SERMON.

The Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage in This Sermon, Presents An Inspiring and Picturesque View of the Christian Life of Service and Self-denial.

CHICAGO, July 6.—An inspiring and picturesque view of the Christian life of service and self-denial is presented by Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage in this discourse on the text Psalm cxxvi, 6, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Almost every home is adorned with companion pictures. If upon one side of the room there is hung a crucifixion scene, upon the other side of the room we want a picture of The First First Easter Morn. If upon one side we see the wayward boy gathering all together and taking his journey into a far country, upon the other side we want to see the returning prodigal being welcomed home by a forgiving father. If upon one side of the room we hang a picture of the twilight, upon the other side we want to see the picture of the dawn. If John Hevenden paints The Breaking of the Home Ties he feels that his life would be incomplete unless he also paints The Bringing Home of the Bride. John Milton's Paradise Regained is a natural outgrowth of his Paradise Lost. Dante's Heaven is a natural sequence to his Purgatory and his Hell.

So this morning the sermon which I preach from the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Psalm of David is a companion sermon to the one recently delivered upon the text, "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." It has a companion text chosen on account of its vivid contrast. The text is selected to prove that the Christian sower has a right to expect his gospel harvest fields to be stacked high with golden sheaves of many blessings, to expect his seed to bring forth some thirty, some sixty and some a hundred fold. It is the picture of a Christian worker garnering the sheaves of his Christ love. It is the symbol of reward, the symbol of glorified hope and joy. It is the sweeter text because in it we hear the triumphant songs of heaven instead of the bitter sobs of despair.

A precious sheaf, garnered by the Christian sower and reaper, is the joyful realization that by his personal acts he has been made the human means in the divine hands through which immortal souls have been saved by Christ. There is a natural desire inborn in almost every human heart to help those who are in trouble and who cannot help themselves.

THE DESIRE TO HELP OTHERS.

If the lookout sights a shipwrecked vessel, the captain does not have to compel unwilling sailors to lower the lifeboat. No. All that the mate has to do is to call for volunteers, and, though the sailors may feel the waves are having their worst fit of temper, they will lower the lifeboat and pull away until the last man is taken from the doomed ship. When the little band of English men, women and children were imprisoned, during the Indian mutiny, in the residency of Lucknow, Havelock with his few regiments, had to fight his way through a hundred thousand men. He had to march a thousand miles through a country swarming with cutthroats, and when the English soldiers' courage and strength showed signs of wavering Haveleck roused them with this simple sentence: "Men, would you dare stop or turn back when helpless women and children are dying and must be saved?" There is in almost every man's heart a desire that drove Henry M. Stanley into the dark continent to rescue David Livingstone and Emin Pasha. The same kind of a desire which made Commander Schley turn his hips prows northward to rescue the arctic explorer Greely and his companions. It is the same kind of a desire which inspired the United States government to declare war against Spain in behalf of suffering and bleeding Cuba.

Now, as joy is nothing more or less than the pleasant emotion produced in the heart by the gratification of any desire, as we have shown in reference to the physical man, that the desire to help those who are helpless, is implanted in almost every heart, what greater joy could come to the Christian reaper than the realization that he has been made instrumental in the saving of a soul? What earthly joy can be compared to the holy exaltation that comes to us when we realize that by prayers and pleadings we have been able to bring a sinner face to face with Christ? What greater joy than to realize that our humble efforts have been able to bring a sinner face to face with Christ? What greater joy than to realize that our humble efforts have been blessed to the saving of a soul which will live on and on through the coming ages, on and on through eternities, on and on until at last the lights of the stars shall be snuffed out and time shall be no longer? Only the other day I read of a man who, at great personal risk to himself, was lowered by rope from the top of a twelve story building in order to rescue a little kitten which had fallen into one of the rain gutters. If a man could find joy in risking his life to save a kitten from starvation, surely there must be infinite joy to the Christian heart when he realizes that not one, but many, immortal souls have been won to Christ and to eternal safety and happiness through his efforts, which God has so richly blessed.

