KINGLY ROBES OF CHRIST.

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Sweetness of Jesus.

His Robes Were Odorous With Myrrh, and Aloes, and Cassia—The Palaces of Olden Time and the Palaces of Heaven—How Our Friends Appear in Their Celestial Home—An Appeal for Those Left on Earth.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."—Psalms xlv., 8.

Among the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the church of Notre Dame, with its great towers and elaborate rose-window, and sculpturing of the Last Judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements of quatrefoil; its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain tastes than the costly vestments which laid in oaken presses, robes that had been embroidered in gold and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe in which Pius VII had appeared at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the christening of Napoleon II. As our guide opened the oaken presses and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost, and lifted them up, the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in cloth, and embroidery, and perfume.

But now, my friends, I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ; and as I lift them flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments which "smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

In my text the King steps forth; His robes rustle and blaze as He advances. His pomp, and power, and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is He than Queen Vashti moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette on the day when Louis XVI put upon her the necklace of eight hundred gems; than Anne Boleyn the day when Henry VIII welcomed her to his palace. All beauty and all pomp forgotten while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory. King of Zion. King of Earth. King of heaven. King for ever! His garments not worn out, not dust bedraggled, but radiant, and jewelled, and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed a hundred years amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphor and frankincense, and all manner of precious woood. Do you not inhale the odors? Aye, aye! They "smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Your first curiosity tonight is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright leafed Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh, thrown on His infantile bed in Bethlehem; and the last that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of His crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then there would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it, no longer than a chestnut, would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost interminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So, when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh, I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetnes of Jesus. I know that to many he is like any historical person. Another John Howard. Another Frederick Oberland. Another Confucius. A grand subject for painting. A heroic theme for a poem. A beautiful form for a statue. But to those who have heard His voice and felt His pardon, and received His benediction, He is music, and light and warmth, and thrill, and eternal fragrance. Sweet as a friend stickng to you when all else betray. Lifting you up while others try to push you down. Not so much like morning glories, that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four-o'-clocks", that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetually aromatic; the same morning, noon and night, yesterday, today, forever. It seems as if we cannot wear Him out. We put on him all our burdens, and afflict Him with all our griefs, and set Him foremost in all our battles, and yet he is ready to lift, and to sympathize, and to help. We have so imposed upon Him, that one would think in eternal affront He would quit our souls; and yet to-night He addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, pities us with the same compassion. There is no name like His for us. It is more imperial than Ceasar's, more musical than Beethoven's, more conquering than Charlemagne's, more eloquent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all pathos. It groans with all pain. It stoops with all condescension. It breathes with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken bone, to pity a houseless orphan, to nurse a sick man, to take a prodical back without any scolding, to illumine a cemetery all ploughed with graves, to make a queen unto God out of the lost woman of the street, to catch the tears of human sorrow in a lachrymal that shall never be broken? Who has such an eye to see the need, such a lip to kiss away our sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out of the fire, such a foot to trample our enemies, such a heart to embrace all our necessities? I struggle for some metaphor with which to express Him. He is not like the bursting forth of a full orchestra; that is too loud. He is not like the sea when lashed to rage by the tempest; that is too boisterous. He is not like the mountains, its brow wreathed with the lightnings; that is too solitary. Give us a softer type, a gentler comparison. We have seemed to see Him with our eyes, and to hear Him with our ears, and to touch Him with our hands. Oh, that to-night He might appear to some other one of our five senses. Aye, the nostril shall discover His presence. He comes upon us like spice gales from heaven. Yea, His garments smell of pungent, lasting, and all pervasive myrrh.

Oh that you knew all His sweetness! How soon you would turn from your revels. If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy, and clapped his hands and rushed through the strpets because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how would you feel, leaping from the foundation of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed clean and made white as snow, when the question has been solved: "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frost-bitten, storm-lashed soul, let Jesus this night throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grew, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes means bitterness all the world over; and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor, they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's suffering. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through—nights on the mountain, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who ever had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an unjust trial in over and terminer another, a foul-mouthed yelling mob the last. Was there a space on His back as wide as your two fingers where He was not whipped? Was there a space on His brow an inch square where He was not cut by the briers? When the spikes struck at the instep, did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage! Aloes! aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ; but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour; who fed Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adulteress; but who soothed Christ? Denied both cradle and death-bed. He had a fit place neither to be born nor to die. A poor babe, a poor lad, a poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer his dying hours; even the candle of the sun snuffed out. Oh, was it not all aloes? Our sins, sorrows, bereavements, losses, and all the agonies of earth and hell picked up as in one cluster and squeezed into one cup, and that pressed to His lip until the acrid, nauseating, bitter draught was swallowed with a distorted countenance and a shudder from head to foot, and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes! aloes! Nothing but aloes!

