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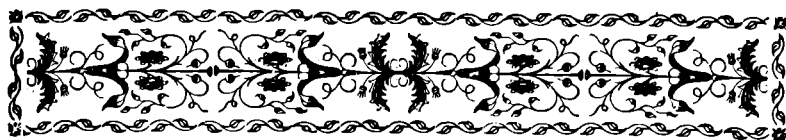
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THE

Sword and the Trowel.

JUNE, 1893.

A Full Christ for Empty Sinners and Saints.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS, DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN
TABERNACLE, ON MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 23RD, 1868,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THAT was a very neat way of putting the matter when someone spoke of "a rich Christ for poor sinners and saints." I think I might put another expression side by side with it, which would be equally good as descriptive of our experience of Christ's preciousness. It is this:—

A FULL CHRIST FOR EMPTY SINNERS AND SAINTS.

There is emptiness in the sinner's heart, apart from the guilt which makes his heart worse than empty; and the believer, day by day, as much depends upon the continued grace of God as at the first, when full of guilt and covered with shame, he came to Christ for pardon.

So, first, let me speak a word or two about *a full Christ for empty sinners*. Are you empty, brothers, to-night? Then Christ's fulness is precisely what you want, and your emptiness is precisely what Christ is looking for; and when the two meet, then, as our brother just now said in his prayer, the right things are in the right place. Where could your emptiness be in a more suitable place than where Christ fills it? Where could Christ's fulness be more useful than in filling up the emptiness of a poor guilty sinner?

The People of Fez.

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

IN my last letter, I wrote of Fez as a city; to-day I want to say a word about its people. Truth in Morocco is, like a needle in a load of hay, difficult to find; the people themselves have a saying, that, of every thousand things you hear, nine hundred and ninety-nine are lies, and the remaining one is only half true. Certain things, however, are certain; and one of these is that the most important man in Fez just now is the Sultan Muley el Hassen, the sovereign autocratic ruler of this Empire. When I saw him, a year or two ago, in Tangier, he seemed a man of about forty-five, above middle height, heavily built, having a dark complexion, black hair and beard, and with a large, serious, thoughtful, and rather kind face, his figure-head reminding one of our own Lord Salisbury.

The Sultan is said to know no language except Arabic, and has never travelled beyond his own dominions. Though possessing but four legal wives at any one time, he has a harem containing perhaps five hundred women, drawn from all parts of the country, for it is said that, if any governor has an exceptionally beautiful girl in his district, he forthwith sends her off as a present to the Sultan, a custom as old as the time of King Ahasuerus. Some idea of the *size* of a Moroccan Sultan's family may be gathered from the fact that the *last* Sultan, at his death, is said to have left,—all properly registered and allowed, —no less than one hundred and twenty-five sons and three hundred and twenty-five daughters. Muley el Hassen's favourite wife is said to be a white Circassian. She has borne him two sons; one has died, and that the other has escaped amid so many dangers, is a wonder. Even the Sultan cannot trust those around him; but every dish he tastes has first to be partaken of in various places by a high official lest it should be poisoned. The Sultan is described as working harder than any of his subjects; certainly his position is no sinecure. It really seems as if nearly every serious affair of state were personally settled by himself; appointments to even minor offices proceed directly from his own will and mouth, and his highest ministers are said to have no authority, but are referred to as only clerks to write his orders.

Around the throne, is a small circle of officials who *indirectly* wield great power, the chamberlain, the master of ceremonies, and three viziers. These have many subordinates; but beside the officials mentioned, there are not a few others who have direct responsibility and dealings with the Sultan. Thus, one Armeen receives all revenue, another is responsible for all expenditure, and a third has charge of all treasure; these, beside the head of the army and others, render accounts to and receive instructions directly from the Sultan himself.

Thus is the country governed, and one has to recollect this remarkable fact, that, as the Bible has permeated all society at home, so that even where its truth is denied its influence can yet be traced, so here, Church and State, law and physic, civil and military affairs, public

and private life are closely woven into one great fabric; but across them all there falls, to-day, like a baneful shadow, the death-like influence of Mohammed. The Moor is strangely bound; he *cannot* advance if he would. He must not believe geographical facts, because his "infallible" books say that the world is flat; nor may he even let his moustache grow long, without being warned from the pulpit that every hair which enters his mouth will become a devil to torment him in the great day of judgment.

