

Religious Intelligence.

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E. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

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Church History.

Which is the True Church?

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE.

I want you to belong to the one true Church, to the Church outside of which there is no salvation. Where is this one true Church?—What is this one true Church like? What are the marks by which this one true Church may be known? You may well ask such questions. Give me your attention and I will provide you with some answers.

The one true Church is composed of all believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is made up of all God's elect—of all converted men and women—of all true Christians. In whatsoever way can discern the election of God the Father, the sprinkling of the blood of God the Son, the sanctifying work of God the Spirit, in that person we see a member of Christ's true Church. It is a Church, of which all the members have the same marks. They are all born again of the Spirit. They possess "repentance towards God, faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ," and holiness of life and conversation. They all hate sin, and they all love Christ; they all worship with one heart; they are all led by one Spirit; they all build upon one foundation; they all draw their religion from one single book,—that is the Bible; they are all joined to one great centre,—that is Jesus Christ.

It is a Church which is dependent upon no ministers upon the earth, however much it values those who preach the gospel to its members. The life of its members does not hang upon Church-membership, and Baptism, and the Lord's Supper, although they highly value these things when they are to be had. But it has only one great Head—our Shepherd—our chief Bishop—and that is Jesus Christ. He alone, by his Spirit, admits the members of his Church; though ministers may show the door, no man on earth can open it—neither bishops, nor presbyters, nor convocations, nor synods. Once let a man repent and believe the gospel, and that moment he becomes a member of this Church. Like the penitent thief, he may have no opportunity of being baptized. But he has that which is far better than any water baptism,—the baptism of the Spirit. He may be ex-communicated by ordained men, and cut off from the outward ordinances of the professing Church, but all the ordained men in the world cannot shut him out of the true Church.

It is a Church whose existence does not depend on forms, ceremonies, cathedrals, churches, chapels, pulpits, fountains, vestments, organs, endowments, money, kings, governments, magistrates, or any set of favor whatever from the hand of man. It has often lived on, and continued when all these things have been taken from it. It has often been driven into the wilderness, or into dens and caves of the earth, by those who ought to have been its friends. Its existence depends on nothing but the presence of Christ and his Spirit, and they being ever with it, the Church cannot die.

This is the Church to which the Scriptural rules of the present honour and privileges, and the promises of future glory, specially belong. This is the body of Christ; this is the bride; this is the Lamb's wife; this is the house of God; this is the household of faith and the family of God; this is God's building, God's foundation, and the temple of the Holy Ghost; this is the Church of the first-born, whose names are written in Heaven; this is the royal priesthood, the chosen generation, the peculiar people, the purchased possession, the habitation of God, the light of the world, the salt and the wheat of the earth; this is that Church to which the Lord Jesus promises, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it," and to which he says, "I am with you always, unto the end of the world." This is the only Church which possesses true unity. Its members are entirely agreed on all weighty matters of religion, for they are all taught by one Spirit. About God, and Christ, and the Spirit, and sin, and their own hearts, and faith, and repentance, and the necessity of holiness and the value of the Bible, and the importance of prayer, and the resurrection, and the judgment to come—about all these points they are of one mind. Take three or four of them, strangers to one another, from the remotest corners of the earth, examine them separately on these points,—you will find them all of one judgment.

This is the only Church which possesses true sanctity. Its members are all holy.—They are not merely holy by profession, holy in name, and holy in the judgment of charity. They are holy in act, and deed, and reality, and life, and truth. They are all more or less conformed to the image of Jesus Christ. No unholy man belongs to this Church.

This is the only Church which is truly Catholic. It is not the Church of any one nation or people. Its members are to be found in every part of the world where the gospel is received and believed. It is not confined within the limits of any one country, nor pent up within the pale of any particular form or outward government. In it there is no difference between Jew and Greek, black man and white, Episcopalian and Presbyterian—but faith in Christ is all. Its members will be gathered from north and south, and east and west, in the last day, and will be of every name and tongue—but all one in Christ Jesus.

