

THE
Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

Established and for 27 years Edited by

C. H. SPURGEON.

1893.

"They which builded on the wall, **LONDON: SEELEY'S** with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded. And he that sounded the trumpet was by me."—Nehemiah iv. 17, 18.

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THE SHORTHAND CLASS.—Since the last annual Report, the above class finished the study of the “Manual of Phonography”, and afterwards had advanced practice for speed, phraseography, discussions on best outlines for difficult words, &c., the course ending with the summer holidays. In September last, a new Class for beginners commenced, with about fifty members. It has gone through Mr. Pitman’s first book, the “Teacher”, and is now having reading and dictation practice in the “Learner’s Style”, and will shortly begin the “Manual.” Arrangements are also being made for an examination to be held for Mr. Pitman’s Elementary Certificate. The Class is a great help to all engaged in Christian work, as the knowledge of shorthand enables them to take many notes of lectures, sermons, &c., for future use, as well as sketching out their own addresses. The principal object of the Class is, of course, that of assisting any in Christian work; but it has often been, also, a means of helping young men towards success in business life.

HAYDN PINKESS.

In Memoriam: David Gracey,

Late Principal of the Pastors' College.

BY PROFESSOR F. G. MARCHANT.*

WE come together to lay in its resting-place the body of our very dear friend, and one of God’s most faithful and illustrious servants. But before we go to the grave, to weep there, we come into God’s house, to renew our faith in Him, and to refresh ourselves with memories of His mercies. Our brother and helper has gone from us: all that is left of him lies helpless there. But we come here that, looking up through our tears, we may say, every one of us, with that early singer: “The Lord liveth; and blessed be my rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted.” We have no murmur; we make no complaint. Even those of us to whom this blow comes hardest do but bow our heads, and say trustingly: “The will of the Lord be done.” Sixteen days ago our friend took an active part in the first Memorial Anniversary of our late dear President. In the morning he delivered to many of us an address of singular beauty, discrimination, and power. In the evening he sat on this platform, taking the deepest interest in the addresses of the brethren who spoke to us. And up to that point, though weary with many special and self-denying labours for the College, we all thought him well. He was well; and though worn so as to be more liable to chill, he was, till then, quite in his usual health, that is, in the health of his later years; for to some of us it was evident that he never quite got over the effects of the railway accident of seven years ago.

On Wednesday morning, that is, on the first of the month, he came and took almost all his usual work, omitting only his early morning Lecture. This, as he told us afterwards, he had given up for that morning, because on attempting to rise he had felt unwell. He

* This is but a portion of the Address delivered at the Funeral Service, held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Thursday, February 16th. We regret that space could not be spared for it in its entirety.

complained of pains such as would have come from a chill, and himself said that he must have taken cold. On the Thursday he was unable to be with us, but one of his sons kindly came with a message relating to College duties. While rheumatic pains, and presently rheumatic fever, were reported, no danger was apprehended by either of his two medical attendants till near the close. But pneumonia had supervened, and just before midnight on this day week he passed away. At midnight of January 31st, 1892, our late beloved President, C. H. Spurgeon, entered into rest. Reckoning by the day of the week, we are assembled here to bury our loved Principal on exactly a year, to the day, from the time of the closing funeral service held for our loved President. Yet another coincidence is remarkable: On February 10th, 1886, occurred that serious railway accident which cost our dear friend Mr. Gracey such acute and prolonged suffering; and at midnight on the 9th of February, just seven years later, he passed to his rest. Just ere he became unconscious he was heard to speak, but the last and only word of the sentence that could be caught was the word "salvation." And so, with salvation for the theme and joy of his own life, with the salvation of others as its inspiring thought through thirty-one years of faithful labour for this College and Church, our dear fellow-worker went out from life with "salvation" on his lips and in his heart.

How strange it all seems! But two or three brief weeks ago he was teaching us how to think of the great life and death of our illustrious President and Pastor; now, thus sharply and suddenly, we are called to think of his own. Three weeks ago he was lecturing on, and teaching the things most surely believed among us; now, all is changed. What was to him then a theology is now a worship. For him, doctrines have passed into perfect knowledge. Creeds have become visions. He sees face to face. He knows now, even as he is known.

This is no place for fulsome eulogy. No one would have so disliked that as himself. Yet it would not be seemly for us to lay our brother to rest without reminding each other, though it can be but in brief and simple words, of what manner of man he was among us. We owe that in thankfulness to God, who so graciously gave him to us.

In such praise to the great Head of the Church, think of HIS DISPOSITION AND CHARACTER AS A CHRISTIAN MAN. How courteous he was; how kindly in his bearing and manner; how tender and gentle, and yet how strong! He was one of Nature's gentlemen, with high culture and the graces of a sincere and deep Christian faith superadded. For his was a gentleness that knew nothing of weakness, and a tenderness that had about it nothing mawkish and unhealthy. He was deeply in earnest, but his earnestness never destroyed his cheerfulness, nor even dimmed the bright sunny smile of his countenance, nor the glad, and sometimes half-mischievous radiance of his happy eyes. In moments of such cheerfulness—and they were by no means infrequent—how many of us have seen his gaze fairly beaming with gladness. Yet no one, even in the freest play of his spirit, ever dreamed of taking a liberty with him. It did not, probably, so much as occur to them.

