

study the lives of men who left an impress on their ago, and endeavor to walk in their footsteps; for,

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

There are grand opportunities open to all. The example of those who overcame the same obstacles which we have to encounter, who walked bravely, fearlessly on in the path of right and duty, who succeeded in their undertakings, and came forth victorious in life's battle, should be an encouragement to those who falter, and an incentive to the faint-hearted to make greater exertions. There are many unseen dangers in the path; but as the beacon light points out to the mariner the hidden rocks and reefs, so great men by their lives and teachings point out to us the dangers we must avoid if we would guide our frail bark safely over life's troubled sea to the haven of everlasting rest.

It is good for the man absorbed in the cares of business, whose mind is engrossed by the multifarious duties of his station, whose heart is bent upon the accumulation of wealth to turn for a time from the hard, dusty road, and follow the footprints of a little child who, in its innocent glee, loves to wander over the broad green meadows jewelled with wild flowers, and along the banks of the purling brook where the blushing rose, with keen delight, bursts its tiny petals to diffuse sweet fragrance on the summer air. It is good for the student to ask himself as he stands by the couch of the dying year, if he has walked faithfully in the path of knowledge,—if he has culled on the way, rich, ripe blossoms to adorn his mind,—or, if he has walked blindly, heedlessly on, having no aim, no destination, his footsteps oftentimes entangled in the briars and thorns by the wayside. Very many go astray for want of proper direction. How many little feet, now, alas! wandering about in our large cities, straying into devious paths, and lost amidst the labyrinths of sin, might be diverted from their erring ways and directed in the paths of usefulness and duty!

The Christian loves to mark the footprints of the aints, who walked, in humility and self-denial, the narrow path which leads to eternal happiness. With feelings of veneration, he marks the sad, yet glorious journeys of the martyrs, whose footprints were stained by their own life-blood. While the whole Christian world rejoices in this happy season of Christmas, and while we, in silent adoration, gaze upon the crib where tiny feet peep forth from the covering—insufficient to keep away the cold of winter, we can not but think of the sorrowful journey those feet must travel, ere, tired and exhausted, they wend their way to the hill of Calvary. For the Infant born on Christmas morn long ago, came from the glory of His heavenly home to mark out the path for us, that, by walking in His footsteps, we might gain eternal life.

THE RUINS OF TIME.

G. W. B.

When we contemplate what magnificent and firm structures existed in past ages, when the kings and princes of old enjoyed themselves in their beautiful abodes, the thought naturally comes to us, where now are those works of art? Where are the palaces and temples of the ancient Greeks, Romans and Egyptians? They have fallen noble victims to the destroying hand of Time; Time, that powerful master, has caught them in his arms, as it were, and crushed them out of existence.

Let us transport ourselves in imagination back to the time when the emperors of Rome were in their glory; when Rome held her proud head above all other nations, and triumphantly proclaimed herself the mistress of the world. What splendor do we see there displayed; what grandeur surrounded the rulers on every side; what lasting monuments were then raised in honor of their exploits; what magnificent temples were dedicated to their false gods! Where now are these wonderful monuments—those masterpieces of architecture—where are they? The echo of an unknown voice floats gently to my ear conveying the intelligence that they are all gone, gone forever; they made an excellent repast upon which ravenous Time has long since feasted.

Let us imagine how picturesque a domicile in some far distant land must look, over which fleet Time has driven his destructive chariot, where the remaining stately pillars, under the sore light of the moon, cast dark and gloomy shadows. There stand the fragments of the wall which often resounded with the joyous shout of the child, but now they are forsaken; there they stand, alone, the remnants of what was, but will never be again; there they stand confirming the saying that all things must moulder and decay. The placid stream in the distance meanders along with its accustomed stillness, and in its depths are reflected myriads of shining stars. No more shall its shores echo with the joyous peal of laughter, for the inhabitants of that once stable mansion have long since been summoned to their Maker—they, too, have fallen by the sword of mighty Time. In fact, the whole scene, by its loneliness and wild appearance, cannot fail to inspire us with fear, and at the same time fill our souls with transports of joy in contemplation of its sublimity.

There is something in the ruins of time upon which we cannot but deeply meditate, for, undoubtedly, in all respects, they resemble the life of man. The erection of the structure corresponds to our boyhood days, during which time our frame gradually develops and our minds are stored with everything necessary for our position in life. But in after years the structure begins to lose its former firmness, the walls crumble, the stones decay, until, finally, it becomes a perfect ruin. So with man, old age soon comes upon him, his feeble limbs totter under him, his sight and memory fail, until a final