

OUR HOME CIRCLE

THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

Somewhere, dear friend, upon our pilgrim way... We reach a place at which we pause awhile... Below us stretch the hills we crossed at morn...

Hundreds, in order to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of the town in which so much of his early life had been passed.

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.

THE LITTLE LIGHT.

The light shone dim on the headland, For the storm was raging high; I shaded my eyes from the inner glare, And gazed on the wet, gray sky.

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.

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 lit 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 peeped out for a moment, only to shrink again below the welcome covering.

It was still early in the evening and only the children were in bed. Passing backwards and forwards on the landing outside their door, went a young housemaid who was 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!

It was noticed in after years that when older people showed fear during a storm these children were calm, cheerful and always ready to cheer others. Their confidence arose from the lesson of trust taught them by the young servant's words and example. They learned to say, "These are God's works. They are only fulfilling his word. Under the shelter of his wings we rejoice."

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, directs his prow above the point of destination, and so makes sure of it. Aim at something higher than happiness; aim to be good, holy, pure, and true, and the higher will be sure to include the lower.—Century.

CABLE ROADS.

The San Francisco householder, and the Crescus particularly, has a "station like Mercury new-lighted 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 curiosities, 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 together, are seen moving, at a high rate of speed, without jar and in perfect safety, up and down all the extraordinary undulations of the ground. They have no 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 pusher, no pullee; all same go top-side hill like flasher." 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 the top of the hill. The foremost of the two cars is provided with a grip or pincers, running underneath it, through a continuous crevice in the same box as the cable, 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 modifications, in Chicago, and no doubt could be in New York.—Harper's 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-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 to-day. The little one looked up again, and then began to cry, too. There was another cloud. The tired mother had gained nothing by those tears. Baby must be soothed now. All around the room, whatever way Mrs. Elson looked, everything was depressing. The carpet was not swept, the stove was dirty, and unwashed dishes were piled upon the breakfast table. The plants in the window were drooping for a little while. Outside the snow lay in muddy detached patches. The sun 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. "We are all born for tears," thought the mother, as she kissed it away. But the next thought 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," she said, beginning languidly to clear the table. "I am sick, and 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 whisper again. Mrs. Elson started as if somebody had suddenly appeared at her side. "To-day is all you are sure for your husband, for your child, for yourself. One day. Surely that should not be a day of clouds. And yet it may be but one day."

"And do I make my clouds?" questioned the tired woman, putting more energy into her words. Then she remembered that for days she had scarcely smiled; she had won the love of her husband by her sweet, sunny nature. He had tried to make allowance for her gloom, knowing that she was tired and depressed with the monotony of her life. But he had 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 only once more for my husband to come home to me!" "It may be—" A thrill of love stirred Mrs. Elson's heart. "He shall find the house bright when he comes." And with a prayer the young wife set to work. By and by the kitchen was in order. The plants were watered, and bright drops sparkled on their grateful leaves. Mrs. Elson lay down on the bed by the baby, and 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 tightly around his neck and locked her hands as if she did not mean to ever let him go.

"What if I should be suddenly taken away from you," she said, "if this should be our last day together?"

"Why, darling, what made you think of it? Annie Firman is dead."

"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 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 answer.

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

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"NOT STRANGERS, MAMMA."

Not long ago I stood by the death-bed of a little girl. From her birth she had been afraid of death. Every fiber of body and soul recoiled from the thought of it. "Don't let me die," she said; "Oh, I can't go." "Jenny," I said, you have two little brothers in the other world, and there are thousands of tender-hearted people over there who will love you and take care of you." But she cried out despairingly, "Don't let me go; they are strangers over there." She was a little country girl, strong limbed, fleet of foot, tanned in the face; she was raised on the frontier; the fields were her home. In vain we tried to reconcile her to the death that was inevitable. "Hold me fast," she cried, "don't let me go." But even as she was pleading her little hands relaxed their clinging hold from my waist and lifted themselves eagerly aloft; lifted themselves with such straining effort that they lifted the wasted little body from its reclining position on the pillows. Her face was turned upward; but it was her eyes that told the story. They were filled with the light of Divine recognition. They saw something plainly that we could not see; and they grew brighter and brighter, and her little hands quivered in eagerness to go where strange portals had opened upon her astonished vision. But even in that supreme moment she did not forget to leave a word of comfort for those who would gladly have died in her place: "Mamma," she was saying, "mamma,

they are not strangers. I'm not afraid." And every instant the 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 moment her trembling form relaxed among its pillows and she was gone.—Woman's World.

SHOULDERING THE FLOUR BAGS.

"I wish I hadn't done it, mother! I wish a thousand, thousand times I hadn't! But it's too late now. I can never be anybody again!" "Don't say that, Jamie! I can't bear to hear you say that!" said his mother, beseechingly. "It is never too late for us to be sorry for what we have done; never 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 help.

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 his sister. And the words coming so unexpectedly, struck like sharp-cutting steel into the heart of the mother. But when she saw her boy—hers no matter what came, her Jamie—named after 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 believe 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, 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 heart bare before his uncle, who, always, until he had betrayed his confidence, had been like a father to the orphan James. What he wrote was seen only by the one to whom it was sent, and the Eye above, which beholds all things. But three weeks later James Stacy was back in the store, but instead of head clerk, as he formerly had been, he was delivery-boy. This had been asked as in part a test, and in part to give his uncle a chance to try him before again placing him in a responsible position. It had been a hard thing to do; to shoulder the flour-bags and the soap-boxes at the same store where he had formerly ordered the wagon filled. But the promise given to his mother, his uncle, and to his God helped him to stand firm without flinching. For six months James drove the brown horse from door to door of the village, and delivered boxes and baskets as ordered. But there came a time when his uncle was satisfied that his nephew was in earnest in his endeavor to walk honestly, and to undo as far as possible the crookedness of the past. And so one day over the wires between the Western village and the New Hampshire hills hummed the words: "It's come, mother; my old place is mine again." And fervently did the heart of the ever-watchful mother go up in prayer that her boy might not again slip from the narrow way. How little do our boys realize how oft their mothers pray for them.—Royal Road.

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 heritage 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 honorable ministry closed in 1853. Two of Richard Waddy's sons entered the ministry. One, the late Samuel Douglas 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; and, I trust, he will at last be found of Him in peace.' His mother, who lives on in a green old age near to her son, was the daughter of the late Thomas 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 evidence of the powers which have since won him distinction, not only in the church, but also at the bar and in political life.

In 1850 Mr. Waddy took the 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 honors.

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 he mentioned with pardonable pride the fact that two of his sons were already 'on the Plan.' The same month (February, 1874) in which Mr. Waddy received his silk gown, saw him returned to Parliament as member for Barnstable. In politics he is a Liberal. A vacancy occurring at Sheffield in 1880, he accepted the stewardship of the Chiltern