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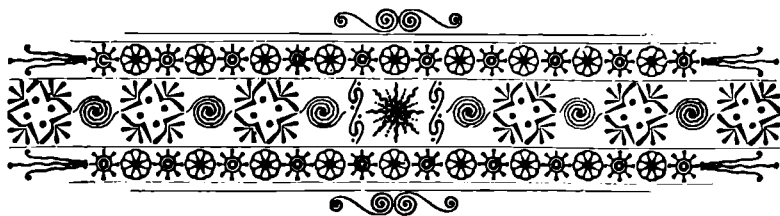
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THE  
Sword and the Trowel.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress.

DRAWN BY C. H. SPURGEON.

XVII.—CHRISTIANA AT THE GATE AND THE RIVER.

**W**HEN Christiana, the wife of Christian, went on pilgrimage, she, of course, went through the same gate as her husband. Thus the story runs:—

"Wherefore, methought I saw Christiana and Mercy, and the boys, go all of them up to the gate; to which, when they were come, they betook themselves to a short debate about how they must manage their calling at the gate, and what should be said to Him that did open to them. So it was concluded, since Christiana was the eldest, that she should knock for entrance, and that she should speak to Him that did open, for the rest. So Christiana began to knock; and, as her poor husband did, she knocked, and knocked again. But, instead of any that answered, they all thought that they heard as if a dog came barking upon them; a dog, and a great one too, and this made the women and children afraid; nor durst they, for a while, to knock any more, for fear the mastiff should fly upon them. Now, therefore, they were greatly tumbled up and down in their minds, and knew not what to do: knock they durst not, for fear of the dog; go back they durst not, for fear the Keeper of that gate should espy them as they so went, and shou'd be offended with them. At last, they thought of knocking again, and knocked more vehemently than they did at the first. Then said the Keeper of the gate, Who is there? So the dog left off to bark, and He opened unto them."

When Bunyan is talking of a strong man's experiences, he represents arrows as being shot at him. When he speaks of women and children, he represents them as being barked at by a dog. Some timid souls are as alarmed at the baying of a dog as stouter hearts at the flight of flaming darts.

God does not allow the feeble to be tempted to the same extent as the strong. They are not shot at with fiery arrows; a savage dog barks at them instead. When I am describing the sore temptations of

## "Our Own Men" and their Work.

CXIV.—DR. T. G. CHURCHER, SOUSSE, TUNISIA, NORTH AFRICA.



THOMAS GILLARD CHURCHER, M.B. (Edin.), M.R.C.S. (Eng.), was born in 1856. He was the son of Christian parents, in business in the South of London, by whom he was trained up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." After leaving school, he went into business in the City, and was getting on well. God, however, having drawn him to Himself, he desired to devote himself entirely to Christian work; and, with this end in view, he was received into the Pastors' College, by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, in 1878, when about

twenty-two years of age.

After two years' study and training, and with Mr. Spurgeon's approval, he went to Edinburgh to study medicine preparatory to medical missionary work. He resided at the Edinburgh Medical Mission, then under the charge of Dr. Lowe; and, in 1884, graduated as M.B., and C.M. In order to gain further experience, he then accepted an appointment at Mildmay Mission Hospital, Bethnal Green; and in October, 1885, went out to Tangier, Morocco, in connection with the North Africa Mission.

This Mission\* was commenced, in 1881, by Mr. George Pearce, Dr. Grattan Guinness, and Mr. Edward H. Glenny, with a view of taking the Gospel to the Kabyles or aborigines of Algeria. In 1883, it widened its scope, and extended its operations with the object of evangelizing North Africa generally. Nor was this extension unnecessary, for, when the Mission entered the field, there were no Protestant Missions or missionaries to the natives between Alexandria, in Egypt, and the shores of the Atlantic, in Morocco, while, from the Mediterranean, one might go South for thousands of miles without meeting a missionary. Even the Bible Society at that time had no agent in this region. Amongst the French and other colonists, in Algeria, there were only a few pastors of the Reformed Church labouring amongst the nominal Protestants, who were frequently in a condition of spiritual indifference, or worse.

The North Africa Mission was conducted very much on the lines of the China Inland Mission, being strictly orthodox in its doctrinal views, undenominational, and giving special prominence to faith and prayer as the means by which workers were to be raised up, and funds provided. The Council of the Mission having no guaranteed funds, those who went forth received no promise from the Council of a

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\* The offices of the Mission are now at 34, Paternoster Row, London E.C.

regular salary, but were helped as God sent in means. If friends chose to specially support a missionary, they could do so; or if some had means of their own, they could support themselves.

