

THE OLD PILGRIM.

...dark are o'er me heaving,  
...I know, in drawing nigh;  
...from my side are leaving,  
...for their home beyond the sky.

...low it is that I am staying,  
...and alone can clearly see;  
...at, my Father, I am praying  
...Perfectly content to be.

Often when the bells are pealing,  
Calling Christians to their shrine,  
Where the Spirit, Christ revealing,  
Tells them of his love divine.

...my heart there is a yearning  
To be numbered with the fold;  
And, again, with them be learning  
Of his love in depth untold.

But the Saviour, then appearing,  
Puts his hand upon my head,  
And, with spirit loving, cheering,  
Feeds me with sustaining bread.

...but awhile—no time for grieving—  
...on your waiting will be o'er;  
...while—in me believing—  
...on shall worship evermore."

...well, and while I'm staying,  
Looking for the evening star,  
I will help the wayward straying  
From their Father's home afar.

I will tell them of the pleasure  
That religion gives the old;  
Sacred joy you cannot measure;  
Not for jewels to be sold.

UNCLE JOE.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

...an unusually quiet and thoughtful  
...evening and sat studying over  
...in his United States History.  
...represented a party of men in the woods  
...up by a stream, and it was rather  
...rotty scene. They were all dressed in  
...armor and carried cross-bow guns  
...of the oldest, quaintest make. "Seeking  
...the Fountain of Youth," repeated Jack  
...lowly, reading the words at the foot of  
...the page.

"Uncle Joe," he asked at last, "what  
...was the Fountain of Youth, and who  
...are these men? I cannot read well  
...enough to understand the story about it."  
"Why, that is old Ponce de Leon!"  
...said his uncle taking the book,  
...beginning his long hunt, too, I  
...could say, poor fellow."

"Did you know him, Uncle Joe?" in-  
...quired the little boy.  
"Well no, Jacky, he died several hun-  
...dred years before I was born, but I've  
...heard a great deal of him at different  
...times."

"To know about this brave Chevalier  
...must go back to the time when this  
...story of ours was all wild, wild woods.  
...towns with their humming mills and  
...streets, but everywhere the singing  
...birds, the music of wind in the trees,  
...and laughter of little brooks among the  
...rocks. The red men pitched their wig-  
...wags in the valleys of this lovely land,  
...and on the shores of the "big salt water,"  
...as they called the Atlantic ocean, and by  
...day they fished and hunted, coming only  
...to the tent at dusk when they could no  
...longer follow trail. Round the dim  
...embers of their forest fires they slept  
...under the wide blue sky, while one lone-  
...ly warrior in the shadows always kept his  
...watch.

"Far away, across the sea, at this very  
...time in one of those grand old castles  
...it still stand to-day in sun-kissed Spain  
...a dark haired man was sitting day by  
...day poring over musty charts and yellow  
...nautical maps. The Old World was  
...glowing with the glow of discovery,  
...navigated by Columbus a score of years  
...before. Stories of unbounded wealth in  
...the new lands, of bottomless mines of  
...gold and silver, and of plains that spark-  
...led with millions of priceless precious  
...stones were on the lips of every passer-by.  
...Expeditions were planned but the  
...dangers ahead proved  
...most of them. Juan Ponce de  
...was a student and a dreamer. From  
...the towers he had gazed for hours  
...at the West, and visions of fame  
...and wealth had filled his brain.

"The idea of discovery. One thing  
...moved him more by far than the  
...riches which brought so many  
...and that was an old story from  
...No one knows where the story  
...from though the Moors, and  
...brought it into Spain;  
...always led toward the set-  
...a wonderful fountain, so run  
...never drank of its waters  
...No human  
...could reach which could  
...light from this land.

