SERMON.

Rev. Dr. Talmage in His Discourse Represents Religion as a Great Refreshment and Invivites all the World to Come and Receive.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage represents religion as a great refreshment and invites all the world to come and receive; text, Genesis xxix, 8, "We cannot until all the flocks be gathered together and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

A scene in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off, and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approach, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible account of it is, "Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about! But before that scene occurred Jacob accosts the shepherds and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect, "We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it, and push it aside, and then the buckets and troughs are filled and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot until all the flocks are gathered together and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

Oh, this is a thirsty world! Hot for the head, and blistering for the feet, and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing satisfying draft. We wander around, and we find the cistern empty. Long and tedious drought has dried up the world's fountain, but centuries ago a Shepherd, with crook in the shape of a cross and feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, bubbling and bright, and opalescent, and looked to the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, and cried out with a voice strong and musical, that rang through the ages, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

Now, a great flock of sheep today gathered around this gospel well. There are a great many thirsty souls. I wonder why the flocks of all nations do not gather, why so many stay thirsty, and, while I am wondering about it my text breaks forth in the explanation, saying, "We cannot until all the flocks be gathered together and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

COMING TO THE GOSPEL WELL.

If a herd of swine come to a well, they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well they hook each other back from the water, but when a flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by sad bleating; they come together peacably. We want a great multitude to come around the gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd; they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church, it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. We have had people permanently leave church because so many other people come to it. Not so did these oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination. Go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off all the mountains. None so torn of the dogs, none so sick, none so worried, none so dying, as to be omitted. Why not gather a great flock? All this city in a flock, all New York in a flock, all London in a flock, all the world in a flock.

This well of the gospel is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the 1,600,000,000 of the race. Do not let the church by a spirit of exclusiveness keep the world out. Let down all the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations. "Whosoever will let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander, out of the snow. Come in furs, Come panting under palm leaves. Come one. Come all. Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so this morning at this well of salvation Christ, our Shepherd, will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties, and he will stretch out his hand in pledge of his affection, while all heaven will cry out: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him."

You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone on it, which must be removed before the sheep could be watered, and I find on the well of salvation today impediments and obstacles which must be removed in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this gospel. In your case the impediment is pride of heart. You cannot bear to come to so democratic a fountain; you do not want to come with so many others. It is as though you were thirsty and you were invited to slack your thirst at the town pump instead of sitting in a parlor sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sinners. You want to get to heaven, but you must be in a special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman and a band of music on board the train.

You do not want to be in company with rustic Jacob and Rachel and to be drinking out of the fountain where 10,000 sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride or never find your way to the well. You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way and at any hand and in any kind of pitcher, crying out: "Oh, Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst! Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet! Give me the water of life! I care not in what it comes to me." Away with all your hindrances of pride from the well's mouth.

WHY SOME ARE KEPT BACK.

Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life by the stone of an obdurate heart which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated in his lap all these years his everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar, "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy way, thou hast not glorified." If you treated anybody as badly as you have treated God, you would have made 500 apologies; yea, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been seated at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn and winter he has appropriately appareled you. Your health from him, your companion from him, your children from him, your home from him, all the bright surroundings of your life from him. Oh, man, what dost thou with that hard heart? Canst thou not feel one throb of gratitude toward the God that made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who has all these years been importuning you? If you could sit down five minutes under the tree of a Saviou's martyrdom and feel his life blood trickling on your forehead and cheek and hands, methinks you would get some appreciation of what you owe to a crucified Jesus.

Heart of stone, relent, relent,
Touched by Jesus' cross, subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood,
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the Eternal Son!

Jacob, with a good deal of tug and push, took the stone from the well's mouth, so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that this day my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrances of your getting up to the gospel well. Yea, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now, like oriental shepherds, I proceed to water the sheep. Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undefined longing in your soul. You tried money making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sluiptures, but works of art did not satisfy you. You are as much discontented with this life as the celebrated French author who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world and who said: "At 4 o'clock this afternoon I shall put an end to my own existence. Meanwhile I must toil on up to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on his book until the clock struck 4, when he folded up his manuscript and, by his own hand, concluded his earthly life.

CHRIST'S ETERNAL FOUNTAINS.

There are men who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy today, to be unhappy forever unless you come to this gospel well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all absorbing and eternal satisfaction. It comes and it offers the most unfortunate shilling compared with the eternal for him and throws all heaven into the bargain. The wealth of Croesus and of all the Rothschilds is only a poor, miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you today. In the far east there was a king who used once a year to get on the scales, while on the other side of the scales were placed gold and silver and gems—indeed enough were placed there to balance the king. Then, at the close of the weighing, all those treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ today steps on one side the scales, and on the other side are all the treasures of the universe, and he says, "All are yours; all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all eternity—all are yours." We do not appreciate the promises of the gospel.

When an aged clergyman was dying—a man very eminent in the church—a young theological student stood by his side, and the aged man looked up and said to him, "Can't you give me some comfort in my dying hour?" "No," said the young man; "I can't talk to you on this subject. You know all about it and have known it so long." "Well," said the dying man, "just recite to me some promises." The young man thought a moment, and he came to this promise: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and the old man clapped his hands and in his dying moment said, "That's just the promise I have been waiting for—'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" Oh, the warmth, the grandeur, the magnificence, of the promise!