The Mission had but recently begun operations in Morocco, and before going out to the work, it was decided that Dr. Churcher and the Honorary Secretary, Mr. E. H. Glenny, should seek to stir up a wider interest at home in these dark lands. They visited various places in the United Kingdom, and quite a number of friends were made. Mr. Spurgeon took a warm interest in the work, and wrote:—"This is an admirable Mission; it is after my own heart in its spirit and method. I decry no other Mission; but, on the contrary, I rejoice in diversities of operation; yet the plan that leaves most room for faith pleases me best, and this is the case in the Kabyle Mission (now, North Africa Mission). Soundness in the faith is also a main item in the missionaries' qualification, and this is as it should be."

Just as Dr. Churcher was leaving the Thames, on October 24th, 1885, a sailor fell overboard; but, thanks to the efforts of the officers and men, he was rescued. In relation to this incident, Dr. Churcher wrote as follows:—"The grey, cold mist hangs over the chilly water, and the steamer is just lying to for the night. Suddenly, a strange and thrilling stir passes through the vessel. Sailors are running to and fro, and the captain's hurried commands are heard, 'Throw the man a line!' 'Heave over a belt astern there; *quick*, can't you? Give him another line.' All is excitement;—passengers are looking on with intense interest, sailors are grasping lifebuoys and lines, officers are hurrying to the ship's bow, because a fellow-creature is being swept away by the rushing tide, and is apparently about to sink, and be lost. But, can it be that, in Morocco, close beneath the bows, as it were, of this so-called Christian nation, there drifts a people, numbered by millions, whose eternal destiny will quickly be decided if no help comes? The tide of time is sweeping them off into darkness without salvation in Jesus. Christian reader, will you not do your part to help them? See, the captain is stripping off his thick jacket ready for a plunge; but the Captain of *our* salvation laid aside all His glory, and plunged into misery profound for our rescue.

"You say you cannot go to Morocco. Can you not? Have you ever said to the Lord, 'Here am I, send me'? You may safely trust Him not to send you if He has something better for you to do.

"How is it that so few with means, so few with superior attainments in science, literature, or art, are ready to surrender themselves to Him whose name they bear? The Lord may really not intend you to go to Morocco; He may need you in other parts of North Africa, or elsewhere in His great field; anyway, you can, by your prayers, means, etc., do as our sailors are doing now, throw a lifebuoy to the sinking souls, or grasp one of the many lines of the North Africa Mission which have already been thrown out in Djemaa-Sahridj, Tlemcen, Tangier, Tunis, and many other stations, and thus assist some perishing sinners to the same place of safety, where by grace Divine you stand.

"See, the man is saved; the rescued sailor is now upon the deck, cold and dripping, but smiling, and we all rejoice together, for the

almost-lost is restored. When shall this be said of many in North Africa?"

On landing in Tangier, Dr. Churcher took over the medical work that had been already begun, but which was then in the hands of a capable but "unqualified" missionary. The whole Empire of Morocco was, at that time, without a Mission Hospital, and without a European medical man of any kind to care for the five or more millions of its native population. The native methods of treating disease were mostly barbarous and foolish, and the rate of mortality was very high. The amount of preventable suffering was terrible, and the need for qualified doctors was manifest, even from a philanthropic, as well as from a missionary point of view. The sick were frequently left without food, and died from neglect, under the plea that it was the will of God. Small-pox was very prevalent, and practically nothing was done to prevent it from spreading. Fevers, malarial and typhoid, were common, with all their sad consequences. Injuries and wounds received in intertribal wars, and daily work, were common; also debility resulting from insufficient and improper food; and there were many worse diseases which cannot even be named. A common remedy for disease was, and still is, to write a few words from the Koran, with ink, on a piece of paper, then wash the ink off in some water, and drink it. Charms were and are still worn to keep off disease and disaster. These were frequently made by writing a sentence from the Koran on paper; this is folded up, and sewn inside a piece of leather, and worn under the clothing. At the back of all this sickness and suffering, lay the fact that the natives were all the followers of the false prophet, Mohammed, and were suffering from one of the worst forms of the spiritual disease of sin, which not a few Christians regard as almost, if not quite incurable. The conversion of Moslems has been considered nearly hopeless; and it is, without doubt, one of the most difficult forms of spiritual derangement that the missionary has to face. He remembers, however, that "with God all things are possible"; and counting on his Master's grace and power, he goes forward. Probably, the difficulty of this work was one of the reasons why these lands, past whose shores so many missionaries sailed, were so long left in the double darkness of Islam.

Here was a field, then, that required all the natural and spiritual gifts and abilities that Dr. Churcher could bring to bear upon it; nay, more, a field in which, unless he could draw upon the wisdom and strength of God, all his labours would be in vain. His first business was to learn the difficult Arabic language; at the same time doing a certain amount of medical work. The people were strongly prejudiced against all Christians, and all Christian teaching, and frequently afraid to come even for medicine, much more to hear the truth.

