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EDITORIAL.

THE LAND OF VIRGINIA DARE.

Since the days of early childhood we had heard and read of Roanoke Island. But not until last week did we have the privilege of seeing it with the natural eyes. We had spent a sultry night, tossing in our pent-up birth. The swish of the waters underneath our open window brought only the thought of coolness. In the gray morning we looked out on the expanse of Croatan Sound, boardered on the west by marshes miles way, and on the east by low-lying banks of sand. Dun clouds were giving forth fitful flashes of sheet-lightning, and over Bodie's Island lighthouse, in which the lamp still burned, hung the brighter and slowly ascending lamps of the morning star. Seated on the deck of the steamer, we drank in the glorious coolness of the morning, and watched the wonderful transformation of the eastern sky, as the sun arose and laid his pavement of beaten gold across the trembling waters.

When we passed down the long pier of Skyco wharf and set foot on the island, we felt that this historic spot needed no mystic glamour of fancy. Nature, herself, had been lavish in the expenditure of treasures. The wild flowers covered the ground, and thousands of wild roses relieved the dark green of the shrubbery. The birds were shaking from their little throats the minstrelsy of the woods. We thought of the description of the island given by those hardy mariners who took possession of it in the dying days of the sixteenth century. They described it as a land of foliage and song. We knew for the first time that they had told the truth, and we thanked God that here the hand of civilization had left no blighting touch.

Roanoke Island lies between Croatan Sound and the Banks. It is about twelve miles long, and has an average width of about thee miles. Part of it is marshy, but the greater part consists of woods and tilled lands. Oak, dogwood, cedar and holly abound. The soil is admirable for trucking purposes, and needs but little cultivation. The first tobacco that went across the sea went from Roanoke Island, yet tobacco is not now cultivated on this soil. Those who wrote about the island several hundred years ago represented it as a wonderful place for lucious grapes. Grapes still abound. There is on the island a grape vine covering several acres of ground. A century ago it was known as a very old vine, and tradition said that the first settlers ate of its fruit. Strange to say, the vine still bears the finest of grapes.

Roanoke Island forms the greater part of the land portion of Dare County, and contains the county seat, Manteo. This is a little town on the eastern side of about three or four hundred inhabitants. There are about 15,000 people on the island. They are kind and hospitable. Some of them are educated and highly cultivated. They believe in churches and schools. One of the best high school buildings we have seen lately, we saw in Manteo. There are two Methodist churches and one Baptist church. The church buildings are neat and commodious. Fishing is the chief industry. Capt. E. R. Daniels, of Wanchese, told us that one day's catch of shad last season represented a value of nearly $20,000. Sturgeon fishing is becoming an industry. A few years ago the roe of this fish was thrown away as useless. Now it sells for eighty cents per pound. The Sound fairly swarms with fish of all kinds.

One of the most interesting spots on the island is that marked by the remains of the fort built over three hundred years ago. It is near the northern extremity of the island. When you approach it from the sea, you climb over high bluffs of sand fringed with stunted trees. Descending into a small valley wild and picturesque, you make your way through shrubbery and ancient trees to a kind of forest-protected basin in which can be seen the remains of the fort in the shape of a salient polygon. The points of the salients are as plain as if made only a few years ago. This is easily explained by the fact that the locality is protected from the breakers of the sea, the march of sands, and the wasting effects of rains and snows. The Roanoke Colony Memorial Assocsation has marked each point with a piece of granite. The soil itself has been left untouched. In the center is a granite slab. On one side are the words: "In memory of our first President, Edward Graham Daves. Erected by the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association, Nov. 24, 1896, Graham Daves, President, Jno. M. Bassett, Sec. and Treas." On the other side of the slab, surmounted by a Maltese cross, is this inscription:

"On this site in July—August, 1585, (O. S.) Colonists sent out from England by Sir Walter Raleigh, built a fort, called by them

THE NEW FORT IN VIRGINIA."

These Colonists were the first settlers of the English race in America. They returned to England in July, 1586, with Sir Francis Drake.

Near this place was born on the 18th of August, 1587,

VIRGINIA DARE,

the first child of English parents, born in Ameriea—daughter of Ananias Dare and Eleanor White, his wife, members of another band of Colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587.

