

THE
Expositor of Holiness

AND

BAND WORKER.

VOL. IV.

AUGUST, 1885.

No. 2.

READING THE APPOINTMENTS.

No event transpires in the experience of itinerant ministers of greater or more tender interest than hearing the annual reading of appointments. The following rendering of the scene by Rev. Alfred J. Hough, in *Zion's Herald*, will be read with tearful interest by many, and may prove a blessing to all.

I was sitting in a wing-slip, close beside the altar rail,
When the bishop came in softly, with a face serene, but pale,
And a silence indescribably pathetic in its power,
Such as might have reigned in heaven through that "space of half an hour,"
Rested on the whole assembly as the bishop rose and said:
"All the business being finished, the appointments will be read."
Not as one who handles lightly merchandise of little worth,
But as dealing with the richest, most important things of earth,
In the fellowship of Jesus, with the failings of a man,
The good bishop asked forbearance—he had done his best to plan
For the glory of his Master, trusting Him to guide his pen,
Without prejudice or favor; and the preachers cried, "Amen."
"Beulah Mountains—Henry Singer"—happy people, happy priest,
On the dainties of the gospel through the changing year to feast,
Not a church trial ever vexed them, all their preachers stay three years,
And depart amidst a tempest of the purest kind of tears.
"Troubled Waters—Nathan Peaceful"—how that saintly face grew red,
How the tears streamed through his fingers as he held his swimming head,
But his wife stooped down and whispered—what sweet message did she bear?

For he turned with face transfigured as upon some mount of prayer.
Swift as thought in highest action, sorrow passed and gladness came.
At some wondrous strain of music breaking forth from Jesus' name.
"Holy Rapture," said the bishop, "I have left to be supplied."
And I thought—you couldn't fill it, Mr. bishop, if you tried,
For an angel duly transferred to this Conference here below
Wouldn't know one-half the wonders that those blessed people know.
They would note some strain of discord though he sang as heaven sings,
And discover some shortcomings in the feathers of his wings.
"Grand Endeavor—Jonas Laggard"—blessed be the Lord, thought I,
They have put that Brother Laggard where he has to work or die,
For the church at Grand Endeavor with its energy and prayer
Will transform him to a hero or just drive him to despair.
If his trumpet lacks the vigor of the Gospel's charming sound,
They will start a big revival, and forget that he's around.
"Union Furnace—Solon Trimmer"—what a bishop that must be!
They have got the kind of preacher who will suit them to a T;
Metho-Congo-Baptist-Uni—in one nature blithe and bland,
Fire or water, hell or heaven, always ready on demand.
"Consecration—Jacob Faithful"—hand in hand the two will go
Through the years before them bringing heavenly life to us below.
"Greenland Corners—Peter Wholesoul"—but he lost his self control,
Buttoned up his coat as if he felt a cold wind strike his soul,