



the
**Suffering
Letters**



of
CH Spurgeon



After ten days of very great pain, I am now improving, but I am not yet able to walk across to my room. I am sure this is right, for the Lord has done it.

April 23, 1876



Up till yesterday I had indulged the pleasant hope of preaching this morning, but on Friday night I had a fresh attack of severe pain and have not been able to leave my bed.

I hope you will have patience with your poor sick Pastor who is anxious to be at his work but is quite unable to stand, and not very able to think.



Although great pain often disturbs the judgment, I thank God I have not been allowed to doubt the goodness of the Lord in afflicting me, I bless His holy name for every sharp pang, and I entreat Him to bring forth some good thing out of this present evil. If He will but glorify Himself in me or by me I shall be the happiest of men. April 30, 1876





**This past week has been full
of disappointment and anguish.
I have endured as much as I
can imagine one poor body
being capable of. . . Jan., 1881**

**. . . the dread of my painful
Infirmity . . . Nov., 1881**



**I have done all as to diet,
abstinence from stimulants,
and so which could be done.**

Undated



I am altogether stranded. I am not able to leave my bed, or to find much rest upon it. The pains of rheumatism, lumbago, and sciatica, mingled together are exceedingly sharp. If I happened to turn a little to the right hand or to the left I am soon aware that I am dwelling in a body capable of the most acute suffering.

January, 1884



Last Sunday night my coach turned over and all the four horses went down. I have had a week of special pain, sleeplessness, and unrest of brain.

I did not sit down this morning to tell you of my woes, but to thank you all, and specially to thank the Lord.

November, 1890



I am abashed at having to write you so much about myself in all my former letters. Let me now speak of our Lord. His lovingkindness is exceeding great. What can we render to Him? I must answer that question in my own way; but I beg my dear Church and people to give a glorious reply, such as may be expected of them. October, 1891



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THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

—◆—
MAY, 1876.
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Laid aside. Why?

A FRAGMENT BY C. H. SPURGEON.

Mysterious are the visitations of sickness. When the Lord is using a man for His glory it is singular that He should all of a sudden smite him down and suspend his usefulness. It must be right, but the reason for it does not lie near the surface.

The sinner whose every act pollutes the society in which he moves is frequently permitted year after year to spend an unabated vigor in infecting all who approach him. No sickness removes him even for an hour from his deadly ministry; he is always at his post, energetic in his mission of destruction. How is it that a heart eager for the welfare of men and the glory of God should find itself hampered by a sickly frame, and checked in its utmost usefulness by attacks of painful disease? We may ask the question if we do so without murmuring, but who shall answer it for us?

When the advance of a body of soldiers is stopped by a galling fire which scatters painful wounds on all sides, we understand that this is but one of the natural incidents of war; but if a commander should check his troops in midbattle, and proceed with his own hand to render some of his most zealous warriors incapable of service, should we not be at a loss to conceive his motives?

Happily for us our happiness does not depend upon our understanding the providence of God: we are able to believe where we are not able to explain, and we are content to leave a thousand mysteries unsolved rather than tolerate a single doubt as to the wisdom and goodness of our heavenly Father. The painful malady which puts the Christian minister *hors de combat* (out of action) when he is most needed in the conflict is a kind messenger from the God of love, and is to be entertained as such: this we know, but how it can be so we cannot precisely tell.

Menton. Dec. 17. 1891.

My Dear Friends,

Though I cannot be present to wish you the blessings of the season, I would not use the words of compliment, but I would say from my heart "I wish you a most happy Christmas". Upon your family gatherings may the best blessing rest!

May all your children be the Lord's children, & thus may your union in the bonds of the flesh be made eternal by the bonds of the Spirit! Joy be with you: yet let it be joy in the Lord.

I would beg you to remember my orphan charge, & make them merry on the day of the feast. Remember also the poor, & let no one lack if you are able to relieve, or to help in doing so.

I think I can fairly say, - I am better. Whether or no the Disease is disappearing, I cannot say, though I fear there is

not much difference; but in general health I must be improved, or else my feelings are sheer delusion. At any rate, I am very hopeful, and praiseful, & I wish I could stand up, & give out Psalm CIII.

The blessing of the Father, the Son, & the Holy Ghost be with each one of you, evermore!

Yours most heartily
C. H. Spurgeon



A photograph of a cluttered room, possibly a study or office. In the center is a dark wooden table with a lamp. To the left is a wooden chair with a high back. To the right is a folding chair. In the background, there is a bookshelf filled with books. The floor is covered with a patterned rug. The text is overlaid in white on a semi-transparent dark background.

“Son Tom—Father in Heaven.
Mother resigned.”

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I venture to say that the greatest earthly blessing that God can give to any of us is health, with the exception of sickness.



I venture to say that the greatest earthly blessing that God can give to any of us is health, with the exception of sickness. Sickness has frequently been of more use to the saints of God than health has.



Let us consider awhile. Is it not good for us to be nonplussed, and puzzled, and so forced to exercise faith? Would it be well for us to have all things so ordered that we ourselves could see the reason for every dispensation? Could the scheme of divine love be indeed supremely, infinitely wise if we could measure it with our short line of reason? Should we not ourselves remain as foolish and conceited as spoiled and petted children, if all things were arranged according to our judgment of what would be fit and proper?

Ah, it is well to be cast out of our depth, and made to swim in the sweet waters of mighty love! We know that it is supremely blessed to be compelled to cease from self, to surrender both wish and judgment, and to lie passive in the hands of God.

May not our gracious Lord design a double honor when he sends a double set of trials? *Abundant in labours* is a high degree, but *patient in suffering* is not less so. Some believers have excelled in active service, but have scarcely been tried in the other and equally honorable field of submissive endurance; though veterans in work, they have been little better than raw recruits as to patience, and on this account they have been in some respects but half developed in their Christian manhood.

May not the Lord have choice designs for some of His servants and intend to perfect them in both forms of Christly imitation? There seems to be no natural reason why both a man's hands should not be equally useful, but few men actually become ambidextrous, because the left hand is not adequately exercised.

