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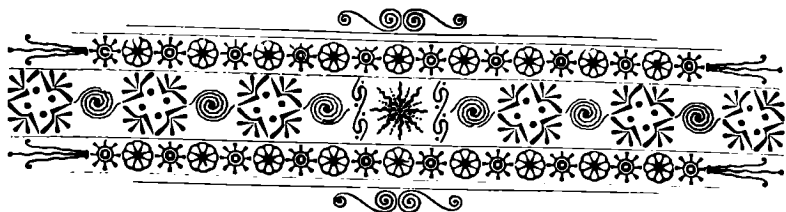
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THE

Sword and the Trowel.

JANUARY, 1896.

Lessons from Mount Nebo.

AN UNPUBLISHED SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON, DELIVERED AT NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK, ON A LORD'S-DAY EVENING IN 1855. FORWARDED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.*

"And the LORD spake unto Moses that selfsame day, saying, Get thee up into this mountain Abarim, unto mount Nebo, which is in the land of Moab, that is over against Jericho; and behold the land of Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel for a possession: and die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people."—Deuteronomy xxxii. 48—50.

THERE is no spot in the Holy Land that is not full of marvellous interest. There walked the feet of our Divine Redeemer; there the great events which preceded and succeeded the declaration of the gospel had their arena. In Jewish history, methinks, Mount Nebo must have been one of the most notable spots. It stood just as a boundary mountain between the people in the wilderness and the people settled in Canaan. It was when the children of Israel reached this mountain, and when their leader had climbed to its summit, and

* Is it not most appropriate that this sermon by Mr. Spurgeon should appear in "his own Magazine" for the first time, and that without any human plan or design, on the anniversary of the month in which *he* also ascended into the mount Nebo? The beatific vision he so graphically described in the year 1855, may he not really have been seeing it during the ever-memorable month of January, 1892,—the month at the close of which he was privileged to enter into the Promised Land, and to join in the anthem sung by the heavenly choristers, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever"? When, dear reader, shall *we* be among them?—T. W. M.

women are being reached by the workers of the North Africa Mission, but hundreds of thousands have not heard the gospel story even once.† *They must be evangelized.* The few men-converts, fearing certain persecution and possible death, shrink from declaring their allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ; and it may come to pass that some of the first and truest witnesses shall come from the ranks of these despised women. Does not history often repeat itself? We know that it was—

“Not she with trait’rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave.”

† *Women* are needed to work amongst these women. The “new woman”? No; the *renewed* woman. Not masculine women, but women who can love the souls of sinning women, care for the bodies of sick women, work in the homes of dirty women. Such women may lift “the earth-crushed heart to hope and Heaven.”

Money is needed for the support of workers, for rents, medicines, food, travelling expenses, and a thousand other things, without which work cannot be done either in England or in Africa.*

Prayer—much prayer—increasing prayer is needed, that workers may be God-sent and God-filled, that money may be rightly used, that the hearts of the hearers may be as prepared ground for the reception of the good seed of the kingdom. Will not *you*, dear reader, give yourself to prayer for the women of Morocco, and if you can, give yourself also to service for the Lord Jesus Christ in this sin and sorrow-stricken country?

Good Tidings from Tunisia.

IN *The Sword and the Trowel* for November, 1895, when telling of the need of a shelter for country patients, I ventured to say,—

“In some way or other, the Lord will provide ”

I must now quote, slightly altered, another line of the hymn, and say,

“And in His own right way, the Lord *did* provide.”

for one morning there came a note saying, “I have seen your letter in the *Sword and Trowel*, and enclose a cheque for £20 for this service.” Our good friend suggested a wooden erection, but then the question arose,—“Where could we put it?” Land was, apparently, not to be had. However, after a time, I came upon a wooden shed, all ready, in a small garden near my house. I enquired, found that it was both suitable and vacant, saw the proprietor, and to-day I have hired

† * Contributions towards the Pastors’ College Missionary Association, which supports Mr. Patrick and Dr. Churcher, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, from whom collecting boxes can also be obtained by friends willing to help the Mission.

garden and shed for the winter. Years ago, it was a drinking shop ; may it now become indeed a Bethel !

Another pressing need was help in the dispensary ; this, too, has been happily supplied. Two lady-missionaries have joined us, one relieving my wife, and dispensing both the medicines and the gospel to the people, while the other gives her strength entirely to spiritual work among those who are waiting.

We are specially grateful, this month, for the Lord's tender mercies in time of sickness. Our helper and our oldest child had been laid aside for weeks with Malta fever ; then, overworked and worn-out, Mrs. Churcher broke down also. At this juncture, our gracious God sent us, unexpectedly, valuable, or rather, *invaluable* assistance, by the arrival of two friends from Tunis, who most lovingly helped us.

In seasons of sickness, I sometimes think that we are like a party of travellers, in a punt on a wide river, slowly propelling the boat up stream against a strong current. One slips, and falls overboard ; and in an instant all is excitement to try to get him into the boat again ; and, at such times, it is often as much as one can do just to hold on desperately somewhere, to save the whole party from being swept away down stream, losing time, and making no progress, except in the Irishman's sense—backward.

Speaking of the fever, our native servant earnestly proposed " a certain and immediate cure " for it. It was, that we should get a dog, and cook it ; the patient should then make a vapour bath of the steam, and eat the flesh of the animal ;—but it was all no good, for, somehow, the lady refused to try it !

I have had some good times during the month, both at the services and occasionally speaking to individuals. The missionaries who have joined me have also expressed their surprise at the interest shown by the people ; but oh, the ignorance, the darkness of these poor souls ! They seem to be like a blind patient I had, the other day. She sat with the glorious sunlight streaming into her eyes, and yet exclaimed, "*It's all night ! It's all night !*" Will you not, dear friends, pray down a blessing upon these poor blinded, benighted souls ?

Since the rains began, this month, on three days the number of patients was small. I thought the people were afraid of getting wet ; but someone explained to me the reason of their absence. " Has not God given them rain ? Of course, they have all gone to plough their land, and sow their seed." Till now, the summered earth has been baked hard as iron. A little later, and the season for sowing will be over ; small wonder, then, that they should put aside even the thought of health, to plough and to sow. Till lately, the gospel field of Northern Africa has also been hard as iron ; but now, times have changed, and ploughing and sowing at least can be done. Our Lord Jesus said, "*I must work.*" Shall not we say the same, for who can tell how soon our sowing season may be past for ever ?

Notwithstanding the one or two poor attendances, we registered 441 *new* patients and 590 total visits during November, for which and all other blessings we gratefully cry, " Hallelujah ! "

Soussa, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.