

Saw the dreary path before him, drew a deep  
 breath, knit his brows,  
 Then concluded to be faithful to his ordina-  
 tion vows.  
 In the front pews sat the fathers, hair as  
 white as driven snow—  
 As the bishop read appointments they had  
 filled long years ago,  
 Tender memories rushed upon them, life  
 revived in heart and brain  
 Till it seemed that they could travel their  
 old circuits o'er again.  
 "Happy Haven—Joseph Restful"—how  
 the joy shone in his face  
 At the thought of being pastor for three  
 years in such a place!  
 "Hard-as-Granite — Ephriam Smasher"—  
 there the stewards sat in row,  
 And they didn't want that Smasher, and he  
 didn't want to go.  
 "Drowsy Hollow—Israel Wakim"—he is  
 sent to sow and reap  
 Where the congregations gather in the inter-  
 ests of sleep.  
 As they sit on Sabbath mornings in their  
 softly-cushioned pews  
 They begin to make arrangements for their  
 regular weekly snooze.  
 Through the prayer a dimness gathers over  
 every mortal eye;  
 Through the reading of the Scripture they  
 begin to droop and sigh;  
 In the hymn before the sermon, with its  
 music grand and sweet,  
 They put forth one mighty effort to be seen  
 upon their feet,  
 Then amidst the sermon, throbbing with the  
 Gospel's sweetest sound,  
 They sink down in deepest slumber and are  
 nodding all around.  
 But I guess that Brother Wakim, on the  
 first bright Sabbath day,  
 When he preaches to that people, and is  
 heard a mile away,  
 Will defy both saint and sinner on a breast  
 to lay a chin  
 Till he strikes the strain of "lastly;" and  
 I'll warrant him to win,  
 For by all who ever heard him it is confi-  
 dently said,  
 If 'twere possible to mortal, he would wake  
 the very dead.  
 Then a mist came o'er my vision as the  
 bishop still read on,  
 And the veil that hides the future for a  
 moment was withdrawn,  
 For I saw the world's Redeemer far above  
 the bishop stand,  
 On his head a crown of glory, and a long  
 roll in His hand.

Round His throne a countless number of  
 the ransomed, listening, press'd—  
 He was stationing His preachers in the City  
 of the Blest.  
 Some whose names were most familiar,  
 known and revered by all,  
 Went down to the smaller mansions back  
 against the city wall.  
 One who took the poorest churches miles  
 away from crowds and cars,  
 Went up to a throne of splendor with a  
 crown ablaze with stars.  
 How the angels sang to greet him, how the  
 Master cried "Well done,"  
 While the preacher blushed and wondered  
 where he had such glory won,  
 Some whose speech on earth was simple,  
 with no arguments but tears,  
 Nothing novel in their sermons for fastidi-  
 ous itching ears,  
 Coldly welcomed by the churches, counted  
 burdensome by all,  
 Went up to the royal mansions and were  
 neighbors to Saint Paul.  
 Soon the Master called a woman, only known  
 here in the strife  
 By her quiet, gentle nature, though a famous  
 preacher's wife,  
 Praised and blessed her for the harvests she  
 had garnered in the sky,  
 But she meekly turned and answered—  
 "Twas my husband, Lord, not I."  
 "Yes," the Master said, "his talents were as  
 stars that glow and shine,  
 But thy faith gave them their virtue, and  
 the glory, child, is thine!"  
 Then a lame girl—I had known her—heard  
 her name called with surprise,  
 There was trembling in her bosom, there  
 was wonder in her eyes.  
 "I was nothing-but a cripple, gleaned in no  
 wide fields, my King,  
 Only sat a silent sufferer 'neath the shadow  
 of Thy wing!"  
 "Thou hast been a mighty preacher, and the  
 hearts of many stirred  
 To devotion, by thy patience, without utter-  
 ing a word,"  
 Said the Master, and the maiden to his side  
 with wonder press'd—  
 Christ was stationing His preachers in the  
 City of the Blest,  
 And the harp-strings of the angels linked  
 their names to sweetest praise  
 Whom the world had passed-unnoticed, in  
 the blindness of its ways.  
 I was still intently gazing on that scene  
 beyond the stars,  
 When I saw the Conference leaving, and I  
 started for the cars.