

THE HOME CIRCLE.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

BY FATHER FODINSON.

For the Review.

'Twas Monday morning; in his study chair
The preacher sat, his work not yet begun,
And wondered with a wonder like despair
If any soul had yesterday been won.

He thought of sermons ill-prepared and tame,
Of prayers unpondered, purposeless, and cold,
And o'er him swept a wave of grief and shame:
"None, none," said he, "was brought into the fold."

And other Sundays rose upon his gaze,
Alike discouraging, and all his years
Seemed a succession of unfruitful days
From his youth up, and his eyes filled with tears.

But as he wept, into his room was brought
A letter from afar: one who in youth
Had heard him preach, and moved thereby had sought,
And in God's gracious mercy found, the truth,

Now wrote, though old, he said, and sinking low,
To testify with gladness ere he died
How one had led him many years ago
To find life, following the Crucified.

WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

In the summer of '91, Dr. Carleton and we were taking a trip on horse-back through the mountains from Sabathu to Mussoorie. On descending from Nahan into the Doon we found that our ponies were so back-sore that it would be cruel to ride them further; so we left them at the Jamna river, and walked to Fatehpur on the Chakrata road, where we secured an ekka to take us through to Dehra Dun. We were in no very happy humour at best, and when, after only a few miles progress, our ekka broke down, it really seemed a little more than we could bear! We tried, however, to make the best of the very vexatious experience; and, while waiting in a wayside police-station till the ekkawala could patch up our "chariot," we got into conversation with an intelligent young Hindu, the village school-master. We told him the story of Jesus the Saviour, and urged him to put Him to the test. The ekka was soon ready, and we went on our way.

During the meeting of Synod at Lodiana we were called out of the mission house one day and introduced to a fine-looking young man, who asked us if we recognised him. We had to admit that we didn't. "Do you remember one day, more than six years ago, that your ekka broke down near a little village in the Dun?" Light began to dawn on our mind! "I am the man you talked with that day. I wanted to meet you and to tell you that I am a Christian now." We need hardly tell of the joy and thanksgiving that filled our heart!

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether both shall be alike good."—*Indian Standard*.

"TRIED IN THE FIRE."

There lived at Newcastle a young girl whose name was Edith Mary Ledingham. She won a prize at school—the story of Grace Darling. It gave her a kind of a wish to lead the life of a heroine, and she did lead it, by being the kindest possible helper to the household and to all the neighbors who needed her help.

The father died, and the girl and her brothers removed to London. It was cheaper to go by sea than to go by rail when the family moved, and they went by steamer. This voyage determined Edith to become, if ever she got the chance, a stewardess on board a steamer. Her brothers both became stewards on various ships, and this made her more desire the sea life.

In June of 1895, she obtained her much-coveted desire and became stewardess on board the steam-ship *Iona*, that plies from Leith to London.

She won all hearts, we are told, of both crew and passengers by her kindness; and I, who have seen a photograph of her bright, capable face, can well understand how cheery a stewardess she would be. On Monday, September 16, 1895, she went on board, and a mother placed a little child under her special charge.

At sundown they slipped from the Leith Dock and passed out into the quiet, calm, grey seaway. A pleasant

evening was spent; the passengers retired to rest, and after having seen all her work finished, the stewardess herself went to her berth.

All was quiet except for the pant, pant, pant of the engines, the creak of the rudder-chains and the sound of the look-out man, who tapped his bell forward from time to time to indicate what ships' lights were seen. So quietly and serenely they moved upon their way—that little child fast asleep probably the last thought in the stewardess' mind. Suddenly a cry of "Fire!" rang through the ship. They were just off Clacton-on-Sea. The cry might almost have been heard on the coast, so terrible was the shout. Up sprang the stewardess, woke the passengers, one and another, helped them to the deck, pushed them through the cabin, cheered them through the smoke—no thought of her own safety, only thinking of her charges.

Then she was seen to turn pale, and with a great cry of "Oh, the child has been left behind," she sprang back right into and through the flames, determined, if possible, to bring the little one safe from the jaws of death.

She never came back, never passed that cabin door again. Men heard the flames roaring like a wild beast in a den of torment. When the fire was subdued and they could explore the cabin, they found just two heaps on the floor, and could tell, by a few bones of a woman's hand locked tightly round the small bones of a little child's hand, that this was all that was left of the brave stewardess, Edith Mary Ledingham, and the little child, Lily Stewart, whom she had tried to save. You can understand now the meaning of the verses:

'Then back to the horrible fiery den
The heroine sprang. How the forked tongue
Of the fierce flame serpent leaped and stung,
Struck at her bosom and blinded her eye;
But One went with her, whose word to men
Was "Life for the least, though the strongest die."

She has taken the little one safe in hand:
Angel of help, she has turned for the door;
This eloquent heap of ash on the floor
Is seal of her will and is sign of her doom;
But her feet, so swift for the purpose planned,
Are set, God knows, in a larger room.

Children, we shall not all be called upon to face fire as Edith Ledingham did, but we can all remember that, when the time comes to do it, we shall, in the midst of the furnace, find One walking with us like unto the Son of man; and in his strength we shall not feel the power of the flame to hinder us from doing our heavenly Father's will. We shall find that we can willingly follow One of whom it was said, "He saved others, himself he could not save."—*Sunday Magazine*.

THE MOTHER'S FACE.

A dear baby had been left lying asleep in a friend's room, while the mother went for a short outing. Before her return, however, the little one woke up. The kind friends bent over the bed as he opened his eyes and smiled, but the baby eyes were looking up into strange faces. The little one looked anxiously about the room for his mother's face, and when it could not be found a sort of terror shook the little frame and a pitiful cry was heard. But in the midst of the sad wallings the mother came in and the baby smiled through his tears and a joyful look came over the wee face once more, for it was looking up into the well-known mother's face where love and tenderness were seen even by infant eyes. The baby had found its shelter and was soon serenely nestling in the mother's loving arms.

No face so sweet in all the world as the mother's face to the little ones. Years after the mother has gone away to the Father's house, and the children are grown up, in the world's great mart, does that mother's face still bring sweet memories to those who are left behind. It hangs as a beautiful picture on memory's wall where the sunlight of tender love falls ever on it.

The mother's face is so suggestive of the atmosphere of the home that when it is bright and happy the children know it is clear, pleasant weather in mother's heart. When it has troubled looks, they know in a moment that clouds have come and there is something wrong. A look of sorrow and displeasure at wrong doing coming over the mother's face has often been more effective than a storm of words to the unruly child, while a look of approbation has frequently lifted a load from the child's heart.

Yes, we mothers have tell tale faces and we must be very guarded as to what they tell our dear children.