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THE
Sword and the Trowel.

JULY, 1904.

The Minister's Three Gs.

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, BY C. H. SPURGEON, AT A MEETING HELD AT "WESTWOOD."

DEAR BRETHREN,—I thought I would say a few words to you, this afternoon, on a topic suggested by this short paragraph, which I recently read in a newspaper:—
"Grace, Gumption, and Greek are the Three Gs with which a speaker, at the Congregational Union meetings at Edinburgh, wished ministers might be endowed." I was very glad to see those three words, all beginning with G, put in such a connection; and, in talking to you about them, I will begin with the last, go back to the first, and finish with the one in the middle.

First, as to GREEK, brethren,—I do not know how much of that fine old classic language you have acquired. I have rather more than a suspicion that some of our brethren have not made much progress in it, and that they never will, while they are with us, notwithstanding all their tutors' efforts. I hope you will all learn as much of the Greek tongue as you possibly can; I am very gratified to find that so many of you are anxious to know more of it. I believe that some of you, as the poet says,—

"Speak Greek
As naturally as pigs do squeak;"—

and, to finish the quotation, it may be said of such brethren, that—

"To them the Latin is no more difficile
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

I trust that you will go on learning more of both languages, and especially the Latin, for Latin lies at the very root of our own language, and we cannot thoroughly understand English unless we know at least a good deal of Latin. I do not think that there can be a better language than the English, for it contains the means of expressing every form of thought; and if there is any thought which you cannot

Dr. Churcher's Winter's Work.

"**A**LLAH, YEFTAH!" (May God open to you!) is the nice-sounding remark which falls constantly from a Mohammedan, when asked for help; but it really *means*, "Go away, for I can't or won't do anything for you." I suppose all of us would go as far as this with our good wishes for those who sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death in North Africa; but if this be *all* we do, the poor Arabs might quote to us our Master's question, "What do ye more than others?"

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

In Tunisia, the British are credited with being very practical people, and it would be well for us, as Christians, if we lived up to this character. Not long since, British missionaries were scowled at, and hindered in many ways here, our very presence being evidently a cause of offence in French eyes. Now, things have happily changed for the better. The "cordial understanding" between the two nations has brought kindlier feelings, and a French policeman has actually been seen to smile when a missionary has reported himself in a new town. This change is, surely, the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes; but if political and Romish mists have thus been blown away as by the breath of the Almighty, surely therein is a new call to the Church of Christ to advance Gospel work in these lands. We long that a "cordial understanding" may be happily established between *all* Christians to this end, and that an "agreement" may be entered into, which shall leave *no* part of North Africa without its earnest Gospel messengers.

MEDICAL MISSION MOTTOES.

But when the missionary has arrived, and even learned the language, it is no easy thing to bring Moslems under the sound of the Gospel, as they are so bitterly prejudiced against it. It would be difficult to find a better way to gain a hearing than through the Medical Mission; at least, so we have found it in Sousse, Tunisia, where such an effort was started nine years ago, and, by God's grace, is still continued.

There is no room, in such a work, for denominationalism. It is the Truth of God against the falsehood of Mohammed, the Gospel *versus* the Koran, faith in the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ against trust in the sinner's own good deeds and Mohammed's influence with God.

Our mottoes are, "Jesus only," and "for Christ's sake;" and we desire that all our work may be epitomized in Paul's expressions, "Jesus as Lord, and ourselves your servants for His sake." As Christ's words are true, "No man cometh unto the Father but by ME," then it follows that these multitudes, who trust in Mohammed to save them, and who deny alike the Divinity and the death of our Lord, are still in the "outer darkness." "Mohammed will save us;"—"Jesus did not die;"—"Jesus is not the Son of God;"—these are the most frequent cries which we hear as we seek to tell out the joyful tidings of full and free salvation through the crucified Christ of Calvary.

Yet they do come to us, and they come again and again. Since October last, *i.e.*, in eight months, we have given 5,401 consultations, and to each soul the Gospel has been preached with fearless fulness; and as we reason of righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come, the deep, earnest attention of our audiences is often wonderful; and such questions as "How can Christ's death bring us the pardon of our sins?" show that the truth is really working in our hearers' hearts.

Their spiritual need is pitiful; and we often find ourselves saying, "Our Lord is not unreasonable. How *could* these people be different considering what they are,—born in such sin, the atmosphere in which they have been reared reeking with falsehood and superstition, yet with a gilding of truth which makes it all the more deadly, and never to have known, heard of, or seen anything better?" As our boy said, when reproved for pouring petroleum on a mouse, and then setting light to it, "Well, I did not know any better. You, of course, know; but nobody ever told *us* it was wrong."

