

# The Courier.

ROXBORO, N. C., March 15, 1899

## A VISIT TO HEAVEN

(Marie Annie Henson.)

In a doorway alone he was sitting,  
As if in thought was the gray  
head bent low,  
And the beard on his bosom was  
rested  
Was as white as the new fallen  
snow.

As I watched him, a great flood of  
pity  
Filled my heart and a shadow was  
thrown  
O'er the future's bright picture I'd  
painted,  
Would I some some day be old and  
alone?

"Say, grandpa," (for thus 'twas the  
old man  
Was called by his old friends and  
new.)  
"Of what are you thinking," I  
questioned.  
"As you sit here the dreary days  
through?

"There are so many good things, my  
girlie,  
That I could scarcely tell you  
them all,  
But the thing that I think of, now,  
mostly,  
Is my visit to heaven last fall.

"Yes, you look surprised like the  
others,  
But child, it's as true as can be;  
Though it does seem so strange that  
the Master  
Should let in an old fellow like  
me.

"You see, 'twas in this way it hap-  
pened:  
We've been close friends for many  
a year;  
The Master and me and the old wo-  
man—  
When my old woman, girlie, was  
here.

"Twas soon after I found Him we  
married,  
Were baptized together, you know,  
And He's loved us and stood by us  
always,  
Since those old days, so long, long  
ago.

"Well, the boys soon grew up and  
married;  
The girls went to homes of their  
own;  
Then we were more to each other  
than ever—  
The old woman and me—when  
alone.

"She was always a frail little creat-  
ure—  
A wee little woman like you,  
And often, so often, when ailing,  
I'd sit by her all the night thro'.

"And I'd pray the good Lord that  
power  
To the 'Postles He gave, He'd give  
me,  
And holding her hand in mine,  
girlie,  
The old woman'd get better, you  
see.

"But she couldn't stay here with me  
always,  
No matter how good she was  
nursed,  
And 'twas better, yes best, that He  
left me,  
And to heaven took the old woman  
first.

"Then the children all begged me to  
break up,  
And come live with them, but you  
know  
'Twas useless for them to be talk-  
ing;

"Twould almost break my heart,  
child to go.

"From here where her light step, I  
fancy,  
I hear in the hall—on the stair;  
And once, I was sure that I saw her,  
In her blue speckled dress, stand-  
ing there.

"'Twas upon the hillside, they laid  
her,  
And oftentimes at night do I go  
Up there and talk to the old woman,  
Just like I used to, you know.

"Last fall 'twas, that I, too, was ail-  
ing;  
I was home-sick for heaven, I  
guess—  
When, at once, I don't know how it  
happened,  
Such a sight as my old eyes did  
bless!

"'Twas glorious!" The old man  
laughed softly,  
"The prettiest thing to behold,  
The city a little way off, dear,  
The streets, the purest of gold!

"Toward me, I saw coming a car-  
riage,  
Drawn by horses as white as the  
snow,  
Strange I didn't know where I was  
at, dear,  
But as I stood there a wondering  
so.

"A voice from the carriage cried  
gladly:  
"There he is! You've come at last  
Pa!"

In a moment I was clasped in strong  
arms  
Of my boy who was killed in the  
war.

"All dressed out he was in fine broad  
cloth—  
Finer far than on this earth is  
bought;  
The carriage was pure gold and sil-  
ver,  
And all was the prettiest sort!

"We dashed up the street, and 'twas  
somehow  
That the first house I saw took  
my eye.

I'll know it again—on the corner—  
All white, dear, and three stories  
high.

"Oh the porch," again he laughed  
softly,  
And dashed off a tear, "what was  
best!

'Twas the sight of my little old wo-  
man,  
In her blue speckled calico dress-  
ed.

"She floated down into my arms,  
dear,  
In the gracefulest way as could be  
And onto her skirt there was cling-  
ing  
The babe that I never did see.

"'Twas born when away at my  
daughter's,  
Who was sick unto death, so they  
said,  
But when I come back to the mother  
I found that our baby was dead.

"There 'twas with its white wings so  
little,  
Just fuzzing up soft as could be,  
And there, locked in each other's  
arms, dear,  
Was the little old woman and me.

"Then we went in the house and I  
rested,  
On a bed, dear, so soft and so  
white,  
With my loved ones all sitting around  
me;  
Oh, child, 'twas the prettiest sight!

