

It is promised by the LORD through his prophet : " They who wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."\* Weariness and faintness are the lot of us all. The Minister of the Gospel has ever to bear the burthen and heat of the day : and you have a burthen to bear, which many others have not. I do not speak merely of the " things which are without," bodily toil and bodily sufferings ; of the scorching heat of the summer noonday, or the pelting shower, the swollen river to be crossed, or the treacherous ice, the pitiless winter storms, the chill northern blast, the sometimes untracked field of snow, or the nightly journey through the uninhabited forest, with no company but the few solitary stars, which appear in a streak of the canopy of heaven seen between two dense walls of trees :—no other company did I say ? Let me be careful to add, if we do not remember at such times Him who " stretcheth out the Heavens like a curtain."† Such scenes are trying enough, but they are nothing at all when compared with the things which we experience ‡ For instance, after the cold cheerless journey, to find, perchance, the empty unwarmed building, unprepared for the service to be performed in it, which too unmistakeably tells of their indifference, to whom we come to " preach Christ Crucified." Or the ill-concealed laugh and unseemly joke, which we detect in the very instant when we are offering prayer to the Throne of Grace, or speaking solemn warning words of heaven and hell : or the hand withdrawn, when we have been earnestly pleading

\* Isaiah xl. 31.

† Ps. civ. 2.

‡ It may be well to mention that these cases are *not imaginary* ones, nor cases of solitary experience. It may perhaps excite a smile amongst our more favoured brethren " who sit at home at ease," but it will serve to show what the country missionary's work is, to be told of a clergyman's having had to perform service, as the writer once did himself in a country " school-house" by the light of a solitary home-made candle, (which *scarcely* made darkness visible,) snuffed from time to time, when the reader was evidently *labouring* over the reading of the lessons even, by the kindly fingers of one and a second, of (to say the truth, however) a small but attentive audience.