And so he won us, and held us, ay, and holds us still, holds us captives to-day in our great grief at his absence. While much might be said of other features of his character, special stress must be laid on his

unselfishness. I have seldom seen a man so self-forgetful. Early in life, when a youth in an important business house—if my memory serves me—in Belfast, by his excellent business qualities and habits, he had so won the attention and favour of the heads of the firm, that prospects were set before him which would have turned his life in altogether a different direction.

With his energy, and great ability, and business gifts; with that dominating will that ever went with his gentleness, and that unbending perseverance that never seemed more than some acuter form of his patience, and yet almost never gave way, who can doubt but that, had he gone in the way of business-life, he would have become a rich man? Instead of that, he has died what men are wont to call a poor man. Yet, being so rich in his life, he is richer to us than as though he had left countless thousands of money; he has left a whole treasury of rich influences in the hearts of several hundred men who are teaching and preaching Christ in nearly all lands. Who can tell whereunto this treasure will have grown when our Lord maketh up His jewels!

Nor is the outside influence of a life of such unselfish devotion to be estimated lightly. As early as last Saturday, the accomplished and scholarly Principal of one of our Northern Colleges wrote, saying: "I have heard the most glowing accounts of the high character and eminent abilities of Mr. Gracey", adding: "The death of such a man is a loss to us all."

In his daily life, the self-forgetfulness of our Principal was always marked. Nay, the brethren of the College had themselves to take measures to protect him from the importunities of daily visitors—measures which were observed to the very last day of his attendance with us. This feature of his character had so impressed me, that as I bade his dear face "good-bye" on Saturday, I found myself saying with utter spontaneity, "In humbler fashion you were like your Master; you, too, loved us and gave yourself for us." But for that utter forgetfulness of himself where the College was concerned, humanly speaking, David Gracey would probably be with us still.

But it was in HIS GIFTS AND WORK AS A TEACHER that our friend most won us. It is here that we shall most severely feel his loss. We can say so little on it now; but to the College, in its direct work, this seems to us now the sorest loss we have ever known. Our honoured and dear friend was a man of wide and accurate learning. His very habits of thought were an education of no mean worth in the class-room. He was so orderly in his methods, so exact in his observation, so acute in his discrimination of differences, and so simple, direct, and logical in communicating himself. He was one of the most skilled dialecticians that I ever met. This great power, coupled with his vast information on almost all subjects that ever came under discussion, would of itself have made his life one of no mean influence. But when to gifts and attainments like these there were added his lovable disposition, his devout and deep faith that his work was of God, and his whole-hearted consecration of his every power to his Saviour, no wonder that we found in him the very prince of tutors. I have often said of him, for years past, England might be ransacked through, universities and all, and I did not think any would be found to surpass him in his influence

on students in the class-room. I have known him for thirty-one years, from the first day of his entrance into the College; I have known him over that period with increasing intimacy and friendship; I have worked with him side by side for over thirteen years; and I have never known him to give needless pain to any man, and when he may have had to cause pain, he has so done it that I have never known it to be resented. I have never heard him speak an unkind word to anyone, and I have never known a student speak an unkind word to him or of him. Nay, I have never heard him spoken to or spoken of, either in play or seriously, with a disrespectful word. I am speaking in the presence of men who have together known him over most of this long period, and I am sure they would, together and singly, bear much the same testimony. Think of that long period, think of the College for many recent years as always having in it from seventy to eighty men—sometimes a full hundred, and try to imagine how wonderful a record is that. No wonder that we loved him! No wonder that, merely considered as such a teacher, his departure leaves us so poor.

If time allowed, I ought to speak with equal emphasis and at least at equal length on HIS SPIRIT AND LIFE AS A SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST. His Christian life and his devout piety made him a worthy example before us all. He was a holy man and an earnest; and yet his was neither the kind of piety that seems constrained to *tell* of its own holiness, nor to contrive ingenious devices by which you might be sure to think him holy. He hated small pretentiousness so much, and so much despised pestilent crotchets, that he did not even care to notice them. Unless his attention was called to them they seemed ever beneath his regard. His strong common sense equally saved him from even the suspicion of sentimentality. And yet how *earnest* he was! How he seemed always on the watch to help the brethren; ever cheering the discouraged, and steadying any who might be running inconsiderately through self-confidence. How full of faith and earnestness were his prayers! What a note of call and what an accent of realism there was about his supplications as he led us to the throne of grace! He spake as a man who knew God was there, and thus, even his quietest petitions were literally those of one who had learned to "call upon the name of the Lord."

And how consistent he was. Which of us ever felt ashamed of him as a servant of Christ? For a forceful life that moved so many by its zeal and strength, I think I never knew one that lay more evenly and straight for the glory of Christ and the good of men.

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It is no ordinary life that has so suddenly passed away from us. Do you wonder that we loved him? As I said yesterday to the students, I think there are some of us who would almost gladly have died if dear David Gracey might still have been spared to help the College and the churches. Anyway, we cannot but feel how much easier any one of us might have been spared.

