

# THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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NO 1

## MERRY MORSELS.

### AND RADIANT REFLECTIONS BY HENRY BLOUNT.

#### Punctuated with Pungent Points and Spiced with Sweetest Sentiment

An oyster does not look austere.  
Wounded vanity is very hard to dress.  
A pun is a pungent ripple in conversation.  
Eddie says that green is now the color of lawns.  
Don't scald your tongue in other folk's broth.  
Setting up drinks results in upsetting drinkers.  
Man proposes, but—he is not always accepted.  
A woman's character is like a postage stamp. One blot and it is ruined.  
Loss of sleep makes a man look worn because it takes the nap out of him.

Some men are so lacking in hospitality that they will not even entertain an idea.  
The weather can scarcely be called "settled" while heavy "dews" are seen every morning.  
Solitude is one of the pathways of God to the soul; contact with and toil for man is another.

If you want friends, merit them, and they will come to you as surely as the stars come to the night.

Sympathy is that rofifluent flood which baptises the night of disappointment with the soothing spray of its refreshing water.

When Eddie saw a sitting hen come off her nest yesterday he said it was about time for little chicks to be shedding their ova-coats.

If a burnt child dreads the fire, why does a person, who has been signed by Cupid's torch so often, have a lingering regard for the old flame?

Eddie said to-day that the color of a bucket shop was a little pail, whereupon George Stallings remarked that it was a color that wooden ware well.

The difference between happiness and wisdom is, that the man who thinks himself most happy is so, while he who believes himself most wise is generally the reverse.

The obtrusive, noisy powers in nature are not the most efficient. The silent dews and gentle rains and quiet sunbeams rear the mighty forests and robe our earth in verdure.

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money—money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied.

Poison was poured into the ear of Hamlet's father, and he died. Vials of speech full of poison thought are every day poured into the ears of the young, and moral death creeps over them.

Christian charity teaches us to imprint even upon the wrinkled brow of crime the sweetest kiss of human sympathy, and to soften with the velvet touch of commiseration the descending blow of condemnation.

Love, without fond caresses and honied endearments, is like an orchard when robbed of its luscious and delicious fruit, or like a rose bush when wintry frosts have destroyed the exquisite tintings and enchanting perfume of its bright and blooming flowers.

A writer asks: "Will the coming young man use both arms?" That depends. Before the fire in the parlor, with only one chair tenable, one arm is sufficient. But the farewell act demands both, or he will leave a mad damsel, with a poor opinion of the man who uses only one arm.

They that believe, have Christ in their hearts, heaven in their eyes, and the world under their feet. God's word is their teacher; His spirit their guide; His fear their guard; His providence their inheritance; His people their friends; His promises their cordials; holiness their way; and Heaven their home.