Kindness and healing, through Dr. Churcher, and his helpers' hands, soon, however, began to break down prejudices, and thus an open door was provided for the Gospel message. Several of the Dr.'s missionary helpers soon obtained enough knowledge to be able to bring relief to many sufferers, and several non-professional Medical

Missions were begun. Where suffering and ignorance were so prevalent, a little knowledge and common sense enabled missionaries to do some most useful work.

Towards the close of 1886, Dr. Churcher, Mr. Pryor, and Miss Tulloch, his fellow-labourers, were smitten down with typhoid fever. Miss Tulloch died, and Mr. Pryor was rendered unfit to return permanently to the field; but Dr. Churcher was able, after a brief furlough, to resume his work. It had been part of the plan of the Mission to erect a hospital in connection with the Medical Mission, and it was now decided to dedicate it to the memory of Miss Tulloch. Dr. Churcher superintended the alterations, etc., for this new departure; and, for several years, had charge of both the in-patients and the dispensary. It will never be possible to estimate the good that has been done by this effort; not only have tens of thousands received medical and surgical aid, and relief from suffering, but they have also all heard more or less of the Gospel.

In December, 1891, Dr. Churcher was married to Miss M. Robertson, a most devoted and capable fellow-missionary, and trained hospital nurse, who had been over two years in the field. In October, 1892, Dr. Churcher, after seven years in Tangier, left the Hospital and Medical Mission in the care of Dr. Terry, and he and his wife went on to Fez, the capital of the Empire. Miss Herdman, and some other lady-missionaries, who had, in former years, worked with Dr. Churcher in Tangier, had, for some time, been labouring in Fez, and a considerable medical work had been done. They felt, however, the need of a qualified doctor, and requested Dr. Churcher to come to their aid. He gave himself specially to work amongst the men and upper classes, who would not so readily come to an ordinary medical dispensary. Thus, the Gospel was introduced in quarters that could not easily have been otherwise reached.

In 1894, Dr. and Mrs. Churcher returned to England on furlough; and later on, leaving Mrs. Churcher in England, he took temporary charge of the Medical Mission in Tunis, during Dr. Leach's absence. Ultimately, it was decided to arrange to open a Medical Mission at the important town of Sousse, or Susa, on the coast of Tunisia, about 80 miles South of Tunis city. In the spring of 1895, Dr. and Mrs. Churcher settled there, and have been labouring there ever since. Sousse is a very suitable place for a Medical Mission, as, in addition to the resident population, it is a centre to which large numbers of natives resort.

In addition to the dispensary, Dr. Churcher and his helpers visit regularly certain neighbouring towns and villages, when the sick are gathered, and doctored, and evangelized, as far as is possible in the limited time at the missionaries' disposal.

Close to the dispensary at Sousse, Dr. Churcher has hired a house, in which those who come from a great distance, as many do, are accommodated, and where certain special cases are detained for treatment of a more protracted kind. Here, there is a daily opportunity to give Scriptural teaching. Dr. Churcher has probably personally relieved some fifty to seventy thousand patients during his

labours in North Africa, and to practically all of these the Gospel has been preached.

Missionary work amongst Moslems, as already stated, is immensely difficult, but probably nothing has been more helpful in removing prejudice than the medical work. The patients go home to their friends, and spread the news to hundreds of thousands, that the followers of Christ have treated them kindly, and freely relieved their sufferings. This clears the way for other missionaries, who, on account of the favourable impression that has been created, are welcomed instead of being insulted. The Moslems see, in the Medical Missions, the beneficent aspect of the Gospel, and there is no doubt that a great change has come over a large section of public Moslem opinion, and that Christians and Christianity are looked upon much more favourably as a result. In addition to this, the message of pardon has been faithfully and clearly proclaimed to all the patients and their friends, and many have repeated the story, again and again, when they have returned to their homes. A few Moslem, Jewish, and European converts have come out boldly for Christ, and probably there is a larger number of secret disciples; but the harvest is yet to come.

Dr. Churcher's support has, for a number of years, been provided by the Pastors' College Missionary Association, as was also Mr. and Mrs. Patrick's, while in the North Africa Mission. Dr. Churcher, and his wife and family, should have a special place in the prayers of the Lord's people, that they may be sustained, blessed, and encouraged in the extremely difficult work to which they have devoted their lives.

EDWARD H. GLENNY.

## Heatherland.

A WILDERNESS of watchful hills,  
Far from the town, above the wood,  
A land which all my vision thrills,  
A land long loved, well understood.

The stern, dark strength of rock and height,  
Rough spaces, limitless and brown,  
The purple glowing in the light,  
And far away the tired town.

The lonely tam's mysterious face,  
The peewit wheeling overhead,  
The heather's wild and lovely grace,—  
Here, here my life's deep springs are fed.

O moorland loneliness and charm,  
Your breath is very life to me;  
You are with will and vigour warm,  
Like Love's august austerity!

F. A. JACKSON.