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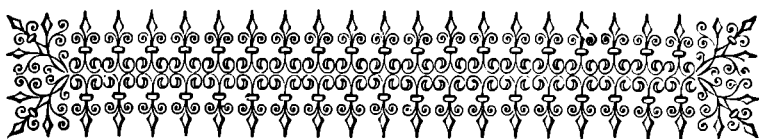
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THE

Sword and the Trowel.

MAY, 1893.

Qualifications for Soul-Winning—Godward.

A LECTURE, DELIVERED TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

(Concluded from page 162.)

THE next essential qualification for success in the work of the Lord, and it is a vital one, is *a living faith*. You know, brethren, how the Lord Jesus Christ could not do many mighty works in his own country because of the unbelief of the people; and it is equally true that, with some men, God cannot do many mighty works because of *their* unbelief. If ye will not believe, neither shall ye be used of God. "According to your faith be it unto you," is one of the unalterable laws of His kingdom. "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you;" but if the question has to be put, "Where is your faith?" the mountains will not move for you, nor will even a poor sycamore tree be stirred from its place.

You must have faith, brethren, about your call to the ministry; you must believe without question that you are really chosen of God to be ministers of the gospel of Christ. If you firmly believe that God has called you to preach the gospel, you will preach it with courage and confidence; you will feel that you are going to your work because you have a right to do it. If you have an idea that possibly you are nothing but an interloper, you will do nothing of any account; you will be only a poor, limping, diffident, half-apologetic preacher,

Fez, Morocco.

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

FRIENDS at home may be interested in reading a few words about this place. But how shall I describe it? It is an eastern city of mediæval times, slowly crumbling to decay. Though not what it once was, Fez is still great; its population of over one hundred thousand souls, its busy streets and crowded markets, its well-stocked shops and well-dressed citizens, all tell of its present importance.

Fez is said to have been founded by Muley Idrees, in 786 A.D. It is surrounded by wild country, and stands at the end of a great elevated plain, which in turn is framed in lofty mountain ranges, some of which are now brilliant with glittering snow. As one crosses this plain in coming from Tangier, the city does not appear till you are close upon it; and then, after passing the new town, almost suddenly, at your feet, crowded into a deep and somewhat narrow valley, lies Old Fez. It is surrounded by a wall, with square towers at short intervals; and on two adjoining hills it is defended by well-built forts, which are said to communicate with the city by underground passages. Inside the city wall, beside the central solid mass of houses, there are many gardens. The new town, which joins the older city above, also has a good wall. It is largely occupied with government buildings and the Jewish quarter, while a conspicuous object is the green tiling of the Sultan's palace.

Fez owes some of its greatness to its abundant water supply. From the plain above, springs from its source, full-grown, its beautiful river; this, separated into different heads, with surpassing skill is carried in many ancient aqueducts and channels throughout the city and gardens, till it makes music in a thousand fountains, grinding in many mills the people's corn as its parting benefaction, and, reuniting below in the sewers, hastens forth, carrying with it all the refuse of the town. Will you, dear reader, join me in fervent prayer, that our Heavenly Father will make the river of the water of life, even his own gospel, similarly to flow through and bless each house in Fez?

The streets of Fez are narrow, and generally sunless; the houses are lofty, and generally windowless; often the upper stories overhang the lower, and frequently a house spans the roadway, and converts the narrow street, *pro tem.*, into a tunnel. Pavements there are none; the shopkeepers sit, cross-legged and sedate, in the little shops which, like large boxes, line the principal streets. One or two roads are protected from the sun by boards, and others with reedy trellis-work, over which generally grows an ancient grape vine. Heavy wooden doors cross the street at short intervals; these are closed at night, and then the city is divided into wards, the inhabitants of each division being held unitedly responsible if any robbery or disturbance occurs in their ward during the hours of darkness.

The mosques of Fez are numerous and handsome, but many are terribly out of repair. The one named after the patron saint, Muley

Idrees, is an exception. It is very grand; indeed, it is reckoned so sacred, that neither Jew nor Christian is allowed to go near it; chains are hung at the ends of the street leading to it, in order to prevent such a desecration. Another fine mosque is that of the "Karaween", which is so large that, it is said that a congregation numbering twenty-three thousand souls worships there every Friday afternoon. This splendid mosque is reported to have been the gift of one Mohammedan woman. How glad I should be to hear of one *Christian* woman who would emulate her example, and for Christ's sake give poor dark Fez a Medical Mission Hospital!

These two mosques are almost solitary exceptions to the general look of dilapidation which the city wears; and certainly, if neglect and decay, veiling lingering greatness, are characteristic of the physical state of things, they are not less so of the people's mental, moral, and spiritual condition.

A Moor is reported to have once said, "Our nation is like a man in a quagmire; we have been sinking, sinking, for centuries. Now the mud has reached our chin; and we are only waiting till some Christian power shall come along, and put its foot on our head, and we shall disappear for ever."

But shall *we* not rather work and pray that, ere this comes to pass, Morocco, which has sunk for lack of the gospel, may be lifted up by the gospel, and Christianity flourish once more in this part of North Africa?

Fez formerly had a famous university and library. I believe both still exist; but that is all one can say about them. Their existence is that of a dead mummy, rather than of a living power. *Once*, chemistry and medicine flourished; *now*, the former is hardly known even by name, and the latter deals mostly in charms and magic, the witch-doctor and the exorcist being the principal practitioners. Their moral state is so immoral, that to describe it would scarcely be moral; and spiritually, the cold hand of their dead prophet grasps their heart, hindering indeed the reception of Christianity, but producing only a lifeless formalism of outward show, and leaving them still in the bondage of iniquity.

For four years, three lady missionaries of the North Africa Mission have been at work here. Many have been the difficulties overcome, and the prejudices removed. Each one admirably fills her post; one is preacher, another doctor, and the third teacher. It is not harvest-time yet; but the sowing has been faithfully done. Many thousands of souls have heard the good news; much suffering has been relieved; and many little ones have been instructed. A Fez Moor said to me, the other day, "Many, many of the people are thinking, thinking, thinking, of the words these ladies say."

My heart was moved to sadness, this afternoon, by a visit to the slave-market, of which I hope to give some particulars in my next letter. Meanwhile,—

"BRETHREN, PRAY FOR US."