On Sunday, August 20, 1587, Virginia Dare was baptized. Manteo, the friendly chief of the Hatteras Indians, had been baptized on the Sunday preceding. These baptisms are the first known celebration of a Christian sacrament in the territory of the thirteen original United States.

As we gazed on this historic spot and thought of how long before Jamestown was settled and the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, the little band of Englishmen and women in a strange land built this fort as a protection against the wild Indians; of how they must have looked out on the same waters that now fret the shores, and listened to the same winds that now whisper through the live oaks, we felt that we were standing on almost sacred ground. On what sacrifices as foundation stones our Christian civilization is based.

Virginia Dare, herself, would make Roanoke Island famous. She was the first white English child born in North America. She was left with the other Colonists by Gov. White, who returned to England. Every school child who has studied the history of North Carolina knows how, on Gov. White's return to the island a few years afterward, he found no trace of the Colonists except the word "Croatoan" on a tree on the beach. Misfortune prevented Gov. White from making a search for the lost colony, and he was compelled to return to England. Nothing has ever been heard of the fate of Virginia Dare and the others. Legend has been busy with their fate. Mrs. Robert Cotton has embodied the legendary story of Virginia Dare in a beautiful poem entitled "The White Doe." The legend tells how Virginia Dare grew to womanhood among friendly Indians; how she was changed into a white doe by a spiteful Indian lover through the magic of charmed mussel pearls; how this spell was broken by means of magic water, and charmed arrows in the hands or another lover, and other mystic devices which held the superstitious mind of the savage. Mrs. Cotton tells how important a part in the fate of Virginia Dare was performed by a silver arrow which was presented to the Indian chief Wanchese by the Pale Face Weroanza, Queen Elizabeth. The "White Doe", through the magic of her true Indian lover, was changed back into the beautiful maiden just in time to receive the cruel arrow from the bow of her wicked lover. The gift of the silver arrow is accepted as a fact, and is said to be the origin of the tradition which now exists among the Alleghany Mountains, that nothing now will kill a white deer except a silver bullet. Among lumbermen in the far Northwest there is a superstitious fear of a white deer.

The sad mystery of Virginia Dare and her fate seems to haunt Roanoke Island. Everything seems to be an interrogation point, and we involuntarily ask the question, what became of Virginia Dare? We listen at the sobbing of the surf on the white sand and hear the muffled booming of the breakers at Nag's Head; we gaze upon the succession of sound and marsh sleeping under the blue skies unflecked by a single cloud; we see the sturdy trees festooned by the graceful vines and inhale the delicious odor of the wild rose; and we say, "All this is beautiful, but oh, Virginia Dare! where are you?" The question will never receive an answer until the time when land and sea shall be no more. But the "lost maiden" is remembered by thousands who have enshrined her memory in their hearts.

Three miles across the Sound from Roanoke Island is famous Nag's Head. Twenty-five years ago the Banks, nearly a mile wide, were covered with a forest. Now there is not a tree to be seen. The mighty waves of sand ever rolling southward have submerged the forest. There is a mountain of sand within a few hundred yards of the hotel. In five years the great wave will have swept over the hotel, if there, and will have buried it from human sight. Between the hotel and beach are great mountains of sand, from the top of which, one can obtain a view of the finest landscape and seascape views in the world. The mystery of Thodosia Alston Burr haunts Nag's Head. She was the daughter of Aaron Burr, and the wife of Governor Alston, of South Carolina. She embarked in a ship from Charleston in the early part of this century. Her purpose was to visit her father in New York. The ship was never heard of afterward. Aaron Burr hardly ever smiled after he realized that his daughter was lost. Many believe that the ship in which the gifted and unfortunate woman embarked was decoyed on the beach at Nag's Head by wreckers. It is a tradition that the wreckers used to tie a lantern around the neck of a lame horse and let him wander up and down the beach at night. Sailors would mistake the light, and thus be decoyed into dangerous waters. The *Century*, a year or so ago, published a poem in which the wreckers are represented as making Theodosia Alston Burr "walk the plank." There was found, in a wrecker's cabin, several years ago, a picture which certain parties claim to be that of the unfortunate woman. The picture is now in Elizabeth City.