All this for himself? All this to get the fame in the world of being a martyr? All this in a spirit of stubbornness because He did not like Augustus? No, no. All these because He wanted to pluck you and me from hell. Because He wanted to raise you and me to heaven. Because we were lost, and He wanted us found. Because we were blind, and He wanted us to see. Because we were serfs, and He wanted us manumitted. Oh ye in whose cup of life the saccharine has predominated; oh ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel towards Him who in your stead, and to purchase your disenthralment took the aloes, the unsavoury aloes, the bitter aloes?

Your third curiosity is to know why these garments of Christ are odorous with cassia. This was a plant that grew in India, and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land, and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superfluous idea. We are not sick. Why do we want cassia? We are athletic. Our respiration is perfect. Our limbs are lithe, and in these summer days we feel we could bound like the roe." I beg to differ, my brother, from you. None of you can be in better physical health than I am, and yet I must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case, and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and I come now to tell you that you are full of wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores, which have not been bound up or mollified with ointment. The marasmus of sin is on us—the palsy, the dropsy, the the leprosy. The man that is expiring to-night, the allopathic and homoeopathic doctors having given him up, and his friends now standing around to take his lasht words, is no more certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying, unless we have taken medicine from God's apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the Divine Physician, written, not in Latin, like the prescriptions of earthly physicians but written in plain English, so that a man, though a fool, need not err therein. Thank God that the Saviour's garments smell of cassia. If you have not taken this healing medicine of the Gospel, you are dying a death which will leave the soul in a grave whose headstone is inscribed with this epitaph: "In Memoriam. Here lies a man who missed heaven. This is the second death. Born some years ago on earth, died last night in eternity."

"There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath,
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!"

Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phial on his mantel-piece with medicine he knew would cure him, and he refused to take it. What would you say of him? He is a suicide. And what do you say of that man who to-night, sick in sin, has the healing medicine of God's grace ogered him and refuses to take it? If he dies he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a man and led him out to darkness and death; as though He brought him up to the cliffs and then pushed him off. Oh, on. When a man is lost it is not because God pushed him off; it is because he jumps off. In olden times a suicide was buried at the cross-roads, and the people were accustomed to throw stones upon his grave. So it seems to me there may be in this house to-night a man who is destroying his own soul, and as though the angels of God were here to bury him at the point where the roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great pile of misimproved privileges, so that those going by may look at the fearful mount and learn what a suicide it is when an immortal soul, for which Jesus died, puts itself out of the way.

When Christ trod this planet with foot of flesh, the people rushed after Him—people who were sick, and those who, being so sick they could not walk, were brought by their friends. Here I see a mother holding up a little child, and saying: "Cure this croup, Lord Jesus. Cure this scarlet fever." And others saying: "Cure this ophthalmia. Give ease and rest to this spinal distress. Straighten this club foot." Christ made every house where He stopped a dispensary. I do not believe that in the nineteen centuries that have gone by since then, His heart has got hard. I feel that we can come tonight, with all our wounds of soul, and get his benediction. Oh Jesus, here we are. We want healing. We want sight. We want health. We want life. The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Blessed be God that Jesus Christ comes through this assemblage now, His garments smelling of myrrh"—that means fragrance—"and aloes"—they mean bitter sacrificial memories—"and cassia"—that means medicine and cure; and according to my text, He comes "out of the ivory palaces."

You know, or if you do not know, I will tell you now, that some of the palaces of olden times were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted into all manner of shapes, and there were stairs of ivory, and chairs of ivory, and tables of ivory, and floors of ivory, and pillars of ivory, and windows of ivory, and fountains that dropped into basins of ivory, and rooms that had ceilings of ivory. Oh, white and overmastering beauty. Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry trailing the snowy floors. Brackets of light flashing on the lustrous surroundings. Silvery music rippling to the beach of the arches. The mere thought of it almost stuns my brain, and you say: "Oh, if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have thrown myself in such a chair! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place He came and to that place He proposes to transport you; for His "garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of ivory palaces."

