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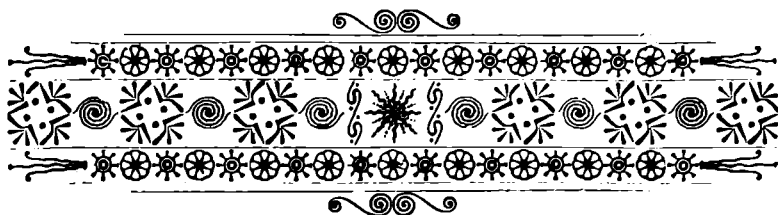
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THE
Sword and the Trowel.

MARCH, 1903.

Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress.

DRAWN BY C. H. SPURGEON.

XI.—WHAT FAITHFUL MET WITH IN THE WAY (*concluded*).

"CHR. And how then?

"FAITH. Then it came burning hot into my mind, whatever he said, and however he flattered, when he got me home to his house, he would sell me for a slave. So I bid him forbear to talk, for I would not come near the door of his house. Then he reviled me, and told me, that he would send such a one after me, that should make my way bitter to my soul. So I turned to go away from him; but just as I turned myself to go thence, I felt him take hold of my flesh, and give me such a deadly twitch back, that I thought he had pulled part of me after himself. This made me cry, 'O wretched man!' (Rom. vii. 24.) So I went on my way up the hill. Now when I had got about half-way up, I looked behind, and saw one coming after me, swift as the wind; so he overtook me just about the place where the settle stands. So soon as the man overtook me, he was but a word and a blow, for down he knocked me, and laid me for dead. But when I was a little come to myself again, I asked him wherefore he served me so. He said, because of my secret inclining to Adam the First: and with that he struck me another deadly blow on the breast, and beat me down backward; so I lay at his foot as dead as before. So, when I came to myself again, I cried him mercy; but he said, 'I know not how to show mercy;' and with that knocked me down again. He had doubtless made an end of me, but that One came by, and bid him forbear.

"CHR. Who was that that bid him forbear?

"FAITH. I did not know Him at first, but as He went by, I perceived the holes in His hands, and in His side; then I concluded that He was our Lord. So I went up the hill.

"CHR. That man that overtook you was Moses. He spareth none, neither knoweth he how to show mercy to those that transgress his law.

"FAITH. I know it very well; it was not the first time that he has met with me. It was he that came to me when I dwelt securely at home, and that told me he would burn my house over my head if I stayed there."

Letter from Dr. Churcher.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—We are very grateful for the splendid supply of bottles, sweets, toys and linen, which arrived a few days ago, to help us in our Medical Mission. Now, not only the children, but the grown people also, look out for "sweeties." As one could guess, by looking at the accompanying group, very, very few



of our country people can read ; so the 1,000 Wordless Books, so kindly sent, are invaluable for telling forth the glorious Gospel. Already they are being scattered far and wide, and our 670 patients this month are the first to benefit by your generosity. As some of your kind gifts came to us through the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, will you also follow them with your prayers ? "All-prayer" is a mighty weapon in missionary warfare.

* * * *

Passing along the road, recently, I saw a man scattering seed on an unploughed field. There were many weeds ; and I thought, "That seems strange work, not unlike my scattering the Gospel among these Moslems." A native tells me that this land had *once* been ploughed ; so, too, North Africa once bore fruit to God, and brought honour to Jesus. The sower sowed *living* seed ; and our hope, too, is in the living seed of the Kingdom. How futile to sow men's ideas, or Rome's superstitions ! The Word of the Lord *liveth*. Only this week, an Arab woman, who received the truth four years ago, has visited us again. Through all that time, without human help, the seed has lived in her heart, and now, to-day, her faith is found fresh and flourishing.

Standing hard by the sower were his plough and his donkey, ready to cover the seed, and save it from loss ; and such work our Medical Mission daily tries to accomplish. The Arab's donkey is but a poor steed, and his plough cost but twenty pence ; yet, wisely, he waits not for greater helpers, but labours on in his "day of small things." So, four men and a few ladies are not many with which to bring the Gospel to twelve or fifteen hundred thousand Moslems in Tunisia ; yet this is all we have. Not alone in the seed and the sowers is our hope, but in rain from HIS good treasury, the heaven (Deuteronomy xxviii. 12).

The Arab recollects former harvests, and has faith in God concerning the future crop, and so may we have. Even here, Gospel labour is not in

vain. It is said that a man in Tunisia, a generation ago, might have lost his life for having a Christian book in his house; but, now, hundreds of Gospels are scattered through the land, preaching goes on at different points, and even converted Moslems may be seen and heard, day by day, telling of Jesu's dying love, and pleading with their countrymen to hear, believe, and live.

The Medical Mission continues to progress at its three stations, Sousse, Djemal, and Kairouan. What the poor Mohammedans pay, amounts to about half our working expenses,—nearly £100 a year,—but we need help to meet the remainder. Iodide of potassium seems dear; but when it cures such bitter pain, surely it is cheap. One poor soul, who came to us last week, was said to have been five days on her journey here, and in such pain that she could not sleep a wink at night, only lie and groan.

"What is your name?" I asked one woman. "Dowieah," ("the illuminated one,") was her answer. "And what is the matter with you?" I further enquired. "I am quite blind," was her reply. Another's name was Jamula, ("the beautiful one,") and she turned toward me a face horrible with disease.

Full of work and opportunities, we give you thanks, and beg your continued prayers, assured that the way the Lord Jesus went to work is the best way for us also to reach the Mohammedans, and all others,—namely, to heal the sick and preach the Gospel.

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

What they Say of us.

[We have been greatly encouraged by receiving many private and public testimonies to the helpfulness of our Magazine. That our readers may share our gratification, we append a few Press notices.—Ed.]

"THE 'Sword and Trowel' is ever fresh and readable for people of every Christian denomination."—*The People's Journal, Dundee.*

"'The Sword and the Trowel' is the organ of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, yet it is well worthy of its place in the esteem of readers among all the churches. . . . It contains contributions from the pen of the great preacher, and much else that is well worth reading."—*The Weekly Leader, Glasgow.*

"Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, who is carrying on so bravely and successfully the pastoral work at the Tabernacle, is also showing great tact in the conduct of the 'Sword and Trowel.' The editorial Floral Frontispiece contains some helpful verses. The 'Pictures from the Pilgrim's Progress' are furnishing materials for a noble volume on the immortal allegory."—*The Baptist Times and Freeman.*

"Speaking of Spurgeon, naturally leads to a word on the 'Sword and Trowel,' the magazine that he made so distinctively his own. As far as is possible, the spirit and tone of Mr. Spurgeon have been maintained. Except for the brilliant sally and the humorous expression in the book reviews, which used to characterize it in Spurgeon's day, one might find it difficult to believe that the same hand did not edit it yet. It has still a strong Spurgeonic smack, of course by reason of the unpublished addresses which appear in it."—*The Christian Endeavour Times.*