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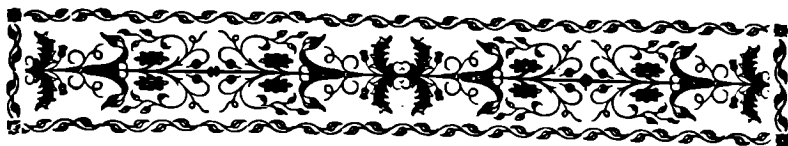
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THE
Sword and the Trowel.

JUNE, 1896.

Antidotes ; or, Lessons from the First Report of
the Christian Church.

BEING AN ADDRESS DELIVERED ON APRIL 21, 1896,

AT THE

NINTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL
ASSOCIATION,

BY THE PRESIDENT, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.



Y beloved Brethren,—Many thanks for your most hearty welcome. We have a good and gracious custom amongst us as we close our Conference; I refer to the linking of our hands about the table of the Lord. I have no sort of doubt that the linking of the hands means with each of us the gripping of the heart. But I am not prepared to wait for the latter at least, till the end of the Conference. If we link both hands and hearts just as we separate, let us with God's help link hearts as we begin. For there is great need of unity. It has been written by a great historian concerning the French Revolution that, when the tumult in poor France was growing shrill, Danton stood amongst his fellows, and cried, "Peace, oh, peace with one another! Are we not alone against the world,—a little band of brothers?" O beloved, if there was need for him so to speak to such a people at such a crisis, there is need also for us to rally to the standard, and to press forward to fill the gaps, for are we not alone against the world, *and the devil*,—that is more than Danton could say,—while alas! even a portion of the

Thee, my Lord ; my very love to Thee is only the outflowing of the love which Thou hast poured into my heart.

“ I love Thee, Lord, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give ;
I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy love I live.”

Oh, this is a miracle of grace, that Christ extracts spikenard from me ! There is a place near Paris that is celebrated for the manufacture of otto of roses ; it is also a sewage farm ! And despite my corruptions, my misery, my inbred sin, and despite my sins against light and knowledge since Christ made me His, from the sewage of my corruptions He extracts, not “ my ” but “ His ” spikenard ; yet I may call it mine, for he has made it mine through His infinite love.

“ While the King sat at his table, my spikenard sent forth its fragrance.” So Christ’s presence draws forth our graces ; if there is any love, He will extract it. As the breeze blows on the flowers, and rings their merry bells till they toll their perfume out,—as the dew falls on aromatic shrubs, and brings forth their fragrance,—so the presence of Jesus at His table brings forth from His people repentance, faith, love, thanksgiving, and devotion.

“ While at His table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing ;
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe like spikenard round the room.”

While He is at His table, let your spices flow, let the sweet savour of your spikenard rise,—all for Him. He, too, has something for us ; now that we have the ear of the King, let us ask for that we most require. I know not what your prayer may be ; I ask for holiness, likeness to Jesus.

“ I ask this gift of Thee, a life all lily fair
And fragrant as the place where seraphs are.”

The Lord hear my prayer, and fulfil your heart’s desire ! Amen.

The communion followed, closing with the Scotch version of Psalm cxxii., sung, as usual, by the whole assembly standing with hands linked.

At the farewell dinner, Pastor Thomas Greenwood, the Remembrancer, reported that 158 brethren had contributed or collected £255 17s. 7d. towards the College funds during the year ; hearty thanks were voted to the Hospitality Committee, for whom Mr. Charlesworth responded ; and after cheers for the various members of the beloved Spurgeon family, the Conference was brought to a fitting finale with the Doxology and the Benediction.

Medical Mission Work in Tunisia.

MY last letter to *The Sword and the Trowel* was lost in the post, and never reached its destination. When the news came to me, a day or two ago, at first I felt sorry ; but recollecting the text which begins, “ All things work together for good,” I rejoiced that, though the *report* of the work be lost, the service of which it told can never really be lost if done for God.

Leaving March, then, and turning to April, I find that this has been the busiest month, in a medical missionary sense, that I have had since coming to Sousse. 768 visits have been paid me, 675 *new* patients being entered. I am sorry to say that not a few persons have had to be turned away, as I find that, as at present situated, I cannot attend properly to more than 50 cases in one day ; and I have been obliged also to raise the charge for admission, in order to avoid a small riot outside my house on medical mission

mornings, and to prevent my being voted a public nuisance by my French neighbours. To the poor, I still try to give free advice and medicine; but where truth is not considered, and dirt and rags are almost fashionable, who can be certain of distinguishing the poor from the rich? The small fees which the people pay, mount up, and materially lighten the burden of the drug account, which otherwise would have been crushingly heavy. I do not think that making a charge hinders the work spiritually. Some of the patients almost think the preaching is part of the medical treatment. Of the *real* treatment, indeed it is, for we often tell them, "We try to doctor your bodies, but Jesus is the *only* Physician for your sin-sick souls." We are thankful that the people generally have hearing ears, and our prayer now is, that they may have understanding and receptive hearts.