Oh, what a place heaven must be! The Tuilleries of the French, the Windsor Castle of the English, the Spanish Alhambra, the Russian Kremlin are dungeons compared with it. Not so many castles on either side of the Rhine as are ivory palaces on both sides of the river of God. One for the angels, insufferably bright, winged, fired-eyed, tempest-charioted. One for the martyrs, with blood-red robes from under the altar. One for the King, the steps of His palace the crowns of the Church Militant. One for the singers who lead the one hundred and forty and four thousand. One for you, ransomed from sin. One for me, plucked from the burnings. Oh, the ivory palaces!

To-night it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined for some great victory, and I look in and see climbing the stairs of ivory and walking the floors of ivory, and looking from the windows of ivory, some whom we knew and loved on earth. Yes, I know them. There are father and mother, not eighty-two years, and seventy-nine years, as when they left us, but blithe and young as on their marriage day. And there are brothers and sisters merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. The cough gone. The cancer cured. The erycipelas healed. The heart-break over. Oh, how fair they are in the ivory palaces! And your dear little children that went out from you; Christ did not let one of them drop as He lifted them. He did not wrench them from you. No; they went at from one they loved well to One whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep it a little while; but when you, the mother, came along, it would struggle to go with you. And so you sat holding your dying child when Jesus passed by in the room, and the little one sprang out to greet Him. That is all. Your Christian dead did not go down into the dust, and the gravel, and the mud. Though it rained all that funeral day, and the water came up to the wheel's hub as you drove out to the cemetery, it made no difference to them, for they stepped from the home here to the home there, right into the ivory palaces. All is well with them. All is well.

When I was thinking out this sermon, and had got to about this point, there was a knock at my door, and I received a telegram from a very dear ministerial friend. It read: "My wife just died. Funeral next Tuesday. Will you be one of the pall-bearers?" I telegraphed immediately: "I will." Who could hold back at such a time? I knew I could carry my part of the burden. It is not a dead weight you lift when you carry a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and He says: "Put her down here very gently. Put that head, which will never ache again, on this pillow of hallelujahs. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates ye ivory palaces." And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certainly there, having died in Christ, as that you are here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company. But oh, my brother, unless you change your tack you cannot reach that harbour. You might as well take the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go in the way some of you are going and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you used to, or be moved by the sight of their dear faces. Call louder, ye departed ones! Call louder from the ivory palaces!

When I think of that place and think of my entering it, I feel awkward; I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather, and my shoes have been bemired, and my coat is soiled, and my hair is disheveled, and I stop in front of some fine residence of heaven to-night, and yet you seem where I have an errand; I feel not fit to go in as I am, and sit among polished guests. So some of us feel about heaven. We need to be washed, we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, let the surges of Thy pardoning mercy roll over us! I want not only to wash my hands and my feet, but, like some skilful diver standing on the pier-head, who leaps into the wave and comes up at a far distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down, and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of Thy salvation!

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for twenty-five years. I have asked it of doctors of divinity who have been studying theology half a century, and they have given me no satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, but got no solution to the question, and to-night I come and ask you for an explanation. By what logic was Christ induced to exchange the ivory palaces of heaven for the crucifixion agonies of earth? I shall take the first thousand million years in heaven to study out that problem. Meanwhile and now, taking it as the tenderest and mightest of all facts that Christ did come; that He came with spikes in His feet, came with in His heart, to save you and me, thorns in His brow, came with spears "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." O Christ! whelm this audience with Thy compassion! Mow them down like summer grain with harvesting sickle of Thy grace! Ride through, to-night, the conquerer, "Thy garments smelling of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

RICHIBUCTO.

RICHIBUCTO, Sept. 8.—The Norwegian brig Echo, bound to Buctouche with salt, grounded last night about two miles to the south of this harbor. The weather was thick at the time. The steamer Calluna has gone to her assistance, and it is expected she will float tonight.

John Barlow was taken to jail this afternoon at the instance of W. D. Cater, Indian commissioner, for being drunk.

BIRTHS.

COSTER—At Amherst Highlands, N. S., Aug. 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. Mark Coster, a daughter.

