OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE HALF. WAY HOUSE.

Somewhere, dear friend, upon our pilgrim We reach a place at which we pause awhile And ba kward gaze and forward, ere the day Reluctant carries hence its lingering smile.

Below us stretch the hills we crossed at morn, The streams we bridged, the orchard's pleasant rows;
Above, white peak on peak, climb heights Crowned with the beauty of eternal snows.

And much we marvel, looking o'er the path.

That e'er we deemed it tangled, rough or long, Since dale or cliff, or briery thicket hath To-day the grace of a remembered son g.

Forgot the toils, the terrors all forgot; Only the blessings garnered, like the sheaf, Remain our wealth, which rust nor stain Nor moth despoil, nor rifle reckless thief.

And fearlessly we scan the years to be-The coming days, advancing one by one; Steadfast and blithe we hail them; strong Henceforth we walk to meet the setting

Dear half-way house! Sweet friend, hast thou been there;
Dost know how soft its pillow to the head; Hast breathed its pure caressing air; Hast dreamed its dreams; hast there been

Then grateful for the good hand of thy God, And trustful for the changes still unknown, Once more thou mayest essay the pilgrim Secure of never faring there alone.

MR. S. D. WADDY, Q.C., M.P.

It is sometimes said that the sons and daughters of our ablest and most useful Methodist ministers and laymen as soon as they begin to 'get on' in life, and to take a prominent place in society, forsake the Church of their fathers, and find their way to some other community where they may escape the prejudice which in not a few circles still attaches to the name of Methodist. No doubt there is only too much cause for this complaint; yet, on the other hand, there are not wanting many conspicuous instances of families who, to the third and fourth generation, have been faithful to their precious beritage of Methodist doctrine and practice. Amongst such families, a very high place belongs to that of Richard Waddy, who entered the ministry only two years after the death of John Wesley, and whose long and hon-orable ministry closed in 1853. Two of Richard Waddy's sons entered the ministry. One, the late Samuel Dousland Waddy, D. D., was President of the Conference in 1859 and died in 1876, after a long and active life of service which the Church will not soon forget; the other, the Rev. Benjamin B. Waddy, still lives, and is almost the oldest minister now in 'full work.'

Dr. Waddy's ten children all remain faithful to the people of their forefathers. Samuel Dank Waddy, the oldest of the family, was born at Gateshead, on the 27th June, 1830. His father thus records the event in his diary: 'This day our first child was born. He was consecrated to God from his birth in earnest prayer; Danks, Esq., of Wednesbury.

Mr. Waddy was educated at Wesley College, Sheffield, of which Institution his father might almost be called the founder, and of which he was Governor for eighteen years. Mr. Waddy early gave added, with a shudder. evidence of the powers which have since won him distinction, not only in the church, but also at the bar and in political life.

degree of B.A. at the London University, to which Sheffield College is affiliated. He chose the law as his profession, and was called to the Bar in 1858. His facility of utterance, acuteness and wit, soon made him a popular lawyer, and won for him an extensive practice. In 1874 he was made a Queen's Counsel; and has probably by no means reached his highest professional hon-

Mr. Waddy married, in 1860, Emma, daughter of the late Mr. S. A. Garbutt, of Hull. His children are growing up in close attachment to Methodism; and at the late Ecumenical Conference the fact that two of his sons were already 'on the Plan.'

The same month (February, the stewardship of the Chiltern -Child's Companion.

Hundreds, in order to offer himself as a candidate for the repre- The light shone dim on the headland, sentation of the town in which so much of his early life had been passed. He was returned; but at the last General Election Mr. C. B. Stuart Wortley defeated him. In November, 1882, however, he was returned to the House of Commons as member

for Edinburgh. The pressure of professional and political duties does not prevent Mr. Waddy from taking an active part not only in Connexional, but also in local Church-work. He is well-known and widely appreciated as a preacher of very rare and manifold excellence; and has, we believe, held all the layoffices in Methodism. It was Dr. Waddy's earnest hope and prayer that his son might one day fill an honorable and useful position in the Church, a wish which has been abundantly fulfilled; for Mr. Waddy ranks amongst the very foremost of our laity as one who not only gives generously of his substance, but gladly consecrates time, talent, and personal influence to the cause of Christ. It is to such men that we must look, under God, not only for substantial help in doing what may be called directly religious work, but also for permeating our legislation with earnest, honest Christian sentiment, which will not shrink from facing the social sins of our time, and will ever seek that 'righteousness' which 'exalteth a nation.'-Chris. Miscellany, for April.

