

PREACHER ON THE FENCE.

From out the millions of the earth
God often calls a man
To preach His word, and for the truth
To take a loyal stand.
'Tis sad to see him shun his cross,
Nor stand in its defence.
Between the fields of right and wrong,
O preacher on the fence.

CHORUS.

Come off, come off,
Come off, come off the fence;
Come off, come off,
And take the consequence;
Your duty's plain,
You can't remain,
Oh preacher, come off the fence.

Before him are the souls of men,
Designed for heaven or hell,
And open Bible in his hand
And yet he dare not tell
Them all the truths as written there,
He fears the consequence—
The shame of heaven, the joy of hell,
A preacher on the fence.

Most surely God has called that man
To battle for the right,
'Tis his to ferret out the wrong
And turn on us the light.
He standeth not for right nor wrong,
He feareth an offence,
Great God deliver us from him—
That preacher on the fence.

If he should stand up for the wrong
The right he'd not befriend;
If he should boldly stand for right,
The wrong he would offend.
His mouth is closed, he dare not speak,
For freedom, or against;
The most disgusting thing on earth—
A preacher on the fence.

His better judgment, common sense,
They pull him to the right;
Behold him grip that topmost rail,
And hold with all his might;
His love of praise, it holds him fast,
Keeps him from going hence;
He's in a most unpleasant plight,
That preacher on the fence.

But soon both sides will find him out,
And brand him as a fraud;
A coward he, who dare not please
The devil or his God.
His sacerdotal robes they're all
A miserable pretence;
And men of zeal will do their best,
To club him off the fence.

—Sel.

WESLEY ON PERFECTION.

[The following quotations are from Wesley's Journal, and Works.]

"A man that is not a thorough friend to Christian perfection, will easily puzzle others, and thereby weaken, if not destroy; any select society."

"By perfection, I mean the humble, gentle, patient love of God and man, ruling all the tempers, words, and actions, the whole heart, and the whole life."

"If you press all believers to go on to perfection, and to expect deliverance from sin any moment, they will grow in grace. But if they lose that expectation, they will grow flat and cold."

As to manner, I believe this perfection is always wrought in the soul by a simple act of faith; consequently in an instant. But I believe a gradual work, both preceding and following that instant."

"As to the word perfection it is scriptural, therefore, neither you nor I can in conscience object to it, unless we would send the Holy Ghost to school, and teach him to speak who made the tongue."

"It requires a great degree of watchfulness to retain the perfect love of God; and one great means of retaining it is frankly to declare what God has given you, and earnestly to exhort all the believers you meet with to follow after full salvation."

"It is nothing strange that those who love the world should not love to continue with us. Our road is too straight.

Down the stream of nature driven
They seek a broader path to heaven."

However, let us keep in the good old way and we know it will bring us peace at last."

"I find by long experience it comes exactly to the same point, to tell men they shall be saved from all sin when they die; or tell them it may be a year hence, or a week hence, or any time but now. Our word does not profit, neither as to justification or sanctification, unless we can bring them to expect the blessing while we speak."

"Christian perfection is surely an other term for holiness. They are two names for the same thing. Thus, every one that is holy, is, in the scripture sense, perfect. Yet we may observe, that neither in this respect is there any absolute perfection on earth. There is no perfection of degrees, as it is termed; none which does not admit of a continual increase."

"To retain the grace of God is much more than to gain it; hardly one in three does this. And this should be strongly and explicitly urged on all who have tasted of perfect love. If we can prove that any of our local preachers or leaders, either directly or indirectly, speak against it, let him be a local preacher or leader no longer. I doubt whether he should continue in the society; because he that could speak thus in our congregation cannot be an honest man."

"By Christian perfection, I mean, 1. Loving God with all our heart. Do you object to this? I mean, 2. A heart and life all devoted to God. Do you desire less? I mean, 3. Regaining the whole image of God. What objection to this? I mean, 4. Having all the mind that was in Christ. Is this going too far? I mean, 5. Walk uniformly as Christ walked. And this surely no Christian will object to. If any one means anything more, or anything else, by perfection, I have no concern with it."

"Let none rest in being half Christians. Whatever they do, let them do it with all their might; and it will be well, as soon as any of them find peace with God, to exhort them to go on to perfection. The more explicitly and strongly you press all believers to aspire after full sanctification, as attainable now by simple faith, the more the whole work of God will prosper."

"Many years since I saw that 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' I began following after it, and inciting all with whom I had any intercourse to do the same. Ten years after, God gave me a clearer view than I had before, of the way how to attain this; namely, by 'faith in the Son of God. And immediately I declared to all, We are saved from sin, we are made holy, by faith! This I testified in private, in public, in print; and God confirmed it by a thousand witnesses."

