

Communications.

For the Church Journal and Messenger.

AWAKE! AWAKE! O ZION!

God designs that the righteousness of His Church go forth with brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. And He who said "I am the Light of the world," said to His disciples, "Ye are the light of the world." The Church having light must not place it under a bushel; and having blessings for the world, she must not conceal them. For, as the Church was established to shed forth light, and show to those in darkness the road to ceaseless bliss, it is high time to awake out of sleep, and shine upon the sons of wretchedness.

THE BROAD ROAD TO WOE IS CROWDED.

Vast multitudes are living without God. Infidels daringly deny His existence. Looseness of thought has led to looseness of conduct. Doubt and vice are walking hand in hand. Crime and profligacy are on the increase. Existing prisons are full, and more are needed. Perilous times have surely come, for evil men and seducers are waxing worse and worse. Many are giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons. Satan is going forth as an angel of light. The world has formed an alliance with the Church, and is leading her with soft but unrelenting grasp. Christians go to the opera and to * * *, and the opera has been invited to the Church. Faith is weak, and love cold, and hope dim. Some have departed from the faith; and some who have not, are not Christ's living epistles. Infidelity gains strength through

THE WORLDLINESS OF CHRISTIANS.

The Saviour's foes assert that "Christianity exerts so little influence upon its followers, makes them so little superior to other men, allows them to exhibit so much meanness, overreaching and lack of integrity and holiness of spirit, love of even sinful amusements, that it is questionable whether Christianity is at all a very mighty transforming power." Though all do not thus act, they have to share the reproach brought on Christ's body. Because the prevailing worldliness is slaying the spiritual life of multitudes, some cry with Jeremiah, "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

EPISCOPAL LAMENTATION.

Zion's overseers are sad that the Church is not as a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of her God. One of our most eminent Bishops, whose praise is in all the churches, and whose heart yearns for the welfare of the Church, and the glory of her Head, says: "In some of our congregations the apathy is fearful. A torpid routine of prescribed performances appears to be about all that is left among them of the original operation of the Church of God. Fashion overlays devotion with a handsome but impious display. Levity and self-indulgence eat out the heart of all earnest faith. The Holy Ghost has been grieved away, and is not entreated to return. . . . A polite indifference, or an obstinate unbelief in the people, gradually benumbs the energies and deadens the zeal of the minister with a fatal chill!" But while the outlook is so gloomy, across the darkened sky appears

THE RAINBOW OF PROMISE.

If we take the plow of faith, and break up the fallow ground, and sow the seed of righteousness, God will bless us. If we pray in faith, and work in earnest, and adapt our actions to the laws of success, Zion's barren fields will again be fruitful, and the joyful workers sing

"Thou, Lord, didst send us a gracious rain,
And refreshedst Thine inheritance when it was weary!"

Twenty years since St. Paul's Cathedral, with all her choral attractions and rich ceremonial, was almost deserted. This magnificent Anglican Church centre was principally profitable to the Dean and chapter, and the choristers and vergers. The desolate aisles, dreary walls, neglected monuments, and dreariness of empty space, damp with London fog, sent a chill through the frame. The few scattered listeners to an emotionless sermon on the resurrection of Christ, or, torically only appropriate for a sermon on death, sent the gloom of a tomb over the hearer's spirit. The rendering of the whole service imparted the sensationalism of dreary Winter, and the liturgical worship and surrounding marble monuments to the dead, were in perfect harmony. But

THIS CHURCH WINTER HAS PASSED.

Vast congregations now assemble to hear the word of Life. Lessons are now impressively read. Praise no longer drags, and those who lead it behave themselves. Sermons no longer produce slumber, but thrill the heart and soul. The fresh life given to preaching has prevented the extinction of the mere handful of worshippers. The faithful and earnest proclamation of the Gospel has added to their number. The liturgical beauties of the Prayer Book are written on their hearts, and find vocal utterance, not in inaudible whispers, but in tones of holy fervor. The religious throbings of the Church's Cathedral heart has propelled the life current through every diocesan artery; and with gladness all sing

"We praise Thee, O God! we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord;
All the earth doth worship Thee, The Father everlasting."

