

25 THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE

"There sleeps beneath some favored sky,
Beyond the desert's track,
A fountain fraught with magic power
To bring our lost youth back.

M Who quaffs from it a plenteous draught,
Shall shed time's envious stains.
And feel the ruddy wine o f youth
Go bounding through his veins."

So sang the poets long ago.
And many a pilgrim, worn with age.
Went forth in unavailing search—
A weary pilgrimage.

They could not read the hidden sense
Of this fair fount the poets sung.
The springs *of* kindness in the heart
Keep it forever young.

For age comes not with time alone— *
Our wrinkles and gray hairs
Are but the creased and fitted robes
The youthful spirit wears.

Sources:

Gleason's Weekly Line-of-Battle Ship, November 6, 1858.

Thanks to Northern Illinois University, Horatio Alger Society Repository for providing a copy of this poem.

