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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 8 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

THE HIGH PRIEST

Any of our readers by turning to Exodus xxviii will find a description of the holy garments made for Aaron the high priest, that he might minister unto the Lord. The Mosiac priesthood was the inheritance of Aaron and his family, of the tribe of Levi. The priests of the Mosiac law stood as mediators between God and the people. Their duties consisted in offering sacrifice for the people, preparing the shewbread, burning incense, tending the lights of the sanctuary in the Temple, and instructing the people, attending to the daily offerings, and enforcing the laws regarding uncleanness, &c., outside. From the crucifixion of Christ may be dated the decline of the priestly office of the Jews, which may be said to have practically ceased at the destruction of the Temple forty years later.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Many a cottage home on the estate of a nobleman, in the south of England, was made glad last Christmas through a gift sent from the hall to each tenant's and laborer's family of a copy of "Moody's Addresses," revised by himself. In one of these cottages the husband and wife had been in the habit, year after year, of spending their Christmas-day in riotous company, but the sight of the new book awakened their interest and curiosity, so they stayed at home all day to read it. A few days later, a Bible-woman, who had often felt discouraged in her former visits, called again at the door. To her surprise she received a warm welcome from the waggoner's wife, in whose changed face beaming with peace and joy, she could hardly recognize the woman who, from the violence of her temper and her love of strong drink, had been a terror to the village. The story of the change was soon told. "That blessed book," said Mrs. — "has led both me and my husband to seek the Lord. Every evening now he reads to me out of it, and the other night he stopped in the middle of his reading, and, with the tears running down his cheeks, asked me to pray with him." Then, for the first time in her life, she heard him pray. "For," added she, "when my prayer was ended, he prayed such a beautiful prayer himself, that I could only weep and sob at his side." The husband had served for thirty years on the estate; he was a quiet, temperate man, but of a dull, dead nature, apparently without a thought beyond minding his horses; — he never even entered a church. Now the whole village is astonished at the change, for he and his wife are both humbly living for Jesus, and full of joy in the great salvation His grace has brought to them. — J., in "Herald of Dawn" for March.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF SILENCE.

Mark that if the Church is not prepared to lift up her testimony against the drink curse, she is prepared to stand silently by while thousands of drunkards are perishing upon every side. Do not say I am uncharitable. It is her position now. If she is not prepared to array herself against the drink curse, there is no lack of charity in saying for it is the truth that she is prepared to remain indifferent while



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drunkards perish in thousands on every side. If it is true, then we raise the most momentous question. Why is it she occupies such an anomalous position? Now, I ask, where is the answer? Is it because she is more interested in the drink system than in the salvation of a drink-cursed community? God forbid that we should be forced to accept this dreadful alternative, yet it appears to me as if there was no escape if she remains indifferent and remains actively supporting the system. I ask where is there escape from this dreadful conclusion? I do not say that I insist that is the only conclusion. But if there is any other exclamation, let us have it in defence of her anomalous position. I submit, then, we have made out our case—that this drink curse is one of the greatest evils that ever afflicted the world. We have made out our case, that of all the questions which agitate society, there is not one which is to be compared with the solution of this drink question. We have proved that drinking is on the increase, and that there are forces at work most ominous, both for the Church and the State, in the future. I appeal to all interested in the well-being of the Church, to use their influence to bring her to the front, and induce her to pro-

claim war, along the whole line, against this destroyer. Let her rush between the living and the dead, so that this terrible plague be stayed. Let the Church realize her position, and act a part worthy her sacred mission. Then, with the love of God in her heart, and the smile of heaven upon her brow, she will be able to summon Omnipotence into the field, and sweep away, as chaff before the whirlwind, the wealth and influence of the drink power. *Basil Lewis.*

Who is RESPONSIBLE.—Mr. Moody in the farewell services in New York said: "Now, the eyes of the whole Christian world are on New York at the present time, just looking to see what you Christians are going to do. If the work stops now don't say it is our fault; it is your own. We have had no false excitement here. We just simply preached the Gospel. Now, if it stops here, it is your fault, because you do not take it up and carry it on. There are thousands in this audience who have as much ability and talent as I or Mr. Sankey have. God holds you responsible for your influence, and every man or woman has an influence over some one."



Temperance Department.

CHELLEYVILLE'S SALOON.

BY L. E. THOMAS.

All day the clouds had gathered, and all day had the drear winds of November blown in fitful gusts through the streets of a town in the far West. At nightfall the wind grew even more piercing, and moaned even more dismally, and the evening darkness came without any warning, for all the glory of the sunset lay on top of the impenetrable clouds, and not one little beam of light found its way through them to the little dingy town. At last, the gloomy clouds drew nearer to the sympathizing earth and wropt out their pent-up sorrows, and the dismal winds groaned through crevices, and wise heads came to bright widows and predicted a stormy night. Pretty much as all other places, the little town of Chelleyville had its bitter and sweet thoroughly mixed, and on this night, some of its homes were little Edens of comfort and joy, while others had ghastly visitors of grief and disappointment. One of them is a little brown house amid the trees. All is quiet within and without,—save the storm.

A feeble fire is blazing in one of the rooms, and before it sit an aged couple, the old lady rocking silently to and fro in her chair, while the old man sits by her side gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

The room is lonesome and poorly furnished. On the table, a tallow candle sends the shadows dancing off to the corners.

"He'll be twenty-five to-morrow," said the old man, seemingly to himself.

"Yes, twenty-five," repeated the old lady, ceasing the vibrations of the chair. "Why doesn't he come? He promised to be here an hour before this," and she went to the window, but she could not see for the darkness, and there was no sound but the beating of the rain on the glass, and she returned to the chair with a face that betrayed a heavy heart.

"It's no use, mother; he won't come." "But, Joseph, thee knows he promised to come, and it's so stormy to-night, he surely won't stay," she answered hopefully.

"But the hail, Mary,—that cannot be broken by a rain-storm, and his appetite is too strong to yield to a promise." The old lady sighed, but made no reply, and the silence for another hour was only broken by the rocking of the old chair, and the rain and wind outside in the night. By and by, the night train went rumbling past, rousing the old man from his reverie, and he said:

"It was all folly, mother, perfect folly, for us to come West to reform Frederick, we have sacrificed our home and comfort, and he is even a worse drunkard than before!"

"Yes, but, Joseph, thee knows how earnest he was, and how hard he tried to leave off drinking; and how he begged us to come with him here, beyond the reach of the tempter, he thought. And thee knows how happy thee and I began to be, even here, when he came home so sober every night, and began to seem like himself again, till that accursed saloon was established here!"

"But I tell thee, Mary there's no hope now. He's got the habit and the appetite, and he's indulged it so long he'll never be rid of it. No, no, Fred is a drunkard, and there'll be no joy nor comfort for thee and me till we are in the grave!" moaned the old man, bowing his head

WATER