Roanoke Island was the scene of a battle during the late war. General Burnside, in 1862, landed 10,000 men on the island, which was guarded by a small force of Confederate soldiers. The fort was near the town of Manteo. In capturing the fort, General Burnside lost about 400 men; many perished in the marshes. This victory gave Burnside the key to North Carolina.

There is no spot in the New World around which clusters deeper historic interest than around Roanoke Island. All honor to the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association for emphasizing the historic claim of this place. It should be a Mecca for every North Carolinian. We long to see the day when our State will take such pride in her rich historic heritage that she will make this beautiful island a park, graced by the hand of art and the touch of nature, and forming a trysting place for the Past and Present.

In the early morning hours we first saw the island. In the early morning hours we left it. The deer was still upon the grass, and the sheen of the sunlight was upon the water. With the north-east wind filling the sails we ploughed through the beautiful Albemarle Sound, and when we came over against Kitty Hawk we turned our eyes southward, where Roanoke lay like a line of blue mist against the horizon, and our heart waved an affectionate adieu to the "Land of Virginia Dare."

You may not be able to speak eloquently for Jesus, but by His grace you may live for Him influentially. Justin Martyr confessed that he forsook philosophy, and became a Christian through his admiration of the godly lives of primitive Christians. Many a time it has cost honest minds a great grief to feel that, though they are willing enough to do what they have engaged to do, yet they have lost their ability to perform their word.—*Spurgeon.*

The Restful Yoke.

BY GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN, D. D.

"I have met," said Augustine, "many sayings in Plato and in Cicerco which were beautiful and wise; but among them all I never found 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.'"

No wonder, O Augustine! Plato and Cicero were but men; Jesus is the Son of God. Consider—

First, the persons Jesus invites: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." "All ye that labor." These represent the active side of human unrest; all toilers after righteousness, laboring to bring a Saviour down from above, or to bring a Saviour up from below; striving to buy God's favor with penances or with charities; seeking goodly pearls, but failing to find the one pearl of great price. "And are heavy laden." These represent the passive side of human unrest; all who are carrying burdens of priestcraft, ritual, bereavement, sickness, self-weariness. And the invitation is as wide as the unrest: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

Secondly, the boon Jesus promises: "And I will give you rest." "Rest" is the refrain in life's threnody.

"O that I had wings like a dove!
Then would I fly away and be at rest."

And Jesus is the soul's rester. I do not know that even Christ Himself ever uttered a sublimer saying. Sublime it was when He said to wind and waves, "Peace, be still!" Sublimer it was when he shouted, "Lazarus, come forth!" Sublimest it was when He said to a heavy-ladened world, "Come, and I will give you rest." To speak peace to an accusing conscience; to restore languishing aspirations; to quell mortal tumults; to turn requiems into hosannas—this is beyond the reach of money, art philosophy; this is the acme even of Godhead. And Jesus is the only true rester. As Augustine says: "Thou didst make us for Thyself, and our heart is unquiet until it is quieted in Thee."

Thirdly, the condition Jesus imposes: "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me." "Take My yoke upon you." Then Jesus does have a yoke for us. Not yoke in the sense of bondage, but yoke in the sense of service. Christianity is a kingdom as well as a Gospel—"Gospel of the kingdom." Be not afraid, then, of this word "yoke;" it is Christ's own word. We see how mistaken those are who imagine that Christ's rest is a cessation from work. Our king will have no loungers in His kingdom, no mystic dilettanti. But Christ's rest is the rest of Christian service. "And learn of Me." What is it to learn from Christ? It is to become Christ's pupil; to follow Him; to take Him as our air, food, light, life, all. This it is to "come to Christ." These three phrases—"Come to Me." "Take My yoke," "Learn from Me"—are mutually convertible. To come to Christ is to take Christ's yoke; to take Christ's yoke is to learn from Christ; to learn from Christ is to find rest. Not, then, everyone who labors or is heavy laden will obtain Christ's rest. None but he who comes, takes, learns. You cannot have Christ's rest without taking Christ's yoke.