I have found the plain reason why the work of God has gained no ground in this circuit in all the year. The preachers had given up the Methodist testimony. Either they did not speak of perfection at all (the peculiar doctrine committed to our trust) or they spoke of it only on general terms, without urging the believers to go on unto perfection, and to expect it every moment. And wherever this is not done, the work of God does not prosper."

"I went to Sheffield, and on Tuesday met the select society. But it was reduced from sixty to twenty; and but half of these retained all that they once received. What a grievous error, to think those that are saved from sin cannot lose what they have gained! It is a miracle if they do not; seeing all earth and hell are so enraged against them."

"Two things are certain the one, that it is possible to lose even the pure love of God; the other, that it is not necessary, it is not unavoidable; it may be lost, but it may be kept. Accordingly, we have some in every part of the kingdom, who have never been moved from their steadfastness."

"But surely we cannot be saved from sin, while we dwell in a sinful body." A sinful body? I reply observe, how deeply ambiguous, how equivocal this expression is! But there is no authority for it in Scripture: the word sinful body, is never found there. And as it is totally unscripural, so it is palpably absurd. For no body, or matter of any kind, can be sinful; spirits alone are capable of sin. Pray in what part of the body should sin lodge? It cannot lodge in the skin, nor in the muscles or nerves, or veins, or arteries; it cannot be in the bones any more than in the hair or nails. Only the soul can be the seat of sin."—Sel.

RAM'S HORN BROWN'S PHILOSOPHY.

The best fish in the river would be a failure in the sea.

It is only a little of the preaching that is done by the preacher.

Giving a cup of cold water in the name of the Lord, will increase the flow of the spring.

The good man's influence for good is greatest when he is least conscious of it. The little girl tries to make her doll look like a woman, and her mother tries to make a woman look like a doll.

"Everybody says 'Good, up higher,' to the man who is getting there.

There was no counting of the minutes on the day of Pentecost.

We should take it for granted that the Lord is in the meeting, whether any of the leading members are there or not.

The world will sooner or later be shaken by some little man who has faith like a grain of mustard seed.

He does best who does the best he can.

The flavor of dead lions in the honey beats that clover and buckwheat all to pieces.

What is the good of having a head of gold, if the feet are neither clay nor iron?

When the Lord comes to make up his jewels, he will find some of the brightest in the darkest places.

Things that are seen continually are soon not seen at all.

If we have the heart to do good God will give us the ability.

A cry is what the heart says when the lips can not speak.—Selected.

THE DIVINE MOVEMENT.

I seem not able to do anything only according to the Divine movement, and by the aid of Divine inspiration. Do not understand me, that I always wait for a special supernatural leading. I believe when we have come into Divine order, all our movements are natural, and we catch the Father's thought intuitively. The divine providences and circumstances of my life are such, frail by nature, and such constant demands upon me in the will of God, that I am incapacitated for anything only as it comes in God's time and order. Whatever He requires the ability is all-given to do. Having learned to keep time and pace with God, there is no lack. Everything is done sooner or later.—M. E. Caldwell.

GRAND OPPORTUNITIES.

There are grand opportunities for people who have a will to give to put their money where it can do great good in helping many sincere workers in the gospel, who are many times in straits financially while their hearts are burning with God given zeal to press his work in seeking the lost. If you do not know of such opportunities we can direct you to them. For instance one young minister with a wife and young child received money and goods to the amount of about \$150.00 during the year and was taken sick and incurred a bill for medical attendance of fully \$100.00, \$75.00 of which is still unpaid and the dear fellow has a difficult problem before him. There are other cases we could name.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

WE LEARNED THEM AT MOTHER'S KNEE.

PROF. T. BERRY SMITH.

There's a sweet old song on my lips to-night—

A song of long ago;
When only a child in a gown of white,
I learned that song to know;
Folding me close in her arms so strong,
While her face above me smiled,
My mother sang often that sweet old song
When I was a little child.

There's a dear old prayer in my heart to-night—

A prayer of the long ago;
When only a child in a gown of white,
I learned that prayer to know;
The mother who taught me that prayer to say
Has passed beyond recall.
But now when her tired child kneels to pray,
Her prayer is best of all.

O the sweet old songs that mother knew
And loved so much to sing,
Are the sweetest songs to me and you,
And the surest solace bring.
And the dear old prayers that mother prayed
Her children fondly keep,
Saying them now we are not afraid
When we lie down to sleep.—Selected.

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

The young men had made great preparation for their fishing trip into the Indian Territory, and their disappointment was deep when, on the very morning they were to start, the lawyer whom they all liked told them he could not go. To make the matter worse, his explanations were very lame and unsatisfactory. It was evident that he had given up the trip for some reason which he hesitated to name.

