

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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MERRY MORSELS.

AND RADIANT REFLECTIONS BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Punctuated with Pungent Points
and Spiced with Sweetest
Sentiment

Faint praise is disparagement.
Call me cousin, but cozen me not.
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow.
A woman is man's guardian angel.
Be a friend to yourself, and others will.
Burglars are noted for being enterprising.

A white glove often conceals a dirty hand.
A thermometer gains notoriety by degrees.

Why should a layman care for a sitting in the church?

When a singer's voice fails, he cannot take up his notes.

Night-keys, as a rule, have their hardest work to do in the morning.

Experience is the name men give to their follies or their sorrows.

A veil is a protection against the sun of Heaven and the sons of earth.

Wealth may not bring happiness but it forms a very good substitute for it.

Indigestion has been comically defined as "the ingratitude of the stomach."

Some men are so lacking in hospitality that they will not even entertain an idea.

When we know how to appreciate merit we have the germ of it within ourselves.

In life you can "go as you please," but you will be happier if you strive to please as you go.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures.

Speak kindly and act kindly to others, and you will be sure to win affection as well as esteem.

Silence is the softest response for all the contradictions that arise from impertinence, vulgarity, and envy.

As an archer makes straight his arrow, so a wise man makes straight his thought, which is difficultly to turn.

No character is complete that has not some mental treasures on which it may draw during the treachery of fortune.

When you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity unless you deny yourself of something in order that you may give.

We are told "the evening wore on," but we are not told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the close of a Summer's day?

Soft words may appease an angry man—bitter words never will. Would you throw fuel on a house in flames in order to extinguish the fire?

A happiness that is quite undisturbed becomes tiresome; we must have ups and downs; the difficulties which are mingled with love awaken passion and increase pleasure.

Life is like a pack of cards. Childhood's best cards are hearts; youth is captured by diamonds; middle age is conquered with a club; while old age is raked in by the insatiable spade.

Every increase of knowledge may possibly render depravity more depraved, as well as it may increase the strength of virtue. It is in itself only power, and its value depends on its application.

Never speak evil of another while you are under the influence of envy and malevolence, but wait till your spirits are cooled down, that you may better judge whether to utter or suppress the matter.

There cannot be a more glorious object in all creation than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator by doing most good to his creatures.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence. When one gets to love work his life is a happy one.

Autumnal Reflections.

We have again arrived at the season, at which fallen leaves which we see around us, reminds us of the decay of nature. A little while ago the forests were green and beautiful, and seemed all life, with the voices of the feathery tribes which pealed forth notes of joy and gladness. But now the trees are stripped of their foliage, and stand bleak and desolate before the gaze, with none of their recent glory. The birds have departed to more genial climes, and to the eye there comes no pleasing prospect, and to the ear no melodious sound. It is Autumn. Come, let us ponder on this great change in the inanimate creation, and seek to draw from it the instruction which it affords. And how can we look now upon the withered grass, the tender plant, the tree of earlier growth, and the giant oak, without being reminded of our own decay? All, by their appearance, speak but of death and destruction. And though we know that ere long they will again revive and resume their former splendor, yet for the present, as we behold them, they bring but sadness to the mind in its moments of contemplation. We know that, in a few months, all will be clothed in the verdure of Spring, and be beautiful to the view once more. But whence the evidence of this? It is in the faded stalk which so proudly lifted its head to Heaven, but which is now cast down? Or in that stately tree which yet towers so much above its fellows, yet with no covering for its limbs and branches—its picture of departed grandeur? Nay! It is not in these, but in nature, which, in the past six thousand years, has ever been the same, and which we feel will be the same, while earth endures. In the variations of the seasons, it has changed the beauty of the forest to desolation, and again brought forth anew the happy and cheering prospect which it took away. And because it has done so we rest assured that so it will do with the vision which is now presented to the sight—that it, too, will grow brighter and more cheerful, when the cold winds have ceased, and gentle and genial zephyrs shall play upon all surrounding objects. But this annual repose of nature comes to us fulfilled with meaning which we may not thrust aside. It, as already said, tells us of the tomb. Man's existence here is not forever, nor yet for many ysars. "We are passing away" is written on every hand in letters which the eye cannot avoid. And when nature seems full of desolation, especially in his certain doom brought most vividly to mind. As the leaves fall and are buried from sight in the earth, so do we, one by one, drop down on our pilgrimage and sink away beneath the dust which forms our bed and covering. And oh! how full of darkness and sorrow would be our lot, if we felt that a repose like this would never change—that our dust, mingling with that of earth, would not come forth reanimated at the last day, when the earth shall roll from its axis and vanish from the Universe. But we have a nobler destiny. We are not for time, but for eternity. Autumn may speak to us of death, but the Spring comes on apace to tell us that it is not lasting. So, when we turn our thoughts from the things of earth, let them pass beyond the grave and enter Heaven. And as we live, let our actions show that we have in view the new existence to which we shall awake hereafter—that when our Autumnal rest is past, clothed in the spiritual garments of the just we may dwell immortal in that joyous land, where leaves never fall and flowers never fade, but where all is as the freshness of Spring and Summer, forever without change, beautiful, grand and peaceful. Yes, there is a land of never fading green, where trees never lose the luxuriant richness of their leafy glories, or the flowers their fragrance and the beauty of their vernal vigor and vitality; and we do thank God there is in our hearts a blessed hope of glorious immortality, and protected as it is in the arms of religion, and nursed on the faith and promise of Jesus, it too has an eternity of existence and grows stronger, purer and brighter as life runs down its channel to the ocean of death. And even then its glory beams will flash across the darkened chasm, and illumine and brighten up the inky deep which rolls between time and eternity, and disclose to the enraptured visions beautiful glimpses of that blessed haven of peace and rest which lies glistening, all bright and resplendent with that glory light which flashes in everlasting sparkles from the throne of God.

