

## S E R M O N .

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But when he saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.

Then saith He unto his disciples, The harvest truly *is* plenteous, but the labourers *are* few.

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth labourers into his harvest.

—MATT. ix. 36—38.

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THE grandest sight I ever saw was a crowd of people, large and dense, and so arranged that I could take them all in with a single look. It was when the foundation stone was laid on Abbey Craig, near Stirling, of a national monument, built by Scotsmen, to the memory of the great patriot and warrior, William Wallace. And what made the dark thick forest of men and women so impressive a spectacle—a more impressive spectacle than if it was so many trees one gazed upon? They were a company of living, acting, thinking, feeling beings—so that the artist or the historian saw something striking and picturesque in their combination, each different from each;—but to the devout and religious mind the most significant feature in that vast mass of human beings was that they were all immortal spirits, and candidates for eternity, now in a state of probation; and that in a few short years they were to enter upon that eternity to be for ever either happy or wretched. If a mere man with his dull perceptions, limited views, and feelings and emotions too much under the control of selfishness, could be so moved at the sight of thousands upon thousands of people, fancy how it agitated the Saviour's loving heart and exercised His far-seeing mind, when He looked down upon a crowd of human souls hurrying onwards, unheeding and unprepared, towards the dread realities of eternity, with few or no efforts put forth to block up their way or rescue them from their ignorance and false security, and manifest peril.