So, on account of this transcendent joy, we find that soul saving has become a passion with some men. Just as the mechanic's wife, who has a little back yard, digs and plants and hoes and hovers over her gardens because she loves flowers and never tires of her beds filled with pansies and sweet peas and geraniums and narcissus and nasturtiums, so the true Christian loves men and women in order to win them to Christ. The city missionary goes down into the back alley for this one purpose. He climbs the dark tenements. There he finds a drunken husband and father, and as the city missionary looks upon that loathsome, filthy mass of human corruption he says to himself: "If I can only plant the gospel seed in that man's heart, it may save him. Yes, by the help of God, it will save him." And, as the mechanic's wife cares for her flowers, so the missionary cares for that soul diseased by sin. He prays with the sinner, he reads the Bible to him. After awhile the man confesses Christ and signs the temperance pledge. Then the city missionary helps this man, who was once enslaved by sin, to find work. Then he sees him bring his wages home. He sees him buy shoes for his children's feet and food for the table. Then he sees those children sent to the day schools and gathered into the Sunday schools. Then after awhile the city missionary sees the father, with his wife and children, all standing before the mercy seat and joining the church, and as the missionary's eyes fill with tears he says: "He is saved!" By the power of the Holy Spirit not only one soul, but a whole family of immortal souls, are saved. Ah, there is no joy on earth like the rapturous joy of soul saving! It is one of the most precious sheaves ever garnered by the Christian worker. My brother, if you have not this passion for saving souls you have not yet been blessed with the holiest joy of which the human heart can conceive.

Another precious sheaf that is garnered by the Christian reaper is the gratitude of those whose immortal souls he has been able by the power of the Holy Spirit to win to Christ. No true Christian has a right to swerve one inch from the path of rectitude in order to win the approbation of his fellow men. He should be willing to do his full duty under all conditions. No matter what obstacles may confront him, he should be willing to draw the plumb line of principle and go straight ahead whether he is praised or blamed, loved or hated, honored or despised.

But when a Christian worker can sow the good seed and not only gather for Christ a harvest of immortal souls, but gather also the gratitude and love of those whom he has been able, by the power of the Holy Ghost, to lead to salvation, the reward of that love is very sweet. It is as sweet as the attention which Mr. D. L. Moody used to shower upon a little old woman, popularly called Mother Cook, whose prayers were the means of giving to Mr. Moody a spirit filled life—a little old woman whom perhaps you have never heard of, yet a woman whom the whole Christian world ought to love on account of the work she has done. It is as sweet as the affection which a Sunday school scholar gives to his teacher because that teacher has led him to Christ. It is as sweet as the look of gratitude, which the dying man turns upon one who has pointed him to the cross and to divine pardon. It is as sweet as the affection which a child showers upon a mother's life, an affection which is developed not alone from the temporal care which she devotes to the child, but also from the spiritual care, whereby she has been able to put her child's hand into the hand of a loving Christ.

THE HEART LIKE A GEM.

Like the sensitive opal when it comes into contact with the living hand, the heart of the believer is made to glow when it feels the warm love and gratitude of those whom it has led into the spiritual newness of life. The story is told that a celebrated New York jeweler purchased in Europe a magnificent collection of gems. When he returned home, he arranged these stones in a cabinet and invited some of his closest friends to inspect them. When his friends enered the room, he pointed to the cabinet and said: "There, gentlemen, is the richest collection of gems, I believe, in all this land. There is nothing like it in value anywhere." The friends were in raptures over the sight. In the cabinet were pearls and amethysts and diamonds and rare stones of all sorts. It seemed as though the richest treasures of the noted peacock throne of India, which was worth over $60,000,000, had been selected for this collection. But in the midst of all these beautiful jewels was one which looked like an unsightly pebble. "Why do you place such a dull, hideous looking pebble like stone as that among those costly gems" asked one of the visitors. The host answered not a word. He unlocked the cabinet, took out the pebble-like stone and held it in the palm of his closed hand. Just as the guests were about to leave, the host said: "Let me show you the richest and rarest stone of all my treasures." He opened his hand, and there upon the palm was a stone which glowed like a live coal. It was such a brilliant stone that every guest utered an exclamation of surprise. "Where did you get it?" they cried. "We have never seen the like of it before." "That stone is the rarest I have," answered the jeweler. "That is the unsightly pebble you saw a few moments ago in the cabinet. That is a sensitive opal, which has been warmed into what looks like a live coal by the heat of my blood."