As a last resort the others went in a body—six of them—to his office, and demanded that he tell them exactly why he had deserted, when he had been most enthusiastic in planning the outing.

"If you're really to understand it," he said, "I have to begin with my own boyhood. My father—the best father, I think, that a boy ever had—always showed me a tenderness which, even as a child, I knew was somehow different from the love which my playmates had from their parents. It was not until I was perhaps 14 years old when he told me why this was so.

"Although he himself lived a most exemplary life, his father, his father's father and two of his uncles had been drunkards. The taste of liquor he believed to be hereditary in our family, and in me he had recognized many of the traits he himself possessed, and which he had made his own life a long fight against the habit of drink. He pointed out the danger that lay before me, and begged me to give him my promise never under any circumstances to touch liquor. 'It is your safety,' he said. 'Unless you make this resolution and have the strength to keep it, the odds will be fatally against you; like myself, you are easily influenced by others. If I thought that tomorrow you were to take your first drink I should pray to God that you might die to day.'

"Of course I promised. He had never talked to me in that way before, and, of course, it made an impression on me. I was frightened, and for several years I kept my promise. Then I went with some young fellows on an all day fishing trip. While we were eating our luncheon one of our number, a boy whom we all admired, took a bottle of whiskey from his pocket, drank from it and passed it to his next neighbor. The bottle went round the circle, for no one dared to refuse to follow George Reitz's lead. When it came to me I tried to pass it on without drinking, but the others began to tease and ridicule me, until, from sheer cowardice, I took the drink. A second and a third followed, and I began to realize that I liked the stuff, and wanted more of it. My father's warning flashed across my mind:

"If you take one drink you may be forever lost."

"The rest of the day passed wretchedly enough, and I was glad when it was time to start for home. When I reached the house I found that my father, whom I

had left in good health in the morning, was lying at the point of death. He had had a sudden attack of heart disease. They told me he was anxious to see me alone, and, with a breaking heart, I entered the room. He could not move and could hardly speak, but as I took his hand and bowed my head upon it, crying, he smiled tenderly and lovingly on me. When I grew calmer he spoke, although the effort was pitiful to witness:

"Be strong—mother's sake—my sake—kiss me."

"As I bent down to kiss him he noticed the odor of liquor on my breath. I shall never forget the look of agony and despair in his eyes.

"My poor—lost—boy!" he groaned; and these were his last words.

"Since that day, God helping me, I have never touched a drop of liquor. But I know my weakness. I don't dare to expose myself to the temptation, and I never knowingly go where liquor is to be used. This morning, while the provision wagon was being loaded, I saw that some one had sent along a case of whiskey. Forgive me, boys; I'm not preaching nor finding fault with you, but you see now why I can't go."

"You can and you shall go," spoke up the judge, who had provided the case of liquor, "for the whiskey is going to stay here."

So the lawyer went, and a jollier, healthier, happier outing none of the men ever had.—Youth's Companion.

WISDOM MORE THAN MONEY.

Wisdom is above price. Gold cannot buy intelligence. But it is often said, "Money will buy food, clothing and shelter." Even this is not always so. Tribes of men exist who, with the wealth of the world in their hands, could not secure for themselves one loaf of wholesome bread, one comfortable, beautiful garment, nor one clean white pillow on which to rest. Perhaps it is not money that secures these lesser blessings. Our country is prosperous and delightful. Does mere money make it so?—S. S. Times.

Quaker Rules for Life.

The Society of Friends in Great Britain have decided to insert in their official revised "Book of Rules and Discipline" the following advice on gambling and drink:—

Gambling.—Avoid and discourage every kind of betting and gambling and such speculation in commercial life as partakes of a gambling character.

Drink.—In view of the manifold evils arising from the use of intoxicating liquors, prayerfully consider whether your duty to God and your neighbor does not require you to abstain from using them yourselves or offering them to others, and from having any share in their manufacture or sale.

WANTED 100,000 BOYS.

Wanted, some bright boys, full of cheer,
To stand at my counter as drinkers of beer,

To fill up the ranks, without further delay,
Of the army of drunkards passing away,

A hundred thousand a year will just supply
The loss to our trade from the drunkards who die

Send those who can toil, or have wealth to bestow,
For profits are small on old drinkers, you know,

Let them come from the shop, the school or the home,
We'll welcome them all, whoever may come,

Let mothers surrender their sons to our cause,
And fathers keep voting for good license laws,

For if you will vote to keep running the mill,
You must furnish grist or the wheels will stand still.—Sel.

"God sends us to school in little things; He graduates us in great things. But the great finalities would never have been possible without the humble beginnings."

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