The Moors' veneration for "saints", past and present, is an important factor in their all-pervading religiousness. When any catastrophe threatens a Moor, he usually cries out, not to God, nor even to Mohammed, but to some saint. "Oh! Muley Absolem!" "Ya! Muley Idrees!" are the cries one hears; nor is this practice confined to the lower classes. The Sultan never takes a journey without visiting various shrines, making presents, and probably offering sacrifices. These shrines serve also as "cities of refuge", to which all classes of offenders flee, and are safe. The chief mosque of Fez has probably scores of refugees in it at the present time. Great numbers of Sheriffs, *i.e.*, descendants of Mohammed, are supported, mostly in idleness, from the rich gifts which flow into the coffers of these sacred spots.

Passing now to *present day* "saints", *these* are mostly idiots and harmless lunatics, who are allowed to wander at large, and are much respected, for it is thought that their minds have already ascended to God, and that a special blessing rests on them because they care not for such earthly things as dress, weather, &c. Indeed, several in Fez have become *so* holy that they go about the streets wholly unclothed!

The merchants and business people of Fez are a remarkable body of men. Each principal trade has its own street or district, numbering in some cases thousands of operatives. Here is a street full of slipper-sellers, and there nothing but Manchester goods; here are scores of cobblers, and there crowds of dyers, and so on. An interesting fact, in view of this exceptional energy for Morocco, is, that it is on record that, some generations ago, pressure was brought to bear upon the Jews then resident in Fez, and considerable numbers of them became Mohammedans. This statement is strengthened by the fact that many leading merchants still bear Jewish names, and features to correspond. When shall the love of Jesus, more potent influence than fear of man, turn hearts in multitudes to God?

Any description of the people of Fez would be incomplete without reference to the slaves, of whom there are many. The slave market, called by the Moors "The Market of Blessing", is held every Friday, the Moorish Sabbath, after mosque hours; and on the occasions when I have been present, only female slaves have been offered. The prices range from about six to twenty-five pounds each. The poor creature is led round the square by the auctioneer, who cries the bids, advancing a dollar each time. One lot was a black woman with quite a fair infant in her arms; and another poor creature was advertised as about to become a mother. But I must not dwell on this sad traffic; suffice it to say the slaves are brought from the Soudan, and many of them can hardly speak a word of Arabic. Some say their journey

here occupied a whole year. If they were only beasts, instead of human beings, their sufferings would still be pitiable.

Shall we not, dear friends, still pray and work, that Jesus Christ may be lifted up in dark Morocco, and draw all men unto Himself?

The Minister's Personal Equipment for his Work.

A PAPER READ BY PASTOR J. MCAUSLANE, CRAWLEY, AT THE SIXTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, APRIL 20TH, 1893.

WHAT is the work of the Christian ministry? Upon the answer to this question must depend the method of treatment demanded by our theme. Of recent years, the limits of the minister's outlook have widened, and the sphere of his work has enlarged. The diffusion of knowledge, the frequency of travel, and wider social intercourse, as they have quickened the pulses of the national life, have rendered every part more sensitive to change, more susceptible of outside influence, and more alive to all that is transpiring within her borders. This awaking has been met by some in the ministry with a paralyzing fear that the whole fabric of society was going to pieces; by others, with a stolid indifference that must surely betoken purblindness; and anon by some, who have widened their horizon to such an extent that, to define their necessary equipment, is a task for which I confess myself hopelessly incompetent.

Surely we have in the ordination vow of Him who was "a minister of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man," a sufficient summary of the work to which the minister of Jesus Christ is called,—to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. This, at least, is what we conceive should be the paramount consideration with a minister of Christ; and is a work, which, if faithfully performed, will react upon every department of individual and of public life; it will, more than Socialism, sweeten the life of the poor; and better than partizan politics, permeate the community with those principles of righteousness that are a nation's glory. In an age of specialists, when the worker desiring to attain success and fame in his department of science, literature, or art, must narrow his studies to that particular branch, it is surely a glaring anomaly that the Christian ministry should be alone in seeking to cover the whole field bearing in the remotest degree upon the well-being of man. Would it not be infinitely better to attain distinction as a specialist in winning souls to God than as a dabbler in uncertain panaceas for the ills of a lost and restless world? "I am sure my arguments for this duty will appear strongest at the last, when they shall be viewed in the hour of death, at the day of judgment, and, especially, in the light of eternity."*

* Baxter's *Reformed Pastor*.