"In a second somehow it all van-  
ished,  
Old neighbors stood there 'round  
my bed,  
Bending o'er me with kind, anxious  
faces,

And I had fainted, they said.

"Course it seemed hard to b'lieve  
what I told them,  
But the Master, who's so good to  
me,  
Just knew how I'm homesick for  
heaven,  
And took my soul on a visit, you  
see.

"'Tis enough now to sit here a-  
thinking  
Of his goodness and how glad I'll  
be  
When I see Him in His beauty up  
yonder,  
Where the old woman's waiting  
for me.

"He knows how to comfort us al-  
ways;  
What? I'm sorry, dear child, you  
you must go;  
We'll finish our talk up in heaven—  
First house on the corner, you  
know."

As the train sped away from the  
mountains,  
A hush over my spirit was cast,  
A sweet, solemn hush, as if angels,  
Had brushed with their wings as  
they passed.

## Little Pimples Turn to Cancer.

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break out in the form of dreaded Can-  
cer. What has appeared to be a mere  
pimple or scratch has developed into  
the most malignant Cancer.

"I had a severe Cancer which was at first  
only a few blotsches, that I thought would  
soon pass away. I was  
treated by several able  
physicians, but in spite of their efforts the Can-  
cer spread until my condition became alarming.  
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treatment and growing steadily worse, I de-  
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bottle produced an improvement. I continued  
the medicine, and in four months the last lit-  
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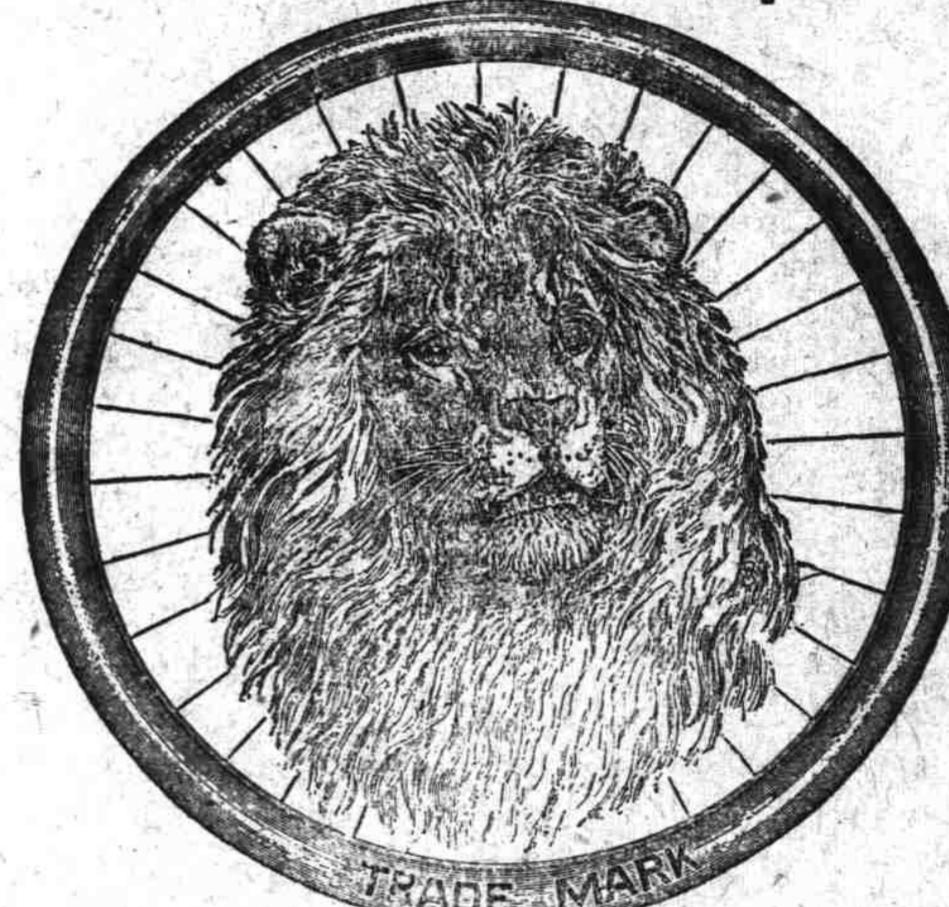
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