

Providence leads the way. It is a deluge of human beings, of all classes, of all habits. The revolutions of old and mountain dynasties, famines, and pestilences have opened their deep fountains, and are all giving forth the volumes which are emptying into every valley of our widening land. They also make the best soil, the most inexhaustible—for you can wear out no feature without turning up another—the most productive for the pure gospel, and where only it can be expected to produce its rich, and fair, and abundant harvests. Canst thou sow well? Go forth, then, weeping if need be, and thou shalt return bearing thy sheaves, and angels will sing the harvest home.

But you tell me you are poor. The fishermen of Gallilee were poor—poor, did I say? rather rich, in faith, giving glory to God. Did you ever know a rich man eloquent? If you did, did he not acquire his eloquence or develope it while poor? Did he not lose it when he became rich? The Lord never ‘called’ a rich preacher. A rich preacher! that’s an anomalous sound to my ears; how is it to thine? I think he belongs to an anomalous species.

But you have not been successful. Have you labored faithfully? This is discouraging: I have felt it in this proud city, from which I write. I have felt it; but canst thou not sow and let another reap? “Blessed are they that sow beside all waters.”

Our fathers have planted orchards, and we eat the fruit of them, and recline at eve beneath their shady and bending branches. Let us also plant. Our fathers have cleared the wilderness, and the desert now blossoms with the rose. Let us, also, make the wilderness glad for us. But it requires faith. Yes, brethren, the just shall live by faith. We must labor, then—we must have a faith that works, none other is worth the naming. We must have a trust in God that will swallow up all earthly trust. Without sympathy, without assistance, amidst envy and jealousy, or unknown and uncared-for; we must labor. But the toil will soon be over. The reward is great beyond expression—even an eternal weight of glory. And we are mistaken if we suppose we are without every earthly hope.

I know some, and it is refreshing to know them, who are humble, patient, and persevering, and who have had but limited success to cheer them on, who are doing their work, what the world calls a hard work, and who are doing it cheerfully, and giving God thanks. They bless God, and take courage under every trial, and rejoice that they are counted worthy to suffer for his sake. They are raising churches, and feeding them.