

ated by our *preaching-characteristics*. To say nothing of others, Congregational preachers, at present, give very slight indications of being "filled with the Spirit." So at least it is *in this region*. On the Sabbath we attend to the *reading* from the pulpit of good, well-constructed, religious essays. These readings usually occupy some thirty minutes; a portion of the audience sleep, another portion gaze around upon their associates, and a third portion criticize the composition. No one, ordinarily, either *preacher* or *hearer*, seems to suppose that heaven and hell are realities. And if the preacher does not *seem* so to suppose, why should the hearers? And under such a regime, why should not the churches retrograde?"

---

#### MY OWN WORK.

There is a work for all of us; and there is a special work for *each*. It is work not for societies or alliances, but it is work for individual minds and hands. It is work which I cannot do in a crowd, or as one of a mass, but as *one* man, acting singly, according to my own gifts, and under a sense of my personal responsibilities. There is, no doubt, *associated work* for me to do; I must do my work as part of the world's great whole, or as member of some great body. But I have special work to do as one individual, who, by God's plan and appointment, have a separate position, separate responsibilities, and a separate work—a work which, if I do not do it, must be left undone. No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I have come into the world to do. He may do a higher work and a greater work—but he can not do *my* work. I can not hand over my responsibilities or my gifts. Nor can I delegate my work to any association of men, however well ordered and powerful. They have their own work to do, and it may be a very noble one; but they cannot do my work for me. I must do it with these hands and with these lips, which God has given me. I may do little or may do much; that matters not; it must be my own work. And by doing my own work, poor as it may seem to some, I shall better fulfil God's end in making me what I am, and more truly glorify His name than if I were either going out of my sphere to do the work of another, or calling in another into my sphere to do my work for me. The low grass-tuft is not the branching elm, nor is it the fragrant rose; but it has a position to occupy, and a work to do, in the arrangements of God for this earth of ours, which neither elm nor rose can undertake.

Besides, I have a crown to win; and who can win it for me? I cannot reach it through the toil of another, through the operations of any society of men. I must win it for myself. No fellow man, can *wear* it for me, and no fellow man can win it for me. I must press forward to the mark for the *prize* of my high calling. My right of entrance into the kingdom has, I know, been won for me by the Son of God. That was a work for him alone to do. And he has done it! I owe my deliverance to his blood alone, I owe my acceptance to his righteousness alone. But still there remains for me a race to run, a prize to secure. And therefore must I work without ceasing, with my eye upon the glory to be revealed when the Lord returns and forgetting what is behind, reach on to what is before, "if that by any means I may attain unto the resurrection of the dead.—*Rev. Horatius Bonar*.

---

#### A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

Time passes swiftly onward, and brings again the day on which the loved one became an inmate of our Father's house. What scenes of wonder and delight has he passed through since we last held "sweet converse together." The farewell to earth, the upward flight, surrounded by rejoicing angels, the first view of Heaven, the entrance into the presence of Jehovah the glorious face of God as the kind Father, the loving Saviour and Holy Comforter, all combined in one, have been revealed to him.

The welcome home! If the angels in heaven rejoice when one sinner repents, what anthems must peal from their golden harps, when the Christian soldier enters their celestial home!—when, arrayed in white, and crowned by the hand of the Saviour, he takes the seat prepared for him in the City of our God! For one year has our departed dear one gazed upon Him who once wandered upon the hills of Judea, whose feet were once worn and weary, and whose heart ached often over the