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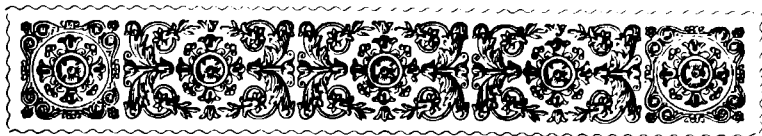
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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1891.

A Reminiscence and a Warning.

A COLLEGE ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

DEAR BRETHREN,—I want to speak to you, this afternoon, upon a text which was once very useful to me. It may not convey to you quite the same lesson that it taught me ; but it may be as much a word from the Lord to you as it was to me on a memorable occasion.

When I had been preaching for a little while at Waterbeach, in the year 1852, my father and other friends advised me to seek admission to Regent's Park College, or, as it was in those days, Stepney College. I believed that I might be useful without a college training ; but I bowed to what I was willing to regard as their superior judgment upon the matter. I was living in Cambridge at the time, so it was arranged that I should meet Dr. Angus at the house of Mr. Macmillan, the publisher. I was there exactly at the appointed hour, and was shown into a room ; the doctor also went to the house, but the servant put him into another room, and did not let anyone know that I was waiting for him. After a while, he had to leave, to catch the train for London ; but I waited on for two hours, and as no one came to me, I rang the bell, and enquired the cause of the delay. When I discovered what had happened, I was very much disappointed ; but I have often thanked the Lord since then that he directed me in a different path from that which my friends had planned for me.

Though the intended interview had not taken place, I had not given up the idea of trying to enter the college ; but that evening, going to my service, I was crossing Midsummer Common, to the little wooden bridge over the river Cam, when I was startled by what seemed to be a loud voice speaking to me. I have not been one to take much notice of

The Market-place of Tangier.

BY T. GILLARD CHURCHER, M.B., M.R.C.S.

THE view on the opposite page shows a corner of the market-place of Tangier. As there are neither good roads nor wheeled vehicles in all Morocco, the camel is invaluable for moving heavy loads. It travels, however, very, very slowly; about three miles, or less, in an hour. This fact reminds me of a conversation between a missionary and a Moor. The former had been boasting of European inventions and progress. "Yes," replied the native, "I know there are just one hundred tricks in the world, and Allah has given ninety-nine of them to the Christians; but we, believers, have one, and that is better than all the rest put together." "What is that one?" enquired the missionary, in surprise. "Why, this," said the native; "that *we believers can go slowly: you can do many things, but you could not walk behind my camel all day.*"

The Moor was probably quite right; and we find that the Oriental mind looks at things in such a different light from our own, that we need more than ordinary grace and tact to approach them on spiritual matters without giving them immediate offence, and so spoiling our chance of doing them good.

One method, however, seldom fails, and that is THE MEDICAL MISSION. The people suffer much from sickness, and the native doctors know simply nothing about how to treat their ailments; so they gladly seek the missionary-physician, fully trust him, and gratefully appreciate his efforts, while they listen with respect to his preaching.

The market-place of Tangier may serve as a starting-point for a few words about sôks, or markets, in Morocco generally. These markets correspond more to our idea of fairs than of fixed markets, where goods are always on sale. Every town has an open space, either within or just outside its walls, where meets once every week its sôk; but beside those connected with towns, each district of villages has a common market-place, situated as nearly as possible equidistant from them all, where, once a week, they meet, and transact the commerce of the week with their neighbours and the outside world. The numbers attending these markets vary from a few hundreds to thousands of individuals, while the greatest variety of costumes and countenances is to be seen. There is the wild mountaineer, grasping his long gun ready for any emergency, his loose brown clothes richly embroidered, and his brave, open face suitably surmounted by his scarlet gun-case in place of a turban. Here is the slow, solemn Moor of the plains, clad all in white (at least, a garment that was once white), apparently unarmed, but never without a sharp dagger in his girdle. There is a company of women, swathed in creamy white woollen garments, making them look like animated bundles of clothes. These, with a sprinkling of cringing, down-trodden Jews, whose black caps and blue coats contrast with, and relieve, the dirty white of the general crowd, make up the human elements of the sôk.

Every article that the people produce, or that they need, is to be found here. Meat and corn, fruit and vegetables, wool and oil abound; sugar from France; tea, candles, and calico from England; while among the

many callings which are in active operation, in a quiet corner is found the barber-surgeon, who bleeds, cauterizes, or shaves "the faithful", according as they desire; and if it be a large market, the physician's tent, close by, contains a gentleman who will give you, for a reasonable consideration, of course, a medicine comprising ninety-nine ingredients to cure indigestion, or an infallible charm to make your husband love you, or to secure you a beautiful wife, whichever you may need!

The *importance* of these markets, as places where the missionary can come in contact with the people, can hardly be estimated. In a single market there will be representatives, it may be, of a score of separate villages; and anything which occurs at the *sôk* is, within a couple of days, the subject of conversation in each and all of them. There, also, people from places at present entirely inaccessible to Europeans are met with; and the removal of their prejudices, by the kind help of the medical missionary, would go far to open a way for Christian workers where now there is none.

The *accessibility* of these markets, too, is a factor of importance. Jews visit nearly all of them for the purpose of trading with European articles; so a fresh face does not excite suspicion and fear, as at other times, the idea being, "Oh! he is some stranger come to push his trade." The people, also, though busy during the actual market hours, are often at leisure before or after that time, and then are open to conversation.

The *difficulties* of undertaking mission-work in these markets are principally, first, the weather, which, during the time of extreme heat or wet, renders the work of travelling and camping very trying. Health, also, has to be considered, for the country is entirely undrained; and fever not only lurks everywhere, but boldly stalks abroad, and attacks almost everybody in certain districts. The other difficulty is expense. In the interior of Morocco there are no railways, no hotels, no roads even; and thus the traveller must carry all he needs with him, including tent, medicines, &c. This means at least three mules, and probably two or three men; for there is plenty for them to do. The people need close watching, as they are great thieves; food has to be found, and then cooked; the tent has to be pitched, and the animals have to be looked after, besides the distinct work of the medical missionary. All this means considerable expense.

After five years' localized work in Morocco, I felt that the Lord was calling for someone to go forward, and try to reach a district, south of Tangier, bounded by five towns, and including within it scores, nay, hundreds, of populous villages. At present none of these towns or villages have a single resident missionary.

Our hospital work in Tangier has already been a power for good throughout this region. Many have come for healing, and heard of the Saviour; but till now, we have had no means of steadily and systematically following up what has been accomplished. Now, however, God has graciously provided another medical missionary for the hospital; and I shall be so glad if HE puts it into the hearts of any of his children at home to supply prayers and funds, that I may have the pleasure and honour of attempting this new work among the *sôks* of Morocco

"FOR HIS SAKE."