

THE WILSON MIRROR.

"Our Aim will be, the People's Right Maintain,
Unawed by Power, and Unbribed by Gain."

VOL. VII.

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NO. 6

BLESSED UNION.

THAT PRECIOUS MARRIAGE IN WHICH THERE IS NO DIVORCE.

For the Love of Our Blessed Saviour Abideth Forever and Knows no Cold Estrangement.

When Christ takes a soul into His love He puts upon it a marriage ring. Now that is not a whim of ours: "And I will betroth thee unto Me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies." At the wedding altar the bridegroom puts a ring upon the hand of the bride, signifying love and faithfulness. Trouble may come upon the household, and the carpets may go, everything else may go—the last thing that goes is the wedding ring, for it is considered sacred. In the burial hour it is withdrawn from hand and kept in a casket, and sometimes the box is opened on an anniversary day, and as you look at that ring you see under its arch a long procession of precious memories. Within the golden circle of that ring there is room for a thousand sweet recollections to revolve, and you think of the great contrast between the hour when, at the close of the "Wedding March," under the flashing lights and amid the aroma of orange blossoms, and set that ring on the round finger of the plump hand, and that other hour when, at the close of the exhaustive watching, when you knew that the soul had fled, you took from the hand, which gave back no responsive clasp, from that emaciated finger, the ring that she had worn so long and worn so well. On some anniversary day you take up that ring, and you repolish it until all the old lustre comes back, and you can see in it the flush of eyes that long ago ceased to weep. Oh, it is not an unmeaning thing when we tell you that when Christ receives a soul into his keeping he puts on it a marriage ring. He endows you from that moment with all his wealth. You are one—Christ and the soul—one in sympathy, one in affection and one in hope.

There is no power in earth or hell to effect a divorcement after Christ and the soul are united. Other kings have turned out their companions when they got weary of them, and sent them adrift from the palace gate. Ahasuerus banished Vashti; Napoleon forsook Josephine; but Christ is the husband that is true forever. Having loved you once, He loves you to the end. Did they not try to divorce Margarette, the Scotch girl, from Jesus? They said: "You must give up your religion." She said: "I can't give up my religion." And so they took her down to the beach of the sea, and they drove in a stake at the lower water mark, and they fastened her to it, expecting as the tide came up her faith would fail. The tide began to rise, and came up higher, and to the girdle, and to the hip, and in the last moment, just as the wave was washing her soul into glory, she shouted the praises of Jesus.

Oh, no, you cannot separate a soul from Christ. It is an everlasting marriage. Battle, and storm, and darkness cannot do it. Is it too much exultation for a man, who is but dust and ashes like ourselves, to cry out to-day: "I am persuaded that neither height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature shall separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, my Lord?" Glory be to God that when Christ and the soul are married they are bound by a chain, a golden chain—if I might say so—a chain with one link, and that one link, the golden one of God's everlasting love.

THE WREATH OF SONG.

And how Its Wealth Enriches Existence.

It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhere. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead, and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel in cutting out your name on the tombstone, your great grandchildren will be singing the song which this afternoon you sing to your little ones gathered about your knee.

Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener would the little one be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus. We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment your child steps into the street he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul-

mouthered children who would like to befoul your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house to make them house plants; they must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influence of the streets! We know of no counteracting influence but the power of christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus; let that name be the word that shall exercise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction al the fascination of music, morning, noon and night; let it be Jesus, the cradle song.

This is important if your children grow up; but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toy scattered on the carpet. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it. The Heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful, but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? We never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure: "She folded her hand, kissed her mother good-bye, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer, and then died."

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temple, or pour out the soothing anodyne, or utter one cheerful word—yet, songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold and swelter in the summer's heat, and munch the hard crust that bleed the sore gums, and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched, and tremble because rent day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk.

Christ in the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throats sometime get weary, and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now, but we hope by the grace of God we will, after a while, go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know that there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven, all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony above where all is peace and all is love.

The True Wife.

Oftime we have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible towline with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfilled, her streamers drooping, she had neither side wheel or stern wheel; still she moved on stately in sore triumph with her own life. But we knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steaming, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on, and we knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the fluent tide, no man knows whither. And so we have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, idle-sailed, gay-pennoned, but that for the bare, toiling arms and brave, warmhearted heart of the faithful little wife, that nestles close to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, he would have gone down with the stream and have been heard of no more.

Sound Sense.

Carlyle once asked as Edenburg student, who tells the story in the Milwaukee Sentinel, what he was studying for. The youth replied that he had not quite made up his mind. There was a sudden lightning flash of the old Scotchman's eye, a sudden pulling down of the shaggy eyebrows, and the stern face grew sterner as he said: "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your works as God has given you."

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

Numerous Newsy Notes and Many Merry Morsels Paraphrastically Packed and Pithily Pointed.

