

Theology on the *Web.org.uk*

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

A table of contents for *The Sword and the Trowel* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_sword-and-the-trowel_01.php

THE
Sword and the Trowel.

SEPTEMBER, 1902.

Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress.

DRAWN BY C. H. SPURGEON.

V.—CHRISTIAN AND THE ARROWS OF BEELZEBUB.



When Christian was stepping in at the Wicket Gate, Good-will gave him a pull. Then said Christian, "What means that?" Good-will said to him, "A little distance from this gate there is erected a strong castle, of which Beelzebub is the captain; from thence both he and them that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they can enter in."

Then said Christian, "I rejoice and tremble."

So that you can luxuriate under the illusion that things are as they were, only that every day the night is longer. Soon, the winds of the Equinox will awake you, and then the enchanted land will be no more. The other birds, who have helped, by their presence, to make the Summer, will depart; the swallows will fuss about, like ladies over their luggage at a railway station; then, long-winged, will finally sneak off without saying "Good-bye" to anyone, leaving their nests to the sparrows, who, like the Arabs of Syria, will take up their dwelling in houses which their betters have built. Other birds will come in as October advances, but for these you will hardly have a greeting. Though they arrive in hosts, they will do nothing to raise your spirits, for you will know, from their arrival, that they have been driven before the Winter, fast setting in on the Northern shore. Then will you long for wings to escape the shrouding mists, fogs that sit like vampires, a goblin blackness of darkness, squeezing the smarting eyes, drooping rain-clouds, that weep, weep, weep, as if Nature were losing her nearest relatives day after day; and damps that make an inquisition of your rheumatic bones, and wring from you confessions that alarm your friends.

But where are we? Not in such a plight yet. It is still September in My Lady's Garden. We have all to die; but it is not healthy to be continually dying in imagination.

Those plums shine suspiciously tempting from among the leaves. Of course, you have tasted big, ripe plums on a hot day. Have you tried to put into language the Paradise of your sensations? You delicately remove the skin from the riper end, then you let the nectar dissolve deliciously all over the sensitive palate, the nerves of the throat welcome the succulent coolness, and convey the satisfying sense of delight to that part of your person which is supposed to appreciate all good things.

* * * *

I am afraid this article has an "out-of-work" air about it; but even you, Mr. Editor, would find it hard to be serious if you caught "Jacob" looking at you out of one eye.

A Medical Missionary and his Patients.

A LETTER TO BRITISH BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY DR. T. G. CHURCHER, SOUSSE, TUNISIA, NORTH AFRICA.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—“A man up a tree” will, I expect, be the thought, if not the words of some of you as you look at this picture; and one who goes to preach the Gospel to the natives of North Africa, gets, as the apostle Paul did, into some curious places. But the very same Jesus, who saw Zacchæus when he was up a tree, and saved him, is still our all-seeing and almighty Saviour, in whose Name we have gone to heal the sick, and to seek to win their souls for Him. The people, whose faces you can see at the bottom of the picture, are some of our out-patients whom, with difficulty, we induced to face the camera. I think the smiling one must have been photographed before, as, unlike Arabs generally, he is not afraid of a snap-shot.



But I want you to come with me, in thought, to our evening service in the Baraka with our in-patients. The sun is setting, and it is too late for photography; but, if you will sit down with me in the midst, I will try to tell you about the people we have with us to-day.

First, on my left, sits a poor old man who has been with us long, and who does not want to leave us. He is dressed in a dirty piece of cotton, like a sheet; but, though he is so poor, I believe he is the child of a King, for he has put his trust in Jesus; at least, he says he has; and he helps me much by adding his "Amen" to what I say, occasionally also saying, "I believe in God, and in Jesus Christ."

Next to him is a round-faced man, with sore eyes, who has come two days' journey to see the doctor; but, as to religion, I cannot make anything of him at present, as, to all I say, he only nods and smiles.

Next to him sits a wild-looking fellow, with very few clothes on, who *fancies* that he has a terribly bad stomach. Religion does not trouble him; his one desire is that the doctor should try to cure him by plunging a knife into him!