This is the only Church which is truly Apostolic. It is built on a foundation laid by the Apostles, and holds the doctrines which

they preached. The two grand objects at which the members aim, are Apostolic faith and Apostolic practice; and they consider the man who talks of following the Apostles, without possessing these two things, to be no better than sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. This is the only Church which is certain to endure unto the end. Nothing can altogether overthrow and destroy it. Its members may be persecuted, oppressed, imprisoned, beaten, beheld, burned, but the true Church is never altogether extinguished. It rises again from its afflictions. It lives on through fire and water. When crushed in one land, it springs up in another. The Pharos, the Herodas, the Neroes, the bloody Marys, have laboured in vain to put down this Church. They slay their thousands, and then pass away, and go to their own place. The true Church outlives them all, and sees them buried in their turn. It is an anvil that has broken many a hammer in this world, and will break many a hammer still. It is a bush which is so often burning and yet is not consumed.

This is the Church which does the work of Christ upon earth. Its members are a little flock, and few in number compared with the children of the world; one or two here, and two or three there—a few in this parish and a few in that. But these are they who shake the universe. These are they who change the fortunes of kingdoms by their prayers.—These are they who are the active workers for spreading the knowledge of pure religion, and undefiled. These are the life-blood of a country—the shield, the defence, the stay, and the support of any nation to which they belong.

This is the Church which shall be truly glorious at the end. When all earthly glory is passed away, then shall this Church be pre-eminently without spot before God the Father's throne. Thrones, principalities, and powers upon earth shall come to nothing. Dignities, and offices, and endowments, shall all pass away; but the Church of the First-born shall shine as the stars at the last, and be presented with joy before the Father's throne, in the day of Christ's appearing.

The Martyrdom of George Wishart

George Wishart, one of the Scottish martyrs, was certainly amongst the noblest pioneers of the glorious Reformation from Popery. John Knox, in his History, gives a most interesting account of his life, but too long for insertion here—of his preaching at Dundee, both before and during the plague; of his sermons in Mauchline and other parts of Ayrshire—of the crowds that flocked to hear him at Musselburgh and Tranent, and of his visit to Edinburgh, where he was slain in the heart of East-Lothian being very cold, and much, as at present, under the influence of the powerful and profligate Cardinal Beaton. Knox was with Wishart immediately before he was arrested at the instance of that daring and deceitful ecclesiastic, and with his usual heroism was anxious to have remained, but the martyr ordered him to return, saying, "One is enough for a sacrifice." Why do we recall these impressive facts? Because Rome has never repented of her cruelties, and only lacks power and opportunity to repeat them. Her bloodthirsty spirit is as insatiable as ever. We give a short condensation of the facts of Wishart's history, as they appear in the pages of *Hansard*, disfigured less than usual by the sneering spirit of that able but sceptical author.—

"There was one Wishart, a gentleman by birth, who employed himself with great zeal in preaching against the ancient superstitions, and began to give alarm to the clergy, who were justly terrified with the danger of some fatal revolution in Religion. This man was celebrated for the purity of his morals, and for his extensive learning; but these praises cannot be much depended on; because we know that, among the Reformers, severity of manners supplied the place of many virtues; and the age was in general so ignorant, that most of the priests in Scotland imagined the New Testament to be a composition of Luther's, and asserted that the Old alone was the word of God. But however the case may have stood with regard to those estimable qualities ascribed to Wishart, he was strongly possessed with the desire of innovation; and he employed those talents which qualified him for becoming a popular preacher, and for seizing the attention and affections of the multitude. The magistrates of Dundee, where he exercised his mission, were alarmed with his progress; and being unable or unwilling to treat him with rigour, they contented themselves with degrading him the liberty of preaching, and with dismissing him the bounds of their jurisdiction. Wishart, moved with indignation, that they had dared to reject him, together with the word of God, menaced them, in imitation of the ancient prophets, with some imminent calamity; and he withdrew to the west country, where he daily increased the number of his proselytes. Meanwhile a plague broke out in Dundee; and all men exclaimed, that the town had drawn down the vengeance of heaven by banishing the pious preacher, and that the pestilence would never cease till they had made him atonement for their offence against him. No sooner did Wishart hear of this change in their disposition, than he returned to them, and made them a new tender of his doctrine; but lest he should spread the contagion by bringing multitudes together, he created his pulpit on the top of a gate: the

infected stood within; the others without. And the preacher failed not, in such a situation, to take advantage of the immediate terrors of the people, and to enforce his evangelical mission.

