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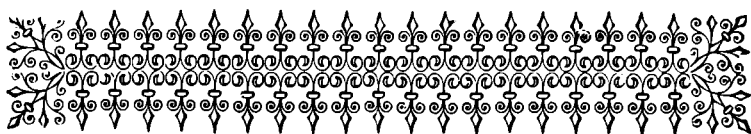
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THE

Sword and the Trowel.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

An Address to Sunday-school Teachers.

DELIVERED AT A PRAYER-MEETING AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

DEAR FRIENDS, the Sunday-school teachers, I hardly think that I need to tell you to-night how greatly we value your work, and how thankful we are to God for your holy zeal and Christian love. There are some of you who are our most continual helpers in the work of the Lord ; the very sight of your faces always gives me pleasure, because I remember how many of the dear children and young people you have brought to the Saviour's feet. Go on, brothers and sisters, with your sacred service, and the Lord be with you !

I should like you to think, however, not only of the benefit that you bestow on others by this holy work, but also of *the great good you yourselves receive by teaching*. Will you try, just for a moment, in order that you may be humbled by gratitude, to think how much you have gained by teaching others ? Speaking for myself, I can testify that I owe very much to the Sunday-school. I never was in a Sunday-school as a child ; but that was because my mother thought she could be a better teacher than anybody else, and so she taught me at home, and I think she did right. But after I knew the Lord, I soon became a great debtor to the Sunday-school, because it gave me an immediate and important field of labour, and it also helped very materially to prepare me for future service. I could not do much for my Lord at first ; but I thought that I could go and teach a class in the Sunday-school, and

More about Slaves in Morocco.

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

A WORD about the slaves concluded my last letter; may I continue it in this note, as I have just returned from the Fez Slave Market?

Picture to yourself an open, oblong, stone-paved yard, like a stable-yard at home. The buildings which surround it are dilapidated and dirty; low recesses are found on two of its sides; while to your left, corn, in heaps, is being offered for sale; on your right are ranged, irregularly, forty or fifty rich Moors, in beautiful clothing; and crowded in the far corner recess is a sad group of black-skinned but immortal souls, about to be bartered for silver.

As we enter, a small boy, about seven years of age, is being offered for sale, "Forty-five", "46", "47", "48", says the Arab auctioneer, as he leads him round, till fifty-one dollars are bidden for him. The poor little man is lame, and is crying silently; and our hearts weep, too, as we think,—Has he *no* friend in all the world to help him?—and what of his fate now should he get a cruel master?

Then a girl is led around, and seventy odd dollars are offered for her; then another, and another, till at last all have been put up, and have returned to sit sadly in their dark corner till the final bargaining is over, and the fate of each has been decided.

"It is reported," says my Moorish friend, "that when the English ambassador was here, he enquired about the slaves. Why was that?"

I try to explain our views of slavery. "Ah!" he replies, "the people here believe that the *real* reason was that, some time ago, when the English used to have slaves themselves, their slaves were working one day in a mountain seeking a very precious jewel (yarkoota-diamond), and at last one slave said, 'I have found it. They all cried, 'Give it up, then,' but he replied, 'No, I will only give it into the Queen's own hands.' So they brought the slave before her Majesty, and when he gave her the jewel, the Queen, who was very pleased, said to him, 'What reward do you ask?' The slave answered, 'that slavery may be abolished for ever.' So the Queen granted his request, and now there are no more slaves in England." It sounds to us a childish fable; but it seems a probable explanation to intelligent Moors. Might not the "Christian" powers, forgetting just for once the points on which they differ, and remembering this one on which they agree, *unitedly* request the Sultan to abolish slavery in his dominions? A month from the presentation of such a request would, I believe, see it granted, and one of the still-open markets for slaves abolished.

Slaves in Morocco are of two classes, those home-born, and those imported.

There is a slave girl of ten coming to Miss Copping every day to have her injured hand attended to. Her story is something like this. About two years ago, she was a happy free child, in a central African

village. Then one day a white man, an Arab, came to the village, and at eventide she and other little ones, with childlike curiosity, went to see him outside the village. He was at first very kind, and gave them sweetmeats; then, all on a sudden, he seized them, and pointing fire-arms at them, threatened to shoot them dead if they uttered a word. Thus he drove them from their home, loaded each with a bundle and a chain, and travelling only at night to avoid detection, the slave-gang, composed largely of young people, moved on slowly, the little girl thinks, for nearly a year, till at last she was sold for sixty dollars in the city of Fez. Who can contemplate unmoved the horrors of such an experience,—torn from her home, and brutally treated, and that by people of whose language she knew not a word? No wonder that now, sold into lifelong cruel slavery, she seems to hate everybody and everything, nor that, when seated among a crowd of patients, she occupied herself with exhausting her limited Arabic vocabulary in curses upon the heads of everybody present.



A HOUSE-SERVANT OF FEZ.

The other day, I saw a "domestic" slave scene in one of my patients' houses. An athletic young slave woman, apparently exasperated by somebody, rushed past me in the house, grasping a brickbat, with which to accomplish her revenge. The young master, a handsome Moorish lad of sixteen, interfered, and seizing the slave, tried to

take away the missile. The fine black woman passively but firmly resisted; the youth tugged and wrestled, tried to throw her down, or trip her up, or strangle her; but all in vain. The one-sided struggle lasted for some five minutes, when, after a word of unregarded warning, the slave, like a royal tigress, sprang on her tormentor. Then, cries of horror echoed through the house at such sacrilege as for a slave to touch her master's son; a rush was made, and the combatants separated; while from different rooms were brought coils of rope, evidently kept for the purpose, to bind the slave; and, as I left, the poor cowed slave stood with her face to the wall, trembling from head to foot, awaiting her master and her flogging.

But let me sketch another scene. Some little Moorish girls are listening to the Bible story of Naaman the Syrian. What think you interested them most? Was it the great captain, or the holy prophet? No, it was this; when Naaman was restored to health, *what did he do for the little slave girl?* Was he very kind to her after he was cured? Or did he even set her *free*? Ah! these children could realize what a terrible thing slavery is, and could think of no higher blessing than liberty for the little captive maid.

The Moors (following their prophet) have a dislike to using or hearing unpleasant words, so they never speak of the slave market as such, but call it "the market of blessing." Who will be practical, and come to the help of the Lord against the mighty, that this *sham* blessing may disappear, and the *real* blessing of the gospel may shine forth more fully in Morocco?

The Waiter also a Guest.

I ONCE learnt something in a way one does not often get a lesson. I felt at that time very weary, and very sad, and very heavy at heart; and I began to doubt in my own heart whether I really enjoyed the things which I preached to others. It seemed to be a dreadful thing for me to be only a waiter, and not a guest, at the gospel feast. I went to a certain country town, and on the Sabbath day went into a Methodist chapel. There was a man preaching, who was an engineer. He read the Scriptures, and prayed, and preached. The tears flowed freely from my eyes; I was moved to the deepest emotion by every sentence of the sermon, and I felt all my difficulty removed, for the gospel, I saw, was very dear to me, and had a wonderful effect upon my own mind. I went to the preacher, and said, "I thank you very much for that sermon." He asked me who I was, and when I told him, he looked as red as possible, and he said, "Why, it was one of your sermons that I preached this morning!" "Yes," I said, "I know it was; but that was the very message that I wanted to hear, because I then saw that I did enjoy the very word I myself preached." It was happily so arranged in the good providence of God. Had it been his own sermon, it would not have answered the purpose nearly so well as when it turned out to be one of mine.

C. H. SPURGEON.