The true Christian sower ought to be ready to sow the good seed under all conditions, no matter whether he be praised or blamed, honored or despised, but when he does begin to gather his harvests he will not only reap the sheaf of joy which comes from the realization that he has won some soul, but he will also reap the gratitude and the love of those who were brought to Christ through his instrumentality. This love and gratitude will transform the jewel of his heart into a glowing gem, aflame with life, which shall glow like the richest jewel that ever flashed in the crown of a king.

THE SHEAF OF CONTENTMENT.

Another precious sheaf which is garnered by the Christian reaper is the sheaf of contentment, the willingness to live happily in that field of life in which he has been placed by God. If a man does not mingle with the poor and the troubled, the sick and the suffering, he never fully realizes how good and kind and loving God has been to him. If a man does not visit the sickroom and try to carry there comfort and good cheer to the wan invalid, he never fully appreciates the blessings of health unless perhaps he himself has been carried into a hospital. Then, while recovering from a serious sickness he has seen intense sufferings and agonies such as may be witnessed in almost every ward of a large hospital. If a man has never entered a home where diphtheria has played havoc with the nursery or where consumption has made the young mother cough her life away, he never fully appreciates the blessings of having his children and wife by his side. If a man has not tried to carry the gospel to the outcasts and the vile, he has never yet realized the blessing of being born in a Christian cradle and surrounded by a Christian childhood. Ah, the Christian sower who scatters the good seed upon the troubled sea of restless humanity, while he may be carrying a blessing to others he is also planting in his own heart the seeds of gratitude to God and of contentment with his own sphere of life.

My brother, you are unhappy. Will you let me end your despondency? Well, then, go first and buy a few flowers at the nearest florist's. "Oh," you answer, "I cannot afford to buy you any flowers." Yes, you can, my brother. You can buy all the flowers I want for the money you would spend upon cigars during the next week. Then I want you to go with me for a pastoral call into the young man's room who broke down physically and who is gong to die. Do you know what is the matter with him? He broke down from overwork. His life's desire was to enter the Christian ministry. He used to clerk during the day and send most of his money home to help support his father's family. Then he used to study at night. His clothing was very poor, his food was poor, and if you will go into that sickroom and carry those flowers you will find tears of joy coming into his eyes, you will hear him say that, though the greatest ambition of his life was to preach the gospel, yet God knows best! Then he will plead with you to take his place. My brother, you had a father to send you through college; you had kind friends to help; you have everything for which to be thankful to God, yet the greatest lesson of contentment you will ever learn is when you cast those few flowers into the grateful foutain of that dying boy's tears.

My sister, you are fretting on account of the children. You say it keeps your needle going night and day to put dresses upon the girls. You complain that the boys never seem to care whether or no they wear holes in the knees of their stockings and pants. Sister, I want you to make up a lunch basket. You ned not fix up a bundle of little dresses. They will not be needed now. But as you take that lunch basket, filled with delicacies, I will lead you to a home where a young mother has just lost her baby. That baby was an idiot. He had water upon the brain. Yet, as you go into the sickroom of the weak mother, you will hear her say: "Oh, Mr. Talmage, I did love him so much! The doctors said he never would be bright. But he was all I had. I did love my baby so much!" And after you have gone there with me you will stop your complaining and faultfinding and return to your home and love your little ones as you have never loved them before. Yes, one of the most precious sheaves the gospel reaper ever garners is the sheaf of contentment, the sheaf of gratitude to God for his many, many blessings.

