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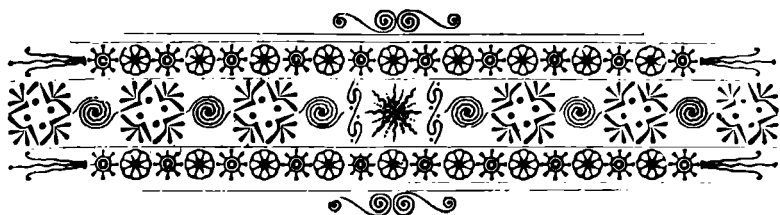
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THE

Sword and the Trowel.

APRIL, 1902.

An Address to Converts.

DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"For Thou, O God, hast proved us: Thou hast tried us, as silver is tried."—Psalm lvi. 10.



It is a good thing for those of us, who have long known the Lord, to have such an opportunity as this of meeting you who have but recently been brought to Christ. We are apt to get into certain grooves; and, worse than that, we are liable to lose the freshness and force of our early love to the Saviour, so it is a blessing to us to have an infusion of new life through the introduction into our midst of those who have been lately born again through the effectual working of the Holy Spirit. On coming back to my work, after a necessary season of rest, I am inexpressibly glad to learn that the Lord has been calling so many, by His grace, out of nature's darkness, into His marvellous light.

Very heartily do I thank you, my brothers and sisters, who have been working for Christ during the special services. Verily, I say unto you, you have your reward in these friends whom you have been enabled to lead to the Saviour; and as for you who have been brought to Christ during the mission, I do indeed rejoice over you with exceeding great joy. I feel that you new converts come into the church as a kind of compensation to those of us who watch for souls, as those that must give account, and who are often overwhelmed with grief because of those who fall into sin, and who go out from us because they are not really of us. It is heartbreaking work to hear of one and another, who certainly knew better, and about whom we felt that, whoever went astray, they would not be likely to do so,—I say that it is heartbreaking work for us to hear of them saying and doing that which brings dishonour upon the

Corn-grinding in North Africa.



OUR illustration shows a village woman in North Africa at the common task of grinding her little heap of corn for her daily bread. Such was probably the grinding Job referred to, when he cried in the bitterness of his spirit, "Then let my wife grind unto another;" and such was the famous upper millstone (see the Revised Version) which a certain woman dropped so crushingly on the head of Abimelech.

Two women may often be seen grinding at the mill, and "the voice of a millstone" and "the sound of the grinding" are common sounds in each village of North Africa; but if the Lord Jesus came now, to call His own, would one be taken and the other

left? I fear that almost all would be left; for, in another sense, they have been left by Christians,—left to perish in the dark, as one of them said to me, "I sit on the ground, and eat on it, and sleep on it; and soon, they'll scrape a hole in it, and put me in"

May this little picture stir the Christ-love in many hearts to think, and pray, and give, so that, for tens of thousands of such women in Northern Africa, the Word may soon go forth, "Let there be light to those that now sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death"!

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

"Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord."—Psalm xxxiv. 11.

Hidden Treasure.

A PARABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

IT was the middle of a bright June day. Everything out of doors looked fresh and beautiful, but the brickpaved kitchen of the Hillside Farm seemed to be full of gloom. A scanty meal was spread upon the large, deal table, but it remained untouched. The farmer's wife moved aimlessly to window or to door, as though she would seek help from without if she only knew where to find it. But her husband kept his seat, moodily scanning a letter which lay before him. It was easy to see that this was the source or the climax of his trouble.