

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

VOL. 11.

WILSON NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 21 1892.

NO. 37

MERRY MORSELS.

AND RADIANT REFLECTIONS
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Punctuated with Pungent Points
and Spiced with Sweetest
Sentiment

There is no bitterness like self reproach.
Yes, a brandy cock tail is a tale of misery.

The optician lens goods before selling them.

Work is God's ordinance as truly as prayer.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

There is nothing like a bolt for breaking a dead-lock.

Applicants for loans generally adopt a borrow-stone.

A man is properly bread when he is properly raised.

The mouse in his hole is safe beyond purr-adventure.

Pride requires very costly food—its keeper's happiness.

The meanest and most disagreeable uncle is a carb-uncle.

Speaking of a woman's hair, it is hard to tell which is switch.

Many a man has made a goose of himself by a single quill.

It is better to hold back a truth than to speak it ungraciously.

It is a very lame river which cannot take up its bed and run.

The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

When you catch a fish in a net Eddie says it always nettles its feelings.

A march is said to be the most scelerating music ever yet composed.

Just touch a man's boil and see how quick he can boil over with rage.

In the lap of luxury one forgets the lapse of time and the laps of conscience.

A hew and cry generally follow the small boy's acquisition of a pocket knife.

Study books to know how things ought to be; study men to know how things are.

There is no tyrant like custom, and no freedom where its edicts are not resisted.

A rock salt bed has been found in Michigan, but most men prefer a hair mattress for real comfort.

Duty cannot be neglected without harm to those who practice as well as to those who suffer the neglect.

A true marriage is the golden paved avenue to the beautiful and brilliantly lit temple of perfect happiness.

The worstiest men are not injured by slanders; as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been picking at.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden under ground, secretly making the ground green.

Precept is instruction that is written in sand, and washed away by the tide; example is instruction engraved on the rock, and resists the corroding brush of the centuries.

The slightest refusal from those we love and around whom we have entwined the heart woven garland of adoring worship, goes through the heart like a dagger of ice, chills and numbs and freezes as it goes and gives us a taste of life's bitterest woes.

When we throw open the door of our heart for the out-flowing of noble impulses and generous emotions some watching angel at that very moment throws open the doors of Heaven and through the portals there come some of its sweetest and purest blessings.

Patience has its charms as well as its reputed virtue. The charm is in its cheerfulness; the virtue in its quiet fortitude to wait and trust. One adds to the other's beauty, just as a moonbeam, resting upon a placid sea, adds to the beauty of the peaceful waters.

Old Year Reflections.

