

Lincicome Says

By F. Lincicome

The church everywhere is suffering from the minimum. If we are going to advance we will have to cease tolerating minimums. We will have to cut our patterns larger. We cannot prosper running on the least possible basis.

The Church is suffering from the minimum in four realms. It is suffering from the minimum in the realm of belief. It seems quite fashionable now to believe as little as possible. It is quite common to hear people say, "no matter what you believe just so you are sincere in it." That may sound well, but it has more sound than sense. Salvation does not depend on sincere thinking—it depends on right thinking. There is no place for a minimum belief in an omnipotent God. It is the maximum belief that gives swing and triumph and victorious living. The time has come for a larger demonstration of our faith.

The Church is suffering from the minimum in the realm of giving. The Church has never suffered as much from financial stringency as it has from financial stinginess. Giving the tenth as a minimum was adopted as a part of the Mosaic ritual. To the Pharisees (who tithed their perfume and garden vegetables) Jesus said, "These ought you to have done?" It was adopted as a voluntary standard of giving prior to Mosaic law. Paul's standard was "Give as God has prospered you." The tenth should be the minimum. "We should not have to lambast people with a legal appeal for support. It does not sound like Pentecostal giving." "To give as God has prospered" will go far beyond the tithe. You must be just before you can be generous. Your generosity starts beyond your tithe. There are not many generous people. Many who are looked upon as generous are nothing but robbers. "Ye have robbed me in tithes and offerings." One man was about to die and he said to his son, "I can't die a robber." He had not been tithing his income. The son said, "How much would it take to square you with God?" The father said, "At least \$25,000." They made out a check for the amount and gave it to missions in order to keep their father from dying a robber. No church can prosper that deals in the minimum of giving. Yes, we must be just before we can be generous, and we have not been just until we have given a tithe; and after we give the tithe we are still in the realm of minimum giving.

The Church is also suffering from the minimum in the realm of service. The Church is filled with spiritual depression because there is so little spiritual expression. There are not many working overtime for the Lord. About all some are doing is taking their meals, and then they think they are working. We don't pay anybody for taking their meals—only for the work they do. Too many sit around and smell the coffee and see the bacon fry and then get on their knees and pray for God to save a lost world while they loaf on the job—and they call that religion—but it isn't, it is mere sentiment. "How little can I do and get by?" Am I doing as much as Sister Henry?" is the way a lot of people look at it. They seem to be satisfied if they do as much as someone else.

The Church is suffering from the minimum in the realm of experience. Most people want as little religion as possible, and many of them don't want that until they get on their death-

"WHEN THOU PASSETH THROUGH THE WATERS"

By Oliver G. Wilson

Sooner or later every Christian must pass through the deep waters of trial, sorrow, misunderstanding, affliction, and loss. Then it is that Satan comes with all his deceptive arts to poison the love fountain which flows from the Christian's heart. Satan's supreme effort is to cause the believer to question the love and goodness of God, or to sow bitterness in the Christian's garden of graces.

When thou passeth through the waters you will be alone. Human sympathy and words of comfort seem so empty, so distant, so inadequate for the pain in the heart. Words seem like empty froth, meaningless noise. You will travel this valley alone—but you will not be alone, for the promise is clear: "I will be with thee." He is master of ocean, of sea, and sky. He will not suffer the waters to overflow thee. At the right moment you will hear a voice "behind thee saying" to the raging waters, "Peace be still."

When thou passeth through the waters they will be cold, dark, threatening. The last prop on which you have leaned will be swept away. Familiar landmarks will all disappear. But in that dismal hour of utter loss and failure of all things temporal you will discover "underneath the everlasting arms." There will be a warmth of love from the heart of God to your heart which will bring a song at midnight.

When thou passeth through the waters swift currents will pull at your feet; frightening eddies will swirl all about you. The wreckage of fair-weather structures builded on the sand will be seen everywhere. The night winds of hopelessness will add to the confusion, while the false teachers and would-be comforters swarm about like buzzards of despair, but—God will be near.

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

On the darkest day that the soul ever saw and in the midst of the worst storm Satan ever brewed, the trusting child of God is secure in God's keeping. Men, nor devils, nor winds, nor storms, nor persecution, nor losses are able "to pluck them out of my Father's hand. My Father is greater than all."

Trust on, then, afflicted, harrassed soul.
The waters shall not overflow thee. God will bear thee up with the arms which support the universe.—The Wesleyan Methodist.

bed. Judging by the great number who put it off until a few hours before they die you would suppose that religion is only good to die by, but a religion that is of no good to you while living will be no good to you when dying.

Most people are willing to have some religion and some experience, but not too much. "It is all right to be born of the Spirit, but steer clear of the Baptism of the Spirit. It is all right to be justified, but don't get sanctified." There are people who are willing to aim at the comparative degree in religion who don't want anything to do with the superlative degree. Would we as a Church in the tomorrows advance more rapidly, then let us cease tolerating minimums and deal in maximums!—The Christian Witness.

The Hate-Fence

By Anna Talbot McPherson

Would you believe it? that anyone in Christian America would spend two hundred dollars to build a "hate-fence" between himself and his neighbor? (A solid board fence at that!) And yet, that is actually what has happened! There it stands today in a certain state, in a certain village, on a certain street, painted a sparkling white on the side next its builder, but a sour barn-red on the side next the neighbor it is intended to offend. It is so high that it even shuts off second story neighborliness.

Most people have too much self respect to flaunt their hate before the eyes of the public as the citizen did who built the hate-fence, but how many hate-fences would we find erected in people's hearts if we could see as God sees?

In the dead of night, February 9, 1709, the Epworth Rectory, which housed six-year-old John Wesley, his father, mother, one brother, Charles, and six sisters, burned to the snowy ground. The fire climaxed a long series of outrages perpetrated through the years by conscience-pricked town-folk who hated the pure, living gospel which Samuel Wesley preached.

Thirty-three summers passed by after the fire, and John Wesley was grown to manhood. The faithful father had lain now for seven years beneath waving grasses near the east end of the sacred edifice in which he had so long ministered the Word of Life. Over his grave had been erected a plain grit tombstone, supported by brickwork. This bright Sabbath evening a serious man, small of stature, stood on that tombstone, preaching to dense crowds who thronged the burying ground. It was the son of the venerable man over whose ashes he stood. John Wesley was preaching from his father's tombstone because he had been denied the use of the church where his father had preached!

Why did such a thing happen? The father, Samuel Wesley, was dead, his tongue was silent, his message no longer sounded forth. By all the odds, ill feelings should have vanished long before. But the truth was that after all those intervening years, a hate-fence was still standing in someone's heart.

How unlike a Christian it is to harbor a hate-fence either on a property line or in the heart! The Word says, "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart." And again, John says, "Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."

Death and time may tear down the hate-fences that show, but it takes a supernatural work to tear them from the heart. Only Christ can turn enemies into lovers. Indeed, a heart filled with God cannot accommodate a hate-fence at all, for God Himself is love.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;

All Thy faithful mercies crown.

—The Wesleyan Youth

It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle, for this is naturally pleasing to all, and everyone willingly enjoyeth peace and loveth those best that agree with him. But to be able to live peaceable with hard and perverse people, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable thing.—Thomas a Kempis.