The whole Church is obeying the mandate "Awake! Awake! O Zion!" The deadness of the past forms a background, throwing out in bold relief the increasing life; and it would not be true to now sing

"Hosannas lauguish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies!"

THE SUN OF REVIVAL IS NOW BRIGHTLY SHINING.

Though the Church sky was dark and black clouds spread gloom, Christ was with His Church, and did not forsake her. Though the Church stars were few, and the few stars dim, many Church stars are now brightly shining. Though the Church virgins slept, the Saviour's voice of love has awakened the slumberers. The black gloom of midnight has gradually departed. The Anglican Church no longer resembles a cemetery filled with the dead. And instead of spending all her strength to keep a few from "genylecting," she labors with holy zeal to bring down in penitence those who to Jesus have never bowed the knee! The clergy do not spend all their time to regulate gestures and regalia, but to save the lost, adopt each other's agencies, strike the same key note on the grand Gospel organ, and sing with increasing swell the Gloria for God's blessing on their efforts. Are these signs of life at home? Is

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA AWAKING?

Stealing over Zion's slopes are the delicate tints of day-dawn. The dawning light is gradually deepening. From many earnest hearts the prayer is ascending:

"Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare,
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.
Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death,
Quicken the smouldering embers, Lord,
With Thine Almighty breath!"

The Church sky brightens. The orb of revival rises. Beams of brightness flash forth and gladden. Verdure is covering ground long fallow. Streams from the River of Life make glad the city of our God. Lost ones are drinking thereof, and there is rejoicing on earth, and greater joy above! Because Zion is listening to the voice *Awake! Awake!* she will soon arise, and shine. Then her Lord's reflected righteousness will go forth with brightness, and the offered salvation shine as a lamp that burneth. As Psalmists and Prophets prayed "O Lord revive Thy work!" "O Lord I beseech Thee, send now prosperity," let us not be afraid of the word "*Revival*," but labor for a genuine one; and then the Church will be a crown of glory in the hand of her Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of her God. J. W. BONHAM.

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For the Church Journal and Messenger.

SQUEEZED LEMONS.

Has it ever occurred to those debating the question of the scarcity of candidates for the ministry, that a solution of their problem may be approached by noting the circumstance connected with squeezed (or where they use the strong perfect "squeeze") lemons? When lemonade has been made, neat and careful purveyors of the beverage always remove the squeezed lemons from sight, the same being, perhaps, good for flavoring, but for lemonade "never more."

Now it is an uncomfortable and hardly understood fact that clergy with families, and arrived at mid-life, are squeezed lemons. They have served the Church, and distilled preaching beverage to the people during their youth, unencumbered, say five, six, or eight years; then still longer, more or less encumbered, say ten or fifteen more; but at length, with families around them, they can no longer give strength, labor, talents, for no return, and having given all they could for nothing, they are drained preachers, squeezed lemons, and what will you do about it?

There are to-day in this land scores of such clergy, unemployed and anxiously (and vainly) seeking for employment. Meanwhile the Societies and Bishops are crying aloud "Give us men, that we may make ministers of them!" And yet when pointed to these unemployed and needy ministers "tout fait," they reply "O! they are not what we want. It is not merely ministers that we need, but a certain kind. We cannot support married men at all. We want young men, full of life, strength, and zeal, such as can live on a trifle; such as we can squeeze thoroughly until they marry or grow old, and then we shall need new ones." And they wonder, these Societies and Bishops, that the candidates do not appear.