THE STORM AND ITS LESSON.

An awful thunderstorm was raging one evening. One flash of lightning followed another so quickly, that the bedroom in which two little girls were lying was brilliantly lighted up every few seconds, and the roar of the thunder, harmless if they had but known it, had a terrible sound in the ears of the children. They hid their heads beneath the bedclothes trembling and afraid, or doors or windows wildly, and peeped out for a moment, only to waste no precious moments in shrink again below the welcome standing and screaming for help.

and only the children were in bed. a thick shawl or blanket around Passing backwards and forwards you, covering your head and your on the landing outside their door, went a young housemaid who was knees to the door or stairway. arranging the other rooms for the night. As she moved briskly from place to place, she lifted up her sweet young voice and sang a favorite hymn:

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne, Thy saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defence is sure,

"Jane, Jane," cried a little voice from the bed-room, "are you not afraid? How can you go on singing when it lightens so and the thunder makes such a noise?

"Afraid, Miss Annie? Oh, no" said the girl. "How can I be and, I trust, he will at last be afraid, when I know that God is found of Him in peace.' His mo- here? He takes care of me and ther, who lives on in a green old nothing can hurt me without his age near to her son, was the will. Beside, he made the lightdaughter of the late Thomas ning and thunder and rain, and they all do a great deal of good too, each in its way."

"Do they?" said the child, venturing her head outside the clothes and taking courage. "But lightning kills people sometimes," she to light a fire quickly. Make it breakfast table. The plants in the

anything but just what he sends | beyond control. it to do. Don't be afraid; just In 1850 Mr. Waddy took the try to think that you must be safe in God's keeping. He will take care both of you and me,"

Then Jane kissed the young faces, and bade them notice how already the lightning did not come so frequently or the voice of the thunder sound so loudly. Her words left them comforted, and, with the sweet thought in their minds, "God will take care of resumed alike her work and her

Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame : From everlasting Thou art God,

To endless years the same. that when older people showed he mentioned with pardonable pride fear during a storm these children | you advance. You cannot capture were calm, cheerful and always it. After all your planning and fidence arose from the lesson of have to give up the pursuit and per again. Mrs. Elson started as 1874) in which Mr. Waddy receiv. trust taught them by the young content yourself with following ed his silk gown, saw him return- servant's words and example, the plain and plodding path of ed at her aide. ed to Parliament as member for They learned to say, "These are duty, and to find your joy in fidel-Barnstaple. In politics he is a God's works. They are only ful- ity to conscience and in obedience your husband, for your child, for Liberal. A vacancy occurring filling his word. Under the to the divine will. Once in this yourself. One day. Surely that at Sheffield in 1880, he accepted shadow of his wings we rejoice." state, happiness comes to you un- should not be a day of clouds. And

THE LITTLE LIGHT.

For the storm was raging high; I shaded my eyes from the inner glare, And gazed on the wet, gray sky. It was dark and lowering; on the sea The waves were booming loud, And the snow and the piercing winter sleet Wove over all a shroud.

"God pity the men on the sea to night!" I said to my little ones. And we shuddered as we heard atar The sound of minute-guns.

My good man came in, in his fishing coat,

(He was wet and coid that night),

And he said, "There'll lots of ships go down

On the headland rocks to-night."

"Let the lamp burn all night, mother,"
Cried little Mary then: Tis but a little light, but still It might save drowning men."
Oh, nonsense!" cried her father (he Was tired and cross that night). "The highland light-house is enough"-And he put out the light.

That night, on the rocks below us, A noble ship went down, But one was saved from the ghastly wreck, The rest were left to drown. We steered by a little light," he said, "Till we saw it sink from view; If they had only a left that light all night, My mates might be here, too!'