THE LANCET AND THE GOSPEL.

A few miles from Sousse, is a famous shrine, to which crowds of Moslems come from all parts. Here are found people so "holy" that they can eat fire, walk on frightful thorns, handle venomous snakes, and do I know not what else;—yet the Medical Mission has opened the way for the preaching of the Gospel even here.

Some time ago, I was sent for to see one of these "holy" men. I found him very ill; he had been speechless for some time, was in great pain, and thought to be dying. By God's blessing on the simple means I used, in a few minutes he spoke; and a few minutes later, his pain was relieved by the opening of a deep abscess in his throat; and, thus, once more, the lancet made a way for the entrance of the Gospel. Another "saint" had a tumour on his forehead; and when, later, I was able to remove that for him, the old man became my attached friend, allowed me to preach the Gospel to him, read my books, and accepted a copy of the Gospel in his hand:—and I dare to hope, in his heart also.



[EL-DJEM. (THE MEDICAL MISSION WAS HELD IN THE RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF THE PICTURE, AMONG RUINED BUILDINGS AND RUINED MEN.)

MEDICAL MISSION DAYS IN THE EIGHT MONTHS.

Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at Sousse.

Eighteen visits to the market of Djemal.

Fifteen visits to Kairouan, "the holy city."

Five days in Sfax.

Three visits to El-Djem (see illustration).

Lumpta, Kala Kabeer, Enshire, Sahalien, Messakeen, Kessabat Medouini, and Sidi Armer, were also visited.

CASH ACCOUNT, OCTOBER 1ST, 1903, TO MAY 31ST, 1904:—

RECEIPTS:—			PAYMENTS:—		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To Balance in hand ...	54	15	9	By Drugs, etc.	163 14 10
„ Donations	133	14	4	„ Rents (4)	67 5 10
„ Arabs' pence	132	16	2½	„ Travelling	32 5 4
				„ Wages, 3 natives...	23 8 11
				„ Freight & carriage	7 3 4½
				„ Food for patients	6 19 2
				„ Labels, stationery,	
				and postage	3 19 10
				„ Alterations and re-	
				pairs	2 16 10
				„ Balance in hand ...	13 12 2
	£321	6	3½		£321 6 3½

Anyone who looks at this balance-sheet will probably be struck by two facts;—first, that the medicines have cost so much (£163); and, then, that the poor patients have contributed so much (£132) towards the expenses of the Medical Mission. The cost of the drugs is due to two things; first, the people come long distances, and must take away enough medicine, at the one visit, to cure them if possible; and, secondly, the most important drug we have to use is Iodide of Potassium, which costs us about £70 per hundredweight. Then, as to the second point, the Arabs have but little money, and are very loth to part with it; and it is no small wonder, even to ourselves, that their pence mount up to such a large sum as £132. It is an eloquent proof that they believe in the medicine, and that it does them good. Each bottle carries upon it a Gospel message, in the words of Scripture, translated into Arabic; and so goes, as a silent but powerful witness to the Truth, into many parts where no Christian's voice has yet penetrated.

A thousand Wordless Books, and several hundreds of Gospels, have also been sold or given away during the last winter; and while results must ever remain with God, we rejoice that here, where darkness has reigned for more than a thousand years, at last the light is breaking forth; and, dear friends, with your increased help in prayer and practical support, we may hope for ever-increasing success in this service for the Saviour.

SAFELY LANDED.

Abd el Rahman ("slave of the Merciful") came to us about two years ago, and has been coming ever since. Slowly it became evident that malignant disease had him in its grasp, and that medicine could only relieve his distress, and soothe his remaining days. He seemed to accept Christ as his Saviour, almost from the first; and has steadily maintained his profession of faith. He wanted to go home; so, hiring a cart for him,—for he was now too weak to ride on any animal,—he departed. As he left, he raised his poor head to thank us, saying that his faith was "in God and Jesus, that's all." A day or two later, to our surprise, he came back again;—this time, to die with us. The last night, as I stood over him, he spoke. I thought he wanted to be raised; but the Arab attendant said, "No, he said he wanted to be loved;" so I bent down, and kissed the poor wan face. I thought, "Ah, yes! 'tis even so; we Christians think to raise the poor Moslems, but what they really want is to be loved." A word of prayer with him and we parted, never to meet again till, by sovereign grace, we see HIM who SO loved us.

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.