"The assiduity and success of Wishart became an object of attention to Cardinal Beaton; and he resolved by the punishment of so celebrated a preacher, to strike a terror into all other innovators. He engaged the Earl of Bothwell to arrest him, and to deliver him into his hands, contrary to a promise given by Bothwell to that unhappy man; and being possessed of his prey, he conducted him to St. Andrews, where, after a trial, he condemned him to the flames for heresy. Arran, the governor, was irresolute in his temper; and the Cardinal, though he had gained him over to his party, found that he would not concur in the condemnation and execution of Wishart. He determined, therefore, without the assistance of the secular arm, to bring that heretic to punishment; and he himself beheld from his window the dismal spectacle. Wishart suffered with the usual patience; but could not forbear remarking the triumph of his insulting enemy. He foretold, that, in a few days, he should be, in the very same place, lie as low as now he was exalted aloft in opposition to true piety and virtue.

"This prophecy was probably the immediate cause of the event which it foretold. The disciples of this martyr, enraged at the cruel execution, formed a conspiracy against the Cardinal; and having associated to them Norman Lesly, who was disgusted on account of some private quarrel, they conducted their enterprise with great secrecy and success. Early in the morning they entered the Cardinal's palace, which he had strongly fortified; and though they were not above sixteen persons, they thrust out a hundred tradesmen and fifty servants, whom they seized separately, before any suspicion arose of their intentions; and having shut the gates, they proceeded very deliberately to execute their purpose on the Cardinal. That prelate had been alarmed with the noise which he heard in the castle; and had barricaded the door of his chamber; but finding that they had brought fire in order to force their way, and having obtained, as is believed, a promise of life, he opened the door; and reminding them that he was a priest, he conjured them to spare him. Two of the assassins rushed upon him with drawn swords; but a third, James Melvil, more calm, and more considerate in villainy, stopped their career, and bade them reflect, that this sacrifice was the work and Judgement of God, and ought to be executed with becoming deliberation and gravity. Then turning the point of his sword towards Beaton, he called to him, 'Repent thee, thou wicked Cardinal, of all thy sins and iniquities, especially of the murder of Wishart, that instrument of God for the conversion of these lands. It is his death which now cries vengeance upon thee: we are sent by God to inflict the deserved punishment. For here, before the Almighty, I protest, that it is neither hatred of thy person, nor love of thy riches, nor fear of thy power, which moves me to seek thy death; but only because thou hast been, and still remainest an obstinate enemy to Christ Jesus, and His holy gospel.' Having spoken these words, without giving Beaton time to finish that repentance to which he exhorted him, he thrust him through the body; and the Cardinal fell dead at his feet."—*History of England*, vol. iv. pp. 294-298.

Religious Selections.

Life in a Nunnery.

FROM MISS BUNCKLEY'S BOOK.

It will be readily imagined that the unnatural state of things prevailing under the conventual system is calculated rather to promote than prevent the rising of those petty jealousies and dislikes which must be incidental to such an association. Without the strong ties of kindred or friendship to bind them one to another, it is not likely that the poor prisoners of a convent will spend in perfect harmony the tedious hours and years of their compulsory seclusion. A single incident may let the reader into the realities of that relationship which Rome pretends to constitute among the unhappy inmates of a nunnery, and which she designates by the deceptive name of "sisterhood."

Having been sent one evening to work in the boarder's refectory instead of that of the sisterhood, while standing near one of the tables at which the boarders were seated, I took up a basket and carried it to the scullery for some bread. Scarcely had I entered the room and handed the basket to the sister who had charge of the department, when I felt myself seized by the arm, and, looking round, saw the angry countenance of the sister who presided at the boarders' table. She asked me, in a passionate tone, by whose authority I had taken the basket for bread, and whether I had been appointed waiter by the Superior. I answered no, and that I would not have taken the basket had she not ordered me, the night before, to do so when she had said that bread was wanting upon the table.

The sister told me that I had no authority of the kind, and that she would report me to the Superior, and have me brought before "the council." I replied that I was not conscious of having done wrong; but she followed me into the porch, talking in a loud and

angry tone. I dreaded the "sacred council," and went at once to the novice, and told the mistress of novices what had just occurred. She answered me that I had "many excuses to bear."