That man sitting next is the only one who speaks up for Mohammed as against Jesus the Saviour; and he is suffering from a disease which is the result of his own sin.

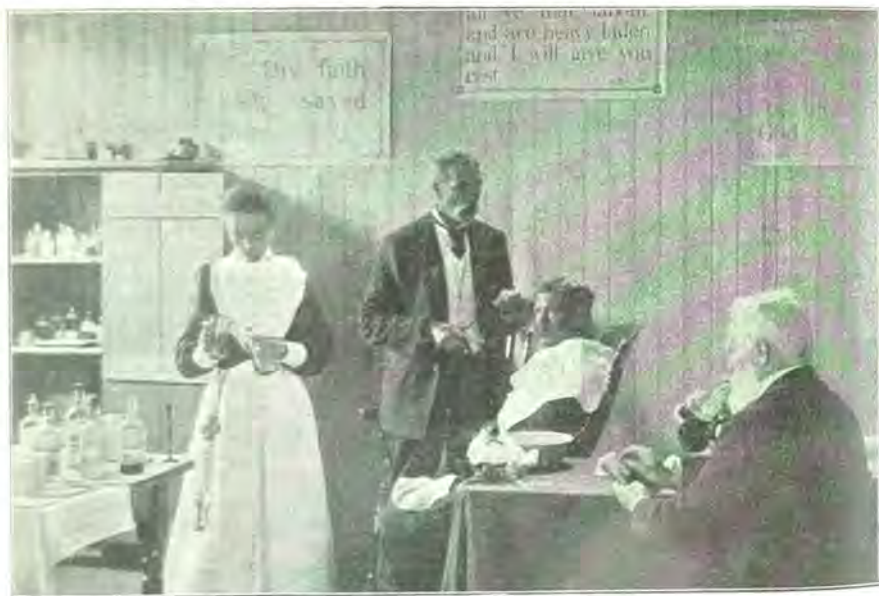
Next to him is a woman, who has come a long way, and has suffered a long time from a lingering illness; now, happily, she is getting better, and she is very grateful, and attentive to the Gospel message. Two children stand next, full of fun; and, after them, a poor woman sits,—not nice-looking, but very dirty, partly deaf, and terribly diseased, one of those wrecks of womanhood of which we see many in Moslem lands. Then there is a young man, whom we call "the red blanket man," because that is all he has on except two old dress shoes. This man has benefited much by his stay with us; his face has quite changed. This is, no doubt, partly due to rest and food, but I think there is also a spiritual change. It does my heart good, when I speak of the great love of God,

to hear his long-drawn-out "Oh—Oh!" as much as to say, "Well, that is fine!"

The last two in the circle are a woman and her boy. She says he is about ten years old; but he looked like a little skeleton, covered with dirty skin and sores, when his friends carried him into the consulting room, a few days ago. Indeed, the odour and the flies made it difficult to come near him.

His parents said that he had been ill with small-pox four months; they had left him alone to die; and, as he did not die, but began to ask for food, they brought him to me. He is getting on nicely now; and when his mother wanted to take him home, he screamed and cried so much that she had to let him have his own way, and stay with the doctor. As I spoke to him, this morning, of Jesus, his lips smiled, and his eyes lighted up, and I hope we may yet meet this poor wee laddie, "safe in the arms of Jesus," who came to seek and to save that which was lost, and who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God."

Medical Mission to Hop-pickers.



MEDICAL MISSION WORK.

SIXTY THOUSAND hop-pickers flock, from all parts, into Kent, during August and September. As our readers well know, their spiritual interests are not forgotten. For thirty-three years, Mr. Kendon and his helpers have gone out into the highways and hedges to compel them to come to the great Supper of the Gospel. These earnest workers are to be out and about this year also. So long as there are hops to be picked, and "souls" to pick them, some of the servants of the King will be seeking to win them for God. It is a grand opportunity. True, the pickers are busy, and weary; but they have some