

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

And an Highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness—Isa. 35-8

Mrs. Harshorn Mullen,
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THE PITCH OF THE VOICE

An earnest contributor has offered some observations on loud preaching, and called attention to the inestimable importance of the management of the voice in speaking. John Wesley is quoted as writing to a preacher in America as follows:

"Scream not at the peril of your soul. God now warns you by me whom He has set over you. Speak as earnestly as you can but do not scream. Speak with all your heart, but in a moderate voice. It was said of our Lord, 'He shall not cry.' The word probably means 'He shall not scream.' Herein be a follower of me even as I also am of Christ. I often speak loud and often vehemently, but I never scream. I dare not. I know it would be a sin against God and my own soul."

Many of even the best preachers may begin a sermon in moderate, pleasing tones, but rapidly change them to a violent pitch. The screaming becomes a habit so that frequently the loudness prevails in extremely inappropriate situations. Words quoted even from the lips of the dying have been shouted.

It is the modulated voice, skilfully using pauses, that gives emphasis, not the loud, vehement, raucous tone so often heard. Many a sermon has had its effect seriously diminished by a stormy delivery.

If Mr. Wesley, who had to do so much of his preaching out of doors, condemned the practice of screaming, what would he not say of preachers today who storm in closed Churches? Screaming is not a mere peccadillo; nothing should detract from the effect of the gospel message.—Christian Advocate.

POOR PREACHING

Rules for poor preaching, by T. DeWitt Talmage

First: Keep your minister poor. There is nothing more ruinous than to pay a pastor too much salary. Let every Board of Trustees look over their books and see if they have erred in this direction; and if so let them cut down the minister's wages. There are Churches which pay their pastors eight hundred dollars per annum. What these good men do with so much money we cannot imagine. Our ministers must be taken in. If by occasional fasting for a day our Puritan fathers in New England became so good, what might we not expect of our ministers if we kept them in perpetual fast? No doubt their spiritual capacity would enlarge in proportion to their shrinkage at the waistcoat. The average salary of ministers in the United States is about six hundred dollars. Perhaps by some spiritual piledriver we might send it down to five hundred dollars; and then the millenium, for the lion by that time would be so hungry he would let the lamb lie down inside of him. We would suggest a very economical plan; give your spiritual adviser a smaller income,

and make it up by a donation visit. When everything else fails to keep him properly humble, that succeeds. We speak from experience. Fourteen years ago we had one, and it has been a means of grace to us ever since.

Secondly: For securing poor preaching, wait on your pastor, with frequent committees. Let three men some morning tie their horses at the dominie's gate and go in and tell him how to preach, and pray, and visit. Tell him all the disagreeable things said about him for six months, and what a great man his predecessor was, how much plainer his wife dressed, and how much better his children behaved. Pastoral committees are not like the smallpox—you can have them more than once; they are more like the mumps, which you may have first on one side and then on the other. If, after a man has had the advantage of being manipulated by three Church committees, he has any pride or spirit left, better give him up as incorrigible.

Thirdly: To secure poor preaching, keep the minister on the trot. Scold him when he comes to see you because he did not come before, and tell him how often you were visited by the former pastor. Oh, that blessed predecessor! Strange they did not hold on to the angel when they had him. Keep your minister going. Expect him to respond to every whistle. Have him at all the tea parties and "the raisings." Stand him in the draught of the door at the funeral—a frequent way of declaring a pulpit vacant. Keep him busy all the week in out-doors miscellaneous work, and if at the end of that time he cannot preach a weak discourse, send for us and we will show him how to do it. Of course, there are exceptions to all rules; but if the plan of treatment we have proposed be carried out, we do not see that any Church in the city or country need long be in want of poor preaching.—Selected.

PULPIT MANNERS

By Rev. A. J. McKinney

Yes, there are manners becoming the pulpit as well as on other occasions. Happy the pulpiteer whose manners and mannerisms are fitting the holy spot. The design should be to eliminate the human and set forth and exhibit the divine. But in this, some incumbents of the sacred hour but poorly succeed. John the Baptist said, "There cometh one after me:" but some occupiers of pulpit precincts seem to assume, "There is no one to come after me."

Extremes should be avoided. The stiff, frozen, statuary-like immobility becomes not the liberty of the gospel. Yet anything is better than the meaningless gyrating and revolving motion which has no defense. Elocution instructs to suit the action to the word and the word to the action. Gestures befitting are becoming, but should be suited to the expression. Excessive action is lamentable, also rigidity. The latter often confines direction of address to the center aisles, while the whole

congregation should be included in attention.

If the gospel brings liberty, some of this freedom becomes the pulpit. If where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty, then may the pulpit act free. But the sacred hour is no time for buffoonery, the place no place for the clown. If jesting, joking and foolish talking are forbidden to laymen, much more to the minister. The preacher, formerly a clown, should change his manners with his occupation. Tears much more befit the pulpit than a series of witticisms. All men are called to be the King's sons, but no man to be the King's fool. The dictionary says the jester is never in earnest, and earnestness is the palladium of the pulpit—and pew.—Free Methodist.

A PLACE OF SAFETY

When men see that a prairie fire is coming what do they do? Not the fleetest horse can escape it. They must take a match and light the grass around them. They take their stand in the burnt district and are safe. They hear the flames roar as they come along, but they do not fear. They do not even tremble as the oceans of flame surge about them, for over the place where they stand the fire has already passed and there is no danger.

And there is one spot on earth that God has swept over. Nineteen hundred years ago the storm burst on Calvary, and the Son of God took it into His open bosom; now, *if we take our stand by the open cross, we are safe for time and eternity.*—D. L. Moody.

JOHN WESLEY'S SACRIFICE

John Wesley, a classical scholar and gifted with a virile mind, gave himself fully to God, and consecrated all his powers to His service. Possessed of a scholar's love for books, yet he spent most of his life in the saddle and in the active duties of a most strenuous life. With a passionate love for art, especially for music and architecture, he has turned away from their charms to blow the gospel trumpet with all his might. With a more-than-ordinary longing for the sweets and comforts of human love, he rose above disappointments which would have crushed ordinary men, forgot his "inly-bleeding heart" (his own expression), and gave himself unreservedly to the work of binding up the brokenhearted. Visiting the beautiful grounds of an English nobleman, he said, "I, too, have a relish for these things—but there is another world."—Sunday School Times.

THE GRIM REAPER

I have seen the reapers in the harvest field sit down on the fallen sheaves of corn to rest a while from their labor, but whoever saw the grim reaper Death sitting on the tombstones or green hillocks of the graves to rest himself and repair his strength? O Death it may be said, as of God, "He sleeps not, neither is weary."—Guthrie.