That evening, while on the way to my cell, I noticed in one of the cloisters a sister leaning against the wall. She beckoned me to her, and then made a motion for me to follow her. I soon found it was the sister who had ill-treated me in the refectory. I became alarmed, as she was leading me to a balcony beyond the cells. I whispered that I must go to my cell—that I would be missed. By this time we had reached the balcony. She insisted that I should wait, closing, at the same time, the door after us. Just then, hearing a noise near by, as if some one were crossing the porch to the infirmary, we walked on a few steps to escape observation. The sister then fell on her knees, asking my forgiveness for having abused me, and begging me not to speak of what had occurred should I have an interview with Superior priest. I would here state that, in those interviews, a sister is questioned as to any difficulties she may have had with others in the community. I promised secrecy, and went to my cell.

Wearied and exhausted with my duties in the academy, besides my evening work, an irresistible oppression of soul weighing down my powers of mind and body, I tried in vain to sleep. I thought of my ill health, caused by the laborious exercises I had to perform, and the sufferings and sorrows I had undergone since my reception in the community. I looked out upon the future: it appeared to stretch before me, even into eternity, a drear path on which no beam of sunshine would fall to cheer, and in which no voice of kindred love would breathe its mass of consolation to my heart.—I sighed for my home. In desolation of spirit, I mourned for its remembrance. But the fearful consciousness came to me that I was severed eternally from all that made life dear.—At length I arose, dressed, and groped my way along the cloister leading to the choir, and from thence down the narrow flight of stairs into the chapel. It was dark, save for the few rays that streamed from the solitary light which burned dimly in the sanctuary. Kneeling before the altar, I fastened my eyes upon the crucifix above it. Long and earnestly I gazed, but the feelings that filled my soul were too deep to find repose in the contemplation of any material object. I bowed my head upon the railing, and wept. Ere long the image of Him who had suffered arose to my view; whose mild, benignant eyes, in their pitying tenderness, penetrated to the depths of my wretched heart, and shed a blessed hope upon its gloom. I prayed—prayed earnestly, and from the heart; my desires flowed from its inmost depths. With streaming eyes and unutterable groans, I asked Him, the Saviour of the world, to deliver me from this prison, this den of cruelty and hypocrisy. I believe it to be the only time I prayed from my heart while in the institution.

With this outburst of emotion, this pouring forth of my grief to God in spirit and in truth, I found relief, and became composed and calm. I know not how long I had been kneeling, when I was startled by deep drawn sighs and sobs, proceeding from the direction of the "seven sorrows" altar, which is at one side of the chapel door, under the choir. Fearing observation, I arose, and hastening down one side of the chapel, reached the stairs leading to the choir. As I entered the choir, I saw a dark figure glide past me, and go into a small passage behind the organ. Probably this person was in search of the poor heart-broken creature whom I had left weeping so bitterly at the foot of the "seven sorrows" altar. Fortunately I escaped notice, and, softly closing the door behind me, reached my cell just before the bell rang for morning prayers in the chapel.

Man and the Best of Creation.

Compare man with any of the other creatures of God, and how directly we come to the conclusion that he is not the creature he came from his Maker's hands! Who has not had this borne in upon his mind when his feet carried him forth into the fields of nature? I pass out among our sylvan scenes; and here, on the spray of the tasseled broom, there sits and sings a little bird; it fills the glen with melody; from his throat and throbbing breast he rings out the sweetest music, as with keen bright eye, he now looks up to God, and now down on the bush where his mate sits with wings extended over their unfathered nestlings; with songs he cheers her maternal cares, and is then away on busy wing to cater for mother and her young. Next I turn my steps to the open moor; and so soon as the intruder appears on her lonely domain the lapwing comes down upon the wind; brave and venturesome, she sweeps us with her wing, and shrieks out her distress as she wheels round and round our head; her brood are cowering on that naked waste; nor does she rest until our foot is off the ground, and even then, when the coast is clear, we hear her long wild screams, like the beating of a mother's heart when her child is saved; like the mournful dash of waves upon the shore long after the wind is down. Next I climb the mountain, when snow drifts thick from marky heavens, and, like Satan, taking advantage of a believer's trials, the wily fox is out upon the hunt; every mother of the flock lies there with her tender lamb behind her;

