

Written for the Messenger.
Footprints.

Could our footprints always remain would we not stand aghast, to view the way o'er which they had led us? How many of my readers would be willing to have every footstep retraced. If the truth were known it might be like it was in the Bible story where Christ said "Let him who hath no sin cast a stone," none need dodge, for no stone would be hurled, so no path could be reviewed perhaps in all this busy world. There are so many shining gilded paths wherein our wayward feet would lead, that we are dazzled and blinded by the glare, until the "straight and narrow way" is often dimmed and obscured so that we miss the way. Yet while we can never retrace steps once taken, we may be able by depending upon the true Guide to find the right path for His book of travels describing the way can always be consulted.

All the relics, all the books, all the mighty works of art, are some ones footprints. The great and lofty temples of the old world, the Pyramids of Egypt are the lasting footprints of long departed generations.

All the wonderful inventions are but echoing footsteps of men of wonderful intellect and genius. Footsteps, footsteps, the old world is full of echoing footsteps; and these echoes will never cease to ring down through advancing ages. Some ring out in wild, sad, inharmonious discord, filling the earth with orphans cries, widows tears and madmen shrieks, these fearful echoes are of misers, drunkards and murderers footsteps, and will sound through eternity in demons curses. Others make tuneful melody, and will, when time shall be no more, for their silvery echoes will be caught up and make sweetest music on the other shore, as they walk with those in white along the golden streets.

The waters of the dancing eddying brooklet flow forth from the fountain pure, and crystal clear. They meander on kissed by sunshine and wandering winds gaining in force and strength they rush down mountain gorges, they come to the fearful precipice, but there is no turning the brightsilver rill, so down it dashes into the abyss below, sending up a mist of flashing spray, which forms a rainbow halo o'er the stream, as if to mark the spot where the limpid waters of the brook, took such a fearless leap and become a river. But it hurries on until it reaches the plain below, growing broader and deeper, flowing through burning deserts, o'er rugged rocks, through dark trackless forests, o'er grassy flowery meads, bright ferns and long rank grasses fringe the banks. It flows by large cities where it becomes the motive power which turns ponderous machinery, then on and on until at last it reaches the ocean, where its identity as a river is forever lost. But while this rushing river swept so swiftly to the sea though all the way it became broader, deeper and grander, its waters were not so clear and pure, as when they started forth from the fountain, high up amid the glistening snows of yonder mountain range. No, no, it had received into its broad bosom, here the muddy impure streams which flowed from some mining camp, there others as pure as itself, and again the filth and sewerage of cities, had been cast in its sparkling waters until the river which flowed into the sea was filled with impurities, and though from its source to the ocean it left a winding crooked track, yet it served a wise purpose, it carried off the filth and purified the cities, it furnished cooling drink for man and beast, it refreshed and beautified the earth, it achieved a great work and proved a blessing. The sea that great purifier will by the action of the sun upon its surface send those waters upward all pure again, in pearly dew, in soft white shining wreaths of mist, in golden and rosy tinted clouds, for

these are the messengers and angels of the sea.

Oh! tiny, restless, childish feet, where will you wander? through what devious winding highways and by-ways will you pass? Patter, patter, patter little white feet, there are many weary miles ere the journey is complete. Merrily, merrily dance, for you are as pure and free from care as were the purling waters of the fountain amid their native snows. Childish troubles like obstacles in the channel of the brooklet will oft turn you in your course, and very soon you will come to the chasm which separates the child from the man, but you will hopefully, joyously take the leap, for turn back you never can, though perchance in after years, you may look back with wistful eyes all full of tears to behold the rainbow glow which hovered over your childhood.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, it is the footsteps of youth it has lost the tripping childish step, and has a firmer, more buoyant tread, he is coming in contact with the world, and like the graceful sweeping river is receiving into his heart the good and bad. Where will his footsteps be found? He must cross the burning deserts of temptation, ambition, passion, vice and sin. He will wander through the flowery fields of love, while the delicate, fragrant blossoms of hope will spring up around his path wherever the footsteps lead.

Tread, tread, tread, middle age comes on apace, his step is firmer, yet less elastic than the youth, lines of care may be traced upon his brow, and streaks of silver in his hair. At middle age he finds if he has not made much of his opportunities, his footsteps leading through the dense forests of despair, but wherever his wandering footsteps lead, the march is onward to eternity, where his identity if this world were all, will be lost forever. Oh with what sadness comes this thought. He has received into his heart the bitter waters and the sweet, for in this world good and evil so closely intertwine that human hands may never be able to part the strands, or human effort undo the work. O! manhood, in your prime think back where you made the first misstep. What kind of footprints are you leaving? Pause, reflect, O Heir of eternity, ask your own heart, there you will find your answer.

Totter, totter, totter, old age's slower, feebler, footsteps. Ah! slower, calmer, deeper, more majestic swept the river as it neared the sea, being so much deeper it had ceased its noisy roar, for the ocean would have drowned its voice. So old age calmly views the rolling billows, he sees the white spray dashing on the strand, he hears the surges moan. Yet ere the icy waves clasp him in their cold embrace he takes a last look at the fast receding shore, and while he realizes that his footsteps have left a crooked winding path, and the heart he brings to "eternity's great ocean," is seamed, marred and scared, and not pure and clean, as when a toddling child he started on his journey; yet perchance he has performed his mission, and his soul is thankful to the allwise Father whose hand led his erring, wandering footsteps back from many a fearful abyss, and well he knows there was One whose feet were "traveled stained and sore," whose footprints were left in blood, shed for him, and all who claim an interest in that blood, and whose eye beams with tender compassion, whose heart can forgive and whose arm will sustain through the fearful billows, whose hand will guide his footsteps through the shining portals where by the still waters he may lie down at last.

