

Shall I risk it?" and stay there till I got my feelings wrought up to the pitch of rushing over it? No! I have taken up the wrong question. The only sensible question I ought to ask (and answer) is, "Is the bridge safe? Is it strong enough?" I shall not get these answers out of my feelings. I shall get them out of the right use of my senses and my judgment. I see people passing safely over it! Now, that is evidence the bridge is strong enough to bear others! I cautiously and carefully examine the foundations and the superstructure; and the evidence of my eyes pronounces it good. I get acquainted with the builder of it; and find he is a skilful and an honourable man. I take evidence as to dates, and I find it has not lasted yet nearly as long as it is intended to last. On every point, and at every turn, I find satisfactory evidence. Now I walk over with perfect confidence! I had, in fact, forgotten to think about my feelings. My feelings had to follow my judgment: and my judgment was satisfied!

So about Christ. If you think He is not a safe Saviour, examine His credentials; test His character; listen to those who have been saved by Him: find out what His work is, and how He does it.

As said an old man in Scotland, who had been converted in his old age, and was now dying: "You see, I'll tell you how it is; He says it, and I just believe it; and that's all there is about it!" This is Assurance. God says He will save me if I trust Christ. I do trust Him (I surely know that much about myself!), and I know He will keep His word! That is the "Assurance of faith," and it is the only kind of Assurance the Bible offers me. The modern "Master, we would see a sign of Thee," is to look for visions, and trances, and wondrous ecstatic feelings, and to rely on these.—*Rev. W. W. Smith, in Canadian Independent.*

### THE LION SERMON.

Every year, in a certain London church, is preached a sermon known by this name, in commemoration of the remarkable deliverance of Sir John Gayer (afterwards Lord Mayor), in the desert of Arabia, 250 years ago. Alone and unarmed he was approached by a lion, and fell upon his knees and prayed to God. The savage beast looked at him a few moments, and then walked away. In observance of a vow made then and there, the rescued man appropriated a sum of money to provide for this annual sermon.

This is quite an interesting fact, but chiefly interesting to our minds as suggesting the thought that every sermon ought to be a *Lion Sermon*. The pulpit was founded with that intent. The sermon should be the outcome of a heart that has been in the deserts, and has looked into the very eyes of the lion, and has escaped. It should be the fulfilment of a vow, by the preacher himself, in the memory of his salvation, and in a lively realization of one who walketh about like a raging lion, seeking whom he may devour. This alone makes the Living Voice. All else is but sounding or tinkling instrumentation. Where the sermon is a mere "report" no wonder that men believe it not. Unless the *Arm of the Lord* has been revealed to the preacher, he cannot reveal it to others. When our young Davids come up to offer themselves for the championship, they must be able to say, "There came a lion and I went out after him and smote him; the Lord delivered me out of the mouth of the lion."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

If people only said and did what it was absolutely necessary to say and do, this would be a world of science and leisure.

### THE LAST HYMN.

The Sabbath day was ending  
In a village by the sea,  
The uttered benediction  
Touched the people tenderly,  
And they rose to face the sunset  
In the glowing, lighted west,  
And then hastened to their dwellings  
For God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters,  
And a storm was raging there;  
A fierce spirit moved above them,  
The wild spirit of the air,  
And it lashed and shook and tore them,  
Till they thundered, groaned, and boomed,  
And alas for any vessel  
In their yawning gulfs entombed!

Very anxious were the people,  
On that rocky coast of Wales,  
Lost the dawn of coming morrows  
Should be telling awful tales,  
When the sea had spent its passion,  
And should cast upon the shore  
Bits of wreck and swollen victims,  
As it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her,  
A brave woman strained her eyes,  
And she saw along the billows,  
A large vessel fall and rise;  
Oh, it did not need a prophet  
To tell what the end must be!  
For no ship could ride in safety  
Near the shore on such a sea.

Then pitying people hurried  
From their homes, and thronged the beach,  
Oh, for power to cross the water,  
And the perishing to reach!  
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow,  
Tender hands grew cold with dread,  
And the ship, urged by the tempest,  
To the fatal rock shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle!  
Oh, the half of her goes down!  
God have mercy! Oh! is heaven  
Far to seek for those who drown?"  
Lo! when next the white-shocked faces  
Looked with terror on the sea,  
Only one last clinging figure  
On the spar was seen to be.