with her body she screens it from the roiness of the storm; and with her head to the wind, and expanded nostrils snuffing the distant danger, she lies ready, the moment her eye catches the stealthy foe, to receive him on her feet, and die, like a true mother, in her lamb's defence. Such are God's creatures. The work is unmarred; the workmanship what it came from the Maker's hand; and away among these old hoary hills, remote from man, his cities, his sins, his works, his sorrows, we are out of hearing of the groans of creation, and, but for the corruption we carry with and within us, could almost forget the fall. Stretched on a flowery bank, with the hum of bees, the song of birds, and the chirp of the merry grasshopper in our ear, heaven serene above us, and beneath us the placid lake, where every flower and bush and birch tree of the rock looks down into the mirror of its own beauty, the murmur of the watchful sounds to us, like an echo from the crags of the Creator's voice, 'All is very good.' But let us retrace our steps along the dusty road from the broom where the little bird sang, and the moor where the lapwing screams her maternal fears, and the hill where the timid sheep faces the fox to die for her offspring, or the forest, where the bear with her cubs behind her, offers her shaggy bosom to the spear. Enter this town. Look at this mother, as we saw her when Sabbath bells rung worshippers to prayer, and God was calling sinners to the throne of mercy. Her back is against the church's wall; she has sunk on the cold pavement; her senses are steeped in drink, and on her lap—pitiful sight!—lies an emaciated, half-naked infant, with the chill cold rain soaking its scanty rags, and lashing its pallid face. Is this God's handiwork? Is this the clay as it came from the potter's wheel? Was this the shape in which woman came from her Maker's hand? When Adam woke, was our mother Eve such as this, her daughter? If so, better he had never woke; it had been good for him to be alone. Nature, to say nothing of religion, revolts from the thought.—*Dr. Thomas Guthrie.*

To Parents.

Behold your children, or any one of them, and hear what I have to say about that one child. 1. *That child must live for ever.*—Its existence is endless as the life of its Maker. There lies concealed in that frail-clasped to a mother's bosom, and so feeble that the evening breeze might seem sufficient to destroy it, a living spark which no created power can ever extinguish! Cities and empires shall rise and fall during coming centuries; but that infant of yours will survive them all! The world and its works shall be burnt up, and the elements melt with fervent heat; new systems in the starry heavens may be erected and pass away; but your child will live amidst the changes and revolutions of endless ages, which will no more touch or destroy it than the wild hurricane can touch the rainbow that reposes in the sky, though it may rage around its lovely form. When eras that no arithmetic can number have marked the life of your child, an eternity will still be before it, in which it shall live, move, and have its being! What think you, parents, of having such a creature as this under your roof, and under your charge, and that creature your own child? Consider, 2. *Your child must live forever in bliss or woe.* It must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. It must be forever lost, or for ever saved. It must be with God and Christ, with the angels and saints, loving and beloved, a glorious and majestic being, or for ever wicked and unutterably miserable with Satan and his spirits! I am assuming, of course, that it here attains such an age as makes it fully responsible to God; for if it die in infancy, I believe it will be saved through Jesus Christ. But to know that your babe, though dead, actually lives somewhere with Jesus; or that, if living here, it is yet capable of becoming one of God's high and holy family in his home above forever—may well deepen within you a sense of its personal value? Now, whether your child—should it be spared some years on earth—shall live for ever in joy or sorrow, depends upon what it believes and does in this world. It is how it lives here which must determine where and how it shall live hereafter. Is not that a solemn consideration for you? And, is it not more still, when you remember that you, more than any other in this world, shall, under God, fix your child's fate for ever? The reason is plain; inasmuch as their character for time, and therefore for eternity, is affected chiefly by the manner in which they are trained by you in their early years. By your words and life, by your example and your instruction, you are most assuredly every day making use of what is to them, for many a day, the greatest power on earth, to give their souls, when most easily impressed, that stamp which they will retain forever. Have a care, then, how you train them up.—*Rev. Norman McLeod.*

The mark of the blood of Christ is the only mark that can save us from destruction. When the angels are separating the children of Adam into two companies at the last day, if we are not found marked with the atoning blood, we had better never have been born.

The name of Jesus is the only name by which you and I will get through the gate of eternal glory. If we come to that gate in our own names, we are lost. If we come in the name of Jesus, it is a passport and we shall live.

