

# 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

When the heart is full the soul speaks.  
No man can die wrong who lives right.  
We are never so strong as when we are thankful.

Life without some shadows would be a painful glare.

Belief is the rudder by which the ship of our life is directed.

Repentance never comes too late, if it comes from the heart.

Everything requires rest. Even storms must have their wreck-creation.

It is said that cranberries will cure dyspepsia. That's your opinion too.

The boy who sprained his ankle had a lame excuse for not attending school.

Flies want to make spectacles of themselves when they light on a man's nose.

Yesterday is a scholar in experience, and today should profit by its teachings.

Did any one ever see flour made from wild oats which people sow in their young days?

This is an exacting world for when we do write we even then must do penance for it.

Tea and coffee and sugar and molasses and such things are luxuries of the grocer kind.

The fellow who is continually informing you of the direction of the wind is a vane man.

Now Eddie wants to know to what geological formation does rock the cradle belong.

A boy with his mustache does not feel down in the mouth. His down is not long enough.

A successful architect may not be an honorable man, but he certainly has good designs.

It is the hammer of custom which welds those links in the chain of habit that are so hard to break.

Love is that golden latch key which hangs on the outside, and lets in happiness to every heart.

Don't be depressed by misfortunes. 'Tis the blackest storm which gives the loveliest rainbow

Evil gossip is the slimy and poisonous channel through which flows the foulest and blackest water of meanness and depravity.

The unknown is an ocean, and conscience is the compass of the unknown; thought, meditation and prayer are the great mysterious pointings of the needle.

In this wintry life the presence of those we love is like a gleam of sunshine through the cloud, lighting up the shadows and giving warmth and lustre and loveliness to all beneath the ray.

Joy is the happiness of love. It is love exulting. It is love aware of its own felicity, and resting in its riches, which it has no fear of exhausting. It is love taking a view of the treasures, and surrendering itself to it without foreboding.

The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night, for the same reason that the cages of birds are darkened, so that we may the more rapidly see and apprehend the higher and purer and sweeter harmonies of thought and reflection amid the hush and stillness of darkness.

Though our world has been defaced by the blighting influence of sin, there is still much left that is beautiful. We see it in the first golden flash of morning, in the matured strength of meridian day, in the subdued glow of evening—and then sinking down the western way glide the rich banners of descending day, and night with crescent diadem, lights her starry chandler, and trails her robe of blazing jewels through the sky.

## Only An Empty Sleeve.

On one occasion a fond and idolatrous mother, with her only child, was on board of a fine steamer that was furrowing with its flying keel the briny bosom of the foaming deep. The day was bright, and looked like it was basking in Heaven's own glad, sweet smile of loving approbation. The air was soft and balmy and bracing. The passengers were bright and merry and joyous. The mother worshipped boy attracted the attention of all as he ran to and fro upon the deck, for he was as full of glee and brightness as the descending sunbeams which fell in silverest light upon the sparkling waters, and mingled their radiance with the glistening foam of the gently throbbing bosom of the deep. In a moment when no one dreamed of coming calamity, a cloud of dark dismay shot across the recently radiant scene, an agonizing cry of horror rent the air, a mother's heart went out in a scream of wildest anguish, for that little boy had fallen overboard and had sunk out of sight forever. The mother caught at her darling boy as he went over the railing, but she only grasped the sleeve, which was torn from the coat by the sudden plunge, as the boy went down into a watery grave, lost to her forever, while she only held in her trembling and phrensed grasp the empty sleeve. With a heart torn and shattered and writhing in bitterest torture that agonizing mother walked for hours to and fro in wildest grief, and made all hearts tremble and quiver with the wallings of despair. Finally her reasons was dethroned, the mind was lost in chaos, and the mother with eyes flashing with the wild fierce, appalling gleam of the maniac's delirium, still clutched and hugged to her bosom in wildest delight the empty sleeve, still believing that she held the worshipped idol which God had taken from her idolatrous embrace. Reader, listen: that mother's worship and idolatry and aspiration and aim and soul desire and finally overwhelming agony and torturing despair suggest to us what we only too often find in other relations and experiences of human life. How many love this world, and in their idolatrous passion grasp its garments, and hold fast with all the energy of their natures, and amid all perils, until their eyes are opened at last, to find that their idol has passed from their reach, leaving only the empty sleeve to remind them of their vain struggle, and to stir their souls with unavailing agony. The grasping after wealth, after honor, after a name, after renown, after vain pleasure, is only grasping upon the belt of what proves finally to be an empty sleeve. How often the last hours of human life are filled with experiences like those of the agonized mother. Labor lost, aims deceived, hopes disappointed, the future darkened, the heart wrung with anguish. On the shore of the world are an unrecorded number of empty sleeves, left to testify of too short reach of hands and a false confidence of a hold upon merely the belt of the garments of objects. The mother's was not upon her boy, but merely upon his garment. Ours is too seldom on realities, and to often upon resemblances and outward things. In sober truth, the world and all it contains will soon be washed from our grasp by the billows of time, leaving us utterly alone and miserable, if we have no hold upon things beyond. In the final wreck of all things here below, and it is sure to come to us all, what shall we have? We can carry nothing of this world in our hands. Shall we then have a grasp upon what is living and enduring? Shall we have the pledge and joy and life forever in our hands, or shall we have only an empty sleeve.

