

# Master Plowman

by Charles E. Cowman

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*The sermon encourages listeners to trust God's plan and purpose, even when it involves hardship and spiritual transformation, knowing that He is a faithful and purposeful husbandman.*

**Scripture:** Psalm 51:10, Isaiah 28:24, John 15:2, Galatians 6:9, Hebrews 12:11

**Topics:** "Spiritual Growth", "Gods Sovereignty"

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## Description

Charles E. Cowman preaches about the transformative work of God in our lives, using the analogy of a plowman in a meadow. He reflects on how God, like a skilled plowman, sometimes disrupts the beauty and comfort in our lives to prepare us for a bountiful harvest. Cowman encourages the congregation to trust in God's purposeful work, even when it involves upheaval and discomfort, as it is all part of His plan to bring forth something greater and more beautiful in our souls.

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## Transcript

"Doth the plowman plow all day to sow?" (Isa. 28:24).

One day in early summer I walked past a beautiful meadow. The grass was as soft and thick and fine as an immense green Oriental rug. In one corner stood a fine old tree, a sanctuary for numberless wild birds; the crisp, sweet air was full of their happy songs. Two cows lay in the shade, the very picture of content.

Down by the roadside the saucy dandelion mingled his gold with the royal purple of the wild violet.

I leaned against the fence for a long time, feasting my hungry eyes, and thinking in my soul that God never made a fairer spot than my lovely meadow.

The next day I passed that way again, and lo! the hand of the despoiler had been there. A plowman and his great plow, now standing idle in the furrow, had in a day wrought a terrible havoc. Instead of the green grass there was turned up to view the ugly, bare, brown earth; instead of the singing birds there were only a few hens industriously scratching for worms. Gone were the dandelion and the pretty violet. I said in my grief, "How could any one spoil a thing so fair?"

Then my eyes were opened by some unseen hand, and I saw a vision, a vision of a field of ripe corn ready for the harvest. I could see the giant, heavily laden stalks in the autumn sun; I could almost hear the music of the wind as it would sweep across the golden tassels. And before I was aware, the brown earth took on a splendor it had not had the day before.

Oh, that we might always catch the vision of an abundant harvest, when the great Master Plowman comes, as He often does, and furrows through our very souls, uprooting and turning under that which we thought most fair, and leaving for our tortured gaze only the bare and the unbeautiful. --Selected

Why should I start at the plough of my Lord, that maketh the deep furrows on my soul? I know He is no idle husbandman, He purposeth a crop. --Samuel Rutherford

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