## True Christianity.

Canon Liddon says that "true christianity is easily discernable in that spirit of gentleness with which we render honor to all people." And we say that the sweetest and noblest and most angel like virtue of christianity is the spirit of charity, that indulgent and tolerant feeling which shows respect and regard for the opinions and the feelings of others, and which recognizes the glory light of religion wherever its flames are burning. And in addition to this exalted attitude, which reaches unto Heaven itself and catches its glory, true christianity shows itself in that Christ like charity which relieves poverty, not as conferring a favor, but as satisfying what is, in some sense, a right—the right of humanity to live and to ask, in God's name, at the hands of property, the means of livelihood. Christian charity refuses to acquiesce in the inhuman dogma that men or races are incurably bad or degraded; he treats the lower as still bearing, within, the stamp of the Divine Likeness; as still capable, through supernatural grace, of the highest elevation. She bends respectfully to tend the foulest wound; She kneels upon the pavement side by side with the eternal Christ, that she may wash the feet which have been soiled in traversing the waters of time; she bows herself to the very earth that she may "take the sinner out of the dust and lift the beggar from the dunghill," and then "set him with the princes, even with the princes of the people" of Christ. But whether she instructs the young, or feeds the hungry, or clothes the naked, or provides labor for the unemployed, or offers shelter to the homeless, or an asylum to the deranged, or a refuge where the fallen may find aids to rise, or a bed where the sick may die in peace, tended by the hand of love—everywhere she stands before humanity, not as a patroness, but as a loving and faithful servant, who is too loyal, too enamored of her Master's name and birthright, to be other than affectionate and respectful in the hour of His poverty and His shame. Associate yourselves then with this sublime charity of the church. Endeavor to give a practical turn to the honor which you owe to all men. Honor, indeed those for whom you can do nothing in the way of outward service; honor your betters in church and State, your superiors in acquirement or in station; but honor also the poor, the fallen, the sick, the ignorant, the depressed, and the forsaken. Let them see the glory light of your christianity in the effulgent gleamings of its comforting fires. And let all who profess to be christians show their christianity in Christ like deeds. Let them throw wide open the doors of the heart, and allow the warm sunshine of an unstinted liberality to warm with the glow of comfort those who are now standing cold and shivering in Poverty's icest winter, and receiving in their unprotected faces the pitiless peltings of its coldest and hardest sleet of want and deprivation. Let them cheer and comfort them with some liberal donations and make them feel indeed that there are indeed some noble hearts, whose grandly strung strings of generosity respond in sweetest vibration to every touch of human want and distress. Yes, let us make them feel the blessed kinship of humanity. Let us make them feel that there are times when they are recognized as love-knit fellow pilgrims, wending their way together to the same sweet home of peace and rest; and that there are moments, even in sordid life, when selfish greed hath lost its lust, and when heart-beats can respond to heart-beats, and have all senses charmed with the rapture of its music. And let us remember that we will never become bankrupt and impoverished by giving, for "God loveth a cheerful giver" and will Himself remunerate. The Bible proclaims it, and nature proves it. The flowers give out their perfume to every sighing zephyr, and God still fills their bosoms with purest, sweetest odors. The birds send forth their carollings as freely as the breezes, and God still fills their throat with the ripples of sweet song waves. The streams pour forth their crystal tides in endless wavelets to the sea, and God still fills their gushing fountains with bright and sparkling waters. The star-beams fall like silver strands to thread the gloom of darkness, and yet a million years of night could not exhaust this endless skein of light. And so, it will be with our gifts, for when we give to the poor we lendeth to the Lord, and he will a million times repay, not only here, but in that realm of Endless Day.

## Tenderly True.

The versatile editor of the Durham Globe dips his pen in the quivering ink-drops of trembling pathos, and says most beautifully and tenderly: "A girl—young and maybe comely or maybe handsome—educated in a manner, and yet no matter about that—she was a human being, she was the idol of a lover—her heart had gone out to a man: gone out to him with its tenderness and its hope; gone out to him with as much force and as much honesty, and perhaps more than if she had been prominent and a figure in society. Another woman, a long tongued gossip—one of the busy bodies who had a tongue hung on a pivot and loose at both ends, created stories and lied and slandered the girl, and the girl, in her simplicity and in the humiliation which followed the wild reports, drowned herself. And yet the old hag, who lied about her, will go free because she cannot be prosecuted. But it was murder none the less—it was a malicious and wilful murder—the work of an assassin—the deed of a wretch who should not be allowed to live. And herein society is wrong, wrong in a hundred ways, of course but in this particular is it more cruelly wrong than in any other.

The man who slanders his neighbor is a coward; he has murder in his heart. He would wreck the life of a neighbor if he dared. His viciousness is held in restraint only by his moral cowardice. He would sneak upon you in the dark, had he the assurance that he could waylay you. He would apply the torch to your home were he not afraid of detection, and he would lie about you, your sister or your mother and then lie out of it again. There should be societies formed for the protection of character. The law says that if I slander you, you may recover. That is you may bring an action and recover damages. But suppose I say something about your sister? Something untrue, something which will cause her misery and humiliation. Do you suppose a man is going to drag an innocent girl through the courts to establish what all people know who are acquainted with her? Not any, my friend. The sneak who slanders with his poisoned tongue, should be rendered speechless by having his tongue torn out by the roots.

