

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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THE WARFARE.

A SHORT SIMPLE SERMON BY
HENRY BLOUNT.

The Christian Conflict When Once Begun, Should Never End Until the Heavenly Home is Won.

Some people think that as soon as a person joins the church he has nothing in the world to do except to drop the oars, fold his arms, and quietly take his rest as his barque glides down the river of time into the ocean of eternity. They seem to think that the current of religion, which flows from the precious fountain of a crucified Saviour, will bear them safely through the channel of christianity and wait their souls at last into that peaceful and blessed harbor of blissful immortality. What a mistake! It is then that the brilliant service begins, and that splendid activity commences which is to make the crown of the Christian life as beautiful with the rich and glittering jewels of triumphs that have been won. The warfare is then begun in earnest, for its victories and its triumphs and its trophies are to be counted on the rocks of eternity under the love lit smiles of an approving Saviour. So the church demands and requires that its members should work. Work and not rest is the sin cursed vale of ours is her normal state. A tireless activity is essential to her growth and prosperity. God does not educate or save the race by rest. Out of the clash and surging of the notions human progress is evoked. There is a rest, but it is the rest of stagnation. The brook flows; and brightest where it murmurs over pebbles and breaks in waterfalls over rocks—at once giving and receiving life. Follow it down to the meadow where it collects in pools, and there, beneath its glossy surface, you will find dead insects and loathsome black mud, breathing the dreadful miasma. And so it will be seen that activity is necessary, toil is essential, and in addition to incessant work and ceaseless effort and struggle there will be so many obstacles in the way, and there will be so many nights in which not a single star will be seen to glimmer and sprinkle a wave of comfort down. But despite the clouds and their rayless deeps of darkness the stars are still there and their light will be sure to cheer you. So don't despair and despair because difficulties and obstacles are in the way. The bigger the opposition the grander and more brilliant will be the achievement, and richer will shine the jewels that will gem the coronet of your triumph. The river that has no rugged barriers and precipitous steep over which to leap, and reveal the splendor of its powers as seen in the splashing rapids and foaming current and seething billows thus brought up by its high effort, flows on and on so smoothly, so quietly and so noiselessly that not even the murmur of a ripple is made to respond in reciprocal strains to the wailing notes of whispering reeds that fondle upon its almost dead and pulseless and passionless bosom. Even the sunbeams, that fall upon it, find the back so deep and so profound that they gather the shadows of the overhanging trees about them and close their glittering eyes in sleep as deep as that which lies upon the waters. But when that river has obstacles in its way, when it has rocks of opposition to pierce its current and try to check its flow, then its power is felt, and the music of its roar sounds like the billows of the ocean when they dash upon the shore. Then it booms "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," for its splashing current, sparkling with its thousand radiant ripples and each one flashing with the diamond like brilliancy of their glittering necklace woven out of the corruscations of falling sunbeams, goes dancing and rollicking and frolicking onward to the sea, chanting to the splendid rhythm of a magnificent sweep the entrancing melodies of its own wordless song, set to the unwritten music of the breeze swept harp of Nature.

And so it is with the stream of christianity as it goes coursing down the channel of the years. Were there no obstacles it would soon be a sleeping lake of heartless indolence; scum of indifference would gather upon its bosom; bogs of mire of temptation would margin it; weeds of evil would spring up, and a pestilence of sin would breathe out the exhalations of everlasting death. But there are agencies to arouse and awaken its current into the sweetest flow, and in the thrilling swell of its triumphant sweep the radiance of its splashing waves to Heaven reach, and the

roar of its music of redemption mingles with the tides of song that ripples upon that shore. There is opposition in the way but that very opposition gives its current a grander and more majestic sweep. There are many rocks in the channel, but it makes its waters purer, clearer and more pellucid. There are sharp jutting edges and crags to pierce its current, but they only serve to ripple its glorious bosom with a thousand dimples of radiance, and make us think of the shining rills that go purring through the vales of Heaven.

