything. You are scientific and you are scholarly, and yet if I should ask you: "What is the most sensible thing you ever did?" you would say: "The most sensible thing I ever did was to give my heart to God." But there may be others here who have not had early advantages, and if they were asked to give their experience, they might rise and give such testimony as the man gave in a prayer meeting when he said: "On my way here to-night, I met a man who asked me where I was going. I said: 'I am going to prayer meeting.' He said: 'There are a good many religions, and I think the most of them are delusions; as to the Christian religion—that is only a notion, that is a

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REV. W. T. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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Piedmont Air-Line Route. Richmond and Danville System. CONDENSED SCHEDULE IN EFFECT DEC. 19, 1886. TRAINS RUN BY 75° MERIDIAN TIME. DAILY.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE. On trains 50 and 51, Pullman Buffet Sleepers between New York and Atlanta. On trains 52 and 53, Pullman Buffet sleepers between Montgomery and Washington and Aiken and Washington.

CAPE FEAR & YADKIN VALLEY RAIL ROAD COMPANY. CONDENSED TIME TABLE. To take effect at 1 p. m., Sunday, Dec 5, 1886.

MAIN LINE TRAINS NORTH. Arrive. Leave. Bennettsville 9:37 a.m. 8:30 a.m. Fayetteville 11:37 a.m. 11:55 a.m. Sanford 1:55 p.m. 2:15 p.m. One Hill 3:36 p.m. 3:26 p.m. Liberty 4:45 p.m. 4:25 p.m. Greensboro 5:45 p.m. 6:15 p.m. Pond 7:45 p.m. 8:00 p.m.

TRAIN SOUTH. Arrive. Leave. Pond 7:30 a.m. 7:30 a.m. Greensboro 9:07 a.m. 1:00 p.m. Liberty 11:35 a.m. 12:25 p.m. One Hill 1:40 p.m. 2:00 p.m. Fayetteville 4:5 p.m. 4:15 p.m. Shoe Heel 6:05 p.m. 6:15 p.m. Bennettsville 7:25 p.m. 7:25 p.m.