They do not consider that there are too many squeezed lemons lying round loose; that is the reason. True, the societies do all they can to get the squeezed ones out of sight, by providing as many agencies as they can, and so sending them out to solicit nice fresh lemons; but still they cannot half clear away the nec sitous. Those used and thrown by, lie around too plentifully to make the beverage seem inviting. This is the trouble, friends. It is not only foolish, but untrue, to raise this cry of inability to provide preaching beverage for lack of lemons, when there are plenty of lemons, only not young and

what you want. Provide a little more sugar and you can make excellent beverage from the material desiring to be used and lying ready to your hand. For a society to procure sugar instead of new lemons, cry out to the people that they must learn that the laborer is worthy of his hire; teach them a true appreciation of the work of the Gospel refreshment; explain to them that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel, as the Lord hath ordained; show them that just as surely as a Bishop is to have but one wife, the presbyter and deacon are bound to have one wife and children and household, as patterns to the flock in all godly ruling and governance. Cry aloud to those having superabundance, that they give to aid others not able to do so well in maintaining this Gospel ministration, and so help feeble priests to a proper support of the ministry already waiting to be employed; provide for these, as the Lord ordained: "He that receiveth you, receiveth Me" so put away the disgrace and hurt of the Church in these squeezed lemons, who are now rejected; and the blessing would be found by the laity, "Give and it shall be given;" candidates would soon appear. Q. E. D.

For The Church Journal and Messenger

THE WIVES OF THE CLERGY.

MESSRS. EDITORS: You have so often proved yourselves the advocates of the ill-paid clergymen, that their families must feel themselves greatly your debtors. Little, however, has been said of clergymen's wives, and how heavily the burden falls upon them. Take the case of a salary of \$600 (and there are many such), not \$1.75 per day; below the wages of an average mechanic. How is a man to support himself, wife, and perhaps family, on such a sum, and yet maintain, what is required by all parishes of their clergyman, the outward semblance of respectability suitable to his position and profession? I will tell you how it is done: by denying themselves many comforts which others deem necessities; by the drudgery of the wife, who has to be both mistress and maid; by calculations until the poor head aches and the brain gets bewildered, as to how one dollar may be made to do the work of two or three; by weary days and sleepless nights, weary and sleepless from busy thought, striving to do without this or that, turning old garments inside out and upside down; for on less than \$1.75 per day, the butcher, the baker, the grocer, and the bill for lights and fuel (no small items in some parts of the States), have to be paid, to say nothing of the wear and tear, and consequent replacing of household furniture, &c., and clothing; and alas! minister's families find to their cost, that they need boots, shoes, and wearing apparel, as well as their more prosperous neighbors. Then, too, they must be ready to offer occasional hospitality, which always ensures some retrenchment in the coming days. Allusion is here made to clerical reunions and Bishop's visitations, when, as is the case in some parishes, the expenses of the entertainments are allowed to fall almost wholly, if not altogether, on the clergyman. In all these outlays not a word has been said of books, and yet they are real necessities, not luxuries, to the clergyman: but how can he supply this great need? I will leave his parishioners to answer this question.

In some cases, I know, a rectory is provided, and the minister is free from house rent, and in this better off than a mechanic, but consider their relative positions, and what is expected of each.

The clergyman's wife cannot receive her guests in the kitchen, the respectability of the parish forbids it; nor can she make one fire answer all purposes; and when several rooms have to be used, the expense and work are greater.

In some places the wife's time is supposed to be at the disposal of the people; as if the vestry's engagement with her husband included herself; and she is expected, in spite of her numerous home duties, to be frequent in her calls and untiring in her social relations.

If in addition to all these cares and perplexities there is a family to be clothed and educated, no one can wonder that the mother's heart often aches, and her tears often flow, when she asks herself where all these things are to come from? Trust in Providence, I think I hear some one say, who has never known what it is to struggle with privations. Yes, we do trust in Providence: God is our only trust. Yet God expects every one to do His own duty. Providence will not do the people's duty for them; and it is surely the duty of every Christian man and woman, not to do as little as they possibly can with any show of decency, but to do all they can for the support of the ministry, remembering that it is as individuals as well as parishes that they are accountable to God. I write feelingly, for I am

ONE OF MANY.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred the degree of Doctor of Music upon Mr. W. H. Longhurst, organist of Canterbury Cathedral, who has for nearly half a century been a member of the musical staff of the Cathedral, first as chorister, then as lay clerk, assistant organist and master of the choristers, and latterly as organist.