The girls at Memphis, who reduced herself to a damp, cold body was of course foolish, but at the same time she was perhaps so incensed, so shocked and so deeply humiliated that she could not resist the temptation to do what she did. Yet no matter. She was a poor girl—a girl who worked for a living and who believed in her lover and who was pure and kind and affectionate. Throw a few clods on the coffin; drive on the procession and let it all be forgotten. She was of no consequence, anyway. She had no money. She had friends but they were among those who worked for what they get—drive on the hearse and give the wicked tattlers a chance to blight some other life.

## Ingratitude.

Oh, let us not be guilty of ingratitude. Let us ever remember however sad our lot it might be worse, and that it is surely appointed by One who sees the end from the beginning, and who will not allow us to suffer one pain, or endure one trial, more than is necessary to promote our best and highest good; who is watching over us, and caring for us in the most tender, loving manner, and causing all things to work together for good to them that love Him. Listen to this and take in its full meaning: "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give."

## So Wrong.

It is so wrong to write in novels that the sea ran mountains high, because in fact, the sea runs very little more than twenty feet high. The german is right, and it is equally wrong to speak of a gorgeous sunset, for the sun does not set; or the moonlight sleeping on a bank, for moonlight never sleeps; or Father Rhine, for the Rhine is a river, and nobody's father at all. In point of fact it is wrong to use words at any time, for words always mean something else. The correct thing is to open your mouth only when you are hungry, and hold your tongue under all circumstances.

## Sacred Songs.

We are assured by Scripture that music is one of the ineffable joys of Heaven—that its atmosphere pulsates with praise Numbers, in the hour of departure, have caught the music of "harpers harping with their harps," and with their stiffening tongues have essayed to join in the triumphant songs. Said Edmund Auger, "Do you see that blessed assembly who await my arrival? Do you hear that sweet music with which holy men invite me, that I may henceforth be a partaker of their happiness? How delightful it is to be in the society of blessed spirits! Let us go! We must go! Let me go!" One well-authenticated instance, at least is known, where celestial music above a deathbed was heard by several persons as well as the dying man. But the songs—the songs of the redeemed! Oh, may we bear in them some humble part! We read of the new Song, and of the Song of Moses, and the Lamb, the modulations of which transcended mortal conception. But are there not a few of our familiar church tunes which seem worthy, in their enchanting cadences, of immortal voices? There are "Christmas," and princely "St. Michael's," two of Handel's lofty bursts of harmony, simple in the sublime simplicity of perfect art; "Truro," with its uprising swell that lifts the soul on its numbers; "Coronation," that rushes on with its burden of "Crown Him" till in imagination we almost see the kingly diadem on the Head once crowned with thorns. Who that knows them but hopes it possible that these tunes are sometimes chanted—or remembered joyfully—by members of the blessed choirs who sang them on earth?

At the institution of the Holy Communion our Lord Himself joined in a hymn with His disciples. It was one of the Jewish chants appointed for the season, and is it not probable that its consecrated numbers sometimes ring through the vaults of Heaven! An old air ofttimes causes a resurrection of precious memories, of loves, pleasures, sanctified trials—and the terms that we, "weeping abundantly," consigned to the grave, come forth draped in light and crowned with the bays of immortality.