Come also to this gospel well, all ye troubled. I do not suppose you have escaped. Compare your view of this life at 15 years of age with what your view is of it at 40 or 60 or 70. What a great contrast of opinion? Were you right then or are you right now? Two cups placed in your hands, the one a sweet cup, the other a sour cup. A cup of joy and a cup of grief. Which has been the nearest to being full, and out of which have you the more frequently partaken? What a different place the cemetery is from what it used to be! Once it was to you a grand city improvement, and you went out on the pleasure excursion, and you ran laughingly up the mound, and you criticised in a light way the epitaph. But since the day when you heard the bell toll at the gate when you went in with the procession it is a sad place, and there is a flood of rushing memories that suffuse the eye and overmaster the heart. Oh, you have had trouble, trouble, trouble! God only knows how much you have had. It is a wonder you have been able to live through it. It is a wonder your nervous system has not been shattered and your brain has not reeled. Trouble, trouble!

THE CRY FOR COMFORT.

If I could gather all the griefs of all sorts from these crowded streets and could put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again? "No," you say as a Christian man: "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back." Well, would you have your departed friends back again? "No," you say; "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it." Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out: "Comfort. Give us comfort!" For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come. "Ah," says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you can't talk to me about my misfortunes in the time of old age." Well, I may not have lived as long as you, but I have been a great deal among old people and I know how they feel about their failing health and about their departed friends and about the loneliness that sometimes strikes through their souls.

After two persons have lived together for 40 or 50 years and one is taken away, what desolation? I shall not forget the cry of Dr. De Witt of New York when he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife and after the obsequies had ended he looked down into the open place and said: "Farewell, my honored, faithful and beloved wife. The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again. Farewell, farewell!"

To lean on a prop for 50 years and then have it break under you! There were only two years difference between the death of my father and mother. After my mother's decease my father used to go around as though looking for something? Though he was a tender hearted man I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After 60 years' living together it was hard to part. And there are aged people today who feel just such a pang as that. I want to tell them there is perfect enchantment in the promises of this gospel, and I come to them and offer them my arm, or I take their arm and I bring them to this gospel well. Sit down, father or mother, sit down. See if there is anything at the well for you. Come David, the psalmist, have you anything encouraging to offer them? "Yes," says the psalmist; "they shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing, to show that the Lord is upright. He is my rock and there is no unrighteousness in him." Come, Isaiah, have you anything to say out of your prophecies for these aged people? "Yes," says Isaiah; "down to old age I am with thee, and to hoary hairs will I carry thee." Well, if the Lord is going to carry you, you ought not to worry much about your failing eyesight and failing limbs.

TRUST IN GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

You get a little worried for fear that some time you will come to want; do you? Your children and grand children sometimes speak a little sharp to you because of your ailments. The Lord will not speak sharp. Do you think you will come to want? What do you think the Lord is? Are his graharies empty? Will he feed the raven and the rabbit and the lion in the desert and forget you? Why, naturalists tell us that the porpoise will not forsake its wounded and sick mate. And do you suppose the Lord of heaven and earth has not as much sympathy as the fish of the sea? But you say, "I am so near worn out, and I am of no use to God any more." I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not. If you were of no more use he would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because he has taken care of you 70 or 80 years? He thinks more of you today than he ever did because you think more of him. May the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Paul the aged be your God forever! But I gather all the promises today in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs and sheep up to the sparkling supply: "Behold, happy is the man who God correcteth." "Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion." Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth out of them all." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I am determined that no one shall go out of this house uncomforted. Yonder is a timid and shrinking soul who seems to hide away from the consolations I am uttering as a child with a sore hand hides away from the physician lest he touch the wound too roughly, and the mother has to go and compel the little patient to come out and see the physician. So I come to your timid and shrinking soul today and compel you to come out in the presence of the Divine Physician. He will not hurt you. He has been healing wounds for many years and he will give you gentle and omnipotent medicament.

But people when they have trouble go anywhere rather than to God. De Quincey took to opinm to get rid of his troubles. Chas Lamb took to punch. Theodore Hook took to something stronger. Edwin Forrest took to theatrical dissipation. And men have run all around the earth, hoping in the quick transit to get away from their misfortunes. It has been a dead failure. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the deep and inexhaustible well of the gospel.

But some one in the audience says, "Notwithstanding all you have said this morning, I find no alleviation for my troubles." Well, I am not through yet. I have left the most potent consideration for the last. I am going to soothe you with the thought of heaven. However talkative we may be, there will come a time when the stoutest and most emphatic interrogation will evoke from us no answer. As soon as we have closed our lips for the final silence no power on earth can break that taciturnity. But where, O Christian, will be your spirit? In a scene of infinite gladness. The spring morning of heaven waving its blossoms in the bright air. Victors fresh from battle showing their scars. The rain of earthly sorrow struck through with the rainbow of eternal joy. In one group God and angels and the redeemed, Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Payson and John Milton, Gabriel and Michael the archangel. Long line of choristers reaching across the hills. Seas of Joy dashing to the white beach. Conquerors marching from gate to gate. You among them. Oh, what a great flock God will gather around the celestial well. No stone on the well's mouth while the Shepherd waters the sheep. There Jacob will recognize Rachael the shepherdess. And standing on one side of the well of eternal rapture your children, and standing on the other side of eternal rapture your Christian ancestry. You will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that one deep well of heaven the Shepherd will dip reunion for the bereaved, wealth for the poor, health for the sick, rest for the weary. And then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures, and world without end we will praise the Lord that on this summer Sabbath morning we were permitted to study the story of Jacob and Rachel at the well.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived.