HILDEGARDE.

—Remember, you are not a tree that can live or stand alone. You are only a branch, and it is only while you abide in Christ as the branch in the vine that you will flourish, or even live.—McCheyne.

Poor, Yet Rich.

In the town of Reading, Penn., is the finest collection of butterflies and moths, it is said, on this continent. It contains specimens from every country in the world, from the Brahma moths of India, to the gossamer flies caught in the Arctic Sea.

Among these are some of the rarest specimens, as, for instance, the Automachus butterfly from the interior of Africa,—of which but six others are known to entomologists,—and the pearl-spotted Antenor of Madagascar, of which but three specimens ever were obtained.

The whole collection is one of the largest and most valuable in the world. It was made by a German stone-cutter, now working at his trade. He has always been a poor man, and has, he says, "made it a rule never to take an hour from the ten due to labor, for his favorite study." Yet he is known to men of science in every country as one of the first entomologists.

Another German mechanic living in a mountain village of the same State, has found for years his chief pleasure in the study of birds. He began when but a boy to mount those which he shot, and he is now one of the most skillful taxidermists in the country.

The Moravians have a custom of adorning their houses with *Putzes*, miniature artificial landscapes or villages, with houses, rocks, trees and running streams. This German applied the idea in mounting his birds.

He has placed each bird in a tiny landscape representing its *habitat* of marsh, wood or beach, together with its own nest filled with its eggs. The collection ranges from the song-sparrow of the north, to the orange flamingo, and great herons of Louisiana bayous. Here are the jewel-like eggs of the humming-bird in its tiny cup of moss, and there the royal eagle on its peak, keeping watch over its great solitary egg. The collection is of such real scientific value that it was bought by the Lehigh University at a high price.

Most of the great naturalists have been poor and self-taught like these men. Nature is a great treasury of knowledge, but it does not need money to secure its treasures. The key lies in the weed growing in the city gutter, or in the stones of the high road. Any boy with these can learn science to open the lock.

The pursuit of natural science is likely, too, to keep a man unworldly and free from the ordinary vices of men. The greatest naturalists, like Agassiz, have been remarkably single-minded, pure men.—*Ec.*

The Old Barn's Tenantry.

BY E. F. TAYLOR.

The rooster stalks on the manger's ledge. He has a tail like a scimitar's edge.

A marshal's plume on his afghan neck, An admiral's stride on his quarter deck.

He rules the roost and walks the bay With a dreadful cough and a Turkish way.

Two broadside fires with his rapid wings This sultan proud, of a line of kings—

One guttural laugh, four blasts of horn, Five rusty syllables rouse the morn!

The Saxon lams in their woolen tabs Are playing school with their a, b, a, b;

A, e, i, o, u! All the cattle spell Till they make the blatant vowels tell.

And half a laugh whinny fills the stall When down in the rack the clover falls.

A dove is waltzing round his mate, Two chevrons black on his wings of slate.

And showing off with a wooing note The satin shine of his golden throat—

It is Ovid's "Art of Love," retold In a binding fine of blue and gold!

Ah, the buxom girls that helped the boys, The nobler Helens of humbler Troys—

As they stripped the husk with rustling fold From eight-rowed corn as yellow as gold.

By the candle-light in the pumpkin bowls, And the gleams that showed fantastic holes

In the quaint old lantern's tattooed tin, From the hermit glim set up within;

By the rarer light in the girl's eyes As dark as wells, or as blue as skies,

I hear the laugh when the ear is red, I see the blush when the forfeit paid,

The cedar cakes with the ancient twist, The cider cups that the girls have kissed,

And I see the fiddle through the dusk As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk!"

The boys and girls in a double row Wait face to face till the magic bow

Shall whip the tune from the violin, And the merry pulse of the feet begin.

—The British Museum contains three miles of book-shelves eight feet high; if they were extended in a single line so as to hold ordinary octavo books, they would reach twenty-five miles.

MISCELLANEOUS.



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MISCELLANEOUS



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Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetters, Rose Itch, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, White Swellings, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallowness of skin, or lividness or brown spots on your body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flashes, low spirits, and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from Impure Liver, or "Biliousness." In many cases of "Liver Complaint" only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

In the cure of Rheumatism, severe Coughs, and the early stages of Consumption, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. While it cures the severest Coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood. Sold by Druggists.

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CATARRH

SYMPTOMS.—Frequent headache, discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, thick, mucous, purulent, offensive. In others, a dryness, dry, watery, weak, or inflamed eyes, stopping up, or obstruction of the nasal passages, ringing in ears, deafness, hawking and coughing to clear the throat, ulcerations, scabs from ulcers, sore throat, nasal twang, offensive breath, indigestion or total deprivation of sense of smell and taste, dizziness, mental depression, loss of appetite, indigestion, enlarged tonsils, tickling cough, &c. Only a few of these symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

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