A Future Life.

Some idea of the immortality of the soul has been almost universal. It has shown itself in the worship of the dead, in the theory of transmigration, in countless dreams and imaginations. Man has felt that his sense of justice, his affections, his highest cravings, would be utterly unsatisfied if this life were all. A future life has been the object of his greatest dread and of his most fervent longings. It may have been degraded into an idea of mere sensuous enjoyment, but it has also been raised into the noblest vision of union with that which is divine. Can this subject be better closed than by a few words on the influence of the Christian religion? We believe that in the gospel of Christ alone do all the religious instincts of mankind find their full answer. The wheat is separated from the chaff, and all that is good is purified, elevated, sanctified. The one living God of the gospel is not a distant Creator, not a hard immovable fate, not a mere pervading Essence, but the Eternal Father of His human children. The mysteries of sin and death are not explained, but it is proclaimed that the gift of God is victory and eternal life, and that in the new heaven and new earth "there shall be no more curse." The sinful and miserable state of man is not denied, but he is offered redemption from the bondage of sin, he is shown the living way to a sure hope of restoration, and he promised an over-abiding Comforter in the spirit of Truth. His sense of the need of sacrifice is justified by the one great sacrifice of the Son of God, and by the teaching that the Christian should follow his Master in the sacrifice of his own will to that of His Heavenly Father. The longing for a human ideal and deliverer is fulfilled in the perfect Son of Man, the "Desire of nations," who came to reveal "the thoughts of many hearts," to be "the first-born among many brethren." The hope of immortality is flooded with light and life through Him by whom "death is swallowed up in victory." The vision of Paradise is sanctioned and made into a home by the promise of a "Father's house" prepared for us, of a heavenly city where we shall "ever be with the Lord," and where "we shall be like Him." Amidst all rejoicings, the keynote of all other religions was sadness over the vanity of all things human. Admired all sufferings, the keynote of christianity is joy and triumph. "If God be for us who can be against us?" "We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." It is true that we are subject to the same passions and weakness as other men; the temptations in varied forms beset us. Life and death, sin and suffering, are still shrouded in mystery, which we are nowhere promised shall ever be solved in this life; we only "know in part," we "see darkly." But we are bidden to trust ourselves and all things to our God and Father.

The Judgment Day.

The work is done. The Judge arises. His throne becomes another Sinai. The fires of His wrath and the lightnings of His power blend in fearful grandeur. The batteries of Divine Justice rock and bellow while their emptied thunders tear through the shivering throng and burst in awful ruin. His sword is unsheathed—the stars stand back beyond the sweep, of its edge glimmering fire, "Depart, ye cursed, into the hell you have deserved, prepared for the devil and his angels." The Nemesis of the Divine wrath will lift their burning scourges and before their impetuous charge both devil and men will fly howling from the judgment seat—farewell, God!—and the tempests of God's retribution overtaking them in their flight, they fall! fall! fall! The dungeons of woe are bolted—and the eternity of their night sets in. His sword is sheathed. The tempests float from His throne. The brightness of an approving smile rests now upon His brow. Angels reflect it; the relaxing brow of Justice reflects it; the sweet face of Mercy reflects it—"Come, ye blessed"—the throne of the Judge wheels into the front—Its muttering thunders now playing the sweetest music—"Come," angels and archangels, and families and friends, fall into grand procession, and the magnificent pageant sweeps into the Heavens, rises above the stars, and the choral thunders of the coronation anthem of Christ ring against the arches of the universe.

Dreaming Of Thee.