The year is approaching its end. In a few more days it will be a thing of the past. Before another issue of the MIRROR it will slip from the ramparts of time and pass out into the ocean of the eternal-by-gone. And sitting here to-night in our quiet room, and brooding o'er the still comforting embers of what was once a glowing and blazing fire, quaint figures begin to creep across the coals, and as they thus so slyly come and go they bring up scenes that never will be more. They dig open the grave of the past, and joys come forth too sweet to last. Memory draws around the dear communion table. We are again with those who made life bright and beautiful. We feel the clasp of their vanished hand. We hear again the music of loveful tones. We feel once more the rapture of the fond embrace. We see that look of endearment in which all the thrilling ecstasies of Paradise were presented—and seeing and feeling all this we float far away from the shores of the Present, and lie basking in gladdest sunlight of sweetest delights, as we go floating on those bright waters of joy that once broke in such musical ripples upon the beautiful ocean of the Past. We float in precious rapture by loveliest isles of happiest fruition, from which are wafted again to our enraptured senses the delicious odors of those rare flowers of hopes and dreams that once did bud and blossom and bloom, and which had given us all their God-given wealth of perfume and of beauty. Yes, we have been most sweetly dreaming to-night—dreaming of scenes that once were sweet and bright, dreaming of those on that bright shore, where loved ones meet and part no more. But we did not intend this strain when we began. We intended to make a few reflections upon the year that is now so rapidly nearing its close, and to point out some of its scenes and events that now rise up to our view like those little isles of beauty that sleep on the bosom of the ocean as they lie hugged in the loving embrace of rippling billows. The year has been an eventful one. It has had its storms and its calm; its clouds and its sunshine; its sorrows and its joys. To some the flowers of hope bloomed most beautifully, and sweetened life with the richest perfume of a glorious fruition. To others the fateful frosts of a chilling disappointment fell in cruel blight, and tenderest petals died amid the shadows of one dark night. Yes, some have roamed amid those tropical flowers of luxuriant success, where every breeze was permeated with odors of thrift, and where the warm gulf-waves of prosperity sent out their rippling waters to sparkle in richest brilliancy as they broke in sweetest murmurings of happiness and delight upon hearts that never felt the gloom of rayless night. Others have been exiled to the Siberian wastes of icest disappointment, and there amid the wintriest desolation of the blackest December of despair, they are forced to gaze in shivering anguish upon the snow-wrapped skeletons of hopes that perished and dreams that died. Some hearts have been made dark and drear and gloomy by the shadow of death; others have been made bright and beautiful and sweet and melodious by the innocent smile and that precious prattle of baby-tongue, which is such music for mother's ear. Some hearts have been divorced by the decree of death, and have been forced to wear the agony-threaded crepe of bitterest mourning as they stand upon the bleak shores of that cold Norway of desolation, and hear, in the sobbing and the wailing their own sad hearts are making, echoes of the moaning waves that break upon the ice-covered rocks of that frozen coast that sleeps in frozen beds of snow. Others, with all their strings of affection gloriously attuned, and with every note of endearment striking and meeting and mingling in harmonious rhythm, are now pouring forth those dulcet tides of rapture which flow over and bury all of those reefs of cares and troubles beneath waves of joy and happiness as bright and as radiant and as beautiful as those Heavensent waves of bliss that break in everlasting ripples of enchantment upon the blessed shores of immortality.

And so it will be seen that the millennium has not yet come. Death and sorrow and suffering and bereavement, like dark clouds upon the sky, still obscure now and then the sunlight of joy and happiness, and tell us that there is nothing perfectly peaceful and perfectly beautiful on this side of the grave, and that to be forever at rest we too, like the old year, must die and pass away, and find its balm in endless day.

The Glory Of The Winter.

We conceive of Summer as a beautiful time of the year. It is. From the time of the first fragrant breath of Spring, and of the first flock of birds, clear down to the days of November, when the trees are stripped of their foliage, there is not an hour in which the earth is not robed in beauty. We often hear people say, "Oh, the dreary days of November!" The days of November are never dreary, though men often are. There are things in November that make us sad, there are suggestions in November that lead us to serious thoughts, but November is not dreary. It makes us sad, but there is a sadness that is wholesome, and even pleasurable. There are some sorrows that are not painful but that give piquancy and flavor to life; and such are the sorrows that November brings. That month, which sees the year disrobed, is not a dreary month. We like to see the trees with their clothes taken off. We like to see the anatomy of a tree. We like to see the preparation which God makes for winter. How everything is snugged and packed! How all nature gets ready for the cold season! How the leaves heap themselves up on the roots to protect them from frost! How all things that are tender are taken out of the way, and only things that are tough are left to stand the buffetings of winter! November is only sad to us, and it is a sweet sadness that it brings to our mind. After that comes December, the month of beginning ice, the month in which streams are shrouded, the month of snows begun. And then come January and February, the months of beauty. Is there anything on earth so beautiful as the beautiful as the fallen snow? Yes, trees that are turned to crystal as just as beautiful. The rain that you heard pattering in the night froze as it fell, and every tree is sheathed and cased with ice. The glory of the sun is beaming through the branches of a million glittering rays strike your eye; and with every movement of the wind and every change of your position the glory is wonderfully magnified. What are chandeliers, what is cut glass, what are the gew-gaw trinkets that human art can make compared with this workmanship of God? And God makes it for nothing. No door-keeper stands to tax you for looking upon God's glory in the world. There is no stinginess in the heavens. The seasons are not niggardly. The earth is beautifully carpeted. It is robed in white. All the trees are magnificently appareled. No leaves or blossoms ever gave them such beauty as that in which they are arrayed. And on beholding them in the morning one seems translated to the heavenly land, and imagines that he stands on the sea of glass in that crystalline sphere. The illusion would be complete, if the contact did not bring one back at the organization of the snow. If you will take the trouble to examine it, it is enough to fill the soul with wonder and pleasure. The movements of it, too, and the shapes which it assumes as it drifts, are well worthy of notice. We think there are no such lines and curves in the world as those which are formed by the wind in the snow, which overlap and flow into each other in every conceivable manner, and which are often to be seen on the surface and along the overhanging edges of drifts. They are careless and graceful beyond all comparison, and are unsurpassed in beauty.