—A cold dealer—The ice man.
—Beats the awl—The machinery.
—A stable character—The groom.
—A host in himself—The landlord.
—A scratch race—Barn yard fowls.
—Always ready to go bale—Cotton brokers.

—A promising band—The engagement ring.
—A gang of desperadoes is a preying band.
—The toney girl—The soprano of the choir.

—The two European B's—Bismarck and Boulanger.

—Dispensers of charity are permitted to carry alms.

—There will be no eclipse of the honeymoon this year.

—France is just now suffering from a violent Boulanger craze.

—Lord Salisbury thinks the European rulers are united for peace.

—Instead of electric wires their victims seem to be going under ground.

—The Envelop Trust does not appear to bear the stamp of public approval.

—In a Michigan town there is a girl whose height is six feet nine inches.

—A Michigan girl has found 2,125 four-leaved clovers, and is not married yet.

—It was the lady you thought was going to swoon who had a faint suspicion.

—Mr. Conkling is now pronounced out danger and is on a fair road to recovery.

When she makes up her mind to get married you may wager she stoops to conquer.

—The Tangier tangle was caused by Americans leasing mosque improved estate.

—The latest figures show that there are 16,447,990 Sunday School scholars in the world.

—Emperor Frederick is using his privy purse to relieve the sufferers by the flood at Posen.

—The steamer Enterprise is back at Tangier, and may escape capture by behaving itself.

—A Paris paper says: "The people of St. Louis, D. T., are dying of a disease called the blizzards."

—Democrats in Congress should stand by their Tariff bill. The Democrats at home are all right.

—Austin, Texas, wants the President to visit it on the occasion of the international and interstate drill.

—The first syllable of Bismarck's autograph is always illegible, but he can plainly make his mark.

—Senator Ingalls has been censured by Brooklyn Post No. 443. It calls upon him to retract his slanders.

—One of the teachers recently asked a pupil what lb stood for. "Elbows, I guess," was the unexpecting reply.

—"I'm stuck on that girl," said the court-plaster. "Well, she breaks me all up, too," remarked the peanut candy.

—Sam Jones is a level headed politician. He says Cleveland is certain to be nominated, and that Ingalls is an ass.

—A cotemporary says: "This is the age of brass." Over in the canadian colony they say: "This is age of steal."

—A labor writer asks: "What luxury can the common ditch-digger claim as his own?" Dear man, he can take pick.

—The Transcript speaks of the turtle as "taking a leading part at dinners." We thought he generally appeared as a supe.

—There were 600 converts in a great revival held recently in Charleston, S. C., conducted by Rev. Mr. Eatman, an evangelist.

—Boston's leading citizen, John Sullivan, the big bruiser, is mad. He challenges the world to fight him at \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side. Boston must turn out to receive him.

—P. O'Brien, M. P., gets three months in jail for his speech on the 8th of January last. And England pretends to have free speech. But that to have free speech. But that privilege seems to be reserved for Englishmen.

—Minister: "Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?" Bobby (suffering from parental discipline): "An orphan."

—"I can't go to jail," said a funny vagrant, "I have no time." "The court provides that," said the Judge. "I give you ten days."

—So far this session of Congress about 9,000 bills have been introduced in the House. Of the bills passed 127 were public and 222 private.

—Lord Randolph Churchill, in a speech at Birmingham, is very enthusiastic in his praise of the Tory party and thinks they are solid and lasting.

—"Look out!" he exclaimed, suddenly, there's ice under that snow." "Yes," said she, as he restored her tenderly to the perpendicular, "I tumbled to it."

—Stranger (to workman driving railway spikes): Are you working for the contractor of this road? Pat: No sor; Oi'm working for the extender av it.

—The Democrats had big victories on Tuesday at elections held in Albany and Cohoes, N. Y., and in Jersey City, N. J. They literally swept the field.

—It is in the highest degree improper and unjust to ridicule a man on account of his small stature. Because he happens to be little it isn't right to belittle him.

—Wealth is more evenly divided in England than in the United States, although it is a Monarchy and our land is a Republic. The Chancellor's budget shows this.

Mayonnaise dressing, made with the yolks of two raw eggs, stirred with the best olive oil, added drop by drop, is the foundation of the best salad dressing.

—There is fear expressed in London of an invasion if Boulanger should become Dictator of France. Bismarck thinks a Dictatorship quite probable in France.

—During the first three months of this year 5,000 more immigrants arrived at New York than in the same time last year. There were 28,945 arrivals in March.

—The hen, fool though she is considered, possesses in a marked degree the faculty of making much out of little. Feed her corn by the pint and she eats it by the peck.

—The Secretary of the State of South Carolina, Z. W. Leitner, aged 59, died suddenly of disease of the heart at Columbia, while he was preparing for church.

—Senator Gray, Minister Phelps, Secretary Bayard, Speaker Carlisle, Judge Coolidge and Judge Jackson are all named for the Chief Justiceship in the public prints.