LAWSON—At Hopewell Hill, A. Co., N. B., Sept. 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. M. Lawson, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BALMAIN-WILLIAMS—At the Methodist church, Woodstock, N. B., on Sept. 5th, by the Rev. H. D. Marr, B. A., William Balmain of Woodstock to Susie M., daughter of the late H. DeV. Williams of Temperance Vale, York Co.

BROWN-SNODGRASS—At the residence of Joseph Brown, Aug. 31st, by the Rev. N. A. MacNeill, William J. Brown and Anna Snodgrass, all of Hampton, N. B.

GARDINER-MOWATT—At the residence of the bride's father, on Sept. 6th, by the Rev. D. Henderson, Andrew Jackson Gardiner of Pennsylvania to Ada Aurilla, daughter of James Mowatt, Esq., Chatham.

LONG-RIDLEY—At the Free Baptist parsonage, Lower Millstream, Sept. 7th, by Rev. Gideon Swim, Herbert Long of Keirstead Mountain, Kings Co., and Lily Ridley of Mount Hebron, N. B.

MATHESON-NICHOLSON—At the manse, Caledonia, P. E. I., by Rev. John Sutherland, Aug. 31st, Duncan D. Matheson, Lot 41, King's Co., to Miss Christina Nicholson, youngest daughter of the late John Nicholson, Caledonia, Lot 60, Queen's Co., P. E. I.

MILLER-HARRIS—At Yarmouth, Pine Road, Aug. 30th, at the residence of the bride's son-in-law, by the Rev. A. A. Spencer, John Leander Miller of Digby, N. S., to Mrs. Phebe Eliza Harris of Greenville, N. S.

VAIL-FERGUSON—At the residence of John Ervin, St. James street, west end, on Sept. 7th, by the Rev. W. Penna, William Vail to Ella Ferguson, both of this city.

DEATHS.

BOWER—At Roslindale, Mass., Aug. 17th, after a lingering illness of consumption, Hattie M., aged 44 years and 9 months, beloved wife of Philip E. C. Bower of Clinton, and only daughter of Samuel and Nancy McLean of Port Saxon, Shelburne Co., N. S.

CAMERON—On Aug. 27th, at her late residence, Hopewell, N. S., Elizabeth C. Cameron, relict of the late Hugh Cameron of Caledonia, N. S., in the 90th year of her age.

CARLIN—After a few days' illness, on Sept. 3rd, Hazel Lillas, infant daughter of Edwin and Jennie Carlin, Pokiok road, aged 3 months and 3 days.
(Boston and Salem papers please copy).

HAMILTON—At Shediac, Sept. 3rd, Ellsworth Hamilton, aged 29 years.

MACLAINE—At St. Peter's Bay, P. E. I., Aug. 31st, Margaret, in the 70th year of her age, relict of the late John A. Maclaine, and daughter of the late Major C. D. Rankin.

PORTER—At Hanover, N. B., Aug. 20th, Minnie Crosby, beloved wife of Asa Porter, and daughter of Geo. E. Crosby of Brenton, Yarmouth Co., N. S.

WHELPLEY—At Round Hill, Greenwich, Kings Co., on September 5th, Helen Agnes, only child of Frederick W. and Agnes Whelpley, aged three years, six months and sixteen days.

WYATT—At Summerside, P. E. I., Aug. 31st, Ivan, aged 2 years, only son of J. E. and Cecilia Wyatt.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived.

Sept 6—H M S Indefatigable, Primrose, on a cruise.

Sch Irene, 90, Wilcox, from Boston, J M Driscoll, general.

Sch Viola, 124, Finley, from Louisburg, J W Smith, coal.

Coastwise—Schs Athol, 70, Mills, from Advocate; Rise and Go, 16, from Campobello; Sparmaker, 23, Livingstone, from Advocate Harbor; Economist, 14, Ogilvie, from Harborville; Buda, 20, Stuart, from Beaver Harbor; Little Minnie, Theriault, from Back Bay; Greville, 57, Baird, from Maitland; Maudie, 25, Beardsley, from Port Lorne; Hustler, 47, Gesner, from Bridgetown; Free Trade, 77, Brown, from Parrsboro; Miranda B, 79, Dexter, from Parrsboro; Sarah F, 89, Day, from Point Wolfe.

Sept 7—Sch Three Sisters, 275, Price, from Boston, master, bal.