Not Here.

Perfect content abides not here. We all wish for that we do not have. The monarch, on his sleepless couch of opulent surroundings and luxurious adornings, envies and longs for the peaceful slumber of that hardy sailor as he soundly sleeps in his pillowless hammock, rocked in the cradle of the deep, and soothed by the lulling murmur of the splashing waves beating against the ship; while the sailor in turn, clinging to his shivering ladder of ice covered rope and trying to reef the frozen sails, as they sway to and from, shivering and trembling under the furious lashings of roaring tempests, longs for the ease and the comfort and the luxury of that same crowned king who, far removed from those howling billows that are breaking and sweeping across that groaning vessel, longs for the sleep that will come to this same sailor when the storm is over and his work is done.

Like The Faded Leaf.

A few weeks ago the trees were robed in luxuriant foliage, but now they stand nude and bare, and their stripped and naked limbs quiver and tremble before every passing zephyr. And in their appearance we read the lesson of earth, for all things earthly are subject to decay, and sooner or later must fade, wither, droop, perish and pass forever away. The glittering dew drops, which sparkle with such diamond-like brilliancy in their fragrant coronal at morning, die under the kisses of sunbeams, and pass away like a snow flake upon the bosom of a river. The beautiful rainbow, child of the light and the shadow, born in the wedlock of the sunbeams and the raindrops, and nursed on the echoes of the retreating storm, yields to the inevitable fiat of the inexorable law of decay, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all of its variegated colorings—its beauty, its splendor and its loveliness are drowned in the flood light of the effulgent sun, and not one trace is left to tell where its iridescent glories glistened. The beauties of the wood land, the fragrance of the blooming flowers, the murmur of its rippling cascades, and the tunefulness of its God-taught minstrelsy, whose glad notes thread the air with a melody as sweet as echoes from Heaven—yea all these are subject to the same inexorable law, and like the dew drops and the rainbow, they too yield to the touch of decay, and pass away. Yes even the stars, which blossom out into such rich bloom of brilliancy upon midnight skies, and enrich a world with their sparkling wealth, yield to the same stern, immutable, irrevocable decree, and in the quivering flashing of some dazzling meteor we behold the brilliant funeral train of some dead star on its fire paved pathway to everlasting burial. But there is one thing which cannot die. There is a life—Jesus given—which lives in the eternity of its own undecaying and undying vigor and freshness and glorified beauty, and it has a joy and a peace and a rapture about it that eternity itself cannot fathom or measure or bound. Yes, there is a life which will live until the last ripple in the river of time is lost in the ocean of eternity; and then, when this earth shall be a corpse, shrouded in fire, confined in smoke and buried in the bottomless abyss of destruction, and when trembling stars, like weeping mourners, shall drop their silver tears in the awful chasm that hides away a dead sister world, then this life will rise and expand and increase and develop and grow in beauty and richness and splendor and effulgence until it becomes part and parcel of those brilliant and illimitable waves of glory that break in shimmering spray upon the glittering shore of immortality.

All About Adam.

