

and you are useless and solitary now. Brethren, come back and do your first works, and feel your first love. The Lord hath need of you, for the harvest droops for want of reapers to gather it in. The world hath need of you, for it is sick at heart, and longs to be told of Jesus. Your pastors have need of you, that they may house the sheaves into the garner. Don't dwell any longer in that unsightly land of Cabul; come into the bright Beulah country—it is pleasant to labour there—where airs from the other side of the river fan the wearied brow, and where a thrilling sound of music, as of harpers harping with their harps, reminds you constantly of heaven.

Above all, be constant and earnest in your prayers.
—You are too well instructed in the things of God to have forgotten that there is no period of a Christian's life in which he ceases from the cry of helplessness, from the invocation of Divine strength, from the expression of vehement desire. If you have thought otherwise, you have some humbling secrets to discover by and by. If you think that a cause can be built up by one man's labour in the pulpit, and by many men's labour in the Church,