Sch Sea Bird, 80, Andrews, from Rockland, A W Adams, bal.

Sch Riverdale, 83, Urquhart, from Rockport, N C Scott, bal.

Coastwise—Schs Juno, 32, Glaspy, from Digby; Fawn, 17, Ogilvie, from Harborville; Westfield, 80, Cameron, from Apple River; Belma, 9, Wranklin, from Grand Harbor; Maggie Lynds, 66, Christopher, from Moncton; Dreadnaught, 19, Chute, from Harborville; Sarah E Ellis, 19, Houghton, from Kentville; Temple Bar, 44, Longmire, from Bridgetown; Citizen, 46, Woodworth, from Bear River; Franklin S Schenk, 44, Apt, from fishing; Bear River, 37, Woodworth, from Port George; Emerald, 28, Keans, from fishing.

Sept 8—Sch G H Perry, 99, Robinson, from Boston, J F Watson, bal.

Sch Annie Laura, 99, Marshall, from Plymouth, Troop and Son, bal.

Sch Ira D Sturgis (Am), 223, Kerrigan, from Boston, James Donoghue, bal.

Sch Avis, 124, Cole, from New York, G K King, coal.

Coastwise—Str Beaver, 57, Potter, from Canning; schs Nina Blanche, 30, Morrell, from Freeport; West Wind, 24, Post, from Digby; Bay Queen, 30, Nelson, from North Head; Yarmouth Packet, 76, Shaw, from Yarmouth; Iona, 28, Morris, from Parrsboro; Alice, 17, Trahan, from Belleveau Cove.

Cleared.

Sept 6—Sch Reporter, Gilchrist, for New York.

Sch Maggie Alice, Miller, for Bath.

Sch Beulah, Wasson, for Thomaston.

Sch Harvest Home, Wilson, for Rockport.

Coastwise—Schs L M Ellis, Lent, for Westport; Economist, Ogilvie, for Windsor; Annie Harper, Golding, for Fredericton; Druid, Tufts, for Quaco; Victor, Tufts, for do; Greville, Baird, for Wolfville; Maudie, Beardsley, for Port Lorne; Buda, Stuart, for Beaver Harbor; Bessie Carson, Hows, for Parrsboro.

Sept 7—Str Cumberland, Thompson, for Boston.

Sch Nellie J Crocker, Henderson, for New York.

Coastwise—Schs Free Trade, Brown, for Parrsboro; Alice, Benjamin, for do; I H Goudy, Comeau, for Meteghan; Chaparral, Mills, for Advocate; Dreadnaught, Chute, for Harborville; Spermaker, Livingstone, for Advocate Harbor; Fannie May, Cheney, for Grand Harbor; Annie Richardson, for North Head; Sarah E Ellis, Houghton, for do; Citizen, Woodworth, for Bear River.

Sept 8—Sch Americana, 878, Hatfield, for Buenos Ayres.

Coastwise—Schs Emerald, Keans, for fishing; Austin P, 12, Shaw, for St Andrews; Hustler, Gesner, for Bridgetown; Alice, Trahan, for Belleveau Cove; Nina Blanche, Morrell, for Freeport; West Wind, Post, for Digby; Fawn, Ogilvie, for Windsor; Wanita, Magarvey, for Annapolis; str Beaver, Potter, for Canning.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Arrived.

HALIFAX, Sept 5—Ard, str Portia, Farrell, from St Johns, NF, and sailed for New York.

At Cape Tormentine, Sept 4, bark Attenstiernen, Meland, from Preston, to load for M Wood and Sons.

At Yarmouth, Sept 6, ss Boston, from Boston; schs Christine Moore, from New York; L P Churchill, from Louisburg; Amy D, from Parrsboro; Melinda, from do; Florence, from Louisburg.

At Chatham, Sept 5, bark Skjald, Tsyan, for Manchester.

HALIFAX, Sept 7—Ard, sch Otis Miller, Miller, from New York.

At Yarmouth, Sept 6, sch Christina Moore, Smith, from New York.

At Chatham, Sept 6, bark Darby, Sorensen, from Belfast.

At Newcastle, Sept 7, bark Svea, Jorgensen, from Silloth.

(Special to the Sun.)

At Parrsboro, Sept 7, schs Willie D, Ogilvie, from Calais; Roland, Roberts, from Rockport; Trader, Merriam, from St John; Wood Bros, Fulmore, from Five Islands.

