

## THE ANGEL'S LADDER.

"If there were a ladder, mother,  
Between the earth and sky,  
As in the days of the Bible,  
I would bid you all good-bye,  
And go through every country,  
And search from town to town,  
Till I had found the ladder,  
With angels coming down.

"Then I would wait quite softly,  
Beside the lowest round,  
Till the sweetest-looking angel  
Had stopped upon the ground;  
I would pull his dazzling garment,  
And speak out very plain:—  
'Will you take me, please, to heaven,  
When you go back again?'"

"Ah, darling," said the mother,  
"You need not wander so  
To find the golden ladder  
Where angels come and go.  
Wherever gentle kindness  
Or pitying love abounds,  
There is the wondrous ladder  
With angels on the rounds.

—Wide Awake.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1885.

## CHRIST WITH MEN.

REPENTANCE towards God, faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ. This is the old gospel. It is the new gospel. The gospel for all time; for all people; for all men, however high or low. Believe in Christ, take him as your Saviour, take him as your Redeemer, take his atonement for your sins as your only trust. He is the only Mediator between God and man. If he is God his mediation is enough. We need no saint's intercession; no priest to come between us and the great sacrifice. He was offered once for us—Jesus, our Great High Priest, has gone into the heavens and ever liveth to make intercession for us. It is only because of that intercession that you and I are here this morning. It is only because he pleads that we live. O, our sins would have cut us off, long ago, but Jesus pleads, "Spare them a little longer." Now, then, after this exercise of faith, Christ comes and dwells in our hearts. I can't tell precisely how he comes to dwell in our hearts; I don't know how he comes to dwell in a human body; I don't understand that; I do know that he came from heaven and was incarnated on earth; did dwell in the human body for thirty-three years, then offered himself as a sacrifice for sin.

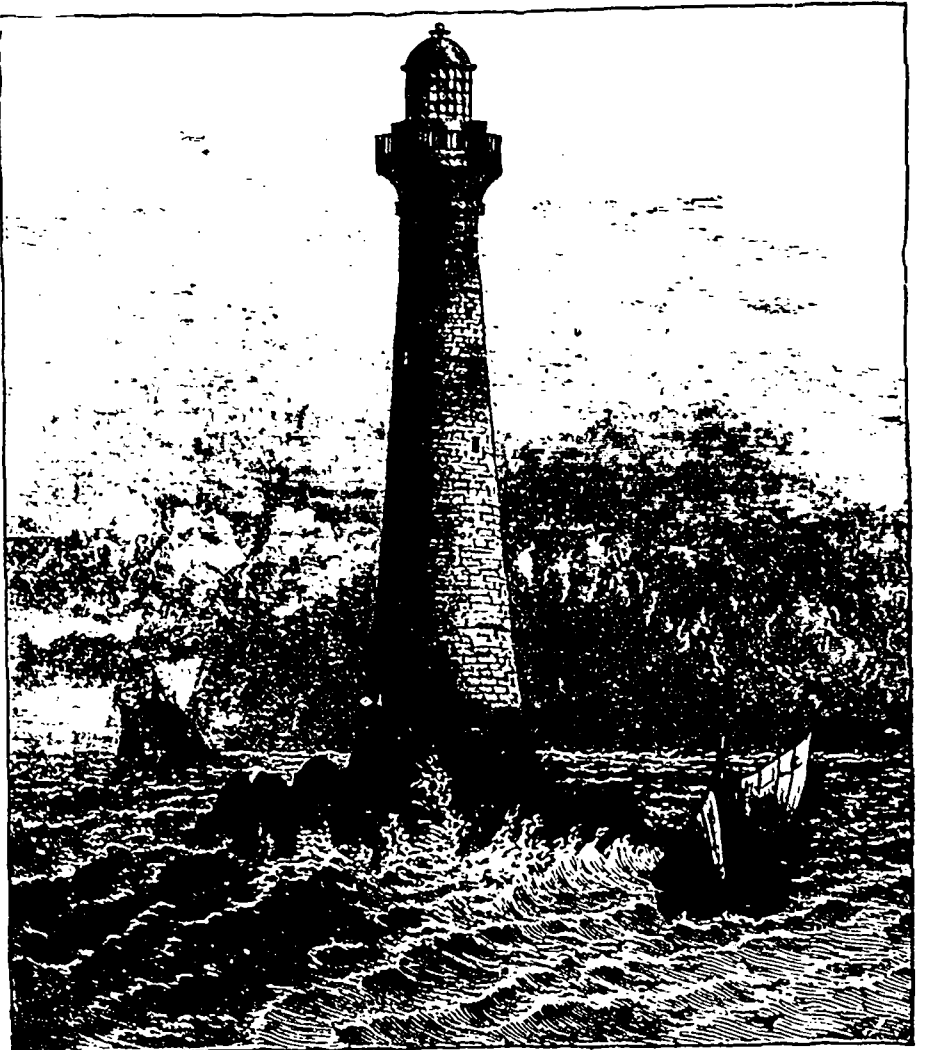
He knows how to dwell in the human body; knows how to come to the soul of man. He promises to come and make his abode with us, dwell with us. "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come again." Now, if Christ comes and dwells with us, is there not pretty good ground that we may be saved from sin here? Did he not keep our body from sin? Is he not the same if he comes and dwells with us? If he comes tempests may rock the oceans with fearful violence around us. It is only for Christ to say, "Peace, be still," and all is well.—*Bishop Matthew Simpson*