Fourthly, the reason Jesus assigns: "Because I am meek and lowly in heart." How meek Jesus was is proved by His stooping to mend bruised reeds; His riding on an ass; His washing His disciples' feet; His bearing His own cross. In brief, Jesus bore His own yoke, and so found His own rest. As with the Master, so with the servant. May each of us be Christ's true yokefellow!

Fifthly, the assurance Jesus gives: "For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." "My yoke is easy, wholesome, helpful." Christ would not have our yoke mere drudgery. His commandments are not grievous. But our yoke must be Christ's own yoke; not any yoke of man's imposition. If our yoke is burdensome, we may be sure it is not Christ's yoke, but man's. "And My burden is light." When shall we learn that the sense of duty is a genuine privilege, the source of restful joy? To do God's will is to be in harmony with all eternal forces.

Here, then, is the philosophy of rest, Christ's restful yoke.—*The Examiner.*

The Old-Fashioned Mother.

IS SHE GOING OUT OF STYLE.

Not long ago a Northern exchange chronicled the news that "a new industry for young women is that of lullaby singing. Girls who are studying vocal music are now turning their growing talent to account by going to nurseries two or three times a week and singing to the children at their bedtime hour soft, crooning lullabies. This is in households, of course, where the mother is busy with social duties or philanthropic work or engaged in reform work for women, but most generally in the homes of the rich. Even the newest woman admits the influence of sweet and correct singing on the developing mind of the little child. This new industry may seem an exaggeration of the detail, but in these days it is the trifles that are considered in their bearing upon large results.

This is startling news indeed, and one may well ask the question, "Is the old-fashioned mother really going out of style?" Has it come to this point in the social evolution of the day and the solution of the women problem that paid talent must now take the place once sacred to the mother, and the dear old lullabies, which were so sweet because mother used to siug them, must be relegated forever or else be heard from lips whose sole purpose is to coin dollars and cents? This is progress with a vengeance, and alas for the babies who must never know what it is to lie on mother's breast, with mother's arms enfolding them, as the dear, familiar strains of "Rock-a-by, Baby," or "Sleep, My Darling One; Sleep My Pretty One, Sleep," falls from mother's lips.

To the writer's mind there comes back the picture of a beautiful childhood, and of a gentle mother bending softly over the cradle where the baby slept, as she sang, night after night, the songs the other children, dozing in their little white cots, never tired of hearing. And when the baby was fast asleep—for there always seemed to be a baby on hand—mother went to each little bed in turn and crooned some sweet lullaby lines as she kissed each one "good night," and tucked the white coverlets around. The years have come, and the years have gone since then, and that nursery picture remains, beautiful and bright and sacred, amid the tears and sorrows of every-day strife.

The old lullabies come back in the busy rush of the world, and their sweet echo, ringing away down in the heart, often drowns the hum of the noisy streets, while their message brings a peace and comfort that nothing else can.

There also comes back another picture in later years, of a gentle poet—a woman who was compassed by many duties and many cares, but now sleeping out in Metairie—who was never too busy, too tired, or to engrossed with social life to allow one evening to pass without holding her "boys," in her arms and humming some soft lullaby as they fell asleep. "What did it matter," she would often say, "if the voice were not cultivated and beautiful?" It was always a "mother's voice," and the lullabies she sang came from "mother's heart." Could any lesson be more beautiful than this?

Can anyone ever take the place of the mother, as she gathers her little ones around her knee and they kneel in their snowy white nightgowns with bowed heads and whisper: "Our Father who art in heaven?" Can any paid talent ever reach the heart of the little child as the mother's voice, tender, sweet and loving, with a heart throb and a prayer in every note, as she croons softly, sweetly, "Guard my little one, guard my precious one; sleep?"

Thank God that the "new industry" has not yet reached New Orleans. God grant that it never will. Let us cling to the old fashioned ideal of motherhood down here in the beautiful South. Oh, there is nothing so true, so beautiful so lasting as the influence of a pure and good and true mother! God grant that we may never grow so rich or so fashionable or so interested in woman's progress that we will consent to delegate to "paid talent" the beautiful and sacred duty of teaching the babies their prayer and singing them to sleep.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The moment a man says that Christianity does not require him to give the gospel to the world, then he hasn't any Christianity at all. * * * The work of evangelizing this world for every man is a matter of personal, inalienable obligation.—*Robert E. Speer.*