The night has come with all her silvery train,
The moonlight now is pure;
The hour is come that I can rest again
And dream of you.
The air is still, the Western sky is gold,
And far on lawn and lea
The shadows bring the happy thought
Of old,
And dreams of thee.
The sweetest hour of autumn's day is ending;
The song of bird and bee
To the still time their influence is lending,
And sing of thee.
The rest serene on earth and Heaven
Bringeth
No rest to me;
No song to me the lonely night bird
Singeth,
Weary for thee.
Thy shadow haunts the balmy autumn
Even,
By land and sea;
Between me and the happy moonlit
Heaven
Rise thoughts of thee.
I stand beneath the stars, whose quiet
shining
But brings to me,
The thought of olden times, the weary
pining
For thee, for thee.
To feel the longing wild, the yearning
weary,
Thy face to see;
To feel earth's brightest scenes grow
pale and dreary,
For want of thee.
And know that while the stars shine
on in Heaven,
No sun shall bring to me
Thy presence. Only as it came this
even,
In dreams of thee.

Be Kind At Home.

Be kind to dear ones at home. Be tender, affectionate, considerate and respectful, and home will be as sweet and as delicious as if angels from Heaven had flown over it, and dropped from their fragrant pinions the sweetest odors of celestial flowers. Yes, be kind to the noble wife, who pronounced her own apotheosis to womanly royalty, when she trustingly and unfeelingly placed her hand in yours, and gave you all that a woman has on earth to give. Yes, be kind to her, respect her feelings, regard her wishes, indulge her whims, bear with her little innocent follies; and the wealth of affection and the purity of devotion and sweetness of endearment she will give in return will more than a million times compensate you for all that you have done, and your home will then become a joy-lit vestibule to the bliss-roofed temple of Heavenly rapture, and utterances from her lips will be as sweet and as soft and as musical as the echoes which steal away from celestial harmonies.

Old Papers.

Many people like newspapers, but few preserve them; yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its bustle and every-day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most laboured description of the historian. Who can take up a paper half a century back, without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epithaph.

True.

Examine yourself carefully, and see if a portion of your domestic trouble be not traceable to some fault or lack of your own. Perhaps when you became a husband you ceased to be a lover, and your wife may miss the pleasant attentions and thoughtful kindnesses, that are so grateful to every woman. Endeavor to interest her in your affairs, by manifesting a tender care for her comfort and happiness. "Turn over a new leaf" yourself, and see if your wife don't.

George's Experience.

George Stallings has had another experience as will be seen by the following verses:

Beneath the window of her room I sang
my sweetest serenade
And breathed my passion to the moon as
on my light guitar I played;
I pictured my affection like the ocean,
wide and pure and deep,
And in my softest numbers tried to woo
my angel from her sleep.
It filled my soul with bliss to think that
like a modest, shrinking dove
Behind her curtain slyly hid she hung
upon my words of love,
She hung upon my words the while her
heart was drunk with love for me,
A heart as constant as the stars that keep
their vigils with the sea.
And so I sang and sang again the songs I
knew she loved to hear
'Till from the cook's department I beheld
a shady head appear,
And presently a voice remarked: 'Sah,
while I loves to hear yuh beller,
The angel yuh's looking for is gone out
wid another feller.'

Marriage Land.

When a couple enters this sweet and holy and blessed domain—this God-given, Angel-tended, Heaven sheltered realm of the purest, highest, strongest and most ecstatic emotions of the human heart—yea when a couple enters the blessed sphere in which so many precious germs of promise are just ready to bud and bloom and blossom out into full expanded flowers of luxuriant beauty and richest tints of loveliness—yea when they enter this higher sphere of existence their steps should be timed to the melody of heart beats, mingling together in a harmonious and magnificent rhythm, and they should march up to this hallowed God dedicated shrine of purest earthly rapture only through the bliss bordered Isle of reciprocal love and devotion. Observe this rule, and marriage will give to earth the rosiest and brightest and most beautiful colorings, and existence will be thrilled with the pulsings of the holiest and sweetest rapture. Amen.

Mary For Love.

Young men, banish all ideas of marrying for wealth! Earn it, then you will appreciate it and know how to save it. If you cannot bring a dowry of gold to a wife, bring her a pure heart and an untarnished reputation. Bring her what a Greek maiden once said she would bring to her husband, "what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted and virtue without a stain, which was all that descended to me from my parents." Get a wife who is above what earth can grant and lasting as the mind. Then will married life be pleasant and agreeable, and the end be peaceful and triumphant.

The Mind.

There is no sculptor like the mind. There is nothing that so refines, polishes, and ennobles face and mien as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moonbeams though they be, becomes idealized. There are no arts, no gymnastics, no cosmetics which can contribute a tittle so much to the dignity, the strength, the ennobling of a man's looks as a great purpose, a high determination, a noble principal, an unquenchable enthusiasm. But more powerful still than any of these as a beautifier of the person is the overmastering purpose and prevailing disposition of kindness in the heart.

How To Kiss.

George Stallings came in the office yesterday morning and said, "Mr. Blount, if you get in the notion to swap saliva with your best girl through the labial channel, known as the osculatory performance, please observe this method:

Take your girl in warm embrace.
Heart to heart, and face to face,
Eye to eye, and nose to nose;
Sip, sip, sop and the way it flows."