

Preaching Christ.

A young man had been preaching in the presence of a venerable divine, and after he had done he went to the old minister and said—

'What do you think of my sermon?'

'A very poor sermon indeed,' said he.

'A poor sermon!' said the young man; 'it took me a long time to study it.'

'Ay, no doubt of it.'

'Why, did you not think my explanation of the text a very good one?'

'Oh yes,' said the old preacher, 'very good indeed.'

'Well, then, why do you say it is a poor sermon? Didn't you think the metaphors were appropriate and the arguments conclusive?'

'Yes, they were very good, as far as that goes; but still it was a very poor sermon.'

'Will you tell me why you think it was a poor sermon?'

'Because,' said he, 'there was no Christ in it.'

'Well,' said the young man, 'Christ was not in the text; we are not to be preaching Christ always; we must preach what is the text.'

So the old man said—

'Don't you know, young man, that from every town, and every village, and every little hamlet in England, wherever it may be, there is a road to London?'

'Yes,' said the young man.

'Ah,' said the old divine, 'and so from every text in Scripture there is a road to the metropolis of the Scripture—that is Christ. And, my dear brother, your business is, when you get a text, to say, "Now, what is the road to Christ?" and then preach a sermon running along the road to the great metropolis—Christ. And, said he, 'I have not yet found a text that has not a road to Christ in it. If I should, I would make one. I would go over hedge and ditch, but I would get at my Master; for the sermon cannot do any good unless there is a savour of Christ in it.'

Bible Students.

A christian emperor, whose name was Theodosius, wrote out the whole of the New Testament with his own hand, on purpose to fix its words better in his memory. Another emperor of the same name, who was very much occupied in business during the day, used to spend a portion of every night in not only reading, but studying the Scriptures. Prince George, of Transylvania, read the whole Bible over twenty-seven times. And one of the kings of Arragon was so interested in the study of the Scriptures, that he read them through, together with a large commentary, fourteen times. Sir Henry Walton, an English

nobleman, was very much engaged in business, yet he kept, day and night, the Bible before him, that at leisure moments he might read a verse or two; and when his public duties were over he always spent an hour or two in studying the Bible. And a nobleman, named DeKentz, used every morning to read three chapters of the Bible on his bended knees, stopping every little while to pray that God would help him to understand it. The Rev. Wm. Romaine, one of the best ministers of the Church of England, for the last thirty years of his life, never read or studied any other book but the Bible. There was an Irish peasant who had got possession of a copy of the Bible, and was so fond of it that he spent all the leisure time he had in studying it. The Romish priest found him one day with the Bible in his hand, and asked him what warrant he had to read the Bible for himself. "Faith," said he, "and please yer riverance, I have a *sarch* warrant; for did't the blessed Master say '*Sarch* the Scriptures?'"—John v. 39. And thus we see that the Bible is a wonderful book for the way in which it has been studied.

Sowing little Seeds.

Little Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting on the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about?" said she; "why does the boy throw seeds in the water?"

"O, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water-lilies."

"But how small the seeds look!" said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are just sowing such tiny seeds every day, Bessie, and they will come up large, strong plants after a while," said her father.

"O no, father; I have not planted any seeds for a long time."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled and said, "Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, and seeds, and weeds to-day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold