

WE ARE COMING TO THE BATTLE

We are coming to the battle of the weak against the strong,
We are coming to the conflict of the right against the wrong;
We are coming to the rescue of our country and our home,
We are coming to the help and hope of years that are to come.
CHO.—Then raise the flag of Prohibition,
Wave it as of yore;
We are coming to the rescue with a hundred thousand more;
We are coming, yes we're coming
We are coming with a hundred thousand more.
We are coming in our early days to aid the good and true,
We are coming in our youthful strength with faith to dare and do;
We are coming in our love for friends in country and in town,
We are coming in the might of God to put the tyrant down.
We are coming ere the tempter has had time to forge his chain
To bind us fast and make us slaves in evil's dark domain;
We are coming with our little help to do what we can do
For other's good, for God's own cause, in all the wide world through.

COMING BY AND BY.

A better day is coming
A morning promised long,
When girded Right, with holy Might,
Will overthrow the Wrong,
When God the Lord will listen
To every plaintive sigh,
And stretch his hand o'er every land,
With justice by and by.
CHO.—Coming by and by, coming by and by!
The better day is coming, The morning draweth nigh;
Coming by and by, coming by and by!
The welcome dawn will hasten on,
This coming by and by.
The boast of haughty Error
No more will fill the air,
But Age and youth will love the Truth
And spread it everywhere;
No more from Want and Sorrow
Will come the hopeless cry;
And strife will cease and perfect Peace
Will flourish by and by.
Oh! for that holy dawning
We watch, and wait and pray,
Till o'er the height the morning light
Shall drive the gloom away;
And when the heavenly glory
Shall flood the earth and sky,
We'll bless the Lord for all his word,
And praise Him by and by.

THIS STREAM OF WOE.

There is a stream of rapid flow,
Worse than a fiery flood;
That courses through our favored land
And leaves a track of blood.
It bears a precious freight of souls
Upon its bosom wide,
And hurries them away to doom
Upon its rushing tide.
CHO.—O, God of love, in heaven above,
Roll back the fiery flood;
Oh, stay this awful stream of sin,
This tide of woe and blood.

This stream sends out a flood of sin,
A flood of human woe;
Engulfing thousands in its dark
And pestiferous flow.
Its poison reaches to the soul,
And crushes even there
The last faint hope of happiness,
And leaves us in despair.

O God, in an anguish of our souls,
We cry, we cry to thee!
Reach out thy mighty arm to stay
This great iniquity.
Our only hope is in thy strength,
Our only trust in God;
O stay this awful stream of sin,
This tide of woe and blood.

TOUCH NOT THE BOWL.

Touch not, touch not the sparkling bowl,
That poison doth contain;
Touch not, taste not, or full control,
Or'er you it soon will gain;
It sparkles only to beguile,
To lure to certain woe;
Then do not heed the tempter's smile,
If you of bliss would know.
CHO.—Touch not, touch not, touch not the sparkling bowl;
Taste not, taste not, 'twill ruin mind and soul.

Touch not, touch not the demon's bowl,
A worm doth lurk therein
To gnaw the heart and taint the soul
If you commit the sin;
Then do not let reproof be scorned;
To reason prove not blind;
In time, of all its ills be warned
Or else leave hope behind.

Touch not, touch not the cursed bowl,
That doth but sorrow bring;
For if you yield to its control,
The worm within will sting;
Then fly the tempter and his sway,
While time is left you still,
Turn from his luring arts away,
While you have yet the will.

SHUN THE CUP.

Oh, bright is the wine, the ruby wine
That sparkles in the cup;
But dim are the eyes, the blood-shot eyes
Of him who quaffs it up.
CHO.—Then shun the cup, the death-
fraught cup
That dooms the soul to hell,
And drink the draught, the cooling draught
That comes from the crystal well.
Oh, bright is the glow, the rosy glow,
As on the eye it gleams;
But pure is the light, the diamond light,
Of nature's crystal streams.
Oh, sad is the end, the dreadful end
Of him who heedeth not,
To shun the cup, the treacherous cup,
So full of danger fraught.

The Sabbath-School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

Second Quarter—Lesson XIII—June 30

REVIEW.—MISSIONS.—TEMPERANCE.

REVIEW AND MISSIONS.—Mark 16: 14-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.*—John 20: 31.

As we have been studying the story of Christ's life for six months past, it will be well for our Review, to take a bird's eye view of his life, and impress upon the scholars the main incidents, leaving a picture which never can be effaced. Below is given a series of questions, showing one way in which this general view of Christ's life may be set forth.

SUBJECT.—THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

I. His Birth and Early Life. When and where was Jesus born? His mother's name? Give three incidents of his early life. In what place did he live? for how many years? What was his occupation? When and where was he baptized?

II. The Time and Place of his Ministry. How old was Jesus when he began his public ministry? How long did it last? In what two countries was most of it spent? What other countries did he visit? Name the chief cities in which he taught. Name two mountains, a lake, and a river connected with his life.

III. His Teachings. What sermon of Jesus is recorded? In what way did he do much of his teaching? Name some of the principal parables he spoke. Give some of his illustrations. What were some of the leading truths he taught?

IV. His Miracles. Name some of the principal miracles. What was the purpose of the miracles? Over what evils and enemies of men did they show our Saviour's power? Were they all miracles of help and blessing?

V. Incidents revealing his Character. How did he gain the victory over temptation? What did his example teach about the Sabbath? What was revealed concerning him on the Mount of Transfiguration? What by his night of prayer? by his washing the disciples' feet? by his agony in the garden? by his words upon the cross?

VI. The Atonement on the Cross. By whom was Jesus betrayed? where? By whom was he condemned? On what occasions was he mocked? Where was he crucified? How many times did he speak on the cross? How long did the crucifixion last? What happened at its close? Where was Jesus buried?

VII. His Resurrection. How long was Jesus in the tomb? When did he rise? Who saw him first? How many times did he appear? In what places? For how long? What was his last act on earth? From what place did he ascend to God?

VIII. The Great Commission. What was Jesus' last message to his people? (Mark 16: 15, 16.) Who is to go? Where are they to go? Are any nations to be omitted? What are we to preach and teach? (Matt. 28: 19, 20.) What aids did God give them? (Mark 16: 17, 18.) Have missions been successful? Have any churches succeeded without the missionary spirit? Is such a Saviour worthy of being preached everywhere?

TEMPERANCE LESSON.—

1 Cor. 8: 4-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Wherefore, if meat maketh my brother to stumble, I will eat no flesh forever more, that I make not my brother to stumble.*—1 Cor. 8: 13 (Rev. Ver.).

This epistle was written to correct certain disorders which had arisen in the church since Paul's departure. The Christians in the city were surrounded by idolatry, whose influences pervaded society. When sacrifices were offered to idols, parts of the animals were burned upon the altar, a portion was given to the priests, and a portion retained by those who made the offering. These remnants, if they were not eaten at the feasts, were often sold in the public markets. Thus a Christian might eat unconsciously of meat that had been offered to idols if he purchased his meat in the market. Or if he attended the social feasts or weddings of his heathen neighbors, he would be liable to eat meat offered to idols, as sacrifices were always offered on such occasions, and a large portion of meat used would be such as had been used in the sacrifices.

The Question, therefore, which troubled many Christians was whether it was right to eat such meat. Would not those who ate in-dorse idolatry?

The Answer of Paul was, that what the heathen did with their meat was nothing to the Christians. An idol was nothing, and offering it to idols did not harm the meat. Only they must not eat it as an offering, when they were told it was a part of the sacrifice.

But Paul lays down a Great Principle. Although meat offered to an idol was not harmed in itself, and was innocently eaten by those who so understood it, yet if eating such meat caused a weak brother to stumble, and was the means of leading him into sin, then Paul would not touch such meat. It was better to deny himself of a harmless gratification, than to lead another into ruin.

SELF-DENIAL FOR THE GOOD OF OTHERS.

It is conceded on all hands that the use of intoxicating liquors is dangerous to all, and deadly to many. There is no question about their tendency to,—

Destroy life, squander property, debase character, injure health, mar happiness, corrupt the state, incite to crime, spoil families, ruin the soul.

Illustration. *The Tame Anaconda.*

A few years ago a noted wild-beast tamer gave a performance with his pets in one of the leading London theatres. He took his lions, tigers, leopards, and hyenas through their part of the entertainment, awing the audience by his wonderful nerve and his control over them. As a closing act to the performance, he was to introduce an enormous boa-constrictor, thirty-five feet long. He had bought it when it was only two or three days old; and for twenty-five years he had handled it daily, so that it was considered perfectly harmless and completely under his control. He had seen it grow from a tiny reptile, which he often carried in his bosom, into a fearful monster.

The curtain rose upon an Indian woodland scene. The weird strains of an Oriental band steal through the trees. A rustling noise is heard, and a huge serpent is seen winding its way through the undergrowth. It stops. Its head is erected. Its bright eyes sparkle. Its whole body seems animated. A man emerges from the heavy foliage. Their eyes meet. The serpent quails before the man,—man is victor. The serpent is under the control of a master. Under his guidance and direction it performs a series of frightful feats. At a signal from the man it slowly approaches him, and begins to coil its heavy folds around him. Higher and higher do they rise, until man and serpent seem blended into one. Its hideous head is reared aloft above the mass. The man gives a little scream, and the audience unite in a thunderous burst of applause, but it freezes upon their lips. The trainer's scream was a wail of death agony. Those cold, slimy folds had embraced him for the last time. They had crushed the life out of him, and the horror-stricken audience heard bone after bone crack, as those powerful folds tightened upon him. Man's plaything had become his master. His slave for twenty-five years had now enslaved him.

In this horrible incident is portrayed the whole story of intemperance. The man who has taken the first glass of intoxicating liquor has the boa of intemperance in his bosom. If he throttles the monster now, it is easily done. But if he permits it to live, feeds and nourishes it, he may control it for even twenty-five years, but it is continually growing, and some day its soul-destroying folds will encircle his soul, and bear it to those regions of woe "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Christian Love denies Self for the Good of Others. It will not lead others into evil and danger for the sake of self-gratifications, even those which seem harmless to itself.

Love bids us take the course.

It is the Christlike course.

We must give an account at the Judgment seat of those ruined by our indulgences.

The rewards. Noble character, larger usefulness, the joy of our Lord.

Municipality of York.
NOTICE is hereby given, that the Semi-Annual Meeting of the COUNTY COUNCIL of the Municipality of York, will be held in the County Council Room, in the Court House, in the City of Fredericton, on **TUESDAY, 2nd day of July, 1889.**
Dated the 5th day of June, A. D., 1889.
WILLIAM WILSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

HE IDENTIFIED HIMSELF.

How Senator Cullom Worked His Way Into a Convention Hall.

Senator Cullom met a newspaper man here to-day, writes a Washington correspondent, who recalled to his mind a curious incident of the National convention of 1880, in which both took part. Cullom was then Governor of Illinois, and the newspaper man was a keeper of one of the inner doors at the convention. When they met the newspaper man remarked:

"Senator, you may not remember it, but you owe me a debt."

"How is that?" asked the Senator.

"Do you remember the young man that got you into the convention one day in 1880?"

"Why, of course I do; you are not the young man, are you? If you are I do owe you a debt, sure enough."

The conversation brought out the incident. Governor Cullom forgot his ticket one day, and when he told the outer door-keeper that he was Governor of the State the man would not believe him. Governor Cullom affected the harvest in his manners and dress in those days. He insisted on being let in, and, finally, the guard consented to take him as far as the inner door. There he presented him to the young door-keeper, saying:

"Here's a fellow who says he's Shelby Cullom; I don't take any stock in him, but if you're a mind to let him in you can do it."

The Governor took the matter good naturedly, and assured the door-keeper that he really was Shelby Cullom.

"There's a lot of fellows that come here with just such stories as that every day," said the door-keeper. "If you're Governor Cullom you ought to have a ticket."

After some arguing, however, the door-keeper said: "I'll tell you what I'll do: You come inside and I'll tell you mighty quick whether you're a fraud or not."

The Governor said all right, and followed the young man to the platform. When they were where they could get a good look at the people sitting there the door-keeper said: "Now do you see any body you know?"

Before the Governor had time to pick out any one Bob Ingersoll saw him and called out:

"Hey, Shelby, come over here."

"It's all right, Governor," said the door-keeper, "and I'm sorry I made you any trouble, but you'll admit that I did the square thing."

"Yes, young man, you did, and I owe you a debt," said the Governor, and the incident ended until to-day.

READING AND WRITING.

How to Increase the Happiness and Pleasures of the Home Circle.

Those accomplishments are the most excellent and most worthy of cultivation which contribute most largely to the happiness of others, says the New York Ledger. I place that of reading well before every one of the arts which usually are so designated; and, certainly, had I the fairy's power to bestow on those I loved the gift which should most endear them to others—not, of course, including good principle, good sense and good temper—I would give them the power of delighting their own family circle by reading and talking well. The former art especially is cultivated far too little for the health as well as the happiness of young women; so much is it neglected that probably twenty can sing pleasantly for every one that can read agreeably. Yet we can not doubt that a voice for singing is comparatively rare, and that almost any one who chooses to do so can read so as to give pleasure. Perhaps there are two reasons for the general neglect of this charming accomplishment. In the first place, we are far too apt to cultivate most carefully that which is to please in society, and to neglect those arts which can contribute to domestic happiness. We sing for our acquaintances to excite the admiration, or, it may be, the envy of people who see us but seldom, and would not greatly care if they never saw us again. But in being able to read well a good book or paper, we are only likely to give pleasure to an invalid father or brother, or perhaps a group of younger brothers and sisters. But to increase the happiness of but one of our home circle ought to be a source of far more satisfaction to us than the applause of any stranger whatever. To while away the dreary hours of pain and sickness—to charm a group of young listeners into forgetfulness of the rain or snow that is preventing them from enjoying their usual sports—these are objects we can easily attain, and from which we shall derive such real happiness that they are well worth a little effort.

AN ACCOMPLISHED LIAR.

How a Paste-and-Scissors Editor Fooled a Young Lady.

A youthful newspaper friend of mine, writes the Chicago Journal's sidewalk stroller, who is so fond of the pastime of "guying" his acquaintances that he frequently verges upon pure fabrication, delivered himself last night of a piece of audacity so monstrous that the recollection of it even now enchains my attention and refuses to be dismissed. A lively little party of five or six had gathered in the parlor after dinner, and, after running a gamut of other subjects, the conversation had turned upon newspapers. Among other things, it was my youthful friend's duty to clip from the "exchanges" every day a column of witticisms of various length and grades of excellence, and select the best of them for publication, under a suitable headline in his paper next morning. It was with a happy knowledge of this in view that one of the company, a bright and attractive girl, interrogated the youth in this wise: "Mr. M—," quoth she, "how can you possibly find the ideas to write a whole column of those funny paragraphs every day?" The young man winked stealthily at me and responded: "Oh, it's very simple, I assure you. I just light my pipe, put my heels on the desk and think hard for five minutes. Then the ideas come, and I generally manage to write the whole column in about three-quarters of an hour." The young lady was duly impressed, but inquired: "What does the little line at the bottom of each paragraph mean? It's always the name of some other paper, isn't it?" For one instant the young rascal was staggered, but recovered himself instantly and answered with sublime effrontery: "Oh yes, I just stuck the name of any paper I happen to think of at the end of each paragraph, so as to add a little diversity to the column. People think they're getting the best in the market then, you know."

The young lady was perfectly satisfied and accepted the explanation in the best of faith. A veteran journalist who was present muttered something *sotto voce* about having heard the best lie of the century.

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