"...health, there  
...could be  
...light from this land.

tion he fitted out his little vessel, manned  
her with a crew of hardy cavaliers, each  
like himself, adventurers and bold, and  
one bright morning set sail to find the  
Fountain of Youth. Slowly the well  
known shores melted into mist, the last  
spires and chimneys of their native town  
disappeared from sight. More than one  
brave fellow took his last look at home  
that day when the fair wind blew merrily  
from the eastward, bearing them into  
an unknown world. Friends, family,  
native land behind—treasure fields and  
conquest ahead, and the fabulous Foun-  
tain of Youth.

"It was on Palm Sunday (Pascua  
Florida in the Spanish tongue), in the  
year 1512, that they first sighted land  
on the low sandy coast of the strip of  
land we call Florida to-day, as they called  
it then from the gay blossoms that cov-  
ered the shores. They ran their little  
ship up on the strand, and though some  
were very sorely disappointed at not find-  
ing any gems on the ground nor gold in  
the sand, they bravely set out on their  
march. For long months they journeyed.  
The red men whom they met were  
friendly, and traded corn and gold for the  
brass trinkets of the Spaniards, and the  
weather was warm and fair, but ere long  
trouble came. Swamp fever overtook  
some of the band, one or two were lost in  
the wild lands on the edge of the Ever-  
glades, and the small crew grew less in  
number. No sign of the Fountain of  
Youth appeared, though an old Indian  
who met them one day brought fresh  
hope, telling them that his fathers had  
seen it, and it lay many miles to the west-  
ward. The sick struggled on, cheered  
by De Leon, who always pointed ahead  
and we shall see." But when weeks passed  
and they were no nearer the magic spring  
one by one the sick ones died and the  
others lost heart. De Leon himself be-  
gan to give way to doubt, and at last one  
night they held a council. Reduced in  
number, weakened by long marches and  
poor food, to say nothing of the expo-  
sure to the damp night air, and in need of  
provisions, they had but one course—  
to return. So the search for the Foun-  
tain of Youth ended as all others had—  
in death and disappointment. De Leon,  
with a few followers, made his way home  
and four or five years later set out upon  
another expedition, on which he died at  
sea. But even to-day the old men of  
our Indian tribes, many of them, tell that  
old tradition, and pointing to the sunset  
land, say: 'Yonder lies the Fountain of  
Youth.'

"And there is no such thing, uncle  
Joe?" asked Jack rather sadly—"no  
wonderful spring to make us all young  
again when we grow old?"

"Most people say not, my boy, but  
like brave old De Leon, I believe there  
is such a fountain, and those who are  
willing to suffer may find it. Did you  
ever notice how jolly and kind hearted  
some very old folks are? How, when  
they smile and talk with you, you forget  
their white hair and unsteady step, and  
seem to be talking to a child?"

"Grandpa Hearde?" cried Jack.

"Yes," went on his uncle, "he is one  
of those who have drunk of this magic  
stream. There are many such, and again  
I meet others, very young in years, who  
are in coldness of heart and ugly ways.  
Wrinkles seem to scar their faces up, and  
I always feel that I am before one of the  
really old when I meet such a person.  
All that is happy and good in a child's  
life they have lost so soon, and all that is  
gloomy and bad in old age they have  
gained before their time. Lean over,  
Jacky dear, and I'll whisper to you the  
name of the Fountain of Youth, and if  
you find it, drink deep and long and often,  
and you'll live a happy, a useful—yes, a  
glorious life for it afterward. Love, pure,  
strong, faithful love, love for all the world,  
for the humblest creatures that crawl, as  
well as for your fellow men, will keep you  
young forever.

"It is the disappointments of life that  
keep us unhappy. People are not what  
we think they should be and it hurts us.  
Then, too, we are not what we ought to  
be towards them. We do not care for a  
man, so we neglect him, pass him by,  
and leave him to shift for himself.

