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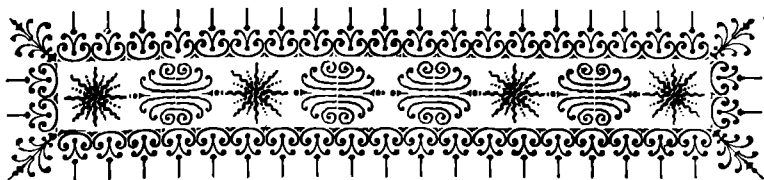
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THE

Sword and the Trowel.

JANUARY, 1892.

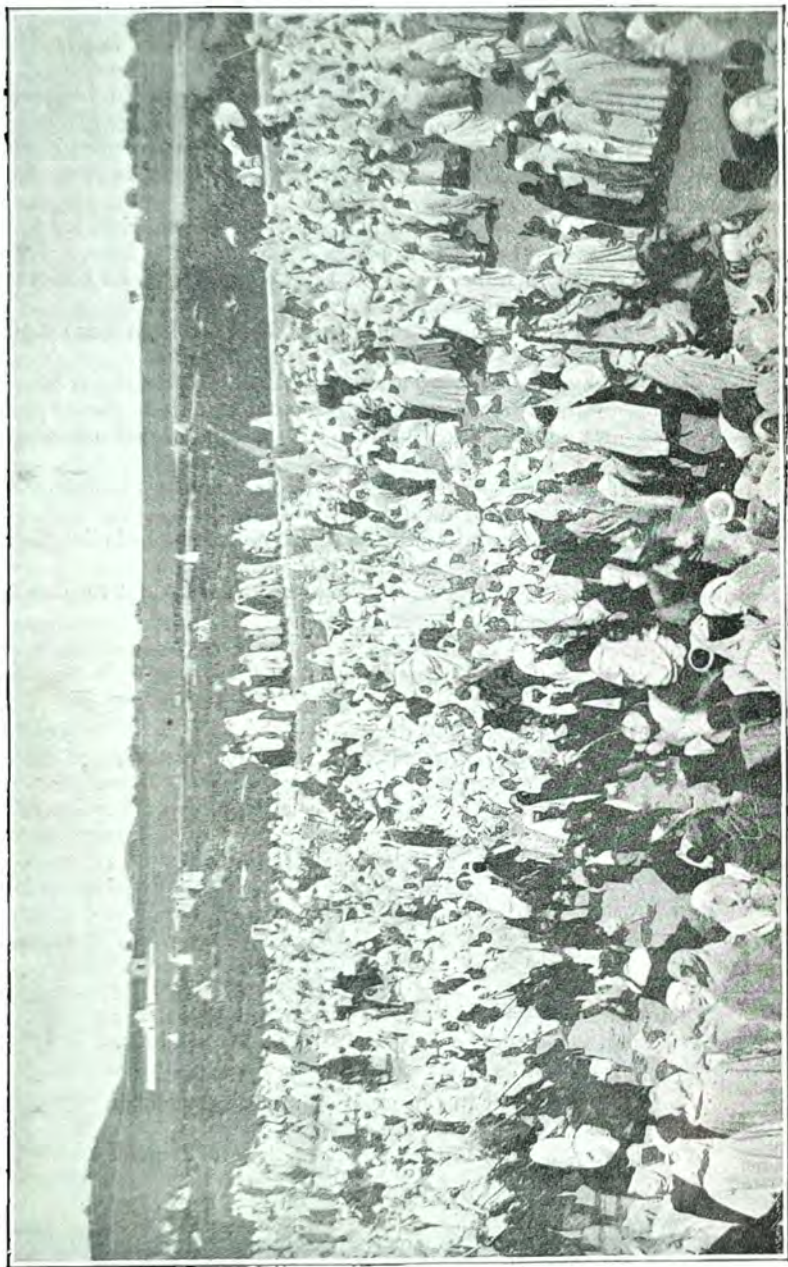
Sweet Experiences in 1842 and 1892.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



HOSE who have made most use of language are most aware of its limitations. Thoughts can usually robe themselves in words; but emotions of a fervent kind can no more be solidified into speech than flames of fire can be frozen. Christian experience not only leads believers in a way that they know not, but also in a way which they cannot make known to others. Things impossible to utter are not unusual to those who endure great trials and enjoy special favours. Many things in nature can be fairly well described, and yet, when they are actually seen, the spectator meets with a something which was not in the description, and could not have been placed there by wit of man. It is far more so in the matter of spiritual experience: here no man can really know what he has not personally tasted and handled. Though a prophet should declare it unto a man in choicest language, and he should exercise an educated understanding thereupon, he could not truly be taught experimental religion except by himself having it written on his soul by the Holy Ghost. Hence, a writer who touches upon any phase of the inner life, will soon feel that his pen fails him.