Then little Mary sobbed aloud,
Her father blushed for shame,
"Twas our light that you saw." he said,
"And I'm the one to blame." Twas a little light-how small a thing! And trifling was its cost, Yet for want of it a ship went down And a hundred souls were lost.

—Good Cheer.

IN CASE OF FIRE.

The papers have lately told us of a number of distressing deaths by fire. Great hotels and warehouses have suddenly burst into sheets of flame in the night, and frantic people have either perished in the dreadful blaze or, throwing themselves from windows have been dashed to pieces in the street. I hope that none of my young friends may ever have to pass through so awful an experience. But if you should be surprised, at night or in the daytime, by the presence of smoke in your room, do not lose your wits if you can help it.

Remember at such a moment that although you are in great danger, there are friends near who will try if possible, to come to your assistance. Do not open Instead, think if you can of the It was still early in the evening | straightest way out, quickly wrap pair, and creep on your hands and There is always air to breathe near the floor.

If you are in the room with others, and a lamp is upset or some floating drapery takes fire, recollect that you must smother the flames by throwing a rug on them, pulling curtains or hangings down, and covering them with a carpet or quilt, or in some similar way stop the current of air on which fire feeds. If a child's apron catches from the blanket about the little creature promptly and roll her on the floor.

You cannot be too careful with regard to matches, candles and lamps. Those of you whose homes are lighted with kerosene or other to-day. The little one looked up oils should ask the person who again, and then began to cry, too. takes care of the lamps always to There was another cloud. The fill them in the morning, never tired mother had gained nothing doing so after nightfall. A pro- by those tears. Baby must be perly filled lamp is not likely to soothed now. All around the explode. Servants should be room, whatever way Mrs. Elson in the use of kerosene. They sing. The carpet was not swept, should not be allowed to pour it the stove was dirty, and unwashupon their kindling-wood in order ed dishes were piled upon the a rule never to trifle with fire, window were drooping for a little "Yes, dear," said Jane, "but it which is a great comfort in its pro water. Outside the snow lay in is only as God wills. It cannot do per place, but a dreadful foe when muddy detached patches. The

"GETTING HAPPINESS."

The watched pot never boils: there are people forever in search for happiness who never find it. "We are all born for tears," Happiness oftenest comes by in. direction. You are intent on duty, it away. But the next thought and are surprised to find you have stumbled on more than you sought? To make happiness an end of us; " whilst the young housemaid | your seeking is an easy way not to find it. It is a coy blessing. Hovering about your path it yet eludes your grasp. Attempt to she said, beginning languidly to put your hands on it, and, like the it bounds away. The search for It was noticed in after years happiness is like the search for the end of the rainbow—it recedes as ready to cheer others. Their con- straining after happiness, you will sought, dropping down, as it were, yet it may be but one day."

from the skies-a surprising benediction in the midst of your cares and burdens, as though it would say to you: "You could not capture me, but, lo! I am here, and at your service." In attaining this blessing, imitate the boatman who, in crossing the stream, didestination, and so makes sure of it. Aim at something higher holy, pure, and true, and the higher will be sure to include the lower.—Century.

CABLE ROADS.

The San Francisco householder.

and the Crossus particularly, has a "station like Mercury newlighted on a heaven-kissing hill." How in the world, I have asked does he get up there? Well, then, by the cable-roads. I should consider the cable road one of the very foremost in the list of curiosties, though I have been able to refrain till now from bringing it forward. It is a peculiar kind of tramway, quite as useful on a level, but invented expressly for the purpose of overcoming steep elevations. Two cars, coupled high rate of speed, without jar and in perfect safety, up and down all the extraordinary unduno horse, no steam, no vestiges of machinery, no ostensible means of locomotion. The astonished comment of the Chinaman, observing this marvel for the first time, old as it is, may be worth repeating once more for its quaint force. 'Melican's man's wagon, no pushee, no pullee; all same go topside hill like flashee." The solution of the mystery is in an endless wire cable hidden in a box in the road-bed, and turning over a great wheel in an engine-house at of the two cars is provided with a grip or pincers, running underneath it, through a continuous crevice in the same box as the calanswer. ble, and managed by a conductor. When he wishes to go on he clutches the always-moving cable, and goes with it; if he wishes to stop, he simply lets go and puts on a brake. Fortunately there is no snow and ice in this climate to clog the central crevice, which by the necessities of the case, must be open. The system has been applied, however, with emendations, in Chicago, and no doubt could be in New York .- Harpers' Magazine for April.