—The Democrats have gained a big victory in Albany, N. Y., and in the city of Cohoes. In 1884 Swinburne, Rep., carried Albany by 2,500 majority for Congress.

—A year ago Saratoga, Kan., was a flourishing town of 2,500 inhabitants. Now it has but 150 and is fast becoming smaller. A boom(erang) in real estate caused the collapse.

—The original elements are earth, air, fire and water. Fire is the most destructive and water is the most powerful. Fire-water, therefore, forms a combination that is a teaser.

—Boulanger is immensely popular, as will be seen by his vote in the Department of Nord held on 15th inst.: Gen. Boulanger received 172,272 votes, Foucart 75,881, and Moreau 9,643.

—Bishop Beckwith, a native, we think, of Raleigh, N. C., but now of Georgia, has been spending some months in travel in the Holy Land. He has returned much improved in health.

—Rise early, exercise freely in the open air, and do not sleep in the daytime. Eat light suppers, and retire at a regular hour. Sponge the body with tepid water, and rub briskly with a course towel.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, the noted poet, scholar critic and theologian, whose article on "Civilization of the United States," attracted such marked attention, died suddenly in Liverpool, from heart disease.

—The life of a young man in Reading, Pa., has been seriously endangered by lead poisoning, contracted by kissing a girl's rouge-painted cheeks. Had he kissed her lips he might have lost his life in an explosion of natural gas.

—Editors as a rule are kind hearted and liberal. An exchange tells of a subscriber to a paper who died and left fourteen years subscription unpaid. The editor appeared at the grave when the lid was being screwed down for the last time and put in a linen duster, a palm leaf fan and a receipt for making ice.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAINS.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Plymouth jail has been burned. The Statesville Mail comes out for prohibition.

There are 37 bonded government distilleries in Iredell county.

Eleven prisoners escaped from Nash County jail last week.

There are now fifteen cotton factories in construction in the State.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows will meet in Greensboro on the 8th of May.

About four miles have been graded on the railroad from Stokesdale to Madison.

Gov. Scales is expected to be present at the railroad celebration at Mt. Airy, May 1st.

A panther is reported to have been seen near Cascade, Stokes county, a few days ago.

The business men of Thomasville are agitating the question of starting a cotton factory.

The post office at High Point has just been promoted to third-class, and thus becomes a salaried office.

It is rumored in military circles that a movement is on foot to organize a cavalry company in Reidsville.

Rev. W. S. Creech, of Wilmington, commenced a series of meetings in her church on last Sunday night.

It is claimed that North Carolina is far ahead of Virginia in the matter of advancement in agricultural interests.

Washington county truckers complain that seed potatoes rotted in the ground, and the crops will be a failure.

W. W. Nichols caught 110 shad in Neuse river, in two days last week. This is the largest catch we have heard of.

The High Point Enterprise says that George T. Leach has arrived with his family from New York and is working a great transformation in the Bellevue Hotel.

The Smithfield Herald says, Mr. E. W. Pou, Jr., will deliver the address at the anniversary of Olive Branch Lodge, No. 37, I. O. O. F., of Smithfield, on the 7th of May next.

Colonel J. M. Leach, Jr., is to be married in July, says the Thomasville Gazette, to one of the most accomplished daughters of Virginia, Miss Lucy Green, of Culpeper county.

In Halifax, on the 14th instant, passed away quietly and peacefully one of North Carolina's oldest and most worthy sons, Dr. Edwin T. Clark, is the ninety-first year of his age.

The Governor has authorized an exchange of courts between Judges Montgomery and Connor, by which the former is to hold the April term of Cabarrus and the May term of Rowan, and the latter the spring terms Dare Tyrrel and Hyde.

There will be more truck raised this year in the eastern part of the State than there has been for many years past. Peas and vegetables are being nearly ready for shipment, and truck farmers are making a good thing of their business this year.

A steel chisel that was left under the present State Capitol, when it was built in 1833, was found sound a few days ago by the plumbers who were employed in putting the steam-heating. The chisel is in perfect state of preservation and looks as if had only been in use for a few days.

The Wilmington people are looking out for Summer resorts. They are making immense preparations. A railroad to Rightsville sound will be completed by June, so one can "run down to the Sound" in a few minutes and come back when he pleases. But the latest chartering of a sidewheel steamer that will from 600 to 800 passengers at the rate of sixteen miles per hour to run between Wilmington and Carolina Beach and Southport.

I am one of the oldest horseshoers in the town, and I have used your Salvation Oil for cracked heels, mange, and sand cracks with horses; it gives perfect satisfaction. CHAS. W. LEE.

414 W. Baltimore Street, Balto., Md.

A Methodist preacher hinted that it would be nice to go to Europe, as his throat trouble was getting worse, but the good deacons sent for a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and consequently now enjoy a good sermon.