PLANT UNDYING SEEDS.

Another precious sheaf which is garnered by the Christian sower is the joyful realization that the results of his seed planting will never die as long as the world lasts. As we have before said, one seed properly planted will produce many seeds. Those seeds which are produced by the one seed in turn will produce many other seeds. And these in their turn will produce many more seeds. So a Christian's earthly influence does not cease at the grave, but will multiply for good as long as the world lasts. It will go on increasing until the seas have been licked up and the mountains and the valleys have been cremated in the last conflagration.

Dr. Louis A. Banks tells how Rev. Dr. Valpy wrote four simple lines for his confession of faith. They went thus:

In peace let me resign my breath
And thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.

Dr. Valpy gave a copy of those lines to Dr. Marsh, the rector of Beckenham, who had them placed over his study desk. The Earl of Roden was visiting Dr. Marsh one day and asked him for a copy. A short time after this General Taylor, a hero of Waterloo, was visiting the Earl of Roden and he took a copy of those lines and was by them led to Christ. General Taylor in turn gave a copy of those lines to a soldier friend of his, and he also was converted. Thus the good seed which Dr. Valpy sowed many years ago has kept on through generation after generation multiplying for good a hundredfold. And today perhaps by my repeating those lines some one here may be converted by them.

My father once told of a chain of influence more wonderful to hear even than the story of Dr. Valpy as showing the results of gospel seed planting. He started, with a poor woman giving a simple gospel tract to a passerby. That tract brought this young man to Christ. This young man wrote a book. That book was blessed of the Holy Spirit and brought thousands upon thousands into the kingdom, among others Richard Baxter, who wrote Saints' Rest. That book in turn brought thousands upon thousands into the kinghom, among er converts were this man, that man and another man who in turn all wrote books which had blessed results. So there was developed a harvest of thousands of souls, all the direct results of one simple seed planting, the result of one poor unknown woman giving a gospel tract to a young man passing by. So the results of the good seed which the gospel sower sows will never die as long as this old world lasts.

THE ETERNAL HARVEST HOME.

But the most precious sheaf garnered by the Christian sower and reaper is the joyful realization that all the harvests which result from all the different Christian plantings shall be gathered at last into the granaries of heaven. It matters not how many immortal men and women and children may be saved, nor whether they are rich or poor, black or white, Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic, they shall all find room for themselves in heaven. All who will accept Christ and throw themselves upon his pardon and love can come. The sower of the gospel seed might hesitate to cast the bread of life upon the troubled sea of sin if he thought the gospel invitation was to be in any way circumscribed. But it is not. The invitation is so wide that it takes in all who are ready to be cleansed of sin. The invitation is so wide that the welcome comes from every direction. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely." That surely is a broad enough invitation for all.

And what a harvest home that will be when all the gospel sheaves shall be gathered into the granaries of heaven! The repoicing will be everywhere. Some of us have seen the noted picture of the painter Seifert called The Harvesters' Return. We have seen there the joyful looks upon the faces of the men and women who have been working in the fields. Perhaps we ourselves have lived in the country. We have shared in the joy of the laborers when the last sheaf of wheat has been taken to the thrashing floors, but the joy of the earthly harvest home is as nothing compared to the heavenly joy when all the gospel sheaves shall be gathered into the heavenly granaries. Fathers and mothers and children, they will all be there. Brothers and sisters, they shall be there. Husbands and wives, friends and loved ones, they shall be there. From the north, the east, the south and the west of the heavenly lands will be heard the cry: "Harvest home, harvest home, harvest home! This is the eternal harvest home!"

Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves,
But he shall come at twilight's close
And bring his golden sheaves.