ONLY ONE DAY.

"I cannot do this work; I am tired out; and I am so lonesome!' The young mother threw herself down, and the silent tears streamed over her face. The little three grate or stove, wrap a shawl or | year old looked up from the play, wondering at mamma. As the sweet poem has it:

" Mamma's eyes Are baby's skies."

Alas! the sky was very cloudy warned to be extremely careful looked, everything was depressun was shining brilliantly, but the brightness only seemed to mock the universal disorder.

Mrs. Elson took the baby in her arms, and in a few moments he fell asleep. A little shining tear lay on his sweet, round cheek. thought the mother, as she kissed was: "Do we not make our own clouds?" It did not seem to be her thought. It was as if some one whispered in her ears. Did it come from the baby's angel?" "But I have reason for clouds." clear the table. "I am sick, and wild gazelle upon the mountains, I am homesick for my mother. It seems as if I never could live all my life without her. If only she had not died!"

"How do you know that your life will be long ?" came the whisif somebody had suddenly appear-

Then she remembered that for lays she had scarcely smiled; she had won the love of her husband rects his prow above the point of for her gloom, knowing that she gone. - Woman's World. was tired and depressed with the monotony of her life. But he had than happiness; aim to be good, at last fallen into the habit of coming home moody and depressed, too; and evening after evening these two, who really loved each other, scarcely exchanged a word.

"Only one day!" "It may be ther! I wish a thousand, thouonly once more for my husband to sand times I hadn't! But it's too come home to me!" "It may late now. I can never be anybody be A thrill of love stirred | again !" Mrs. Elson's heart. It sent strength to her hands, "He shall can't bear to hear you say that!" find the house bright when he said his mother, beseechingly. "It comes." And with a prayer the is never too late for us to be soryoung wife set to work.

order. The plants were watered, and bright drops sparkled on their grateful leaves. Mrs. Elson lay down on the bed by the baby, and help. in a few minutes fell asleep. She awoke suddenly one hour after. Some one was kissing her lips, her cheek, her forehead. It was her husband. She threw her arms together, are seen moving, at a tightly around his neck and locked her hands as if she did not mean to ever let him go.

lations of the ground. They have taken away from you," she said, ing so unexpectedly, struck like " if this should be our last day to- sharp-cutting steel into the heart gether?"

think of it? Annie Firman is what came, her Jamie-named af-

"Dead!" cried Mrs. Elson, springing up. "Why she was in perfect health yesterday. Dead! and there are her poor little children and her husband.'

"Yes, her poor little children and her husband," echoed Mr. Elson. "It gave me a terrible shock. I the top of the hill. The foremost came home to help you a little while. I am going to try to be a better husband."

"And I a better wife," was the

Then they kissed each other again, and began getting dinner together as they used to when they were first married .- Advocate and Journal.

"MY HEART WAS HEAVY."

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong; So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men, One summer Sabbath-day I strolled among The green mounds of the village burial place,

Where, pondering how all human love and hate Wronged and wrong doer, each with meek ened face.
And cold hands folded over a still heart,

Pass the green threshold of our common grave, Whither all footsteps tend, whence non depart. Awed for myself, and pitying my race, One common sorrow like a mighty wave Swept all my pride away, and trembling I

OUR YOUNG POLKS.

forgave.