I have been led into this line of remark by feeling how little I could communicate to my friends of my own rest in the Lord. God has been so supremely gracious to his servant, that he cannot be silent concerning the Lord's tenderness; and yet speech goes not a thousandth part of the way towards setting forth the praise which is felt in his heart; much less the glory which is due unto the Father of



A MOONISH CROWD.

A Moorish Crowd.

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

A MOORISH crowd, like most other crowds, is made up of individuals—men, women, and children.

The *men* are tall, with clean-shaven heads covered with the venerated turban; or bare to the sun and rain, with but one lock of dark hair left, to mark their tribe, and as they think, to be seized by the angel Gabriel when he comes to lift them up to Paradise! They are strong and wiry fellows; and although, cumbered with their long flowing garments, their usual movements are slow, yet they are able to exhibit great activity and speed when occasion requires, and in the use of their curved knives, or long guns, show remarkable dexterity.

The *women* are hidden entirely from our view—all but their eyes—by long thick “hikes” or blankets. The prettiest part of the Moorish crowd is the little *children*, whose brightly-coloured garments and yellow slippers—the exact miniatures of those of their parents—make them look at once quaint and interesting.

Such is the crowd as it appears on the surface; but what a picture awaits one who ventures to look beneath! All that we in Britain, though unsaved, it may be, owe to the gospel and godly ancestry, in them is lacking. The men have no idea of the sacredness of truth, while common honesty and family love are almost unknown virtues. The immediate cause of all this is to be found in the condition of their women. The Moorish child hardly ever experiences what *we* understand by that blessed word *home*. Often, within a year or two of his birth, his father has already transferred his affection to another woman; and a second wife, or purchased slave, absorbs the man's love, and spreads discord in the house. Or perhaps the mother has, for some trifling real or fancied fault, been divorced, and her boy's earliest recollection circles round a man to whom he bears no loving blood-relationship. Divorce is so easily obtained, and so common, that among the poor in the towns, marriage is hardly worthy of the name.

At the *best*, what is the home, where the women are practically prisoners, utterly ignorant and superstitious, unable to read, and seldom leaving the house? They are for a short season the sensuous playthings and then the life-long drudges of men who are scarcely more enlightened than themselves. The polluted atmosphere and evil conversation of such a home is what the growing life of the Moorish child is constantly familiar with.

Nor does the escape to school much improve matters. The boy learns but one book there—the Koran, and that by rote; neither he, nor frequently his master, understanding the words which he acquires so laboriously. Moreover, immorality is rampant in the schools; and when the young life goes forth, it is already blighted, and follows the ways of Satan rather than the ways of God.

Add to this the absence of a national conscience, and the fact that judges and rulers are corrupt, accept bribes, and practise injustice of

the grossest kind, from which the sufferers have no escape; and one's heart cries out, almost in despair, what *can* be done to bring about a better state of affairs? The voice of Jesus answers, "*Ye* are the salt of the earth. *Ye* are the light of the world. Without *me ye* can do nothing. All power is given unto *me* in heaven and in earth. Go *ye* therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Try to picture, dear friends, a crowd one thousand times larger than that represented in the photograph from which our picture is reproduced; and recollect that such a crowd really exists within a week of your home, dying in Mohammedan darkness. Their ignorance prevents them from reading the Bible, and their religion forbids their doing so if they could. They may not even make friends of Christians. Some will say that Mohammedanism took the sword, and shall perish by the sword. In God's providence it may be so; but the only sword which the Christian wields is the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God. Let *us* go forth as warriors for the King, good soldiers of Jesus Christ, our feet shod with peace, our loins girded with truth, our heads helmeted with salvation, our hearts shielded by faith, our whole being enveloped with prayer. Thus equipped, we can leave results with omnipotent love.

In the November number of *The Sword and the Trowel*, Mr. Fullerton gave us the lessons of the lighthouse. I am persuaded that is what Morocco needs just now,—lighthouse lives, which, stationed on the spot, and filled with heavenly illumination, shall shed forth gospel light upon the fatal rock of Mohammedanism, and show these storm-tossed mariners on life's wild ocean the only haven of peace and rest, the finished work of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Who will come to North Africa to shine for Jesus? Who will help to send the light to the millions here who still sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death? Brethren, millions of Mohammedans are perishing; can we let them perish?

"Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name."

I hope many will answer Bishop Heber's question by saying, "Here am I; send me:" or else, "I cannot personally go to rescue the perishing myriads of North Africa; but I will gladly help to support those who ought to go, and who will go."
