

READING THE APPOINTMENTS.

I was sitting in a wing slip, close beside the altar rail,
 When the bishop came in softly, with 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 handles lightly merchandise of little worth,
 But as dealing with the richest, most important things on 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 preacher cried "Amen."
 "Beulah Mountain, Henry Singer."
 Happy people, happy priest,
 On the dainties of the Gospel through the changing years to feast,
 Not a church trial ever vexed them, all their preachers stay four 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
 what sweet message did she bear?
 For he turned with face transfigured, as upon some mount of prayer.
 Swift as though the 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 could not fill it, Mr. Bishop, if you tried,
 For an angel duly transferred to this conference below,
 Wouldn't know one-half the wonders that these 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.
 In the front pew 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.
 Then a mist came over 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 pressed—
 He was stationing his preachers in the "City of the Blest."
 Some whose names were most familiar, known and revered by all,
 Went 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 angel sang to greet him, how the Master cried. "Well done."
 Here 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 fastidious, itching ears.
 Coldly welcomed by the churches, counted burdensome by all,
 Went up to royal mansions and were neighbors to St. Paul.

—Christian Guardian.

THE CHURCH THAT IS NEEDED

I believe that no man can be a successful Christian, a happy ~~man~~, or a faithful Christian ~~if~~ he fails to identify himself with the people of God. But if the church is to hold her membership and influence in the community, I would like to see the following:

1. The church must reflect the spirit of Jesus.
2. The church must go out after the lost. A church existing for herself is not a blessing to the community.
3. The church must care for her own. We do not need ministers who can "draw" so much as churches that can "hold" by sympathy, by love and by power that comes from walking with Christ.
4. The church must remember that she is not the minister's "field," but his "force."
5. The church must give the minister an atmosphere in which to preach. Many ministers fail because this is lacking.
6. The church must care for the new converts. A convert to grow must have the atmosphere in which he is born, and let us never forget that the new convert will catch quickly the spirit of the church of which he is a member.
7. The church is a harbor for tempest tossed souls. She must be true to this ideal.

—J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

"When Madame Guyon was imprisoned in the Castle of Vincennes, in 1695, she not only sang, but wrote songs of praise to her God. "It sometimes seems to me," she said "as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing now to do but sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. My heart was full of that joy which thou givest to them that love thee in the midst of their greatest crosses."—Suggestive Illus.

If you wish your neighbors to see what God it like, let them see what re can make you like.—Kingsley.

THE CHURCH COOKING FORCE.

The early church prayed in the upper room, the Twentieth Century church cooks in the supper room.
 Today the supper room has taken the place of the upper room, play has taken the place of prayer and feasting the place of fasting. There are more full stomachs than there are bended knees and broken hearts.
 There is more fire in the kitchen range than there is in pulpit. Ice cream chills the fervor of spiritual life.
 The early christians were not cooking in the supper room on the day when the Holy Ghost came; they were praying in the upper room. They were not waiting on tables; they were waiting for God. They were not waiting for the fire from the stove; but fire from above, They were detained by the command of God; and not entertained by the cunning of men.
 They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and not with chicken pie or roast
 Oh! I would like the cooking force put out and the praying force put in.
 Let us have less gravy and more grace; less soup and more salvation; less ham and sham and more heaven; less pie and more piety; less use of the cook and more use of the Book.
 Put out the fire in the kitchen and build it on the Altar. Let us have more love and more life; fewer dinners and more seved sinners. Let us have a church of waiters on God a church full of service to God.—Selected.

~~Save.~~—"In his book on Darkest England, General Booth continually speaks with the most unquestioning confidence of those who, under the ministry of his lieutenants, have been converted, as "soundly saved." And the thing seems very definite in these cases, a clear and manifest passing out of darkness into light, out of drunkenness, debauchery, and crime into sobriety, and industry and love and religion. When a man has drunk himself nearly into the grave, has spent as many years in prison as out of it, has been a thief a wife-beater, only by chance not a murderer, and then turns right round, renounces drink, works honestly, makes a decent home for his wife, and wins the respect of all who know him, then there is no difficulty in understanding what 'being saved' means. When a girl has forfeited all that makes girlhood beautiful, and has grown stained and sodden with drink, and then turns right around and rebuilds the temple of a woman's sanctity, and spends all her days and years in devoted ministry among those who are now what she was them, we see quite plainly that 'being saved' is a remarkably definite thing. No man can doubt that such a revolution in the outward life is but a signal of a corresponding revolution in the inward life. Through the application of some potent spiritual energy the nerve and fiber of the soul have undergone a penetrating change. Old passions have been killed. New affections have been born. A new light has entered into the life and transformed it wonderfully, the soul has been born again, the old man has been put off, the new men which is akin to Jesus Christ has been put on."—Hastings' Great Texts.

"Do not expect always to have smooth sailing; then, if the storm comes, you are ready for it, if the calm comes, the greater is your enjoyment."

"They who keep closest to the guide, find the way easiest and hear most clearly what he has to say."