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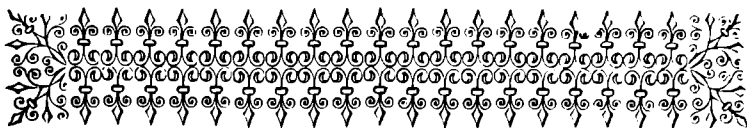
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THE

Sword and the Trowel.

OCTOBER, 1892.

Fellowship with God's Greatness.

A MISSIONARY ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.



WHEN I think of the great work of foreign missions, and of all that may result, with the Lord's blessing, from our obedience to His command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," the chief emotion that thrills my heart is that of gratitude to God for enabling me to have some sort of

FELLOWSHIP WITH HIS INFINITY,—

with His greatness. It was enough for me, at the beginning of my Christian life, to have *fellowship with God's mercy*, to rejoice in His compassion as a pardoning God, "merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin." I rejoiced to know, not only that God is merciful and gracious; but that His mercy and His grace had been displayed in pardoning my sins and iniquities. I praised the Lord because I could say with David, "Great is Thy mercy toward me: and Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell." Ever since that glad hour when I first saw Jesus as my Saviour, I have delighted to sing of Him, whose mercy endureth for ever. I have no sympathy with those who would set down as a vain repetition that oft-repeated refrain recorded in the hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm, "For His mercy endureth for ever." Long as we live, and till we die, this should be the grateful song of all who have tasted that the Lord is gracious,—

"For His mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure."

Medical Mission Work in Tangier.

LETTER FROM DR. CHURCHER.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Several months have now passed since I have reported anything of my movements to those kind helpers who have been supplying my needs through the PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION. As each month has come round, the welcome cheque has arrived, supplying all the expenses of living, and thus leaving my hands free to work for the Master.

The question may fairly be asked, What has that work been? I will speak of the last two months, June and July. Over fifty natives have been staying with us in the hospital, for longer or shorter periods, during this time. The cards of those who have left us lie before me, and recall some interesting people. You will remember that the feeling among Mohammedans against Christians and Christianity generally, and their fanatical love and admiration for Mohammed and the Koran, are alike very deep and very strong. So, at first, it is difficult to do more than gain passing attention to the gospel, which we desire to see winning its way in their very hearts.

One of the first cases in June was that of a poor slave, whose neck was so swollen with many abscesses that it was as big round as his head. He was an outcast, his master having turned him adrift when too ill to serve him. He is with us still—better, but not yet well—so you see what a long stay, sometimes, a patient makes. Others are difficult to please. We had one man, with a great swelling of his lower lip, kept up by the irritation of his kief pipe—kief, or Indian hemp, being smoked here as opium is in China, and with somewhat similar result. This man chose suffering with kief rather than healing without it, and so left us; another objected to having his clothes washed, and so departed filthy still; but the great majority are glad to stay with us till they are cured.

Here is the card of a man, a native of the far-off Sous country—I suppose, close to the Western Soudan; for we get people from all sorts of places—being on a journey, he fell ill with fever in Tangier. He stayed with us three weeks, hearing the gospel daily, and departed cured. Another, who was suffering from one of the terribly ulcerated throats so common in this land, really seemed to be seeking the truth, and said, "Jesus is our Saviour. Praise be to God!" Another poor man came to us, with a leg which reminded me of the recorded fate of Herod the Great. He has been so interested in the truth, and so useful, that, now he is well, I have taken him on as hospital servant. Speaking of the devil's temptations, he said, "Yes, I know, he comes and says, 'Don't pray now, it is hot; wait till it gets cooler,' or 'You had better sleep now, sleep is sweet; pray by-and-by.'"

Several of our patients have come to us lately, suffering through explosions of gunpowder. A very nice fellow, named El Haddie, was with us for about a month. He could not read nor write, and seemed to know little of any religion. He met with an accident, and blew off part off his left foot. We hope that his trouble has been made a blessing to him, and that he has gone away with the double cure for

soul as well as body. Another man is with us now, whose gun burst, and blew off half his hand. I hope we may save two fingers; but one sickens to think what such cases *used* to suffer when left to *native* treatment.

