

EGYPTIAN OBELISK IN CENTRAL PARK NEW YORK.

THE ELIXIR VITÆ

Far backward, in the dusky mists of Time,
When Arts and Learning o'er the darkened Earth.
After long ages, rose again sublime,
But faint and tottering, from their later birth.

Men groped obscurely on that border land,
Where Nature's laws were blent with Magic old,
And vainly sought to find that wonderous Stone,
Whose simple touch turned baser things to Gold;

While some, more daring, traversed Land and Sea For that Elixir, which they dreamed, in truth, From age and death would leave them ever free—The fabled "Fountain of Eternal Youth!"

But lo! the World moves on, from age to age, And Science tells us, with its voice serene: "This long-sought Talisman is found at last, Life's great Elixir, wonderous Vaseline."

It cures in sickness, and in health adorns; From youth to age its various virtues shine; On every ill it sheds a softening calm, And adds to loveliness a charm divine

When faint and sleepless with Rheumatic pains,
Or torn with fell Neuralgia's arrows keen,
How like a balm from Paradise it flows,
Soft, soothing, mild all-healing Vaseline.

Great Magic Healer of a thousand pains,
For Croup or Asthma, simple, pure and clean,
For Colds, Eruptions, Wounds, or Cuts or Burns,
There's nought on earth can equal Vaseline.