### High Praise.

We feel good. Life is not in vain. The earth seems brighter, the flowers emit a sweeter fragrance, the birds sing more beautifully, for we have received praise far beyond our deserts, and it comes from the polished pen of Sir. Hubert, for Col. John D. Cameron, the veteran and brilliant and able and scholarly and versatile journalist is kind and generous enough to say:

"I am much gratified at the handsome tributes paid your speeches this summer. It is something to expand State pride to find a North Carolinian who is at once the orator, the poet, the dramatist and the humorist—a combination of excellences which you possess and which is as rare as it is brilliant."

## Saturday Night.

Saturday night is the great mnemonic summing up. On Saturday night the present resigns in favor of the past. On Saturday night memory turns the light on her darksome gallery, and snatches the veil from ten thousand pictures. It is on Saturday night mostly that we sigh for the touch of the vanished hand, and the sound of the voice that's still. And on Saturday night with those who have wandered away from the good and the true, the things that they thought were dead things, become alive with a terrible might. For on Saturday night we sum up the good and the evil alike. Saturday night is symbolic of death; and some how it seems pitched over against the borders of eternity. We can stand in the door of Saturday night and conceive snatches of music, such as ear hath not heard; and we can almost get a glimpse of the gilt spires "on the other side of Jordan." On Saturday night the murderer remembers his victim, the widow her husband, the maid her lover, and the heart its benefactor. On Saturday night the white-haired patriarch realizes that he is fast hastening toward the valley of shadows, and memories of the lullabies his mother sang, come fluttering back to his cracked and juceless heart, like wounded birdlings to a long forsaken nest. God bless Saturday night. It is only the blackness that borders the light. By and by when the shadows have a little longer grown, the Saturday night will settle on us all, with its gloaming and its deliverance. Then we'll go to sleep here and wake up there, then we'll get sick in this world and wait to get well in the next. For there are bluer skies and brighter waters on ahead, even if we do have to walk through the dust and corruption and worms to get there.

Some evening when the Arch-angel who upholds the Heavens, comes at eventide to hang red curtains of fire around the windows of the setting sun, he will let down the golden of the sunset, and usher us out of the Saturday night of this world into the Sabbath such as we never saw before. Then we shall see the King in His beauty, and on our vision will burst on the light that never was on the sea or shore—the light of perfect day. There the Sabbath morning has neither moon nor night. It is the only Sabbath, and only the holy inhabit it. There the sun never sets, and the flowers never fade; every day is a poem, every sunset a picture, and the future beckons and brightens at every turn of the path. There the soul will sit within walls of sardonyx and chrysopeas and sapphire; and about it will be a cataract of colors, a sea of glass, and a city like the sun. "And there shall be no night there."

### His Experience.

George Stallings came up yesterday morning with that sheepish, guilty expression upon his usually sweetly blushing face that unmistakably indicates the perpetration of a most awful, naughty thing, and we knew something ailed him. At last he began to snicker and blush, and we knew it was coming. It seems that he must have had a most skrumptious time, judging from the following rhapsodic flash of the divine afflatus:

I put my arms around her waist  
It felt as good as cake,  
Oh dear says she what liberties  
You printing boys do take.

And then upon her blushing cheeks  
I printed a caress,  
Oh dear, says she, I kinder like,  
The freedom of the press.

And with that hint, "to press" I went  
With all my might and main,  
And when I thought I'd broke her ribs.  
She said, "just try again."

I caught her then and made a squeeze,  
As strong as Vulcan's stroke,  
When all at once I gave a sneeze  
And my only "gallows" broke.

### Too Fresh.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"  
"To salt the cattle, sir," she said.  
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"  
"You might absorb it, sir," she said!

## For Boys.

The Democrat says: "Aim at perfection in everything; they, who aim at it and persevere, will come much nearer it than those whose laziness and dependence make them give it up as unattainable. There are no rivals so formidable as those earnest determined minds that reckon the value of every hour, and that achieve eminence by persistent application. Do the best you can whatever you undertake, if you are only a street sweeper, sweep your "level best." He who does best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing. Persevering mediocrity is much more respectable, and unspeakable more useful than talented inconsistency. Activity is the law of life. Patience is power in man. Faith in our own ability is half of every battle. "A living dog is better than a dead lion." Character is a man's real worth, reputation is his market price. A good character, good habits and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools dream of. Genius, after all, is only the power of making an effort. "Genius, unexercised, is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest oak." Do not croak against genius, or want or opportunity. If your opportunities are not good enough better them. It is cowardice to grumble at circumstances; the persevering men rises above them. Opposition gives him better power of resistance. Kites rise above the wind. No man ever worked his voyage in a calm. A head wind is better than no wind at all. No man ever achieved renown who was too lazy to exert himself. It is more noble to make yourself great than to be born great. There is no genius in life like the genius in energy and activity. We cannot go to sleep beggars and wake up millionaires; we cannot go to bed dunces and wake up Solomons. We must work and wait. We must win if we want to wear. Every detection of what is false directs us toward what is true; every failure is but a step toward success; we should profit by the follies of yesterday. The young man who distances his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves integrity, who pays his debts, who lives within his income and who gains friends by deserving them.

"Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,  
But only crowbar's loose the bulldog's lip;  
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields  
Drag down the bellowing monarch of the fields."

### The Bachelor.

We NV not a bachelor;  
He leads an MT life,  
Yet he deserves no PT for  
He ought to CK a wife.  
If he is YZ he will not wait,  
Until he's in DK  
But now SA to find a mate,  
Who'd come in Love's RA.  
He CZ he is foolish too  
For in the ND's dead,  
Without one sweet RT can woo.  
And then so EZ wed.  
No dainties nice to ET gets,  
Nor NE soft caress:  
In KC's sick, no angel pets  
Him LA distress.  
It's RD finds to cook his steaks  
And says AG's no doubt.  
And eat the KK a baker makes  
To EK a supper out.  
He has to wash and IN, too,  
And mend his CD clothes;  
His IC lodgings make him blue,  
When there at EV goes.  
Of course in IC slumbers well,  
In DD finds delight  
To hear no cherub AB yell,  
With NRG all night.  
But in old age will be sad,  
His heart will AK lone,  
No fam LE will call him "dad,"  
And E will die unknown.

### All Play, No Play.

I like to look upon a scene  
Where music soothes and charms;  
It seems to drive dull care away,  
And all my troubles calms.  
But there are times when I would turn  
My face the other way,  
And that is when the organ man  
Takes 'round his hat for pay.

## True Religion.

It is the hidden treasure of religion that enriches the family circle with all the lovely virtues of moral beauty and purity. It is this that makes home a paradise of domestic bliss, over-arches it with the benignant smiles of Heaven, and waters it with the crystal streams of tender sympathy, making it redolent with the blooming fragrance of mutual love. It reflects its high mellow radiance on culture and intelligence, and impresses every heart that comes within its sacred precincts. And the Gospel is the treasure of earth. It enriches its wild deserts, as the river Nile does the barren plains of Egypt, causing its sterile wilderness "to blossom as a rose." What would this earth be without it? A barren, icy winter, without the blushing of Spring—without the green glory and splendor of Summer—without the yellow fruit and rich abundance of Autumn. It would be a world without a sun to throw the bright rays of day over the sea and land—a garden without its floral beauty—a home bereft of the smiling divinity of the parental love and care. But the chief glory of this treasure is the power to enrich the endless ages of eternity with pure and substantial fidelity. Dropped into the endless stream of immortality it makes its water clear, sparkling with joy, and reflecting the bright glories of Heaven forever from its tranquil and stormless bosom.

### Brightness Beyond.

Though the clouds hang dark above us,  
and our path is lost in night,  
Over there, beyond the darkness, still the sun is shining bright,  
As in distant hills the rainbow falls from out the flying storm,  
So beyond, o'er bright, green pastures,  
Hope's new glow is beaming warm.

There are ne'er a cloud but drifted! ne'er a sun but shone again,  
Though its beams fell not in places shadowed by the olden pain.  
Still somewhere our feet shall falter—falter in the face of light,  
And the vistas of the future stretch, illumined out of sight!

It is always bright dear comrades, on the other side the cloud.  
All beyond is pure and golden, though we cannot pierce the shroud.  
Soon sweet joy shall turn the fabric; and the soul shall wear, at last,  
Royal, glistening robes of gladness, for the sackcloth of the past.

### Lovely Nights.

We have never seen lovelier nights than those of the past week. Air mild and balmy as ever sighed o'er Araby; the blest Skies unclouded as those whose blue arch, bends in crystal purity above the enchanted lake of Como or the gleaming Neapolitan waves. And moonlight bathing hill valley, rock, rivulet and cascade, city and wild-wood, in a flood of radiance rich and silvery as ever illumined the romance-wreathed courts and towers of the Alhambra, or sinless bowers of primeval paradise. And yet in the face of this glorious light and beauty, people will still court the shadows of earth and wed their miserable gloom, not once lifting their hearts and heads up to that ever gushing fountain of life from which comes that pure and chastened spray of mellow light which ever follows the noiseless current of the downward flowing moonbeams.

### God's Good Gifts.

God has given us so much to make life happy, so much to make earth beautiful, so much to evoke our praise and adoration; and yet many walk through earth with a growl and a snarl upon their tongues and lips, for their vision is so near sighted and contracted they see no beauty and no glory and no splendor in the blooming flowers and sighing brooks and golden sunsets, and all the perfume of the flowers and the wordless songs of babbling streams and lulling music of sweet toned birds are lost to their dull and cold and dumb and unappreciative senses.

### Like Breeds Like.

"Jimson says he loves the sough of the forest trees."  
"Well Jimson is something of a hog himself."