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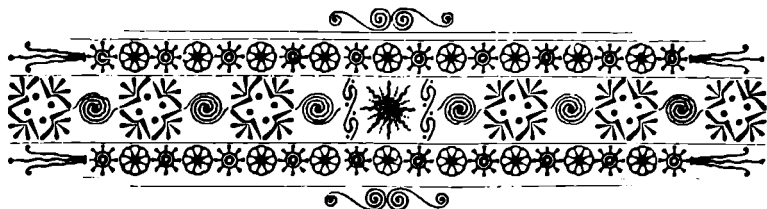
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THE

Sword and the Trowel.

OCTOBER, 1901.

"We have Seen the Lord."

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

"The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord."
—John xx. 25.

WE may generally form a correct estimate of the tone of a man's religion from that which is its leading thought; and if the leading thought of a man's religion be Christ, we shall not be very far from the mark if we say that his religion will be truthful, and healthy, and sound, and, we hope, vigorous.

There are some good people, (we would not judge them severely,) whose main thought in religion is doctrine. With them, "contending earnestly for the faith" seems to be their most prominent employment; and they have so exaggerated the apostle's words, that they "contend" bitterly and ferociously, "for the faith," till I have known some of them, who seem to carry out, to the full, the reverse of the text, "See that ye love one another," for they "hate one another with a pure heart fervently;"—as "fervent" as you can suppose hatred to be, will these theologians make it. You will see that, while it is a good thing to love the truth, and to fight for it, there is always the danger of acquiring a narrow spirit, and getting bitter and bigoted, if doctrine becomes the main thought.

Others, I have known, make experience the main thing about which they talk. Frames and feelings,—their depravity,—their enjoyments,—they look to these things, rather than to Christ. Now, it is a good thing to be looking to the work within, for, if there be no spiritual

The Converted Bottles.

THE CONVERTED BOTTLES



AMONG Arabs, bottles are few and poor. Those which they brought to the Sousse Medical Mission were often broken, generally oily, and mostly *very* dirty. What *was* to be done? To use such things, would be to spoil the medicines entirely. The Tabernacle friends—foremost amongst them dear Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon,—gathered up medicine bottles, washed them even with their own hands, and packing them in old linen, sent them out to our help. This loving personal service is much and constantly appreciated; yet what are they among so many?

Then, patients coming perhaps a hundred miles need more medicine than an ordinary sized doctor's bottle will hold. Hence it was that we began to buy up old wine and spirit bottles till our back yard had an appearance very unbecoming to a missionary. Having cleansed them thoroughly, we thought it a pity that they should not bear the Name of their new Master as they had formerly borne the name of their old masters. Accord-

ingly, a friend prepared a label which has on it in Arabic the following words:—

There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all;—for the Saviour His own self bare our sins in His own body upon the tree, that we, having died unto sin, might live unto righteousness; by whose stripes ye were healed.

We have not kept an exact account of numbers; but, roughly, we are within the mark when we say that at least *ten thousand of these black*

and white Gospel messengers have now gone forth into almost every nook and corner of this land; and we have many proofs that the texts are read and understood.

As the people pay for each of the bottles, and value them much, especially for carrying their olive oil, these words of Gospel truth remain daily before their eyes for a long time. Will you, dear reader, join us in watering this good seed with your prayers that the tens of thousands of poor, dark Mohammedans, who see the Word of God on these "converted" bottles, may, by grace Divine, be made to look to Jesus Christ, and live?

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

Fables for the Faithful.

BY JAMES F. TAVINER, B.A., WITHINGTON, MANCHESTER.

I.—THE GREAT ASS.

IN all the farmyard, there was no creature so important as the ass. For, although the cows gave the milk, and the hens laid the eggs, and the kitchen-garden yielded the vegetables, it was always the ass who carried them to market for the farmer's wife, and who came in for a good feed when the things were sold. Certainly, the ass was a very useful animal, and greatly valued by the mistress, who looked upon it as a kind of partner in the concern.

But it came to pass, in process of time, that the other creatures in the farmyard multiplied and overran the place, so that the ass, who was allowed to roam where it pleased, could scarcely discover a corner of the meadow where the cows had not browsed, or draw near to the pond without finding it thronged with a fiercely quacking host of ducks, or stroll across the yard without being annoyed by a scurrying flock of poultry.

Therefore the ass began to be greatly troubled; and, arguing according to the logic of an ass, it said within itself, "Surely, this place will soon become too strait for me. By-and-by my mistress will say, 'There is no room for the ass; come, let us rid ourselves of him, and make the other creatures carry their own produce to the market.' " And since he was very proud, as indeed are all the asses, he could not endure the thought of such humiliation. Had he not been an ass, he might have seen that, the more the farmyard grew, the better it would be for him. But so it was he reasoned, and he bethought himself what he would do.

Now it so happened that, not far from the farm, there dwelt a horse of famous breed. He drew a carriage in which there often sat men of high degree, and ladies who were passing fair. He also wore harness which glistened as he moved, and as he ran, his step was as the gait of one polluted by contact with the road. Often, when this imperious creature passed the farmyard, the cows looked over the hedge with an exasperating expression of indifference; if they happened to be wandering along the road, they would stand in the middle of it, so that the proud horse had to draw on one side in order to get by. Moreover, the hens and the ducks, although they could not so effectually bar the way, derided him as he passed, and clamoured at him in disdain until he was out of hearing.

But the ass had looked over the gate, and yearned within himself to be even as this horse. And he said, "This will I do, I will practise to be like the horse, and then I will join myself to him in the carriage, and show my contempt for the farmyard and its inmates as we drive past."