And near the trembling watchers  
Came the wreck tossed by the wave,  
And the man still clung and floated,  
Though no power on earth could save.  
"Could we send him a short message?"  
Here's a trumpet—Shout away!  
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it,  
And he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon,  
Firstly—secondly—ah, no!  
There was but one thing to utter  
In the awful hour of woe;  
So he shouted through the trumpet,  
"Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"  
And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer  
O'er the waters, loud and clear.

Then they listened; He is singing,  
"Jesus, lover of my soul!"  
And the winds brought back the echo,  
"While the nearer waters roll,"  
Strange indeed it was to hear him,  
"Till the storm of life was past,"  
Singing bravely from the waters,  
"Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge,  
"Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;"  
"Leave, ah, leave me not"—The singer  
Dropped at last into the sea;  
And the watchers, looking homeward  
Through their eyes, with tears made dim,  
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus,  
In the singing of that hymn."

### DELAYED ANSWERS.

We should wait upon God for the answer to our prayers. This is where many dear children of God fail, and lose the blessing. They pray awhile, and because their prayers are not answered they write bitter things against themselves, and then say that their prayers are not answered because they are so unworthy. None are worthy. Only Christ is worthy. The answer is delayed for other reasons. The promise does not say at what time or in what manner our prayers will be answered.

Our requests may be for such things as will injure us; or, God delays the answer in order to strengthen our faith. If all our prayers

were answered immediately, our faith would not have the exercise that would be necessary to strengthen it, and it would remain as at first. God is well pleased to have his children offer the prayer of Peter, "Lord increase our faith." And this delay is one of the means He uses to answer that prayer. If the answer is delayed, our patience is increased.

By delaying the answer, God prepares us for receiving the blessing. I myself have had thirty thousand answers to prayer immediately, or in the same day and hour that the prayer was offered. Sometimes I have had four or five answers in one day. At other times I have been obliged to wait months and years, sometimes many, many years, before an answer was obtained. One request was repeated at least twenty thousand times before the answer came.

While a student in the University the Lord showed me my sinful condition, and brought me to Christ. Soon afterward two of my University friends with whom I had been intimate, living a life after the code of the world, came to me, and I told them what the Lord had done for me a poor sinner. I exhorted them to repent of their sins, and ask God to have mercy on them. They replied that they did not feel that they were sinners. I fell on my knees and prayed the Lord to show them that they were sinners and needed a Saviour. After praying I arose from my knees, left them in my sitting-room, went into my bedroom, and there prayed for them again. At length I returned to my sitting-room and found them both in tears. While I had been praying for them the Holy Spirit had convicted them of sin, and they found the Saviour. One has since died after labouring many years in the ministry in Germany. The other is still preaching in Berlin. Thus, when just converted, the Lord answered my prayer immediately, while in other instances I have waited years for the answer.

It is thirty-six years and two months since I first began to pray for the conversion of five persons who seemed to be placed on my heart. The request was according to the mind of God. I continually offered the prayer in the name and for the sake of Jesus. I believed that God was able and willing to answer. *I thanked God many times that He was going to answer the prayer.* I prayed for this every day, sick or well, on land or on sea. I prayed eighteen months and one was converted. I thanked the Lord for the conversion of this one, and continued to pray for the other four. I prayed five years and another one was converted. I thanked the Lord for the conversion of these two, and continued to pray for the other three. I prayed for twelve years and another was converted. I thanked the Lord for the conversion of these three, and continued praying for the other two. I prayed fifteen years, twenty years, five and twenty years, thirty years, until now thirty-six years have passed, and two remain unconverted.

I am still praying for them.—*George Muller.*

LIFE is but short, therefore crosses cannot be long.—*Flavel.*

THE way to get out of self-love is to love Christ.—*Augustine.*

IF a man have love in his heart he may talk in broken language, but it will be eloquence to those who listen.

I AM well satisfied that if you let in but one little finger of tradition, you will have in the whole monster,—horns and tail and all.—*Dr. Arnold.*

THE soul may be compared to a field of battle, where the armies are ready at every moment to encounter. Not a single vice but has a more powerful opponent, and not one virtue but may be overborne by a combination of vices.