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Let us thank God for our friend. We are poor to-day; ah, but how much poorer we had many of us been but for God's rich gift of David Gracey!

To close. Let us realize that for us Christian workers there is more need of true service than ever. How terrible have been our losses in less than a year and a half! Only seventeen months, and we have lost—in three instances by death, and in one by increasing infirmity—the great and saintly Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the cyclopædic and sagacious George Rogers, the faithful and loving Fergusson, and now the learned and beloved Gracey. I think that is how we all shall remember him; but to me he will always be the beloved Gracey.

Such losses might kill many institutions; they must be but a fresh call on our determination to live. To us, my brethren, students in the College, and fellow-ministers, let this last sad bereavement be as an appeal from Heaven to reconsecrate ourselves to the Lord.

God so sanctify this great sorrow, that each one of us shall become as two or three of the men we used to be!

And if that is so with the hundreds on whom David Gracey so strongly and firmly and more plainly wrote his Master's name, then shall he and we alike, out of all that is sad now, find new joy in our work, and new joy in the day of Christ.

A Humble Tribute to Mr. Gracey's Memory.

BY AN OLD STUDENT.

IF the well-worn adage be true that, to know a man you must live with him, then I claim a more than ordinary knowledge of David Gracey. I have just referred to an entry in an old diary, which reminds me that it is little short of twenty-five years ago that, as a very young student, I was privileged to reside with our beloved tutor. I was one of a little band, every member of which would, I know, join hands with me in placing this humble wreath of loving testimony on our dear friend's grave. The months we spent under Mr. Gracey's roof were almost as valuable to us as those employed in his class-room. It was a rare privilege to be within immediate range of such a man. Our dear President, C. H. Spurgeon, used to commend his plan of placing the students in families, by asserting that a knowledge of true home life was necessary to a student's education. I saw home life at its best, in the dear old days, at Addington Square; and I learnt lessons there, never to be forgotten. What Mr. Gracey was at home, he was at College. We never saw two men, but one only and always. The consistency of his life is a delightful memory and a precious heritage. He was a man, every inch of him; and the more we knew him, the stronger grew our attachment to him. He was not demonstrative, never made a fuss, did not let himself out easily; but there was a spell and a charm about him which won and held all our hearts. As students, we always found him approachable; he entered with patient sympathy into all our difficulties, listened to our questionings, and advised us with a gentle firmness and fatherly confidence which made us feel that there was hardly any appeal from his decisions, or improvement on his directions. He was pre-eminently a wise man. He thought much, said little; but what he said, showed how deeply he had thought. The older men knew Mr. Gracey chiefly as their guide in classical

studies, the younger men knew him also as the occupant of the theological chair; but whether as scholar or theologian, all his work was well done, there were no ragged edges about it. He never shirked a difficulty, nor spared himself trouble in the explanation of minor points. He had the gift of acquisition, and the rarer power of impartation. No man will ever be ashamed to confess that he sat at the feet of this Gamaliel. How just he was! His criticisms were keen, but never unkind. If anything good was to be said of a brother's sermon, paper, speech, or lesson, he would be sure to say it with emphasis. He was incapable of a solitary meanness. If fault was to be found, or censure expressed, he acted in such a gracious manner as to make the offender thoroughly ashamed, and a penitent on the spot. His "wounds" were indeed "faithful." The students of the Pastors' College were more to David Gracey than can ever be expressed. It was his life linked with his teaching that made him so great a power for good to us all. We loved him for his own sake; but we loved him also because we knew how our President prized him, and how proud he was of him. How loyal, too, was the tutor to his dear friend and President, how great his admiration for him! Drawn to Mr. Spurgeon as a youth, he stood by him in his manhood's prime, and nobly aided him in carrying on what he always said was his greatest life-work.

They were parted but for a short season, they have met again now, and perhaps with clasped hands have stood together in the presence of that Saviour whose Word they helped so many to understand, whose Gospel they helped so many to preach. Spurgeon, Rogers, Gracey—what names to conjure with on the deep affection of every Pastors' College man! To have known them, heard them, been influenced by them—what a privilege, what a responsibility!

We are poorer by their loss, we are richer for their lives. God help us to discharge the debt we owe for such examples, to imitate their virtues, prize their lessons, and bear in mind their constant admonition to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. Farewell, beloved tutors! Ere long, by grace unmerited, we shall meet again, and spend Eternal Conference on the Theme of themes, in the Heaven of heavens, in presence of the King of kings.

W. J. MAYERS.

New Churches and Chapels.

IN placing upon record, for the information and encouragement of our many helpers, some instances of the Divine blessing vouchsafed to the work of our brethren, we have been obliged to adopt a title which is somewhat out of date. We use the word "Church" in its Scriptural and only legitimate sense; knowing full well that our friends look to our record as a College for evidences of the increase "of the household of faith", and only estimate the increase of material buildings, so far as they are the "outward and visible signs" of inward and spiritual growth. We are confident that our readers will find in the following pages abundant reason for thanksgiving to God.

We will begin with the work of the Lord in—