Now, as the gospel sower who casts his bread upon the waters shall reap such glorious harvests, shall we not redouble our energies, and plant as many good seeds as we can for Christ? Shall we not do as much good as we can in the few years that remain for us? Shall we not thank God that he has given to us an opportunity to work and to live for him? Shall we not find our joy and reward in sowing and in scattering our gospel seed over the field of sin, in scattering our good deeds over the great troubled sea of humanity?

To show what rewards can come from casting the seeds abroad the story is told that in the far east a father lay dying. He called to his bedside his five boys and told them that he had nothing to leave them but his farm, but that in the fields of that farm was buried a very rich treasure, and if they wanted to become rich they should go and dig the fields until they found it. So after the father was buried the five boys took their spades and picks and plows and went to work. They dug the fields up far and near; they dug them very deep; they dug them over and over again, but they could not find the treasure. As they had dug the fields so deep the boys decided to plant them. Then, when the harvests came and were gathered and sold and the money filled the family treasury, the boys began to think. They said to themselves, "Perhaps, after all, the rich treasure which our father had promised us has been dug up by our spades and plows." Their treasure came not in the gold quarried from a dark mine, but in the minted gold of a wheat sheaf. So Christ, like the dying father, bids us find our gospel treasure by casting the good seed into the ground, by scattering it upon the sea of sinful humanity. Then we shall reap the golden harvests which shall be garnered in the granaries of heaven.

Would that we all might be willing to go forth to this gospel planting. Would that we all might get our hearts in touch with Christ, so that we might consecrate our lives for the mighty work of spreading the gospel and for gathering in a harvest of never dying souls! This is no idle hope I offer to you. The sacred word emphatically says that if any Christian sower goeth forth bearing precious seed he shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him at the earthly and heavenly harvest home.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived.

July 7—Sch Earl D, 61, Graves, from Boston, J W Smith, 8 tons scrap iron for Portland Rolling Mills.

Coastwise—Schs A L Kenney, 74, Priddle, from North Head; Dora, 63, Canning, from Parrsboro; Blue Wave, 37, Downey, from Sackville; Beulah, 80, Black, from Quaco; Arminta, 151, Guptill, from Campobello.

July 8—Str St Croix, Pike, from Boston, W G Lee, mdse and pass.

Str Pydna, 1885, Crossley, from Manchester, Wm Thomson and Co, gen cargo.

Sch Avalon, 116, Duffeshire, from New York, J W Smith bal.

Sch R P S, 74, Hatfield, from Calais, F and L Tufts, bal.

Sch Valetta, 99, Cameron, from Boston, master, bal.

Coastwise—Schs Rescue, 17, Templeman, from fishing; Ethel and Carrie, 15, Ingalls, from Gand Manan; Effort, 63, Milner, from Annapolis; L M Ellis, 34, Lent, from Westport; Ethel May, 15, Hudson, from fishing; Susie Pearl, 74, Walsh, from Quaco; Ina Brooks, 22, Brooks, from Freeport; str Brunswick, 73, Potter, from Canning.

July 9—Str Indrani, 2329, Gillies, from Glasgow, Schofield and Co, general.

Bark Stillwater, 1052, Thurber, from Meteghan, Troop and Son, bal.

Coastwise—Schs Abbie Coggins, 22, Watt, from Annapolis; Lloyd, 22, Clayton, from Digby; Nina Blanche, 30, Crovker, from Freeport.

Cleared.

July 6—Sch Ina, Hanselpacker, for Pawtucket.

Sch D W B, Holder, for Vineyard Haven, for orders.

Sch Abbie Verner, Kingston, for Bostou.

Coastwise—Schs Jessie, Carter, for Quaco; Mildred K, Thompson, for Westport; Lennie and Edna, Stuart, for Beaver Harbor.

July 7—Str Norden, Schmidt, for Newport.

Str Aurora, Ingersoll, for Campobello.

Sch Progress, Flower, for Boston.

Sch George L Slipp, Woods, for New York.

Sch Frances Shubert, Starkey, for City Island f o.