Cleared.

At Campbellton, Sept 1, bark Kanjford, Svensser, for Sharpness; 3rd, bark Ophilia, Pedersen, for Adelaide.

At Yarmouth, Sept 6, ss Boston; ss Expres, for Halifax; schs Eva Stewart, for Parrsboro; Melinda, for do; Ravola, for Wallace; Florence, for Louisburg; Amy D, for Parrsboro; Cornelia, for Back Bay.

At Hillsboro, Sept 6, sch Fostina, Philbrook, for Chester, Pa.

At Newcastle, Sept 7, sch Parthenia, Sabean, for New York.

At Yarmouth, Sept 6, sch Ravola, Forsyth, for Wallace.

At Chatham, Sept 6, str Louisiana, Liswell, for Greenock.

At Parrsboro, Sept 7, ship Trojan, Armstrong, for Liverpool; bark Nova, Mikkelsen, for Manchester; schs Trader, Merriam, for St John; Zina M, Newcomb, for do; Wood Bros, Fulmore, for Five Islands.

Sailed.

Sld, strs Halifax, Pye, for Charlottetown; Pro Patria, Henri, for St Pierre, Miq.

Sld, strs Halifax, Pye, for Boston; British Queen, Smith, for New York.

BRITISH PORTS.

Arrived.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 4—Ard, strs Daventry, from Parrsboro, NS, for Manchester.

LONDON, Sept 5—Ard, str Halifax City, from St John and Halifax.

GARSTON, Sept 5—Ard, str Saiopia, from Parrsboro, NS, via Sydney, CB.

TYNE, Sept 3—Ard, brig Stella Maria, from St John.

DOUGLAS, (Isle of Man), Sept 1—Ard, brig Skjoldmoen, from Chatham, NB.

GARSTON, Sept 5—Ard, bark Emigrant, from Newcastle, NB.

BRISTOL, Sept 3—Ard in the roads, bark Thomas Faulkner, from New Mills, NB.

MANCHESTER, Sept 4—Sld, ss Cheronea, Masters, for St John.

LUNDY ISLAND, Sept 4—Passed, str Laurel Wood, from St John for Sharpness.

EXMOUTH, Sept 4—Sld, brig John Roberts, for Newfoundland.

PRESTON, Sept 4—Sld, bark Carrie L Smith, for Hillsboro.

GREENOCK, Sept 5—Sld, bark Queen of the East, for North Sydney.

LIVERPOOL, Sept 3—Sld, bark Carl Frederick, for Dalhousie.

CARDIFF, Sept 3—Sld, ship Cashier, for Bangor.

GREENOCK, Sept 5—Sld, bark Prinds Oscar, for Metis.

At Liverpool, Sept 4, str Daventry, from Parrsboro for Manchester.

SHARPNESS, Sept 6—Ard, str Laurelwood, from St John.

At Newry, Sept 3, bark Eugenia, Andersen, from Shediac.

At Runcorn, Sept 3, bark Clara, Guldbrandsen, from Pugwash.

At Barbados, Aug 20, bark Blenheim, Reed, from Paspebiac; brig Harry, Larkin, from Yarmouth, and sld 27th for St Kitts; 31st, bark Garnet, Longhurst, from Lockport, and sailed 22nd for Trinidad; sch Juanita, McLeod, from Liverpool, NS, and sailed 23rd for St Vincent; 25th, sch Grace Rice, Welch, from Jordan Bay and sailed 27th for Demerara; 28th, brigt Ora, Saunders, from Demerara.

At Port Spain, Aug 29, previously, brig Clio, Gerhardt, from Lunenburg, NS.

SHARPNESS, Sept 5—Ard, strs Cudsleigh, from St John; Glenwood, from Parrsboro.

SWANSEA, Sept 7—Ard, ship Andvako, from Campbellton, NB; bark Birgetti, from Pugwash.

LIVERPOOL, Sept 7—Ard, str Teutonic, from New York.

At Glasgow, Sept 6, str Castle Eden, Splatt, from St John.

At New York, Sept 7, str Teutonic, from New York.

At Sutton Bridge, Sept 4, bark Avlo, Sjoblon, from Parrsboro, NS.

At Kingston, Ja, Aug 26, str Beta, Hopkins, from Halifax via Bermuda and Turk's Island.

