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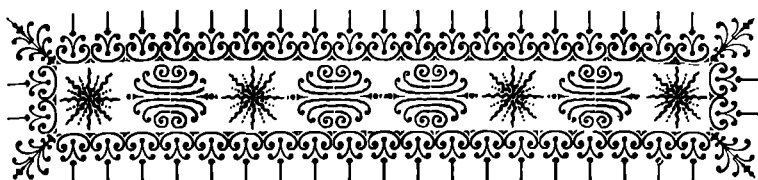
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THE

Sword and the Trowel.

JANUARY, 1893.

The Sabbatic Year in the Olive Garden.

A MENTONE MEDITATION, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And six years thou shalt sow thy land, and shalt gather in the fruits thereof: but the seventh year thou shalt let it rest and lie still; that the poor of thy people may eat: and what they leave the beasts of the field shall eat. In like manner thou shalt deal with thy vineyard, and with thy oliveyard."—Exodus xxiii. 10, 11.



THE regulation that one year in seven the land should lie fallow, was manifestly wise in reference to arable ground; and even the man who studied his own interest might see convincing reason for obeying this command. In the case of fruit-bearing trees the matter is different: they would yield fruit all the same, and no after increase would come to them through the year of fallow; and therefore none but he who really obeyed the Lord would see the propriety of leaving the clusters upon the vine, and the olives upon the tree. If Israel had universally obeyed the precept, it would certainly have been distinguished from all other nations in a manner the most conspicuous, since it would be sure to become the theme of wonder among other peoples. Strange to the last degree would it seem that, for an entire year, a nation should cease from all the labours of husbandry, and even decline to gather the spontaneous fruits of their trees. No doubt it was this separation unto Himself which the Lord aimed at by this regulation; He would have all people know that Canaan was a peculiar land, that

Moving on to Fez.

BY T. GILLARD CHURCHER, M.B., M.R.C.S., OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE
MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

THREE months ago, in Tangier, I little thought that I should date my next letter to the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* from what I hope is my home in Fez.

Just three months ago, God gave us a baby boy, which happy event seemed, *pro tem.*, to fix us in Tangier; but his stay was short; indeed, an angel's visit for within a month he had been taken home to heaven; and our emptied hands were nothing loth to find employment in the busy work of preparing to "fit", for our long-cherished desire to go into the regions beyond was about to be gratified. Right glad were we, when, after a week of packing, we saw a line of eight camels slowly sailing off from Hope House, carrying our heavy boxes; and still more delighted when, a day or two later, my wife and I, having bidden farewell to Tangier friends, climbed up on to our pack mules, and realized that we ourselves were really *en route* for Fez.

Four hours' quick travelling brought us to our first camping-ground, where we joined the Rhuffa, or caravan, with which we were to travel. Next morning, dressing, reading, breakfasting, and packing had to be over by about seven o'clock; and we plodded on, with half an hour's rest at noonday, till 4 p.m. Starting early the following morning, the afternoon found us trailing into El Kasar, a town of 30,000 people. Its name means "the Palace"; but it might not uncharitably be described as a town surrounded by rubbish-heaps, and intersected by open drains. We stayed in a "Fundack", a large "tumble-down" building, consisting of two stories of small windowless rooms ranged around a large open court, the latter crowded at night with animals and merchandise, and, generally, filthy beyond description.

Here I had a good opportunity of witnessing for Jesus to a company of about a dozen men. A warm discussion followed my remarks; and one used a favourite figure of theirs as he said, "The Christian's religion is like the Christian's clothes, narrow and cramped (*i.e.*, he must not sin); but Islam is wide, like an Eastern's robes (*i.e.*, he may sin as much as he likes if he witnesses to Mohammed, and keeps the fast of Ramadan)."

My host, seeing that two of the men were getting excited against me, closed the discussion by saying, "Stop! enough! Which way does every man's shadow turn? Is it not towards the East, *i.e.*, towards Mecca? That alone is sufficient proof of the truth of Islam."