Another group of cases consisted of four boys, one big and three small, who were standing round a bonfire in honour of a marriage, when a powder-flask exploded, and burnt them so severely that the two smaller lads were in great danger of losing their lives. It was pitiful to see the poor little fellows lying in the ward, with arms and legs swathed in lint, and white masks over their charred and blinded faces. They all four fully recovered, and, I doubt not, will recollect the lovingkindness of our nursing sister, and we hope also the love of Jesus of which they heard.

Another day, a number of workmen brought a poor fellow, shattered and apparently dying, who had fallen from the roof of a house. Five or six of his friends came each night to stay with him; and so, through this one, many heard the truth. Yet another came in great suffering, upon whom a heavy case had fallen in the custom-house. These both did well. One of them was grateful to us; but the other left without even saying "good-bye." I daresay he also was thankful; but the independent and wandering nature of the Arab makes him sometimes *appear* ungrateful, and I might add, cruel also, as was exemplified in the case of another patient, who, having met with an injury to his head, was allowed to lie in the sun for four days close to our house, because it was too much trouble to bring him to us earlier. It was sad to find that, when he *was* brought, it was *then* too late; he was already in a comatose condition, and died an hour or two after his admission.

Another man, who interested me much, was one of the Sultan's soldiers, who are encamped near here. From him I removed some small tumours; and when I offered one to him, that he might show it to his friends, he said, in effect, "No, thank you! I have had enough of *that*. I shall show *myself* cured. I shall be the best evidence of your skill." We long to see *spiritually* healed ones, who shall, having left their sins behind, go forth bearing similar testimony, by redeemed *lives*, to the power of the Great Healer.

We are almost in the midst of civil war just now; and hard fighting has been going on within sight of us during this week. Last Sunday, I was out at the camp, attending to some of the wounded. There are no doctors attached to either side; and when badly hurt, the poor fellows are just left on the battle-field to die. The distress among the village folk also will be terrible; the hill-sides are even now dotted with burning villages; and Tangier is crowded with plundered refugees. In a few weeks, when the weather changes, the distress must be wide-spread and pitiable. Should Christian hearts in England be moved to help these needy Moslems, for Jesus' sake, it might be a potent means of opening their hearts to the truth; and I shall esteem it a great privilege to be the channel of conveying the blessing to them.

I have taken the cases already mentioned from the list of *in-patients* during the last two months. During the same time, our

books show that we had nine hundred and twenty-eight visits from out-patients. Separate services are held each day for men and women before they see the doctor; so that we try to ensure that each one hears the gospel every time he or she comes for medicine. Beside these, at the dispensary in the town for Jews and Spaniards, I have seen about four hundred more patients during the same period. Of course, I have not been working alone; but have been a link in a chain of workers who, as preachers, nurses, dispensers, dressers, &c., have been bringing the water of life within reach of these dying ones.

In conclusion, I trust that those who have so kindly supported Brother Patrick and myself during the time reviewed, will rejoice in what has been done, that they will water with their prayers the gospel seed sown, and still feel upon their hearts the burden of this unevangelized people.

Worthless Weapons.

“A BOMBAY paper publishes a serious indictment against the contractors who have supplied swords to the Bombay army; and as the state of matters brought to light in this presidency may be prevalent all over India, it is as well that it should be made known widely. A military expert says that, three years ago, orders were issued to test the swords of the Bombay cavalry. In one regiment as many as one hundred and fifty were rejected. As the native cavalry are all on the *sillidari* system, under which every man buys his own sword, the discovery of the worthlessness of the swords at present in use caused the greatest consternation, not only amongst the men, but also among the officers, who also provide their own swords. *The military authorities at once issued an order forbidding inspectors from testing cavalry swords.* Scarcely one officer in twenty, it is said, would allow inspectors to test their swords, lest they should break. The officers pay for their swords, and trust their lives to a weapon they fear to have tested. The bayonets of the infantry have also been recently tested, and in some cases the rejections amounted to twenty, thirty, and forty per cent. of the whole number.”

The above telegram, sent from Bombay a little while ago, reads like a parable, in almost every detail. God's host should be armed with tried weapons. Their own safety, and victory over sin and evil, alike depend upon it. Yet so few, perhaps not one in twenty, are willing to submit their weapons to the test. But what heinous folly must that be that moves those in authority, and officers in the army of God as well, to forbid the needed inspection, lest more useless weapons should be discovered in the hands of the rank and file! “The Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God,” is the only sword that should be girded on the believer. That wilt bear all tests; and it is those alone who possess it that can be free from fear in the hour of conflict.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

Madaripore, Bengal.