Sch Eric, Whittaker, for City Island f o.

Coastwise—Str Brunswick, Potter, for Bass River; schs Brisk, Morris, for Advocate Harbor; Arminta, Guptill, for Grand Manan; Ethel and Carrie, Wooster, for Grand Harbor; Ina Brooks, Brooks, for Freeport.

July 9—Sch Sallie E Ludlam, Pederson, for City Island f o.

Sch Sebago, Cochran, for Washington.

Sch Temperance Bell, Tufts, for Boston.

Schs E C Gates, Lunn, for Vineyard Haven f o.

Sch R L Kenney, Priddle, for Eastport.

Sch Ada G Shortland, McIntyre, for Bridgeport.

Coastwise—Schs Earl D, Graves, for Margaretville; Nina Blanche, Crocker, for Freeport; John and Frank, Teare, for Point Wolfe; Lone Star, Richardson, for North Head; Garfield White, Matthews, for Apple River; Wanita, Fulmore, for Windsor; Ophelia, Nickerson, for Fredericton; Helena M, Wood, for Wolfville; Mabel, Cole, for Sackville.

Sailed.

July 9—Str St Croix, Pike, for Boston via Eastport.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

Arrived.

PORT MULGRAVE, N. S., July 7.—Passed north, sch Shafner Bros, from New York for Charlottetown, P E I.

HALIFAX, N S, July 8—Ard, strs Acon, from Liverpool; Benedict, from St Johns, N F, via Sydney; Beta, from Jamaica, Turks Island and Bermuda.

Sld, strs Silvia, Farrell, for St Johns, NF; Bangor, Brown, for Newcastle.

KINGSPORT, N S, July 8—Ard, bark Persia, from New York.

At Bale Verte, July 7, bark Coronoe, Larsen, from Hull.

At Hillsboro, July 7, schs Ann Louise Lockwood, Alcorn, from New York; Elwood Burton, Wason, from Marblehead, Mass; ship Nora, Stabuli, from Philadelphia; 8th, sch Edna, Donovan, from Jonesport.

HALIFAX, NS, July 9—Ard, strs Halifax, from Boston; Olivette, from Charlottetown via Hawkesbury; Bratsburg, from St John.

Sld, strs Olivette, for Boston; Halifax, Pye, for Hawkesbury and Charlottetown.

HOPEWELL CAPE, July 8—Ard, str Llatos, Davison, from New York, to load.

LUNENBURG, July 8—Sld, str Bandosia, Humphreys, from St John for Cape Town.

Cleared.

At Chatham, July 5, bark Lady Blessington, Abrahamson, for Dublin.

At Newcastle, July 5, sch Evolution, Boudrot, for New York.

At Bale Verte, July 7, bark Haaken, Hakaersen, for Cardiff.

At Campbellton, July 5, bark Jubitar, Axelsen, for Tyne.

At Hillsboro, July 7, sch Nellie F Sawyer, Willard, for Newark; 8th, bark Carrie L Smith, Irving, for Preston, Eng.

At Musquash, July 8, sch F and E Givan, Melvin, for Vineyard Haven f o.

BRITISH PORTS.

Arrived.

LIVERPOOL, July 7.—Ard, bark Arvilla, from Bathurst, N B.

PLYMOUTH, July 7.—Sld, bark Capella, for Jacquet River, N. B.

GLASGOW, July 8.—Ard, strs Carthaginian, and Columbia, from New York.

LIVERPOOL, July 6.— Ard, str Umbria, from New York.

BELFAST, July 6.—Ard, bark Cordelliera, from Newcastle, N B.

LIMERICK, July 6—Ard in Scattery Roads, brig Hamlet, from Chatham, NB, for Castle Clare.

MOVILLE, July 7.— Ard, stmr Numidian, from Montreal and Quebec for Liverpool (and proceeded).

LIVERPOOL, July 7.—Ard, str Semantha, from Chatham, N B.