On leaving El Kasar, we took the direct, or hilly road to Fez; but the weather, which had been lovely, now changed, and we experienced first showers, then a night of rain, and finally a downpour. We were devoutly thankful that the storm kept off until our tent was pitched; then it *did* rain, and we were glad to keep ourselves snug and dry, till, after seventeen hours, it stopped; and the next day (Sunday), the hot sun having come out, everything dried splendidly.

The Lord gave us favour with the villagers here; for, although at first the grown-up people were sulky and distant, and the children ran from us screaming with fear, yet they soon became friendly and interested. Besides doctoring many, my wife visited some in their houses, and we were both able to put the gospel before them verbally, and leave also the written Word; so that we realized that our detention through the rain was clearly of the Lord. One woman only, I think, went away sorrowful; and her case was peculiar. She said that her daughter was married, in the village, to a man who had been sick some time, and could not work; and it would be good for him and good for them to send him to God; so she

offered any price for some poison! Poor soul; she could not understand our refusal; she thought her argument so sweetly reasonable!

The next two days we had to ford two large rivers, the Newara and the Sebou. We were glad when we were over them; for the fords are deep, so that your mule wades up to his body, over stones "as smooth as soap", and through a swift river as wide as the Thames at London Bridge. However, the Lord graciously kept the feet of our beasts; and once safely across the Sebou, another day and a half's journey, and we were pressing on across a corner of the great plain of Fez, resting at mid-day by the river which, later on, gives its wonderful water supply to the city; and, tired but profoundly grateful, we entered the chief northern capital of Morocco, the present residence of the Sultan, and seat of Government, of which I hope to write (D.V.) in my next.

In concluding, may I remind my readers that Tangier and Fez are reckoned to be six days' journey apart; and that *there is not yet one witness for Christ in all that vast district, studded as it is with hundreds of villages?*

Notices of Books.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.
Volume XXXVIII. Passmore and Alabaster. Price seven shillings.

THIS volume will always be sacredly memorable to all Mr. Spurgeon's friends, for it contains the last two sermons revised by him before his translation, "Gratitude for Deliverance from the Grave" (No. 2,237), and "A Stanza of Deliverance" (No. 2,241), and also the four special sermons issued in connection with his home-going and funeral, "God's Will about the Future", "His own Funeral Sermon", "Members of Christ", and "Living, Loving, Lasting Union" (Nos. 2,242—5). This volume is also noteworthy from the fact that it contains the first regular issue of Mr. Spurgeon's expositions and sermons combined. Friends may be glad to know that complete sets of the sermons, or any single volume or sermon, can be obtained at any time of the publishers.

Will each person who reads this notice kindly DEVOTE ONE HALF HOUR every month in helping to increase the circulation of MR. SPURGEON'S SERMONS? In this short space of time, many additional readers might be easily obtained, and much good might result.

Peace! Perfect Peace! A Talk in a Sick Room in Mentone. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore & Alabaster. Price sixpence.

THIS choice gem has been reset in similar style to the one mentioned in

last month's Magazine, *Breaking the Long Silence*. Either of these would make a charming New Year's present. Costing no more than an illuminated card, these memorable addresses convey a wealth of spiritual instruction; and the chaste mode of their production fits them for a high and holy mission of useful service for the Saviour in whose name they were delivered. We have just been reminded that *Peace! Perfect Peace!* was spoken by Mr. Spurgeon without the least preparation or premeditation, for as soon as he had heard Bishop Bickersteth's beautiful hymn sung for the first time, he gave the address which is here reproduced.

Evangelistic Work in Principle and Practice. By ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. Passmore and Alabaster.

WITH the touch of a master hand, Dr. Pierson, in this volume, sets forth the Evangelistic problem and the Evangelistic practice. Unlike some advocates of foreign mission-work, he has also an earnest eye for the need at home; and, in burning words, enforced by experience, and driven straight to the mark by adroit and copious illustration, he seeks to arouse the Church to a sense of its duty with reference to that need. This is not a new book; but it deserves to be far more widely known than it is, and we are right glad to see our publishers issue this revised and copyright edition, which will now take the