Yes it is labor here, refreshment up there; work below, rest above; fighting a warfare here, reaping the victories there; wearing the cross and its thorns for a time, and then to put on the crown of fadeless flowers and wear it forever in celestial bowers. And then with loved ones gathered there, we'll weave joy's garlands pure and rare; for where the crystal waters flow, no weeds of trial ever grow.

The Modern Girl of Fashion.

This modern girl hardly knows what she wants, whether it is higher education an aesthetic wardrobe, love or fame. She plays tennis and progressive euchre, and flirts, and does Kensington work, and reads Herbert Spencer, and very often writes; she dabbles in music and talks theosophy, and if there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in her philosophy, one questions what they can be. Withal she is as restless as the wind. She does not love the quiet of home; she lives on excitement; she goes to Europe, to the springs, the mountains, the theatres, the receptions, if she can get there, or to the modiste; she can always fall back upon clothes as a diversion, and when everything else fails she has nervous prostration and a trained nurse. In fact, the chief trouble with the modern girl, be she rich or poor, is that she does too much, keeps her nerves on the strain, and by and by goes to the other extreme, and literally does nothing but consume drugs, talk of her ills, and consult the Christian scientists; or she has no real interest, fritters away her time in shallow pursuits, becomes pessimistic and dyspeptic, dissatisfied with herself and all the world; cries and questions if life is worth living, and feels especially blue on holidays. The remedy for all this is, perhaps, an object in life; those who are well and unselfishly occupied do not question if whether they are busy in the shoe factory, behind a country at the fireside, in the kitchen or the dining room, so long as they are busy and not shirking or reaching forward for something more congenial, and neglecting present duty, their minds are at rest and uninvaded by despondence. One of the best remedies for depression of spirits is the effort to bestow happiness; it has been known to prove effectual when all other methods have failed; when novels and new gowns and codliver oil and bovine and bromide; when admiration and flattery are no more serviceable than an abracadabra or any heathern spell. Melancholy or other is a ills of this nature are the direct result of a too strong egotism, and an absorbing interest in others is a safe and agreeable medicine, and is usually the last thing a modern girl tries.

Keep Your Letters.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them under the green sod. Above all never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer she foolishly rejected twenty years ago a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the beloved one, who has journeyed before her to the far off land, from which there comes no message, and there she hopes to join him. No photographs can so vividly recall to the memory of the mother, the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of heaven, as the epistolary outpourings of their love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than the image or the features—it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

A good deal—A pat hand.
High rent—A hole in the top of your hat.
The slow match—Four years of courtship.
How to cut a person—Look daggers at him.
A tragedienne's hair is composed of actresses.
A pin can generally be relied upon to carry its point.
To make a long story short—Cut away all but the wisdom.
The French eaters of horseflesh prefer the animals curried.
The Quick and the Dead—The telegraph and the messenger boy.
In going up the ladder of fame, we meet many coming down.
It is no easy thing to put a full stop to the girl of the period.
It is the counterfeiter who always "pays a man in his own coin."
Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland is very hard at work on a novel.
Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker is a successful lawyer of Washington.
Queen Natalie of Serbia has decided to open a saloon in Paris.
Amelie Rives Chanler is said to be very happy in her married life.
The baker struggle to say, more than any other man kneads bread.
A physician usually treat his patients, but he does not treat them well.
Mme. Carnot, wife of the French President, parts her hair on one side.
A very poor oil, and one that should never be used at come, is turmoil.
Atlas supported the world, and to this day the world owes Atlas a living.
We are all creatures of habit especially the girls who are out horseback riding.
The sweetest of sweet girls who will wait for you is worth her wait in gold.
A young man who is too fresh generally finds himself in a pickle sooner or later.
It often happens in politics that a fact that has "leaked out" had never leaked in.
Mme. Lippmann, daughter of M. Dums, has made a great hit in amateur theatricals.
Pay heed to the idle ramor. Some day the idle roomer may fail to pay his room rent.
An early settler—The lodger who has to pay for his lodging before going to bed.
The dearest object to a man should be his wife, but it is not unfrequently her clothes.
A man who is hung is usually cool. It is the fellow that is guillotine that looses his head.
The first assisted Italian immigrant to this county was a person named Christopher Columbus.
Judges are the oges who lay down the law, and when it is nicely laid down the lawyers jump on it.
"Sarah," said the small boy at the law-mower to his nurse, "come out and help me peel the grass."
It is confidently asserted, that not all the men killed by falling beams are victims of stroke.
Miss Robinson, of Staten Island, champion lady tennis player of the United States, has won twenty-four prizes.
The scared cow of India is the only representative of the bovine tribe which can be classed as a beast of prey.
Ships are about the only thing we know of that can travel mile after mile on tacks and shows no signs of pain.
The artist who put up gilt signs may not be much of a correspondent, but he turns out some brilliant letters.
Miss Ada Harvey, the first female child born in Denver, is 18 years old, and is now visiting the scenes of her babyhood.
"How fond Charley Roberts is of his father! He fairly worships him." "Yes he takes after his father in that respect."
Princess Beatrice has sent some of her own musical compositions to the exhibition of woman's industries in Sydney, Australia.