At Savana-la-Mar, Aug 26, brig Resultado, Jones, from Liverpool, NS.

Sailed.

LIVERPOOL, Sept 3—Sld, str Dahome, for Halifax.

TORY ISLAND, Sept 5—Passed, str Castle Eden, from St John for Glasgow.

BUTT OF LEWIS, Sept 5—Passed, str Rydal Holme, from Montreal via Sydney, CB, for ——.

From Barbados, Aug 19, schs Lakota, Blake, for Jamaica; 20th, sch Andrew Burnham, Miller, from Charlottetown; 24th, bark Abyssinia, Hilton, from Ship Island; 26th, sch Ernest De Costa, Gannon, from Archar.

From Runcorn, Sept 5, bark Hermon, Monsen, for West Bay.

From Liverpool, Sept 3, str Cuvier, Quinton, for Rio Janeiro.

From Newcastle, NSW, Sept 4, ship Cumberland, Irving, for Iquique.

From Hull, Aug 31, barks Primrose Hill, Wilson, for San Francisco; Sept 5, Launberga, McDougall, for Montevideo.

From Port Spain, Aug 5, bark Egeria, Haley, for Buenos Ayres.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Arrived.

BOSTON, Sept 5—Ard, schs Dominion, from St John; Annie Gus, from Red Beach, Me; Pavilion, from Calais.

CITY ISLAND, Sept 5—Ard, schs Gypsum King, from Windsor, NS; Clayola, from Wallace, NS.

Coming in outside Sands Point at sunset, schs Pefetta, from St John via New Haven, for New York; Quetay, from St John for New York; Thistle, from St John for do; Nellie I White, from Port Greville, NS, for do; Gypsum Queen, from Windsor, NS, for New York.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass, Sept 5—Ard, schs L A Plummer, from Hillsboro for New York; L A Boardman, from St John for Providence; Roger Drury, from Jersey City for St John; Stella Maud, from Hartford for do; Leonard Parker, from Edgewater for Lunenburg.

ROUEN, Sept 3—Ard, str Zanzibar, from Chatham, NB.

CALAIS, Me, Sept 5—Ard, sch C W Dexter, Martin, from Boston.

SALEM, Mass, Sept 5—Ard, schs Rondo, Spragg, from St John to Salem for orders; Lena Maud, Giggey, from do for do; Ettia, Martell, from New Richmond to do for do.

At New York, Sept 3, bgt Curacoa, Olsen, from Curacoa; sch Lewanika, Williams, from Aux Cayes.

CITY ISLAND, Sept 6—Ard, schs Harry W Haynes, from Kennebec; James Barber, from Long Cove.

ST NAZAIRE, Sept 6—Ard, sch Vamoose, from Turket, NS.

GLOUCESTER, Mass, Sept 6—Ard, schs Helen B Russell, from Gardiner for New York, Ivy Belle, from Bristol; Serepha, from Bellevue Cove, NS.

NEW YORK, Sept 6—Ard, ship Centurion, Forsyth, from Caleta Buena; will load at New York for Shanghai.

BOSTON, Sept 6—Ard, str Prince Edward, from Yarmouth; schs E Norris, from Bear River, NS; Belmont, from Weymouth, NS; North America, from Paspebiac, PQ; Progresso, from St John.

PORTLAND, Me, Sept 6—Ard, schs Mabel Jordan, Fales, from Perth Amboy; Uranus, from Weehawken; Centennial, Wood, from St John for Salem.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Sept 6—Ard and sld, schs Geo E Prescott, from Vinal Haven for Philadelphia; Fred Jackson, from Newcastle, NB, for Washington.

At New York, Sept 5, sch Mercedes, Saunders, from St Croix; 6th, ship Centurion, Forsyth, from Caleta Buena, will load for Shanghai.

At Rio Grande do Sul, July 30, brig Venturer, Kemp, from Savannah; schs Gold Seeker, Page, from New York; Aug 1st, sch Bahama, Anderson, from New York.

At Rosario, July 29, bark St Paul, Parker, from New York.

At Hamburg, Sept 5, bark Avoca, Jackson, from Ship Island.

At Pensacola, Sept 5, sch Atrato, Watt, from Grand Cayman.

STONINGTON, Sept 7—Ard, sch H M Stanley, from St John.