"But when you really love a person,  
Jacky, all that is best in you comes out.  
Your own troubles grow small and you  
live for the other, whose gladness, be it  
ever so trifling, makes you happy for  
days. Grandpa now is too old in years  
to play. His body is too tired to run any  
more, but in his love for you, laddie, he is  
young again. He gets you a new toy  
ship and watches you sail it on the mill  
pond just as carefully as he would if he  
were doing it. Your pleasure are his,  
and he forgets his aches when he sees  
your jolly face.

life, Jacky, the world is changed. Just  
as the trees in the yard that were dark  
and mournful in the rain of yesterday,  
were lit up with a sunny light to-day, so  
things that were sorrows before, become  
great joys to a loving heart. Think it  
over, Jacky, and remember, you know  
where the Fountain of Youth is now, and  
when you look you'll find it. There'll  
be many swamps and black woods to  
pass through, often harsh words or un-  
kind acts will make the way very rough,  
but be brave, my dear boy, and you'll  
reach it at last."

"Uncle Joe," said the little boy smil-  
ing, "I'll set out for it now, and you will  
go with me to find the Fountain of  
Youth, won't you?"

"Yes, dear heart," said uncle Joe.

DREAMS.

If a man dreams the devil is after him,  
it is a sign that he had better settle his  
subscription bill.

If he dreams of earthquake and a  
turmoil generally, it is a sign that he is  
going to be married.

If he dreams that his head is in danger,  
and that his hair falls out, it is a sign  
that he will have a quarrel with his wife.

If he dreams of speaking familiarly to  
a ghost with horns and tail, it is a sign  
that he had better reduce his liquor bill.

If he dreams of making a fool of him-  
self, it is a true sign it is so.

TWO KINDS OF MODESTY.

Whoever sees women in full dress for  
the first time regards it as immodest;  
whoever sees women in short skirts for  
the first time regards them as immodest.  
Hoops were immodest when they came  
in fashion a generation ago; clinging  
skirts were immodest when feminine  
garments began to shrink; bustles were  
immodest the other day; and now the  
closeness of women's robes about hips  
and legs is immodest.

Over a great part of the world it is  
considered grossly immodest for a woman  
to permit any man—save father, son,  
husband or brother—to look on her face  
unveiled; and a woman is often obliged to  
scramble under the sofa at the unexpected  
entrance of her husband's brother into  
the apartment.

The simple fact is that the dear crea-  
tures charm us into acquiescence and  
admiration, whatever they do, and then  
startle us out of both—to be lulled anew  
to content after a brief protest. Let us  
not confound conventionality with virtue,  
or modesty with the outward sign of that  
inward grace.

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who suffer from Nervous Debility I would  
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and do not hesitate to say it is invaluable  
to us.

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which was attended with all the horrors  
incident to the disease in its worst form, I  
found it gave me relief when everything  
else failed, and I feel confident its use  
laid the foundations for the good health  
I now enjoy after three years of suffering  
such as few men could stand.

Very truly yours,  
W. R. FRENCH.

Nothing so vividly reminds us of the  
brevery of life as a 31 day note.

The minister's study—how to make  
both ends meet.

Guides for the purpose of making  
money for benevolent and charitable ob-  
jects will find a good way to supplement  
their other efforts, by acting upon the  
proposition which will be found on the  
last page of this issue. They can secure  
a prize or, at least, a handsome commis-  
sion, by securing subscribers to the RO-  
ANOKE NEWS.

Aid Societies can help out their  
treasuries by working for the Prizes  
offered by the ROANOKE NEWS. Read  
proposition on the last page of this issue.  
If they fail to get a prize they can at  
least make some money without expend-  
ing any.

Missionary Societies have a chance to  
add to their revenues by acting on the  
offer made on the last page of this issue.  
They cannot lose, but must make some-  
thing—how much, depends altogether on  
their energy.

Individuals have an opportunity  
to make a little extra money at odd times  
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NEWS. By reading the proposition  
on the last page of this issue they will see  
what we mean. A prize or handsome  
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Sunday Schools can increase their  
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ROANOKE NEWS. Prizes are offered  
and commissions paid in proportion to  
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asks no favor and no consideration.  
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It looks only to the future—to the work  
to be done. Our hopes and fears, our  
joys and sorrows are before us—not one  
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