The Consecrated Cobbler.

When William Carey went to India, many a wise man would have said to him, 'You may just as well walk up to the Himalaya mountains, and order them to be removed and cast into the sea.' I would have said, 'That is perfectly true, this Hinduism is as vast and solid as those mountains; but we have faith—not much, yet we have faith as a grain of mustard seed,' and William Carey said, 'I will go up to the mountain.' Lonely and weak, he walked up towards that mountain, which in the eye of man seemed verily one of the summits of human things, far above all power to touch or shake it; and with his own feeble voice he began saying, 'Be thou removed, be thou removed!' And the world looked on and laughed. A celebrated clergyman, looking down from his place in the *Edinburgh Review*, was much amused with the spectacle of that poor man down in Bengal, thinking in his simple heart that he was going to disturb Hinduism; and from his high place he cast down a scalding word, which he meant to fall just as of old boiling lead used to fall upon a poor man from the height of a tower. He called him a 'consecrated cobbler.' All the wise world laughed, and said he was treated as he ought to be treated. However, he went on saying to the mountain, 'Be thou removed, be thou removed!' and one joined him, and another joined him; the voice grew stronger; it was repeated in more languages than one: 'Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the depths of the sea!' and now there is a large company who are uttering that one word, 'Be thou removed!' I ask the living representatives of the very men who first said this folly, 'What say you now?' 'Well,' they answer, 'you have not got it into the sea yet.' That is true; but do you say that the mountain during the last forty years has not moved? No man can say that it is in the same position as it was when William Carey first went up to it. It is moving fast; and I call upon you to swell that voice, the voice of God's Church, which seems to say, 'Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the depths of the sea!' Cast into those depths it will be; and a day will come when the nations of a regenerated East will write in letters of gold upon the first pages of their Christian history the name of the 'consecrated cobbler.'—*Arthur's Missionary Speech.*

The Seven Children.

Early at dawn of day a countryman rose with his wife, and they thanked God for the new day and the refreshment of sleep. The rays of the morning sun brightened the chamber and fell on their seven children, who lay sleeping in their beds. They looked at the children one after another, and the mother said—'There are seven of them. Alas, we shall have much trouble to provide for them!' Thus the mother sighed, for there was a dearth in the land. But the father smiled, and said—'Behold, are they not seven, and are all asleep; and all have rosy cheeks, and the morning sun shines on every one of them, and they look more beautiful than seven young roses? Mother, this bears witness that he who made the sun and sends sleep is faithful, and changes not.' When they left the chamber, they saw at the door fourteen shoes in a row, always smaller and smaller, two for each child. And the mother saw that they were many, and wept.—'But the father answered, and said—'Mother, why weepest thou? They have always received the quick little feet; why should we be troubled about the covering? The children confide in us; why should we not confide in Him who is able to do more than we can understand or ask? Behold his sun is rising! let us begin our day's work, like the sun, with cheerful countenance.' Thus he said, and they worked; and God blessed their labours, and they earned sufficient for themselves and their children. For faith elevates the heart, and love affords strength.—*Krammacker's Parables.*

A Hint to Desponding Ministers.

A certain minister, who had been very successful in his labors in the gospel vineyard, at length saw but little fruit attending his ministrations. To be useless, he could not bear; his soul was bowed down under the discouraging prospects around him. Nothing on earth was so gloomy to him as spiritual death, for he had been used to showers of reformation and mercy; and nothing else could satisfy his mind. Seeing no opportunity of the spirit, no sinners converted under his preaching for some time, his soul was beset with despondency and melancholy fears. While thus exercised, he dreamed that a gentleman hired him to work for him, and the price of his labor per day was stipulated. On inquiring what his employer would have him go about, he was informed that he must go and hammer a certain rock to pieces.

"That," he replied, "would do no good, for the rock is large and hard and I could never break it to pieces."

"That is nothing to you," said the gentleman, "Follow my directions and I will pay you your wages."

The laborer then went to work, and though it appeared an endless, and therefore useless task, he labored with diligence and patience, for the sake of his wages. After a while, and contrary to all his calculations, the mountainous rock broke into slivers.

The minister saw the dream explained in instruction for him. He felt the reproof, resti-