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GOOD FRIDAY

When those of Christian faith pass under the shadow of the cross of Calvary, they know that through that shadow lies their passage to the great white throne.

For them Gethsemane is as paradise. God fills it with sacred presences; its solemn silence is broken by the music of tender promises, its awful darkness softened and brightened by the sunlight of Heavenly faces and the music of angel wings.

As Phillips Brooks has pointed out, we may say that on the first Good Friday afternoon was completed that great act by which light conquered darkness and goodness conquered sin. That is the wonder of the Saviour's crucifixion.

There have been victories all over the world, but wherever we look for the victor we expect to find him with his heel upon the neck of the vanquished. The wonder of Good Friday is that the victor lies vanquished by the vanquished one.

We have to look deeper into the very heart and essence of things before we can see how real the victory is that thus hides itself under the guise of defeat.

The essence of that by which Jesus overcame the world was not suffering, but obedience. Yes, men may puzzle themselves and their hearers over the question of where the power of the life of Jesus and the death of Jesus lay; but the soul of the Christian always knows that it lay in the obedience of Christ.

He was determined at every sacrifice to do His Father's will. Those of us who profess to be Christians should remember that. The power of Christ's sacrifice may enter into us, and some little share of the world's redemption may come through us, as the great work came through Him.

Charles H. Parkhurst has reminded us that we cannot have the heart that Christ had and not in the same degree have His suffering. We may be sound in our doctrinal position, fight doctrinal heresy as though it were an exhalation from the underworld, be instant in our attendance upon the means of grace, stately participate in the service memorial of our Lord's dying love, but a loving heart is what makes out the major part of the whole Christian matter.

One cannot have such a heart in the midst of this world — a heart that feels others' burdens and grieves as though they were its own — without having an aching heart. It is aside from the mark to say that this makes of the Christian religion a gloomy religion.

The gloom is not in the religion, the gloom is in the world, and sorrow of spirit like that of the Man called Jesus is simply the way tender-heartedness like that shown by Christ is certain to be affected when the shadow of the world's suffering falls upon it.

Once more the cross moves closer, and yet more intensely and eagerly He who hangs upon it seems to speak to us, and the burden of His words is: "I bring to you the assurance that there is no grief and no sorrow that is not always in the Father's sight and may not be turned into blessing. I bring to you a power by which evil thoughts and tendencies may be destroyed. I bring to you whose memories are full of sad and bad recollections that no life can have been so wicked, no past so foul, no strength so far gone, as to cut you off from the love of God and His willingness to save."

Jesus had been excommunicated, hunted as a fugitive, with a price upon His head, buffeted, insulted, mocked, scourged, crowned with thorns — thus had the world shown its gratitude to its Redeemer, and the end was here.

After thirty hours of sleepless agony, Jesus was hanging on the cross. Infinite malignity! That was the picture on the first Good Friday, but it was not the final chapter of the Greatest Story Ever Told.

Easter awaited over the horizon, with its message for the ages. And here in New Bern — in the most blessed nation on the face of the earth — we may rejoice on Easter morn in the realization that there is indeed life triumphant over death, for eternity.

Historical Gleanings

—By—
ELIZABETH MOORE

1874, RECOLLECTIONS
OF NEWBERN FIFTY
YEARS AGO, BY STEPHEN
F. MILLER
Lawyers

"JOHN STANLY was foremost in age and natural gifts. His voice was strong, clear and musical, and his manner peculiarly graceful and dignified. In repartee and sarcasm I never saw his equal. His efforts in that line were absolutely withering. The composure of no suitor, witness or rival advocate could survive his pungent criticism. Ever bold and fearless, he at once rose to the breadth of the occasion, always wielding a polished scimitar with the energy of a giant, and the skill of an artist. He was a representative in Congress in 1801-03, and also in 1809, 11, and is said to have given John Randolph trouble in his peculiar vein. Mr. Stanly was often in the Legislature, being twice elected Speaker of the House of Commons; and in January 1827, while on the floor in debate he was stricken with paralysis and was caught in the arms of Robert Potter. He was taken to the Speaker's Chair, whence he adjourned the House. From that hour he never was himself again. On a visit from Georgia to New Bern in 1829, I called on Mr. Stanly whose noble features were distorted by affliction. He tried to converse in his former commanding way but failed. On parting he gave me a very correct lithograph likeness of himself, which I retained more than 30 years, until it was lost by the wanton depredations on my library and papers in Oglethorpe, committed by Federal soldiers attached to the Freedman's Bureau in 1865. I much regretted the loss of this cherished memento. Mr. Stanly died August 3, 1833, aged 59 years. His only daughter married Capt. Armstead of the United States Army, in defiance of his opposition. It is said he never forgave her. This worthy officer was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General and in her old age, Mrs. Stanly found a welcome retreat under his hospitable roof in Virginia, where she died about 30 years ago. Mr. Stanly had a number of sons: John, Alfred, Edward, Frank, Alexander, Fabius, Cicero and James.

WILLIAM GASTON was an ornament of the Bar, of Congress, of the State Legislature, and of the Bench, of the Supreme Court, in all of which positions the ascendancy of his virtues, intellect and learning was acknowledged. He was speaker of the House of Commons in 1803. In his admired description of great men whom he met in congress in 1816, Mr. R. H. Wilder of Georgia, referred to Mr. Gaston in company with Randolph Lowndes, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Forsyth and Pinckney of Maryland.

"His first wife was Miss Hay of Fayetteville. She lived but a short time. His second wife was

Village Verses

EASTER COMES AGAIN

It's Easter again, and the sunny blue skies
Seem to fairly proclaim that Christ did arise;
The green of the grass and the budding of flowers
Give a promise of life everlasting that's ours.
All Nature is saying, "Let's hail the Messiah,"
The birds in the trees are a heavenly choir;
They sing not of tombs, nor of mourning and death,
There's a shrill note of hope in each tiny breath.
Perhaps it's just instinct, these feathered creatures
Exist in a sphere that lives without preachers,
Yet, somehow it seems, in a very strange way,
That even the birds know this is His day.
Yes, it's Easter again, and the sunny blue skies
Seem to fairly proclaim that Christ did arise;
The grave has no triumph, death has no sting,
And Man, like the birds, has a reason to sing.
—JGMcD.

Miss Hannah McClure, who died suddenly in 1814, leaving a son and two daughters: Alexander, Susan and Hannah....His third marriage was with Miss Worthington of the District of Columbia, and I think she also died suddenly in 1819, leaving two daughters, Eliza and Kate....

"One of the daughters married Judge Manly, and another married Robert Donaldson, formerly of Fayetteville. Alexander F. Gaston, the only son will be noticed more particularly under the head of "Law Students". The third daughter, Eliza, became Mrs. Graham of the District of Columbia, and Kate, the fourth daughter is still unmarried. . . .

"EDWARD GRAHAM held a prominent rank at the Bar though when I knew him he had somewhat retired and appeared only in important cases. . . . He was apparently the senior of both Mr. Stanly and Mr. Gaston, and earlier in life was often employed.

. . . Mr. Graham maintained a very fashionable style of living. One of his daughters married the Hon. William H. Haywood of Raleigh, and another married John P. Daves, Esq. of New Bern. His son Hamilton, will be noticed elsewhere. I do not remember the year in which Mr. Graham died as I then resided in Georgia...."
(continued next week)

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