

**FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS
OF TIME. BIOGRAPHIES FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE. DEDICATED
TO HER NEPHEWS AND NIECES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649586042

Footprints on the Sands of Time. Biographies for Young People. Dedicated to her Nephews and Nieces by Lucy Elizabeth Bather

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

LUCY ELIZABETH BATHER

**FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS
OF TIME. BIOGRAPHIES FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE. DEDICATED
TO HER NEPHEWS AND NIECES**

BIOGRAPHIES

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

Footprints on the Sands of Time.

BIOGRAPHIES

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

DEDICATED TO HER NEPHEWS AND NIECES

BY L. E. B.

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

"Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

LONGFELLOW—A Psalm of Life.

Oxford and London:

J. H. AND JAS. PARKER.

1860.

2106. f 13



Printed by Messrs. Parker, Cornmarket, Oxford.

Introduction.

"They in their glorious course the guides of Youth,
Whose language breathed the eloquence of Truth ;
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught
The Great in conduct and the Pure in thought ;
These still exist, by thee to Fame consigned,
Still speak and act, the models of mankind."
ROGERS, "*Pleasures of Memory*."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I have a great many nephews and nieces ; they are of various ages, and of different dispositions ; but they all agree in one thing, a fancy for having stories told them.

Of course the elder boys and girls (though I must say they hold to their early love for fairy tales and pretty impossibilities) cannot always be content with such simple stories as suit the little ones ; but require more stirring adventures, and a more complicated plot ; and, of course, Aunt Lucy's powers of invention are not always up to the mark, and her memory for long stories is not so good as it was.

I find that a constant inquiry, when I relate a story, is, "Is it true?" and, of course, when I am expected to invent for the occasion, my answer must always be, "Well, I cannot say it is;" and my hearers seem rather disappointed that the heroes and heroines are not, and never were, living realities.

At last, when imagination failed, and my memory for fiction grew less ready, I bethought myself that these enthusiastic young listeners, who wanted something that should be at the same time true and interesting, might not think Aunt Lucy was growing too dull and grave, nor that she wished to turn amusement into a task, if she tried to find what they desired in the records of real life.

After all, it has been truly said that, Life is stranger than any fiction. Real occurrences are often, in this respect, like natural landscapes. A glowing sunset behind a purple hill, or a gorgeous rainbow in a cloudy sky, though they will give us pleasure and strike us with admiration, will not cause any emotions of surprise; but yet, if we see these passing appearances represented in a picture, we say, It is too bright to be natural. The daily life of many, perhaps of all, brings incidents and events which awaken in our hearts any and every emotion but that of wonder; and yet, if we were to throw them

together into a story. people might deem them improbable, or too romantic to be true. So it is not for want of incident and interest, nor even of adventure and romance in real life, that people devour fiction rather than truth.

Surely, nothing can be more interesting than the record of the joys and sorrows, the struggles and the victories, of those who have journeyed through the world through which we, in our turn, are travelling. Nothing can be more instructive than the history of those who have lived and learned, rejoiced and suffered, loved and lost, been tried and purified, and have passed away, one by one, into that *better country* towards which their faces had, in faith, been set. Passing away, as we must, some day, pass; but leaving behind them the memory of their good deeds, which might yet bear fruit and flourish when they themselves were gone.

The longer we live, the greater value, if we judge rightly, shall we set by Truth in any form; and the deeper interest will such records of the lives of true and pious men have for us. But, indeed, they may be made interesting to those who are but just starting on the journey, and who may learn, in tracing these "Footprints on the Sands of Time," to follow where they lead, towards that Great Example in Whom alone

is to be found the perfect pattern of all graces and all virtues, in Whom alone these *pilgrims on the earth* have found safe guidance into Life and Truth, even One Who is Himself *the Way, the Truth, and the Life*.

These, then, are some of the "Lives of Great Men," which I would relate to my young audience. And as I imagine that my nephews and nieces, dear as they are to me, and partial as they may be in their fancy for my stories, are much like other boys and girls, I venture, my dear young friends, to ask you, as it were, to join our circle, while you read these Biographies to yourselves or to those around you.

If I could hope they would afford pleasure to you as well as to my loving and partial little audience, I should be very glad; and I would only ask, in return, that when you shut the book, you, too, might give a kind thought to

"AUNT LUCY."