

**FOOTPRINTS ON THE
SANDS; OR, SKETCHES
FROM REAL LIFE**

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Footprints on the Sands; or, Sketches from Real Life by Doré Reeston

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DORÉ REESTON

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SANDS; OR, SKETCHES
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HE DIED ON HIS FATHER'S DOORSTEP.—*Page 81.*

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BY

DORÉ REESTON.

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P R E F A C E .

Often, while wandering along the seashore in a pensive mood, have I observed on the sands footprints of the young and of the up-grown; and then have I thought of the merry young hearts as, with cheerful, ringing voices, they have chased the receding waves until, in turn, the charging waves would cause them to beat a hasty retreat beyond their reach to a position of safety. I have passed on, wondering where all these merry, laughing ones, with their well-pleased and more thoughtful guardians, would spend their eternity when the rude, rolling billows of Time shall have sung the death-song that time with them shall be no more. Such thoughts as these passing through my mind suggested the above title to my little volume of tales; and in them, dear Reader, you will find something

of the Footprints on the Sands of Time, both of young, middle-aged, and old. We all leave our footprints behind us; but there is no sea with its bounding billows that can ever wash out the footprints we leave behind us, for "our works do follow us." The Author humbly trusts that God, in His infinite mercy, will make the perusal of these tales—all of which are facts—such a blessing to the Readers as will be the means of raising them up into the higher life of Christ's resurrection power here and glory hereafter, so that at the close of a well-spent life there may be in every soul the sure and certain hope of a glorious immortality. This is the sincere hope and prayer of

THE AUTHOR.