

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

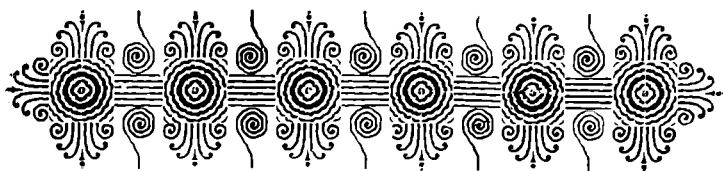
<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

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.

AUGUST, 1903.

Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress.

DRAWN BY C. H. SPURGEON.

XVI.—MR. FEEBLE-MIND AND MR. READY-TO-HALT.



WHILE at the house of Gaius with the pilgrims, Mr. Great-heart and his companions went forth to the haunt of Giant Slay-good.

"When they came to the place where he was, they found him with one Feeble-mind in his hands, whom his servants had brought unto him, having taken him in the way. Now the giant was rifling him, with a purpose, after that, to pick his bones, for he was of the nature of flesh-eaters."

Out of the giant's hands Mr. Feeble-mind was delivered, and the giant himself was slain. Poor Mr. Feeble-mind! Let us read what he says about himself :—

"I am a sickly man, as you see; and, because death did usually once a day knock at my door, I thought I should never be well at home; so I betook myself to a pilgrim's life, and have travelled hither from the town of Uncertain, where I and my father were born. I am a man of no strength at all of body, nor yet of mind; but would, if I could, though I can but crawl, spend my life in the pilgrim's way. When I came at the gate that is at the head of the way, the Lord of that place did entertain me freely; neither objected He against my weakly looks, nor against my feeble mind; but gave me such things as were necessary for my journey, and bid me hope to the end. When I came to the house of the Interpreter, I received much kindness there; and because the Hill Difficulty was judged too hard for me, I was carried up that by one of His servants. Indeed, I have found much relief from pilgrims, though none were willing to go so softly as I am forced to do; yet still, as they came on, they bid me be of good cheer, and said that it was the will of their Lord that comfort should be given to the feeble-minded, and so went on their own pace. (1 Thess. v. 14.) When I was come up to Assault Lane, then this giant met with me, and bid me prepare for an encounter; but, alas! feeble one that I was, I had more need of a cordial. So he came up and took me. I conceived he should not kill me. Also, when he had got me into his den,

Shadow and Sunshin in North Africa.

"AND did you give the patient her medicine?"

"Oh, no, she was *too ill for that!* When she is a little better," etc.

We smile at the ignorance of a Moslem mind, yet are we not apt to follow the same course with reference to Moslem nations?

"If you had churches gathered, *then* there would be more interest and help," says one. But yet the awful need remains.

Yesterday, among my patients here was a young woman, acutely ill. She said she had only been ill from the preceding day. To-day, as I passed near her village, I enquired for her, and was shocked to hear that she had just passed away. Now, as evening is drawing in, they will be committing her body to the ground, and one asks sadly, "What about *her soul?*"

To-day, at our out-station, as I tried to bring home this solemn fact to the patients present, their attention was fixed, and one hoped and prayed that some were indeed looking to Jesus by faith.

Then, as I tried to help them medically, my soul was stirred by one man, the damaged state of whose heart and circulation spoke of his having only a few weeks to live; and I longed that friends in the homeland might see such cases, and be stirred to hear the Lord say, "*We must work*, for the people are passing away unsaved and unreached."

But one may ask, "Are not these people Moslems, and really rather good people?"

Were they as good as Nicodemus, the Lord would still say to them, "Ye must be born again," and "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me;" and these poor people deny the Lord Jesus, and, in His place, put all their faith in the false prophet, Mohammed.

Neither is there reason for slackness because we *do not see great results*. Sight would destroy faith. Sight, I take it, is not promised *here*; "we walk by faith, not by sight." Yet, for our mutual encouragement, the bow of blessing still spans the clouds of sin and difficulty; for example,—

(1) A few days ago, I saw, for the first time, a copy of the Gospel in the Arabic *spoken* by the people of Morocco. It will bring light to many who cannot read the literary language. What specially interested me was that I recognized the lithographed handwriting; it was the work of a man I knew very well. For years, he lived with me, and made a good profession of being converted; then deceived, wavered, went back; and, at last, I had parted from him, after years of effort, with a sad and disappointed heart. Yet here he is, after many days, God's instrument in bringing blessing, perhaps to thousands, through the printed page of the Word of Life. To God be all the glory!

(2) A man in Tangier, some twelve or more years ago, professed conversion; and, after careful and faithful dealing, he was baptized. Soon he seemed to grow cold. He avoided us; and, for years, we could only think of him with sad disappointment. Now, a late Report of the Bible Society tells how this man, restored again, had been employed in selling the Scriptures to his countrymen; how, after a time, one day, while so doing, he was attacked, and so shamefully handled that his death soon followed,—no doubt, receiving a welcome from his Saviour; and, maybe, to wear, through all eternity, the Christian martyr's crown.

(3) Then, too, in temporal things, God has been wondrously kind. Your generous support has not failed us; and as to the Medical Mission expenses, we have not been forsaken. About two months ago, I found

the drug account £25 on the wrong side, and was compelled to close part of the work; but, as the bow appears even as *the rain is falling*, so, at once, help appeared from unexpected sources; and, this month, £75 on the right side calls forth praise to God, and reminds us of words of the late beloved President, "Do good work, brethren, and never fear; God will see that you do not want."

T. G. CHURCHER.

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

A Great Necessity.

"THE greater the necessity, the greater the charity," is one of the watchwords with which Pastor J. J. Kendon's thirty-fourth Annual Report of "The Hop-Pickers' Mission" commences. That it is a very appropriate watchword, a glance at the beautifully illustrated story of the work will show. The poor have the Gospel preached to them, and they are fed, and clothed, and healed as well. It is delightful to read about all the happy efforts of "one of the *Crowning Years* of our labour among the hop-pickers."



A SUNDAY SERVICE AMONG THE HOP-PICKERS.

Our illustration is of the Sunday afternoon service at Curtisden Green, a feature of which is a free tea. Two Princes were among the helpers. But we must not tell everything. Mr. Kendon will gladly supply copies of the Report, and receive contributions to the work, which we know to be right worthy. We wish it yet another crowning year. Great charity befits this great necessity. Address, Pastor J. J. Kendon, Bethany House School, Goudhurst, Kent.