PORT ELIZABETH, July 1.—Ard, bark Lauriergs, McDougall, from Baltimore.

BRISTOL, July 7.—Ard, str Montfort, from Montreal via Sydney, C B.

SHIELDS, July 5.—Ard, str Rodney, from Montreal and Sydney, C B, via Gravesend.

GLASGOW, July 8—Ard, strs Sarmatian, from Montreal; 9th, Austrian, from Boston.

YARMOUTH, July 5.—Ard, str Whitefield, from Montreal and Sydney, CB, via West Hartlepool.

LIVERPOOL, July 6.—Ard, str Mechanician, from St John, N B.

KING ROAD, July 6.— Ard, str Kinsale, from Halifax for Sharpness.

LEITH, July 7.—Ard, str Framfield, from Pensacola via Halifax.

LONDON, July 7.—Ard, str Phoenix, from Chatham, N B, via Sharpness.

MANCHESTER, July 6.—Ard, str Salerno, from Dalhousie.

LONDON, July 7.—Ard, str Memnon, from Montreal.

At St Lucia, July 6, str Nemea, from Rio Janeiro for Baltimore, bunkered and proceeded.

At Sharpness, July 8, bark Austria, Hilton, from St John.

At Manchester, July 9, str Mantinea, Pearce, from St John.

At Barbados, June 18, barks C B Whilden, Morrison, from Pernambuco; 19th, Annie Smith, McLod, from Cayenne; brig Venturer, from Cape Verde.

At Demerara, June 17, str Orard, Sesery, from Halifax via West Indies and Trinidad.

EASTHAM, July 8—Sld, str Mount Park, for St John.

QUEENSTOWN, July 8—Sld, str Ivernia, from Liverpool for Boston.

QUEENSTOWN, July 8—Ard, str Majestic, from New York for Liverpool.

BARRY ISLAND, July 9—Psd, str Broomfield, from Pictou, NS, for Sharpness.

SHARPNESS, July 7—Ard, barks Austria, from St John; Bengal, from Dalhousie.

PRESTON, July 8—Ard, sch Omar, from Richibucto.

LIVERPOOL, July 9—Ard, strs Colonian, for Portland; Mantinea, from St John via North Sydney, CB, for Manchester.

LONDON, July 9—Sld, str Cambrian, for Boston.

BROW HEAD, July 9—Psd, str New England, James, from Boston for Queenstown and Liverpool.

GLASGOW, July 9—Ard in the Clyde, str Corean, from Philadelphia via St Johns, NF.

ANTWERP, July 9—Ard, str Nederland, from Philadelphia.

RATHLIN ISLAND, July 9—Psd, bark Bal, from Newcastle, NB, for Belfast.

FLEETWOOD, July 9—Ard, bark Dictator, from Dalhousie.

Sailed.

DUNGENNESS, July 8—Psd, str Avona, from Quebec via Sydney, CB, for London.

INISTRAHULL, July 8—Psd, str Lakonia, from Montreal for Glasgow.

SHARPNESS, July 6—Ard, str Kinsale, from Halifax.

NEWPOR, July 7—Ard, strs Aureola, from Halifax; Larne, from Montreal.

MANCHESTER, July 7—Ard, str Somantha, from Chatham, NB.

LIVERPOOL, July 8—Ard, str Numidian, from Montreal.

QUEENSTOWN, July 8—Ard, str Westernland, from Philadelphia for Liverpool.

LONDON, July 8—Ard, strs Brazilian, from Montreal; Carlisle City, from St John and Halifax.

CORK, July 8—Ard, bark Feynland, from Pugwash, NS.

LONDON, July 8—Ard, str Avona, from Quebec via Sydney, CB.

LIVERPOOL, July 8—Ard, bark Alia, from New Richmond.

Sld, bark Sagona, for Richibucto.

From Carnarvon, July 5, bark Elma, Andersen, for Miramichi.

From Newcastle, NSW, July 4, ship Cromartyshire, Nicoll, for Manila.