## THE POWER OF A KISS.

MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING, in a recent missionary address before the New York Conference, related the thrilling interesting story of a missionary and his wife in one of the South Sea Islands, where Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Cocker, of the Michigan University, narrowly escaped being eaten by cannibals. Dr. Cocker and his mate lived to tell the story of their adventures in England. Moved by pitying love, and under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, a preacher and his wife volunteered to go out as missionaries to that very island. Embarking on a merchant vessel, they succeeded in inducing the captain to put them ashore when none of the inhabitants were visible. Seating themselves on a box that contained all their earthly possessions, they wistfully watched the ship spread her white wings and disappear below the horizon. When the savages, accompanied by their chief and his daughter, came on the scene, they felt the limbs of the missionary, and evidently thought that in him was material for a toothsome banquet. The daughter ran her fingers through the long, silky hair of the lady, who, impelled by godly emotion, drew the girl to her and imprinted a hearty English kiss upon her lips. That natural act won the heart of the daughter. For three days the debate on eating those unexpected guests went on, and at last was decided in the negative by the passionate, pleading eloquence of the chief's favourite child. The missionaries lived long enough to see all the people on the island converted to Christ, and sending out missionaries of their own blood to other communities lying in heathen darkness.

## THE BLOOD.

AN old warrior, lying at the point of death, said to the missionary who stood at his side: "Oh! I have been in great trouble this morning; but I am happy now. I saw an immense mountain, with precipitous sides, up which I endeavoured to climb; but when I had attained a considerable height, I lost my hold, and fell to the bottom. Exhausted with perplexity and fatigue, I went to a distance and sat down to weep, and, while weeping, I saw a drop of blood fall upon the mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved." "This was certainly a strange sight," remarked the mission-



EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

ary. "What construction did you put upon it?" The dying chieftain seemed astonished at the missionary's question and replied, "That mountain was my sins, and the drop of blood which fell upon it was one drop of the precious blood of Jesus, by which the mountain of my guilt must be swept away."—*Pulpit Treasury*.

## EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

EDDYSTONE is the name given to a group of rocks off the Cornish coast, about 14 miles S. S. W. of Plymouth breakwater. The water all around this reef is very deep. Before there was any light-house upon these rocks it was considered one of the most dangerous places in the English Channel, and many vessels were wrecked there every year.

The first light-house was built by a Mr. Winstanley, and completed about the year 1700. It was a fanciful polygon wooden structure, 100 feet high, with a stone base. Mr. Winstanley, the eccentric and learned architect, had its sides labelled with various boastful inscriptions. And it is said that from its lofty balcony he used to defy the winds and waves. But one night the raging sea engulfed the tower and its builder. A second light-house of wood and stone was erected in 1706-9 under the superintendence of Mr. Rudyerd, and was 92 feet high. The structure stood for nearly fifty years, and was then demolished by fire. The present building known as the Eddystone light-house, is noted for its strength and symmetrical appearance. It was constructed by Mr. Smeaton, and is a monument of his engineering skill. It was finished in 1750, and is said to be

built on the model of the trunk of an oak tree. It rises cone-like from the solid rock upon which it is built, and is riveted to the rock as the oak is fastened to the earth, by its roots. The tower is 85 feet high, being nearly 27 feet in diameter at the base, and contracted to 15 feet diameter at the top. The light is 72 feet above the water, and can be seen at the distance of 13 miles. In consequence of the rock on which it is built being frittered away and greatly weakened by the action of the ocean, it is reported that the present light-house is to be taken down and another erected on another part of the reef.

The noble Smeaton went at his work in a different spirit from that of the boastful Winstanley. Smeaton had engraved upon one of the great blocks of granite at its base, "Except the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it." And on the key-stone the adoring inscription, "Laus Deo"—Praise God—and still it stands holding up its beacon light to the tempest-tossed mariner; its foundation and topmost stones expressing the faith and gratitude of its builder.

Fellow-workers for the salvation of men! Christ, the true light, must be kept up before men, or they will perish. Let us, then, place him on no superstructure of our own device. Let us rear no tower of wood, or wood and stone, but taking the word of God for our foundation, let us build our structure upon its massive, solid truth, and on every course put Smeaton's humble, trusted inscription, and then we may be sure that the light-house will stand.

ONE who knows says that in the country they blow a horn before dinner, but in town they take one.