Mrs Mackey, called the Silver Queen in London, is going to rent the Duke of Sutherland's celebrated mansion, "Stafford house."

A statistician has discovered that in "Herod and Mariamne" Amelie Rives makes use of the word "mad" and its variations no less than eighty-eight times.

Mrs Carlisle is said to enjoy having guests at dinner, and to desire her husband, the speaker, to bring friends home with him when possible. Mrs Carlisle is now keepidg house at Washington for the first time.

There are 20,000 Cherokees, 5000 Choctaws, 5000 Chickasaws, and from 2000 to 3000 Seminoles in the Indian Territory. Creeks number about 8000 to 10,000 souls but it is thought about half of these are colored.

It is stated by the Commercial Advertiser that the fourth centenary of the discovery of America will be celebrated at Genoa by the revival of an opera by Morlacchi, entitled "Christoforo Colombo," composed in 1828.

There are 800,000 freight cars on the various railroad lines in this country, of which 60,000 are the property of the Pennsylvania Central road. They range in value from \$300, the cost of constructing a flat car, to \$1500, the amount expended in building the average refrigerator car.

By the naval manœuvres just now finished in the Irish Sea, it appears that "the average speed of even the best ships was much below the figure given in any authoritative naval work." A Cunard steamer ran by them as though they were anchored.

The Mexicans are hard at work on the banks of the Rio Grand opposite El Paso, Texas, building wiuig dams and willow mattresses to prevent their territory from being washed away by the turbulent river. They have lost much in past years this manner.

Somebody delving in the history of Newburyport, Mass., has found, asserts the New York Sun, that lumber was once sent across the Atlantic Ocean in the form of a raft similar to that which recently arrived in the port of New York from Joggins, Nova Scotia.

The ex-Confederate colony in New York continues to grow. At almost every social gathering may be seen one or two men who won the title of General when they wore the gray. The southern society started a short time ago, now has a membership of hundreds, and will soon have a building of its own.

Miss Leona Dare, the famous athlete, recently made a balloon ascension in England, hanging by her feet from a trapeze. On alighting, six miles away, she found that she had forgotten her clothing, and had to ride back to town in an open wagon clad only in tights.

Ben Butler says that he is going to flop over to the Republican side this fall. According to the Burlington Free Press there is no man under the face of the sun who has done so mush boarding around in politics as Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts.

That fierce warrior, in peace, Murat Halstead of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, spent a day with Mr. Harrison. It is presumed that Warrior Halstead instilled a great deal of courage into the wilted spinal column of the already defeated candidate.

