

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

Possibly my lack of ability as a writer, the lack of grey hairs in my head, and the fact that I am a noive prclaimer of the Gospel of Christ, will disqualify me in the eyes of many for writing the article that I am about to attempt. I have before me this morning on my desk a holiness paper, in which there is an article with the following heading: "What's the matter with the preacher?"

Under this heading the writer names twenty different things that are wrong with different preachers and that cause people leaving their service to ask the question used as a heading.

The article is no doubt good, but to my mind comes short of answering the question **that can be answered in very few words.**

Following are a few of the answers that he gives to the question: "What's the matter with the preacher?" He often wears a dirty collar and fails to get his hair cut."

What's the matter with the preacher? His shoes are dusty and dirty.

What's the matter with the preacher? The parsonage lot needs water, the grass and weeds need cutting.

What's the matter with the preacher? His clothes need pressing and cleaning, etc., etc. Beloved, when there's something the matter with the preacher it is a deeper fault than these just mentioned.

There is no doubt something the matter with a great many professional holiness preachers today, but a dirty collar around his neck, or long hair on his head will not cause him to lower the holiness standard. Dusty and dirty shoes will not cause the preacher's feet to take him to a lodge room, the picture hall, or to some holiness fighting church, to help them fight against, instead of for, Old-time Bible holiness. Grass that needs cutting on the parsonage lawn will not cause the pastor to get up on Sunday morning and find fault with everything he sees on his way to the kitchen, and then spend half an hour growling at his wife for her carelessness and neglect of something through the week, that, in fact, the care of half a dozen mischievous boys and girls caused her to forget, and after his growling spell go to church feeling glum and cross, to try to preach a sermon from the subject, "Thy Joy of Sacrifice."

The trouble with the preachers that are at fault today is not the wrinkles on the front of their Sunday coat; it is in the heart that's beating underneath it. In other words, if there's anything the matter with preachers today, it can, in most cases at least, be traced to a lack of one of two things—The blood of Christ flowing over the heart, as a result of Old-time, heart-felt, genuine repentance, blotting out all committed sins of the past, or the lack of the baptism of the Holy Ghost and power.

The thing that causes people to wonder "What's the matter with the preacher?" at the end of the service, is in too many cases today the lack of one, and it is to be feared in some cases, of both of these works of grace, if the lack is of regeneration, it is of **course, of both.**

There is another thing I notice in many religious papers today—an oft issued warning against a preacher being a "knocker." Amen! Amen! is my cry, if the term "knocker" means what I think it does. The habit some preachers have when they see some of their church members, or the people of some

other church in their congregation that they know is sinning and living below their profession, to speak about their sins in a way, not to show them their fault and sin, and the great danger of it, but just gently remind them of it (their sin) in a way that leaves them (the preacher) a chance to say: "I didn't mean you particularly," if the sinning person speaks to them about it. If this is being a "knocker," or whatever the term for such preachers is, I say, God deliver us from such. They have got about as much courage as David credited Saul with in 1st Samuel, 26:20. They dare go out to seek a flea as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains, you all know how one would hunt for a partridge in the mountain, he would carefully steal from tree to tree, and if he saw a partridge before it saw him and flew away, he would bag it. So some of the preachers fight sin today, if they find a flea (sinner) and can shoot at him without him knowing they are shooting, or preaching against sin, the flea is bagged (added to the church), otherwise he goes away unmolested, and the preacher goes on his way telling about the giants he is going to fight. If he meets with a real giant, such as a holiness-fighting church, or community he not only flees for safety, but fights for the giant as he goes, to win the giant's favor and save himself from a pitched battle.

Yes, beloved, all preachers need to stop knocking sin and fight it, whether inside the church or out. What we need is preachers that will, when they find sin in the temple, regardless of what form it is in, stop and prepare a sermon that will be a real scourge of small cords (see St. John 2:13-17) instead of one that resembles a putty cork-screw, that is crooked to begin with, and so pliable you can put it into any shape you want it, then come to the temple and not cease to use it, until sin is completely driven out, be it one year, or ten, but I doubt if it takes either if it is used with the old time pentecostal vigor.

To any preacher guilty of such things, as I have written against, who feels that grey hairs alone should have the right to speak on such a subject, though I honour their age, I must quote the words of Shakespeare: "Ho will white hairs become a fool and jester."

Yours for Old-time, heart-felt Holiness:
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NEW JERUSALEM

By Chas. G. Weston

"12,000 furlongs (660 ft.g or 15,000 miles cubic." Rev. 21:16

There are three billion three hundred and seventy-five million cubic miles in the New Jerusalem, or, in other words, space for as many rooms of that dimension, i. e., one cubic mile. Were the City thus divided into rooms and you should have begun at the creation of Adam to go through the City spending one hour in each room and continuing without stopping for the full twenty-four hours of each day, at the end of 6,000 years you would have only visited 52,570,560 rooms, and would have yet to visit 63 1-5 times as many rooms as you had already visited, that is, a remainder of 3,322,529,440 rooms, which would at that rate require that you go on visiting 385,000 more years before

having seen all the City. Then the first part would be new again.

If you had only spent one minute of time in each of the rooms, that is, if you had gotten into a car and driven at the rate of sixty miles an hour night and day without a single stop, driving on through summer and winter, through years and centuries, visiting a room every minute, on and on, while empires sprang up, spread their power over the earth, waned and died, and others, and still others took their places in turn to fight their battles and wane and die, if you had kept on **thus without slowing your speed**, 60 miles an hour, a room a minute, night and day for 6,000 years, you would have visited 3,154,233,600 rooms, and you would still have a distance to drive equal to a round trip to the sun and back and then yet around the earth one thousand three hundred and ninety-four times. In other words, you would have 220,866,400 rooms yet to visit. Think it over!

If the floor of each cubic mile room were divided into city blocks 300 feet square each, interlaced with streets 100 feet wide, with main avenues at every mile each way 280 feet in width dividing each mile plot, and if the blocks were divided into large lots 100 by 150 feet each and mansions of twenty-five rooms were built on each lot and five people were to live in each mansion, thus allowing five large rooms to every person in that City, then there would be room for 17 trillion, 111 billion, 250 million (17,111,250,000,000) people in that City, or as many people as would take more than 9,000 generations of people of the present number populating the earth to make up that number. The present generation totals one billion eight hundred million. **THINK ON THAT!**—The Church Herald and Holiness Banner.

RICH IN TIMES OF DEPRESSION

This is the way a well known contributor to the War Cry views his wealth on hand. Most of us have all these things that are mentioned here and doubtlessly many others in addition. Let us not forget during these troublous times to thank our Heavenly Father for the mercies and blessings that are ours today.

"It may be true that I have much less to live on than I had a year ago, but it is certainly true that I have just as much as ever to live for. The real values of life are unshakable and solid.

"When the depression came I was compelled to take an invoice and soon discovered that I was still rich. All my capacity for the enjoyment of life was intact.

"My two-hundred-thousand dollar eyes are just as good as they ever were. Every landscape and sunset is mine if I want it. Twenty-thousand-dollar scenes and views are added to my collection almost every week. A hundred-thousand dollar sense of hearing is still unimpaired and by it I become an heir to a world of beauty and inspiration.

"Then there's my million-dollar stomach and a half-million-dollar appetite. No doctor has sentenced me to spinach for the rest of my life. Better to have plain food and an appetite than to sit down to a banquet with no appetite. No man can be rich who is compelled to take orders daily from his stomach.

"The depression has not lowered the value of a single friendship.

"We may lose some beautiful things, but we have lost no love of the beautiful."—Roy Smith in Heart and Life.