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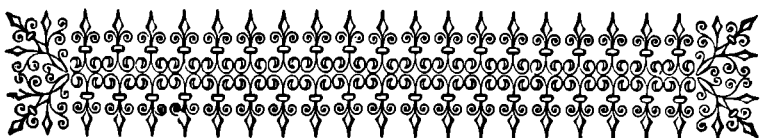
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THE

Sword and the Trowel.

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

Jesus—Saviour.

UNPUBLISHED NOTES OF A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON, DELIVERED IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS, BELFAST, IN AUGUST, 1858 (WHEN ABOUT 7,000 PERSONS WERE PRESENT).

REPORTED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

"Thou shalt call His name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matthew i. 21.

THE person of the Lord Jesus is exceedingly precious to all believers. So great is their estimation of Him, that everything concerning Him is interesting in their view. To them, all His "garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces." There is not a spot where His foot has trodden, nor a thing which His hand has touched, nor a word which His lips have spoken, which is not consecrated to every true Christian, from the very fact that it has had a connection with Him. Words that were ordinary words before, become silvery words when applied to Him. Talk of a shepherd, and there is lovely pastoral beauty; but talk of the GOOD SHEPHERD, and there is a marvellous and incomparable richness of beauty. Speak of a prophet, a priest, or a king, and these titles are suggestive; but speak of Jesus, the PRIEST, the PROPHET, the KING, and there is a fulness in each of these words that we never saw before. The very words that were rich as silver, become like fine gold when applied to Christ. Sweet is that word "friend"; but sweeter far is that "FRIEND that sticketh closer than a brother." The name "husband" is golden; but oh! far more

Tidings from Dr. Churcher.

It is now more than two months since I left London for North Africa; not, this time, for Morocco, where I had before laboured for some eight years, but for Tunisia, to break up new ground, if God will, in the district of Sousse.

I was, naturally, sorry to leave Morocco; but could not help feeling grateful to God that the state of things there was so different from what it was when I went out first. Then, there were only three points of gospel light; now, there are nine towns occupied. Then, there was no medical missionary; now, there are six qualified practitioners, and several other missionaries are also doing good medical work. Tangier alone has to-day more missionaries than were found then in the whole empire. Thank God, His work grows; may it still increase, for there is yet great need in Morocco! But my star guides at present to Tunisia; so thither let us follow.

THE JOURNEY

out was almost without incident, save that we did *not* enjoy being kept four hours tossing about outside Dieppe harbour waiting for the tide. In Paris, I had the pleasure of addressing a gospel meeting through an interpreter. Then came the long run to Marseilles. The steam-boat journey we rather dreaded, as we intended to go third class. Happily, the weather was fine, the company pleasant, and the wife and bairns had the ladies' department all to themselves, while I was able to give away a Gospel or two, and speak a word to some native passengers.

TUNIS

being reached, and quarters secured, I was glad to see patients for a couple of days for the medical missionary there, who happened just then to be laid aside. Then, after a few days, leaving my family behind, I obtained the company and assistance of a good French friend, and took the afternoon steamer for

SOUSSE,

which we reached next morning. This is not a big place (16,000 souls), but it is growing; and, moreover, it is the port for a very fertile district, containing many olive trees, and 170,000 *souls without one Protestant missionary*. On arrival, we set about house-hunting; and found but one, but then *one* was all we needed. It was ready for occupation, and we were ready also; so within a week we were in possession. It is in every way suitable, and for it we thank our God. A good deal of time was at first taken up in getting straight. Strangers in a strange land have to do strange things; and, as many of our goods arrived more or less smashed, glueing and hammering took the place of preaching and practising.

The Medical Mission will (D.V.) occupy three good rooms on the ground floor of our house, as waiting-room, consulting-room, and dispensary. These took time to get ready; but when at last I thought we could commence, the local authorities made difficulties, and we had

to apply for a special permit. We must needs wait patiently for this, and we are waiting still ; but, in God's ways,—

“They also serve who only stand and wait,”

so, meanwhile, I have been busy with language and other things, and, while waiting and working, the way has been clearing.

Since coming here, I have been interested by meeting two professed

CONVERTS FROM ISLAM.

The first was a convert to *surface Christianity*. I met him on the steamer coming down. His clothes and face spoke of Mohammed ; his manners and customs, of France ; his lips, of sin. He sat at table with head uncovered, spoke French fluently, and drank wine freely ; but when he found we were missionaries, he dubbed us “English Salvation Army,” railed at our work, cursed all religions in succession, boasted openly that *he* practised the sins of Sodom, and roundly charged with these same crimes both the converts to Christianity and missionaries themselves. While listening, sadly, to the torrent of his abuse, and looking at his polished exterior, I was forcibly impressed with the impotence of superficial things to produce real Christianity.

The other convert from Islam had gone over to Romanism. On being accosted in the street, one day, and asked for employment, I looked up to see a well-dressed Mohammedan young man of perhaps eighteen years. I afterwards saw him at my house, and found him open, and apparently fond of Christians ; he had even been to Paris on a visit, and was anxious, so he said, to become a Christian altogether, and put on Christian clothes, the *clothes* bulking largely in *his* idea of the essentials of Christianity. I read and prayed with him on several occasions, but found him woefully ignorant. One day, he crossed himself carefully, and told me that he also went to confession at the Romish Church. When he said *this*, I understood where he was. I had previously given him the gospel, and I may see him again ; but how sad it seems to think of this young life, coming out of one form of darkness, yet passing into another almost or quite as intense !

I heartily thank all dear friends who share our work by sustaining the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and ask a continued place in their prayers.

THOS. G. CHURCHER.

Dr. A. J. Gordon on Worldliness in the Church.

THE Baptist Tract and Book Society has laid the whole Church of Christ under deep obligation by the publication in England of Dr. A. J. Gordon's spiritual autobiography.* No more timely book could possibly be issued than the one which contains, as Dr. Pierson says, “the striking narrative which was the last product of Dr. Gordon's gifted pen, and which forms the last legacy of this holy man and prince among preachers to the church of his generation.” If the beloved Boston pastor's dream, which was much more than a mere dream, could be studied and rightly

* *How Christ came to Church. The Pastor's Dream. A Spiritual Autobiography.* By A. J. GORDON, D.D. With *The Life-story, and the Dream as Interpreting the Man.* By A. T. PIERSON, D.D. Baptist Tract and Book Society. Price 3s. 6d.