

Theology on the *Web.org.uk*

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

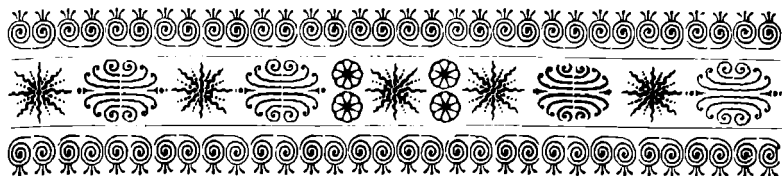
<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

A table of contents for *The Sword and the Trowel* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_sword-and-the-trowel_01.php



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

APRIL, 1892.

Mr. Spurgeon's Last Drives at Menton.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.



REGULAR readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* are aware that the late beloved Editor, in the volume for 1890, commenced a series of articles entitled, "Drives at Menton." It was his intention, had he been spared, to write descriptions of all the drives around his Riviera retreat, and then to publish them in a volume. He often met with people who had "done" Menton in the usual tourist style; but who really had scarcely seen the charming valleys and mountain villages by which it is surrounded, and which, in his estimation, so greatly added to the attractions of the little town on the Mediterranean shore. The articles in the Magazine evidently answered the end the dear writer had in view; for not only were his ordinary readers greatly interested by them, but we heard of many visitors to the sunny South who brought with them a complete set of *The Sword and the Trowel* containing Mr. Spurgeon's "Drives", in order that they might go over the route under his direction. They have borne testimony to the fact that his "guide-book" was of more use to them than any other; while residents in Menton have been glad to learn from it all that he could teach them about the region he knew so well, and loved so dearly. In the articles on "Mr. Spurgeon's Last Drives", we shall use, as far as we can, all the materials that he had been, for years, industriously collecting; and the completed volume may yet see the light.

Mr. Spurgeon frequently said that he wished he had some friend at Menton to take photographs, to illustrate his drives, as Mr. T. H. Nash did for his little book, *Memories of Stambourne*. During his last

Travelling in Morocco.

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

FRRIENDS who have subscribed to the Pastors' College Missionary Association, by which Mr. Patrick and myself are supported, and other readers also, may be interested in hearing about some of the difficulties of travelling in Morocco at certain seasons of the year. Here we have no railways, no roads, and no vehicles to facilitate our movements; so travelling becomes quite a new art to an Englishman. Then, also, the climate differs from that at home; consisting, as it does, of two fairly distinct seasons; the first, very dry, without one drop of rain, the second, very wet, with floods of water everywhere. The height of each season is to be avoided for travelling, as too much heat or too much wet is alike troublesome.

On returning to Tangier, after my marriage, the weather seemed settled, and not wishing to lose time, we ventured to start inland. Loading our tent, our medicines, with bedding and cooking things, on three mules, and depositing ourselves, *i.e.*, my wife, myself, and my native boy, on the top of our worldly goods, off we went. After journeying a few hours, as evening drew on, we camped at a village where we soon had natives about us; and next morning we were able to doctor a few sick folk, and tell them of Jesus. On the road again, we soon had to climb a steep and rocky hill; and at a lonely part of the way, were accosted by a party of well-armed men. Taking no notice of them, we kept on our course, which was wise on our part, as they proved to be a number of thieves, on the look-out for solitary travellers, whom they would seize, rob of their clothes and money, and if opposed, even murder. However, they did not meddle with us; so we journeyed safely on till a river stopped our path. Like most rivers in Morocco, there was no bridge to cross, only one place more shallow than the rest, and even that not clearly marked. The stream was some thirty yards wide. The men and animals did their best to get across safely; but, three parts of the way over, down went two of the mules in deep water, and stuck fast in the mud. The riders had to scramble out as best they could, and the wet burdens had to be removed before the poor mules could get out. Wet bedding was the most serious part of this accident; and as the third animal, carrying my wife, got through all right, we sang "Praise the Lord!" and pushed on. With only one other upset upon the road, we arrived safely at the little town of *Orzila*, containing about two thousand inhabitants; and pitching our tent in the yard of the ruined keep or castle, we soon went to supper, and to bed.

Several years ago, two lady-missionaries, of the North Africa Mission, were stationed here; and though it is years now since they left, one having died, and the other having gone to labour in the great city of Fez, their works remain; a testimony alike to their faithfulness to God, and His faithfulness to them, and to His own Word. Almost every person in the town seems to know the gospel, *at least in his head*; and all associate with it the holy and benevolent lives of these two devoted women.

In this town we remained several days, preaching the gospel, and healing the sick who came to us. Going among the people, we met several who, with bright faces, professed their simple faith in our Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour. We should have remained longer had not the weather suddenly changed. As the rain came down in torrents, our canvas house was in a very short time rendered unfit to stay in; so we turned homeward, trudging through mud and marsh. One river which, in summer, is only a small stream, was such a rushing flood that it was quite impassable; and we had to toil for hours along the bank before we could cross it higher up, happy, even then, to get over safely. Readers may imagine how bad these streams become sometimes in the winter, when we tell them that, quite lately, three mounted soldiers, in trying to cross a flooded river near Tangier, were all swept away, men and animals being all drowned.

For the present we must be content to work in and near Tangier, as the country is too wet for travelling. The dispute between the country people and the government is now settled. A large discount might have been taken off all the alarming reports which appeared in the newspapers; for at no time has there been, to the Europeans resident in the towns, any danger worth mentioning.

“ The Son of His Love.”

Col. i. 13—20. (R. V.)

- “ SON of His love ”—the image of
 The great Invisible!
 First-born of all created things—
 His glories who can tell?
- “ Son of His love ”—pre-eminent,
 The church’s risen Head!
 Before all things, and bond of all,
 The First-born from the dead.
- It pleased the Father that in Him
 Should all the fulness dwell,
 It pleased Him by the blood-stained cross
 All enmity to quell.
- “ Son of His love ”—the sweetest name
 Of all that Jesus bears;
 For in the love that crowns the Head
 The meanest member shares.
- “ Son of His love ”—and this dear Son
 Declares *His* passion too:—
- “ E’en as the Father hath loved Me,
 I also have loved you.”
- Oh, love of loves! Oh, joy of joys!
 What happy souls are we!
 God loves us as He loves His Son,
 And Jesus loves as He!

Auckland, December, 1891.

THOMAS SPURGEON.