The yellow fever scourge continues to spread over the South. The greatest alarm prevails and people are fleeing almost panic stricken from many Southern cities. Poor Jacksonville. Her people have been compelled to flee for life. Those who remain seem to be facing almost certain death from the plague. The population of Jacksonville is between 34,000 and 35,000. Probably 2,500 of her people were already sojourning in other States when the fever broke out. A census shows less than 13,000 inhabitants at present within the corporation. Of these 6,821 are colored people leaving something less than 4,000 whites present in their homes. There is nothing to equal the heroism of those who have gone there and are staying there solely for the purpose of ministering to those who are sick and dying, when they themselves are not one second, free from a fatal attack. What could or would be done for the stricken city but for the unpretentious heroism of the men who stick night after night and telegraph the situation over the country. There have been 1,745 cases in Jacksonville and 202 deaths.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Mr. John G. Williams has been appointed acting auditor of the G., C. & N. Railroad. His office will be Monroe.

Mr. Chas. S. Arnall succeeds Dr. Carter Berkley as resident agent at Raleigh of the Valley Mutual Life Association of Virginia.

The Vestry of Christ Episcopal Church refused to accept the resignation of Rev. Dr. M. M. Marshall. He will be given a vacation.

Hon. A. E. Stevenson, First Assistant Postmaster General, will deliver the annual address at the Cumberland country fair in November.

There are over 200 pupils at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind. This is a larger number than has been heretofore taken.

The Seven Day Adventists have been holding camp meeting at Hickory. Their tents were pitched near the wagon works. Rev Mr. Rees presided.

A party of ladies and gentlemen engaged in a moonlight fox chase Friday night, at Asheville. They returned about 11 o'clock bringing back a fox.

Greenville has a twelve year old instructor in the art of dancing—Miss Novella Higgs. It is claimed that she is the youngest instructor in America.

The loss of crops in the State, mainly by the flooding of bottom lands, amounts to millions of dollars. People are just beginning to realize the extent of the losses.

The Newton Fair was a decided success. The exhibit of stock was fine, and the agricultural products of every variety showed what good farming will do good lands.

Rev. Jos. Blount Cheshire Jr., of St. Peter's Episcopal church, Charlotte, has received a call from the church at Tarboro. He has not yet signified his acceptance, says the Observer.

The Salem and Winston postoffice are only three fourth of a mile apart; but the Twin-City Daily says a letter from one to the other has to go by way of Greensboro, thus taking a fifty-seven mile trip to go less than one mile.

The Henderson News tells this on its neighboring town: "Oxford needs more courting men. Beaux must be scarce or very slow here. We witnessed last week the spectacle of seeing a couple of young ladies throwing "crack lou" for a beau who was by no means an Adonis."

A correspondent of the Chatham Record says: "Now, Mr. Editor, I am not a preacher, nor do I propose to preach, but I am going to prophesy that Colonel Dockery will not get one per cent. of the Baptist vote in the State—they are white men Colonel."

Mr. C. M. Busbee, of Raleigh, was on the 15th inst., elected Deputy Grand Sire of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F., by that body in session at Los Angeles, Cal. This is the second highest honor within the gift of the Order.

Gov. Scales has been invited and has accepted the invitation to open the Durham Tobacco Exposition. The Exposition will be one of the biggest things ever know in the State. Among the special features will be a great parade of floats.

The Henderson Gold Leaf says: "The force of laborers on the Durham & Henderson railroad has lately been greatly increased and the work is being pushed with all possible speed. The rainy weather has retarded work somewhat and some damage has been done to the road bed by washing it out, but this will be repaired and operations prosecuted all the more vigorously."

Roger P. Atkinson informed a Patriot reporter to-day that the work of locating the Western extension of the C. E. & Y. V. R. R. on across the Blue Ridge Mountains to connect with the Norfolk & Western will in all probability be completed this week. Work on the Norfolk & Western is being pushed with great rapidity to meet the C. F. & Y. V. at the Virginia line, and those who have hitherto conjectured that the further extension of the C. F. & Y. V. across the Blue Ridge was next to an impossibility will find consolation in the fact that it is only a question of time.