From Demerara, June 16, bark Hillside, Morrell, for Cuba.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Arrived.

CALAIS, Me., July 7.—Ard, sch E A Stewart, from Bedford.

Sailed, schs Freddie Eaton, for Wesley; Fred C Holden, for Branford; Kennebec, for New York.

NEW YORK, July 7.— Ard, str Tauric, from Liverpool.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 7.—Ard, schs Frank and Ira, from St John; Lotus, from do.

CITY ISLAND, July 7.— Bound south, schs St Anthony, from Parrsboro; NS; Hortensia, from Sand River, NS; Emily I White, from Hillsboro, N B.

CHERBOURG, July 7.—Ard, str Kronpring Wilhelm, from New York via Plymouth for Bremen (and proceeded).

PORTLAND, Me., July 7.—Ard, schs Pandora, and H A Holder, from St John, N B; Jennie Palmer, to load for Dorchester, N B; John B Norris, from Calais for Harwichport.

SAVANNAH, Ga., July 7.—Sld, sch Grisquland, for Port Hastings, C. B.

LYNN, Mass., July 7.—Ard, sch Genesta, from Digby, N. S.

BOSTON, July 7.— Ard, strs Virginian, from London; Halifax, from Halifax; schs Olivia, from Clementsport; Centennial, from Shulee.

Sailed, strs St. Croix, for St John; Prince Arthur, for Yarmouth; Edga, for Louisburg.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass., July 7.—Ard and sailed, sch Cora L, from New York for Pictou, N S.

Arrived, schs Hunterd, from Eatonville for New York; Abbie Ingalls, from St John, N B, for do; Demozelle, from Parrsboro for do.

Passed, str Rosalind, from St Johns, N F, and Halifax for New York; schs Otis Miller, from St John, NB, for Providence; Rewa, from do for City Island; W H Waters, from do for do; Annie M Allen, from St John, N B, for Philadelphia; Senator Grimes, from Calais for Port Chester.

At Bridgeport, Conn, July 4, sch Wellman Hall, from St John.

At New York, July 6, brigtn Alacia, Hart, from San Andreas.

At New Orleans, July 5, sch Vera B Roberts, Roberts, from Mexican ports.

At New London, Ct, July 5, schs Florence A Chapman, Schule, from New York.

At Bath, July 5, sch Keewaydin, from Farrsboro.

NEW YORK, July 8—Ard, bark Egeria, from Grand Constable Island; sch Alrato, from Bocas Del Toro.

Sld, sch Island City, for Bangor.

HYANNIS, Mass, July 8—Ard, schs Marcus Edwards, from Augusta for New York; Alice Maud, from St John for New York; ida May, and Carrie C Ware, from Western ports.

CALAIS, Me, July 8—Ard, schs Abner Taylor, from New York; Annie Gus, from Norway; Andrew Peters, from Boston; William Thomas, from Boston; Joe Millbridge.

Sld, sch Sarah A Reed, for Vineyard Haven.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, Me, July 8—Ard, sch Jennie C, from St John.

GLOUCESTER, Mass, July 8—Ard, sch Levose, from Church Point, NS.

PORTLAND, Me, July 9—Ard, schs Dreadnaught, from Newton Creek, NS, for New York; C W Dexter, from Calais for do; str State of Maine, from St John for Boston.

Cld, sch Rebecca W Huddell, for Spencer's Island, NS.

CITY ISLAND, July 8—Bound south, strs Rosalind, from St Johns, NF, and Halifax, NS; schs Hamburg, from Spencer's Island, NS; Fred H Gibson, from St John; J Nickerson, from Calais, Me; Earl of Aberdeen, from Windsor, NS; Ruth Robinson, from do; D J Sawyer, from Hillsboro, NB; tug Gypsum King, from Hantsport, NS, towing schs Gypsum King, Gypsum Emperor, Calabria and barge J B King and Co No 2, from Windsor, NS.

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