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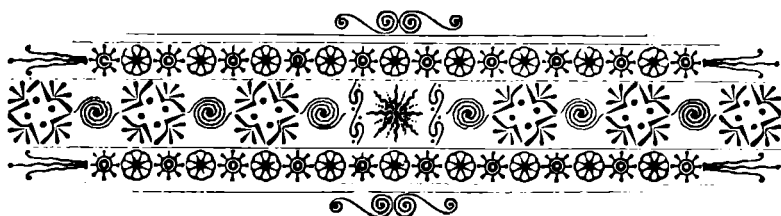
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THE

Sword and the Trowel.

AUGUST, 1902.

Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress.

DRAWN BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IV.—“HELPS.”

HAVING spoken about the best way of helping souls out of despondency and distress, I shall now proceed to describe those who may truly be called HELPS,—for it is not everybody, and not even every professing Christian, who is qualified to perform this most needful work.

The first essential for a true “help” is, that *he should have a tender heart*. Some brethren are, by Divine grace, specially prepared and fitted to become soul-winners. I know an earnest brother, whom I have often called my hunting dog, for he is always on the watch for those who have been wounded by the Word. No sooner does he see that there are souls that appear to be anxious than he is on the alert; and whenever he hears of a meeting of converts, he is all astir. He may have appeared dull and heavy before, but, at such times, his eyes flash, his heart beats more quickly, his whole soul is moved to action, and he becomes like a new man. In other company, he might not feel at home; but, among converts and enquirers, he is all alive and happy. Where they are to be found, his heart takes fire directly; for, amidst the diversities of gifts that proceed from the one Spirit, his gift evidently is that of helping souls out of spiritual trouble. Such a man was Timothy, of whom Paul wrote to the Philippians, “I have no man likeminded, who will naturally care for your state.”

You know that, in ordinary life, some people are born nurses, while others cannot nurse at all. If you were ill, you would not care to have

At the evening meeting, the Memorial Hall was densely packed, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. The chair was occupied by G. W. Macalpine, Esq., of Accrington, who gave an interesting reminiscence of his boyhood, when he sat next to C. H. Spurgeon, who was a guest at his father's house, and afterwards heard him preach,—the only time he ever enjoyed that privilege. Rev. R. Dixon, B.A., Vicar of St. Michael's, Stockwell, gave a bright, sympathetic speech; the President and Vice-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon) briefly spoke, the former referring to the home-going of his aged grandfather; and Gipsy Smith, who had previously sung a pathetic solo, gave a powerful and characteristic address, closing with a peculiarly tender appeal:—"If C. H. Spurgeon were here to-night, how much would you give him for the Orphanage? He cannot come; but his Master is here, how much will you give to Him? If these dear brothers Spurgeon are overwhelmed with their many responsibilities, and die, the nation will want to build them a tomb, and we shall all wish to drop a flower and a tear on their graves; hadn't we better give them the flowers now by helping the Orphanage? It is such a pity that we leave so many of our kind words until a man is too dead to hear them."

The collection followed, and then a special musical programme by Mr. Partridge and L'Orchestre Mignon; and, all the while, in other parts of the buildings, singing, handbell ringing, a sale of work, etc., had been proceeding, and "all went merry as a marriage bell," for which let all praise be given to the Father of the fatherless and the Advocate of the widow, as well as hearty thanks to all whom He moved to care for these special objects of His care.

What Will Become of Him?



A PRETTY North African baby! Happy is it for him that he was not born a girl; or, like the child of one of our neighbours, he might have been left to die as soon as he was born. Happy, too, for him that he was not born deformed in any way, or he might have been quietly got rid of, as was the child of another neighbour.

He is a boy, and healthy; and now what about his future? Already, alas! it is largely fixed. Likely enough, he has been named Mohammed, or Hamed, or Ahmed,—all forms of the name of the false prophet. Already, there probably hangs around his neck a little silver charm like a human hand,—Fatima's hand,—to ward off the evil eye; and, likely enough, too, a little red packet, containing a dirty scrap of paper, scrawled over with words from the Koran, and believed to be able to protect

him from all kinds of sickness.

And what a "home" he has entered! His mother was probably a

"sherika." That is, she shares his father's love with another woman. In this comfortless home, the little fellow will see and hear what no child should ever see or hear; and, likely enough, the first thing he will be taught will be to utter a curse.

And what about school? There, day after day, he will grind away for years committing the Koran to memory, yet not understanding the meaning of many of its words.

As we think of what the baby may become, we picture one or two types of young men with whom we are acquainted. May be, he will grow up to be like that *fokée* who, when we were preaching, the other day, on the death of Jesus, screamed into the room, his face white with excitement, "He did *not* die; He did *not* die;"—or like our friend H—, who has often heard the Word, but who has come no further than to say, "Well, God knows whether Christianity or Islam be true; He will decide between us." Or, perhaps, he will come out like Si A—, and, making a good confession, only keep quiet for fear of the authorities.

The saddest thought of all is, that he may grow up, and live, and die, without having even once heard the Good News of God's wondrous love to sinful men, and His amazing gift of His dear Son to die to redeem them.

Passing along a street, in Fez, one day, I heard a group of boys shouting, "*Whoa arsie; whoa arsie;*" which means, in English, "He is disobedient; he is disobedient." In their midst was a school-boy, hobbling along with heavy shackles on his legs. He had been disobedient;—had played truant, I think;—and so was compelled to go through the streets thus, jeered at by his companions.

How sad will be our lot if our great Master, who has bidden us go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature, should have to say of any one of us, concerning the people living and dying in North Africa, "He neither sent nor went;" "*Whoa arsie; whoa arsie;*" "He is disobedient; he is disobedient."

T. G. CHURCHER.

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

Presentation to Deacon William Higgs.

LAST May, MR. WILLIAM HIGGS, one of the Deacons at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, reached the 50th anniversary of his birthday; and if he and his dear wife are spared until August 1st, they will then celebrate their silver-wedding day. It was, therefore, felt by the Pastor and Church-officers that an effort should be made suitably to commemorate these notable events in the history of one who is universally beloved by all connected with the Tabernacle and its Institutions, and also in a still wider circle of Christian friends. The necessary preparations had to be made with the utmost secrecy, for it was perfectly well known that, if Mr. Higgs heard of the project, he would endeavour to stop it. This is what actually happened, for an anonymous correspondent wrote to congratulate him on reaching the 50th milestone on life's journey, and at the same time saying that he was unable to contribute to the Testimonial. This aroused Mr. Higgs' suspicions, and caused him to make enquiries; and also, when he knew the facts, led him to attempt to get the proposal abandoned. In this he was unsuccessful; and, accordingly, on Monday evening, June 23rd, some hundreds of the Tabernacle officers and members met for tea, and afterwards for a semi-private gathering under the presidency of the Pastor.

After prayer by Deacon William Olney, the Pastor briefly explained the object of the meeting, and read the following Acrostic, which was