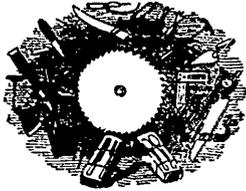


As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.  
Romans viii. 14.

### CONFUSION IN THE WORKSHOP.



**Y**ES, sad to relate there was confusion in the clerical workshops. Tools designed to work together in harmony were, instead grumbling and fault finding, if not, indeed, actually set by the ears.

Bishop Blacksmith smote his forehead in despair, as he looked on his diocese, and heard the angry clatter of discussion concerning the great questions of the day; while all carpenterdom was engaged with equal violence upon the methods of individual labour.

"I contend," exclaimed the profound Rev. D. D. Augur, "that Brother Plane is superficial in his work. He makes a great flourish of shavings, but does not go beneath the surface! I have no patience with him! I believe in going to the depth of things!"

"Yes, you do bore me so," whispered a stupid little blockhead, with a yawn.

"I acknowledge," said the Rev. Forcible Hammer, "the depth of your wisdom, and I admire your penetration; but you must confess your powers of influence are limited to a very small circle."

"Stop, stop, Brother Hammer," cried Deacon Tenpenny Nail, "I grant you make a great noise in the world; but my experience is that your performance affects only the head after all."

Little Gimlet, a preacher of very small calibre, here put in a feeble protest against the surface work so sadly prevalent. He did not think that there was much heart-work accomplished by all this excitement and noise.

A couple of Old Saws put their heads

together ominously, while one mumbled to the other through his broken teeth:

"I have long been dissatisfied with the state of things in this workshop. In my day the motto was 'Slow and sure.' I went to work on a log of wood, not expecting to convert it in a minute into a pile of lumber. Back and forth, through and through, I tore away, until every fibre yielded, but it was tough work, and very slow. Now-a-days it seems to me, you just turn a crank, hear a shriek, see a puff, and the thing is done."

"Well now, Father Saw, we are not talking about old times," said pert bright Brother Chisel. "We have heard all you have to say on that subject over and over again. The question of to-day is, 'Which is the best mode of working?' or rather, 'What is it that is lacking in our most active instruments?' The Rev. Mr. Hammer has been severely criticised, but I have worked under his direction a great deal, and I must say that his style is powerful, and his arguments convincing. Every blow tells."

At this juncture, Horseshoe, a lay member of St. Anvil Church, stepped in, and entered into the contest:

"I have felt the full power of Mr. Hammer's arguments, but I acknowledge I have been more benefited by the influence of Brother Bellows. It is warmth that is required to melt the heart that will not yield to force. Where should I have been were it not for the fire and fervour which he brings to the work?"

There arose a general cry for Mr. Bellows, which puffed up that functionary considerably.

Forgetting where he was, and the inflammatory nature of his audience, he cried out with enthusiasm:

"Ah, yes! Could we but have a forge in every workshop, could the fire of zeal but spread, what might we not accomplish! Warmth, warmth, is all that is needed!"

Professor Grindstone, who had been

If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.  
Romans viii. 9.