

## 26 THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

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

"Who quaffs from it a plenteous draught,  
Shall shed time's envious stains,  
And feel the ruddy wine of 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 along --  
Our wrinkles and gray hairs  
Are but the creased and faded robes  
The youthful spirit wears.

**Sources:**

Gleason's Literary Companion, March 11, 1865.  
Alger Street, 1964.