NOT STRANGERS, MAM-

her birth she had been afraid of confidence, had been like a father death. Every fiber of body and to the orphan James. What he "don't let me die. Hold me fast. above, which beholds all things. Oh, I can't go." "Jenny," I said, But three weeks later James you have two little brothers in Stacy was back in the store, but thousands of tender-hearted peo- merly had been, he was deliveryple over there who will love you boy. This had been asked as in and take care of you." But she part a test, and in part to give his cried out despairingly, "Don't let | uncle a chance to try him before me go; they are strangers over again placing him in a responsithere." She was a little country | ble position. It had been a hard tanned in the face; she was raised bags and the soap-boxes at the on the frontier; the fields were same store where he had formerly her home. In vain we tried to ordered the wagon filled. But reconcile her to the death that the promise given to his mother, was inevitable. "Hold me fast," his uncle, and to his God helped she cried, "don't let me go." But him to stand firm without flincheven as she was pleading her little ing. For six months James drove hands relaxed their clinging hold the brown horse from door to door from my waist and lifted them- of the village, and delivered boxes selves eagerly aloft; lifted them. and baskets as ordered. But selves with such straining effort there came a time when his uncle that they lifted the wasted little was satisfied that his nephew was body from its reclining position in earnest in his endeavor to walk on the pillows. Her face was honestly, and to undo as far as turned upward; but it was her possible the crookedness of the eyes that told the story. They past. And so one day over the were filled with the light of Divine | wires between the Western vilrecognition. They saw some lage and the one resting among thing plainly that we could not the New Hampshire hills humsee; and they grew brighter and med the words: "It's come, mobrighter, and her little hands ther; my old place is mine again." quivered in eagerness to go where And fervently did the heart of strange portals had opened upon the ever-watchful mother go up her astonished vision. But even in prayer that her boy might "To-day is all you are sure for in that supreme moment she did not again slip from the narrow not forget to leave a word of com- way. fort for those who would gladly | How little do our boys realize have died in her place: "Mam- how oft their mothers pray for ma," she was saying, "mamma, them.-Royal Road.

"And do I make my clouds?" | they are not strangers. I'm not questioned the tired woman, put- afraid." And every instant the ing more energy into her words. light burned more glorious in her blue eyes till at last it seemed as if her soul leaped forth upon its radiant waves, and in that moby her sweet, sunshing nature. ment her trembling form relaps-He had tried to make allowance ed among its pillows and she was

SHOULDERING THE FLOUR BAGS.

" I wish I hadn't done it, mo-

"Don't say that, Jamie! I ry for what we have done; never By and by the kitchen was in too late for that, remember. The good God is above, and knows when we try to turn about and do better. Just look to him now for

> It was a great blow to this kind, gentle mother, that the boy she had thought doing so well out West with his uncle had been sent home in disgrace.

" If he was not my brother's son, I would have let the law take its course with him," he wrote "What if I should be suddenly his sister. And the words comof the mother. But when she "Why, darling, what made you saw her boy-hers no matter ter his father, and saw the look of contrition and sorrow on every lineament of his face, her heart went out to him as only a mother's can to a wayward child.

" I did not realize what I was about." Jamie moaned. "The nickels and the loose dimes lay round in the drawer so common. tossed up by this one and that, that they almost seemed as though belonging to us all. Oh! I wish I need never, never see Uncle John's face again."

"But you cannot run and bury yourself, James. You must face what you have done, and try the very hardest to efface it," Mrs. Stacy said, and for one so mild by nature, there was a great deal of firm decision in her voice, more than her boy remembered to ever have heard there before, and somehow it acted as a tonic on his depressed spirits, and helped him to fresh courage.

"Oh, mother, I am so glad that you do not cast me off," he cried. 'If you had, I telieve I should never have felt hope again."

And rising, he threw back the hair from off his forehead, and looked proudly at his mother.

"It shall be the very last cent I ever touch that belongs to another," he cried, with a face flushed and resolute. "I will beg Uncle John to try me once more, and for your sake if not for mine, to take me back," and with these words James left the room.

For more than an hour later he might have been seen poring over the little table in his own room, laying the thoughts of his Not long ago I stood by the heart bare before his uncle, who, death-bed of a little girl. From always, until he had betrayed his soul recoiled from the thought of wrote was seen only by the one it. "Don't let me die," she said : to whom it was sent, and the Eye the other world, and there are instead of head clerk, as he forgirl, strong limbed, fleet of foot, thing to do; to shoulder the flour-

in o

ing

Sam Pet