Two men have been staying with me this month; from one of them I removed a tumour, from which he had suffered for 20 years; beside being really grateful, they both seemed to be hopeful cases spiritually.

The old woman, whose son died, we believe, trusting Jesus, calling upon us this month said, "I take the Book" (the Gospel), "and lay it down before me, and say, 'O Lord, I know I am very ignorant, I can't read; but my boy died trusting in this Book, and I trust it!'" and at night I always sleep with it under my head." So few who come to us can read, that I was glad when a friend this month sent me a packet of those little *books without words*, but with black, red, white, and golden pages. I passed them round this morning at service, asking the people to follow me in turning to the different pages as I explained their meaning. I was moved with pity to see how many did not even seem to know how to *hold* a book, or to turn over a page; probably they had never had a book in their hands before. Yet are they not our brothers and sisters, those whom God loves, and for whom Christ died?

A friend writes to me, suggesting that I should appeal for fellow-workers; but have we not our Lord's command to "Go"? The need and future of the unsaved, are they not before our eyes? Surely, if we hear not the voice of Jesus, and the sad wail of the people's terrible need, neither should we be persuaded to help, though to voice an appeal one rose from the dead.

The ground where our *baraka* stands is for sale for building purposes. We have been very thankful for this shed, and are hoping now that the Lord will give us other and even more suitable premises. 589 nights' lodging during April is beyond its power of healthy accommodation. One night last week, our servant came in looking very serious. The place was packed with family parties inside, the single men had intended to sleep outside. This arrangement would have worked all right; but, after dark, an unexpected fall of rain occurred, then those outside clamoured for entrance, and those inside forcibly resisted; thus a quarrel began, and the servant came for me. We got over the difficulty, however, by inviting the outsiders to come and sleep in our house, notwithstanding the warning of a French missionary brother, given us when we came here not 12 months ago:—"Be on your guard," said he, "against the Arabs; you are going to live outside the town; have some guns, and keep a good fierce watch-dog or two, for you are not unlikely to have natives taking sly shots at you during the night, across your garden wall." Yet here we were, in the darkness, welcoming a company of these same Arabs, utter strangers to us, into our house to sleep, all parties happy to have it so, and none thinking the circumstances strange.

We have been cheered, this month, by the arrival of a large barrel filled with good things from friends in England. Bandages and bottles, garments and groceries, pleased everybody, and in the near future will help many.

The dispensary work is ably performed by devoted missionary ladies of the North Africa Mission, who labour with me in the gospel here; but it

presses rather heavily both upon their time and strength, and I have been wondering whether the Lord has someone, somewhere, whom He will send us here as dispenser. One whose native language is Arabic would seem specially suited. Such an one could relieve me much, free the lady missionaries for more spiritual work, and himself do much faithful direct work for God among the patients. If the Lord found us such a worker, what individual, Society, or Sunday-school, would find, say, the sixteen shillings per week which would cover his support? I know these are difficulties, but I know that with God are no difficulties.

Sousse, Tunisia, N. Africa.

T. GILLARD CHURCHER.

"Him—There!"

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

Suggested by the Conference Sermon, preached by
Pastor Archibald G. Brown.

COME, see a sight most marvellous!—a bush
That burns with fire!—and in thy heart's calm hush
Behold thy God,—the holy, great, and fair,—
Expire upon a cross,—behold "*HIM there!*"

O climax of surprising tragedy! that He,
Who calls the starry flock by name, should be
So bruised and crushed! that He, before whose throne
Heaven's hosts salute, hangs naked and alone!

Delirium of sin! All hell gone mad
Against God's Son, in deicide made glad!
The breaking up of goodness with a clash!
Behold "*HIM there,*" amid creation's crash!

"*HIM there!*" fully to vindicate the law
Of righteousness, which Heaven could not withdraw.
Necessity was laid upon His heart:
If He would pardon us, His soul must smart.

Triumph of love! Love was the mighty nail
That held "*HIM there.*" The enemy might rail,
And howl, and yell, and scream; but love held on,
And *there*, amid earth's hate, its triumph won.

"*HIM there!*" and lo, I see another there,
One "crucified with Christ," and made to share
His shame and death,—identified with Him,
Myself I see, with weeping eye and dim.

And shall I pick and choose my place, and care
For ease or praise, when I behold "*HIM there*"?
And shall I doubt of any spot where sin
Is wildest? Even *there*, His cross comes in.

Oh, awful gloom of Calvary! But see!
From the dark scabbard-cloud with glee
A flash leaps forth, and on that cross I read
This word, "*THE KING!*" It shall be so indeed!

"*HIM there!*" where Jew and Gentile oneness own,
And Magdalene and John;—His cross—a throne
Shall be redemption's centre, bright and fair,
Thrice happy day, when we shall see "*HIM there!*"