Adam missed a great many vexations of spirit that are common to men of this day. Adam never had to try and maintain a \$5,000 appearance on a \$700 income. Adam never had to wear a collar with saw teeth all around the obtrusive edge of it. Adam never lived next door to a man who was trying to learn to play on an accordion. Adam never had to fasten one of his suspenders with a shingle nail and the other with a hair pin. Adam never fell over a rocking chair while groping around in the dark after the bottle of paregoric. Adam never had to rock the cradle while Eve ran across the street to borrow a cup of sugar from a neighbor. Adam never had his only pair of gun boots eaten up by a dog while he was spending an evening with a friend. Adam never had to keep the baby while Eve went out with a determined cast of countenance to reform the world. Adam never got to the depot just in time to see the rear car disappear around the water tank. Adam never came home at a very late hour from the lodge to discover that he had left his latch key in a pocket of his other pants. And Adam never edited a newspaper and found out when making up the form that he laked just this paragraph to fill out the column.

True Christmas Charity.

There is a tendency at each Christmas-tide for writers to urge too strongly, I think, the beauty of Christmas-giving, by donation or distribution among the lowly and the very poor, writes Edward W. Bok in the Christmas number of The Ladies Home Journal. No charity can be more beautiful, more typical of the Christ spirit than for those who can afford to do so to send a glimmer of light into the lives of thousands in our great cities who can only eke out a bare existence. And it speaks volumes for the generosity of our wealthy classes, and the heroic work done by our charitable organizations, that in no other nation on the globe are those who live in poverty and want so well remembered on Christmas as are the poor classes of America. But there is a class which is not reached by the donations of the wealthy, or by the work of charitable organizations. There are in this country thousands of homes into which reverses of fortune come each year, where death or business failure causes the keenest heart anguish and the severest self-denial. These homes contain sensitive natures which shrink from the outstretched hand of charity. Poor and proud is the name the world has for them. Perhaps; but let me tell you my friend, it is not easy to receive charity when all your life you have dispensed it. A reversal of fortune is the hardest thing in this world to bear. The poor know not its tortures. It is the keenest kind of poverty. Into such homes would I direct, at Christmas-tide, some loving kindness. In this country where one is up to-day and down to-morrow, there is not one of us but who, in his or her acquaintance, knows of an instance of reversed fortunes. Let something from you go into such a home. The born poor will be remembered by others; the newly made poor may be forgotten.

Our first duty is to those dearest and nearest to us; then our friends. But let us take just one step beyond. No matter how heavy we may think our own burdens, there are always those who are far more heavily burdened than ourselves. There are homes in which the sunlight of kindness rarely enters. And they are not in the districts of poverty, either. There are homes into which a simple toy, one flower, a single book, sent on Christmas morning, would fill the day with happiness. We all like to be remembered, and with whom is remembrance sweeter than with those whose friends are few.

Why He Loved Her.

"Is it true, Bessie," asked a young man, "that you won the prize in the oyster eating contest at your church festival?" "It is," answered Bessie. "I ate a large plateful in fifty-seven seconds." "What was the prize?" "Another plate of oysters." "How long did it take you to down that one?" "I couldn't touch it. I don't want to look at an oyster again for ten years." "Bessie," said the young man, tenderly, "my own darling, I feel that the time has come when I can ask you the question that has trembled on my lips so long." He took her unyielding hand in his, and—but this scene is too sacred for spectators. Please retire.

Note This.

Lives of poor men oft remind us, honest toil don't stand a chance; more we work we leave behind us bigger patches on our pants; once where they were new and glossy, now are patches of different hue, all because some patrons linger, and will not pay us what is due. Then kind friends be up and doing—send in your mite be it so small, or when the snows of winter linger, we will have no pants at all.

A Sympathetic Response.

"My dear," said he to his lady love, "I've been busy all day; not manual labor, you know, but brain work—which is the hardest kind." "Yes, indeed; I know it must be for you," and there was a look of tender sympathy in her eyes which aroused him. She was quite in earnest. He charged the subject.