## Ruling The Tongue.

Do not talk too much. Learn how to be silent. There is nothing like the man or woman that can keep the mouth shut. Not that people should always keep the tongue still; it is made for use; but there are times when silence is the best and most effective reply. When a boor speaks roughly or uncivilly to you, when you are asked an impertinent question, when a sneer is conveyed under cover of an inquiry of information, or when, having appealed to you on a question of taste, your opinion is met with ridicule, the best answer in these or like exigencies is masterful silence, bespeaking reserve power, conscious strength, dignity, self-command: and nothing at times is so effective as the silence which springs from contempt. He, who can endure reproach silently, and can keep silent under trying circumstances, is a man of no common character. He who is irritated, and who loses control of tongue and temper, is at the mercy of his opponent. He who can keep calm and cool can mould men as he will. The cold hammer bends the hot iron. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."

## Note This.

Husbands and wives should preserve sacredly the privacies of their own house, their married state, and their hearts. Let no third person come in between you. With God's help build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once; never speak of it outside, but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun find you at variance. Review and renew your vows; it will do you good, and thereby your souls will grow together, and you will become truly one, and life will be full of sunshine, and sweet with the fragrance of conjugal felicity.

## Holy Week.

This is Holy Week, because of the sad and hallowed events which preceded the crucifixion of our blessed Saviour and which have made it as sweet and as dear and as tender and as touching to the Christian's heart as the hallowed trinkets that love used to wear. Sunday was Palm Sunday, for on that day our precious Saviour made his triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, and the people scattered palm branches before Him, crying; "Hosanna, blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord." Monday is solemnized by his re-entrance into Jerusalem where He ejected the money changers from the Temple. On Tuesday he delivered some wise and ever-to be remembered parables, and foretold the destruction of the Temple and Jerusalem. On Wednesday He foretold His betrayal. On Thursday night he instituted the Lord's Supper which has been such a strength and such a comfort and such a solace through all the centuries that have flown down the hoary channel of frosted Time. On the same night he was arrested, bound in chains and carried a captive to the High Priest. What a picture! He who could drown the shame and corruption and the iniquities of sin in the crimson current of his own precious life tide, and make own lives whiter than snow—yea this man was a bound prisoner, waiting for the morrow's sun to be crucified for the redemption of the world. The day at last dawned, and with the cross upon His wearied shoulders He ascended the steeps of Calvary, and there amid the jeers and the jibes of the mocking multitude, amid cruellest scenes of bitterest trial and severest torture, "He bowed His head and gave up the Ghost." It was finished. What was finished? God's plan of Salvation.

## Best Things.

The best law is the golden rule; the best philosophy, a contented mind; the best statesmanship, self-government; the best theology, a pure life; the best war, that against one's own weakness; the best medicine, cheerfulness, temperance in all things; the best music, the laughter of an innocent soul; the best science, the extracting of sunshine from gloom; the best art, painting a smile upon the brow of childhood; the best biography, the life which writes charity in the largest letters; the best telegraphing, flashing a ray of light into a gloomy heart; the best engineering, building a bridge of faith over the river of death; the best diplomacy, effecting a treaty of peace with one's own conscience; the best journalism, printing only the good and the true; the best navigation, steering clear of the rocks of personal contention; the best mathematics, that which doubles the most joys, subtracts the most sorrows, divides the gulf of misery, adds to the sum of human pleasure and cancels all selfishness.

## Culture.

Culture, if consistently and thoroughly carried out, must lead on to religion; that is to cultivation of the spiritual and heavenward capacities of our nature. And religion, if truthful and wise, must expand into culture, must urge men who are under its power to make the most of all their capacities; not only for the worth of those capacities in themselves, but because they are the gifts of God.

## Learn To Be Brief.

Long visits, long stories and long exhortations seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. Learn to condense, abridge, and intensify. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is soon over; while even pleasures grow insipid and intolerable if they are protracted beyond the limits of reason and convenience.

## The Right Way.

Proportion thy charity to the strength of thy estate, lest God proportion thy estate to the weakness of thy charity. Let the lips of the poor be the trumpet of thy gift, lest, in seeking applause, thou lose thy reward. Nothing is more pleasing to God than an open hand and a close mouth.