BOOTHBAY, Me, Sept 7—Ard, sch Sager, from St John.

BOSTON, Sept 7—Ard, str Boston, from Yarmouth.

CITY ISLAND, NY, Sept 7—Ard, schs Alaska, from Sand River, NS; Seth M Todd, from Calais.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass, Sept 7—Ard, schs Emma T Storey, from New York for Grand Manan; St Maurice, from Hillsboro for New Haven; Frank Vanderharchen, from do for Philadelphia; Chas L Jeffrey, from Paspebiac, NS, for Greenpoint, LI; Eltie, from Newcastle, NB, for New York; Hazelwood, from Wallace, NS, for do; Maggie J Chadwick, from Hillsboro for Philadelphia, and sailed.

At New York, Sept 7, sch Wm Churchill, from Windsor.

At Vineyard Haven, Sept 6, sch Bonnie Doon, Chapman, from Spencer's Cove for New York.

At Mobile, Sept 6, bark Belvidere, Slawenwaite, from Barbados.

At Salem, Mass, Sept 6, sch B R Woodside, McLean, from Philadelphia.

At Boothbay, Sept 7, sch Sower, from St John, bound west.

Cleared.

At New York, Sept 6, bark Andromeda, Kierstead, for Shanghai; schs Ceto, Weatherbee, for Charlottetown, PEI; sch Nellie Reid, Reid, for do; sch Harry, Patterson, for Halifax, NS (voyage Sept 2 abandoned); sch Earl of Aberdeen, Howard, for Elizabethport, NJ (voyage Aug 27 abandoned).

Sailed.

Sld, str Boston, for Yarmouth, NS.

Sld, schs Delta and L A Plummer.

Sld, sch Acara, Nash, for Hyannis.

MACHIAS, Me, Sept 6—Sld, schs Decorra, for Apple River, NS; Abbie G Cole, from Five Islands for Nova Scotia; Abbie Verna, from Rockport; Rewa, from Port Morris for New York.

CITY ISLAND, Sept 6—Bound south, sch Sarah A Reid, from Calais.

SALEM, Mass, Sept 6—Sld, sch Temperance Belle, for St John.

Sld, str Yarmouth, for Yarmouth, NS.

Sld, schs Brigadier, Red Jacket, R L Kenney, Normandy, Ella Pressey, Roger Drury, Stella Maud, Leonard Parker, Witch Hazel, Calvin B Harris, Ella Clifton, L A Boardman, Harry Messer, Fanny Arthur, Wascano, John I Snow, Ruth Robinson, Roseneath, F B Foster, H M Stanley, Ina.

Passed, str Portia, from Halifax for New York; Cora May, from New York for St John.

Sch Demon, at this port from St John, reports Sept 2, 20 miles off Cape Cod, experienced heavy northwest squall, which hove the vessel down, carrying a small portion of the deck load to be washed overboard.

EASTPORT, Me, Sept 6—Sld, sch E H King, for New York.

From Rio Grande do Sul, July 28, brigt Alice Bradshaw, for Rosario.

From Rosario, July 23, bark Northern Empire, Ellis, for Rio Janeiro.

Sld, str Prince Edward, for Yarmouth, NS; sch Cerdic, for Clementsport, NS.

NEW YORK, Sept 7—Sld, sch B C Parker, for St John.

Bound south, sch Wm Churchill, from Windsor, NS.

Passed, sch Gypsum Empress, from Windsor for New York.

PERTH AMBOY, Sept 7—Sld, sch Bessie Parker, for St John.

From Cuxhaven, Aug 22, bark Cristoforo Colombo, Agano, for Halifax.

MEMORANDA.

Passed But of Lewis, Sept 6, str Rydal Holme, from Montreal via Sydney for ——.

Passed Sydney Light, Sept 5, stmrs Greetlands, Couilland; Turret Court, Irvine, from Montreal for Sydney; Marion, Moffatt, from Sydney for Glace Bay and return; passed 4th, stmrs Jessica, Frost; Turret, Nisbitt, from Montreal for Sydney; bark Halgerda, Anderson, from Sydney for Miramichi.

Passed Low Point, CB, Sept 6, stmrs Turret Chief, Taylor; Turret Bell, Pellister, and Acadian, Delisle, from Montreal for Sydney; Bruce, Delaney, from Port au Basque for Sydney; Turret Bay,