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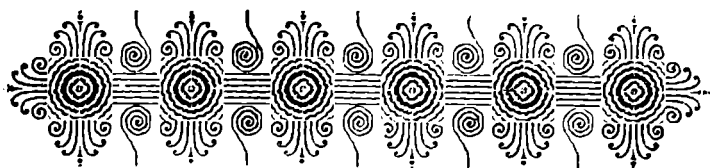
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THE
Sword and the Tromel.

JULY, 1901.

Inward Fears.

A SERMON, PREACHED AT BRIGHTON, MORE THAN 40 YEARS AGO,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Within were fears."—2 Corinthians vii. 5.

IT is my desire to address myself, to-night, mainly to those who are seekers after that "peace of God, which passeth all understanding,"—those who were before careless, but who have been rendered thoughtful, who are no longer loving this world and the things thereof, and sitting down content therewith, but wanting something better, something more satisfactory to their immortal souls. Whilst I shall endeavour to speak to their comfort, I pray that God the Holy Spirit, the Comforter of His people, may bring home the truth of the Lord Jesus to their consciences, and give them "joy and peace in believing."

My text is rather the motto of my sermon than the actual text of it. The whole verse runs thus, "For, when we were come into Macedonia, our flesh had no rest, but we were troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears." The last three words, "*within were fears,*" are to furnish the theme for my discourse.

The apostle would have cared very little concerning the "fightings" without, if it had not been for the "fears" within. The sailor will tell us that he has less fear of an ocean full of water without, than he has of the smallest quantity within, when the ship has sprung a leak. So is it with the convinced and awakened sinner,—all the persecution which he could possibly meet with, from the enemies of Christ, would be very little to him, if it were not for the internal fear lest he should not be "found in Christ." Neither the stake, the gibbet, nor the rack, could keep back a seeking soul from Christ. There is a thirst

upheaval, the Nonconformists proved what mettle the descendants of the persecuted were possessed of. A great concourse of ministers, all clad in black cloaks, waited on the King to congratulate him. "What have we here?" asked a nobleman; "a funeral?" Our friend, the redoubtable Bradbury, replied, "No, my lord; a resurrection." Dear Dr. Williams, dear for his services, and endeared in his old age by the charm of his life, headed the deputation. He lived long enough to see the rebellion crushed, and to know that, through it all, the Three Denominations, as they are called, had stood firm, and contended vigorously for the Protestant Succession. Now he, too, has passed away, dying in the January of this year, 1716; and thus another of the great worthies, who went through the days of the Revolution, has gone from us.

Dr. Williams was a man of extraordinary learning, and was well endowed for the carrying out of great designs. He founded a Library, in Red Cross Street, and Divinity Scholarships, which are likely to prove a great boon to succeeding generations of students. Dr. Williams followed the famous Richard Baxter as lecturer in Pinner's Hall. On the dark day in January, when Dr. Williams was laid to rest in Bunhill Fields, the public mind was full of the fate of the rebel lords, but a vast concourse of people assembled to do honour to the memory of the man who, through so many stormy years, both in Dublin and in the capital, had so bravely fought the battle of religious freedom, and had so forcibly expounded Divine Truth.

There are so many dangerous doctrinal tendencies developing, now that the great struggle against arbitrary government is over; otherwise, we might hopefully look to the churches to turn their energies to the evangelization of the population, so deeply steeped in ignorance and crime. Oh, that not only scholars and poets may adorn the churches, but that the order of evangelists may be revived, so that the poor may again have the Gospel preached unto them, and that the people who walk in darkness may see a great light!

Arabic Ailments and their Treatment.

THE founder of Islam mentions a charm or spell to cure a jaundiced eye, so, among his 400 ignorant followers, who came to us last month, it is no wonder that we met with some who had very strange ideas.

A respectable man assured me that, suffering from a pain in his stomach, he had been under treatment by a native doctor (a lady), and that, in her efforts to cure the pain, she had drawn out, through his skin, seventeen finger-nails, beside other things!

"I am a beggar," said one in rags, "and I want you to give me some advice about what I am to eat."

Another had been to several physicians, and still was deaf; but when we had taken curious black masses from his ears, he rejoiced greatly, and ceased then to wonder at his former deafness. So is it with their spiritual diseases; as you come to know Moslem history and superstition, you cease to wonder either at them or their unbelief.

"Come and talk to this man," said an Arab as I passed along; "*he* wants to hear what Jesus has done." Ah! that is a request we should

be glad to hear more often; that we may not so much change their religion, as give them a religion which will change them.

When in England, lately, I described the cactus bushes here as being of great height; but on my return, I was sorry to find that I was wrong in my idea concerning them; they gave one the impression of greatness because they were planted on high embankments. How like myself, I thought! How much we owe to grace and Christian training! Born among Moslems, should we have been any better than they are?

"May I drink milk?" asked an emaciated patient, the other day. "Yes, certainly," I hastened to reply. "But we haven't got any," said the man. It must be given to him if he was to have it; so, too, "the sincere milk of the Word" must be given to these people ere they can drink and live. Hence the need for all of us to follow, as closely as we can, our great Exemplar, of whom it is written that He went about all the cities and villages, teaching, and preaching, and healing.

Soussa, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

Brother T. L. Johnson.

THE happy face of BROTHER THOMAS L. JOHNSON must be familiar to

a large number of our readers, and we expect that many of them are aware that efforts are being made to provide the means of maintenance for himself and his wife now that he is able only very occasionally to conduct the evangelistic missions in which he has delighted to engage since he was obliged to return from Africa. We are sorry to learn that, thus far, only about one-fourth of the sum aimed at has been secured, so further efforts are necessary. It appears that some friends have objected to the plan of purchasing an annuity; so, in order to meet their wishes, it has been decided to accept annual subscriptions, or

donations from any who prefer not to give year by year. Contributions will be gratefully received by Miss Bluett, 271, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, London, S.W.; Mrs. Hind Smith, Hayward's Heath, Sussex; or Mrs. Richardson, Moyallon House, Gilford, County Down, Ireland.

The following brief summary of our brother's life and work compiled for the appeal, on his behalf, which was issued with hearty recommendations from Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Mr. R. C. Morgan (of *The Christian*), Mr. W. Hind Smith, and Mr. H. W. Maynard (Director of the Union Castle Steamship Company):—

"Thomas L. Johnson was born in slavery, of African parentage, in Virginia, in 1836; and continued in slavery till, at the close of the war between North and South, President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation, on January 1st, 1863, finally abolished slavery throughout America. During this period, he had, by great perseverance, and in the face of many difficulties, taught himself to read and write; and in 1857, while still a slave to man, was savingly converted, and finding Christ as his Saviour, thus obtained his spiritual freedom. He was baptized, and joined a Baptist church. At the conclusion of the war, he went to New