Aug 12—Sch Prudent, 123, Dickson, from Fall River, J M Taylor, bal.

Sch I N Parker, 97, Lipsett, from Boston, A W Adams, bal.

Aug 13—Str St Croix, 1064, Pike, from Boston, W G Lee, mdse and pass, and cld for return.

Sch Hattie Muriel, 84, Wasson, from Boston, J W McAlary Co, bal.

Coastwise—Schs Seattle, 56, Merriam, from Windsor; John and Frank, 55, Teare, from Quaco; str Beaver, 57, Tupper, from Canning, and cld; schs Three Links, 31, Maxwell, from Rockport; Maudie, 25, Beardsley, from Port Lorne; Forest Flower, 28, Ray, from Margaretville; Hero, 7, Anderson, from Waterside; Ocean Bird, 44, McGranahan, from Margaretville; Thelma, 48, Milner, from Annapolis.

Aug 14—Str State of Maine, 818, Thompson, from Boston, W G Lee, mdse and pass.

Sch E Merriam, 331, Hatfield, from Newark, N J, H J Tufts, coal.

Sch Beulah, 31, Ells, from Stonington, Conn, master, bal.

Coastwise—Schs Athol, 70, Mills, from Advocate; Prospect, 78, Newcomb, from Quaco; Bear River, 87, Woodworth, from Fort George; Maggie, 34, Scott, from Noel, N S.

Aug. 15.—Str Cumberland, 896, Allan, from Boston via Eastport, W G Lee, mdse and pass.

Bark Inversnaid, 1,312, Ross, from London, Wm Thomson and Co, cement.

Sch Joseph B McGuire, 91, Pickels, from Boston, master, general cargo.

Sch Effie May, 67, Branscombe, from Stonington, D J Purdy, bal.

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

Sch C J Colwell, 82, Erb, from Boston, F Tufts, bal.

Sch Abbie Keast, 96, Erb, from Fall River, A W Adams, bal.

Coastwise—Schs Silver Cloud, 44, Post, from Digby; Josie L Day, 16, Coates, from Annapolis; Augusta Evelyn, 30, Scowil, from fishing; Dove, 19, Ossinger, from Tiverton; Citizen, 46, Woodworth, from Bear River, Ethel, 22, Trahan, from Belleveau Cove; Mildred K, 35, Ellis, from fishing; Packet, 49, Gesner, from Bridgetown.

Cleared.

Aug 13—Sch Alice, Benjamin, for Lubec.

Sch Hunter, Kelson, for New York.

Sch Lotus, Granville, for Providence.

Coastwise—Schs Forest Flower, Ray, for Margaretville; Wanita, Apt, for Annapolis; Morning Star, Priddle, for Campobello; Bessie G, Gates, for River Hebert.

Aug. 14—Str State of Maine, Thompson, for Boston via Eastport.

Ship Norge, Gunderson, for Melbourne, Australia.

Bark Adele, Isaksen, for Methil Dock, Scotland.

Sch Southern Cross, Hayes, for Boston.

Sch Nellie Watters, Bishop, for Boston.

Sch Ada G Shortland, McIntyre, for City Island f o.

Sch Oriole, Shanklin, for Bridgeport, Conn.

Coastwise—Schs Margaret, Benzanson, for Windsor; Gertie, Ogilvie, for Parrsboro; John and Frank, Teare, for Alma; Rex, Sweet, for Quaco; Ocean Bird, McGranahan, for Margaretville; Hero, Anderson, for Waterside, NB; Marysville, White, for River Hebert; Ripple, Mitchell, for Hampton.

Aug. 15.—Bark Brookside, Saunders, for Limerick, Ire.

Sch Wanola, Wagner, for City Island f o.

Sch D J Sawyer, Rogers, for City Island f o.

Sch Helen M, George, for Eastport.

Sch Walter Miller, from Boston for City Island f o.

Coastwise—Schs Hattie, Parks, for Port George; Hattie Muriel, Wasson, for Fredericton; Serene, Lyons, for Parrsboro; Josie L Day, Coates, for fishing; Mildred K, Ellis, for fishing; Citizen, Woodworth, for Bear River; Wood Bros, Alexander, for River Hebert; Silver Cloud, Post, for Digby; Ina Brooks, for Fredericton.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

Arrived.

At Bridgewater, Aug 12, sch Joseph Hay, Phipps, from New York—4 days.

At Hillsboro, Aug 12, schs Nimrod, Haley, from St John; Blomidon, Chute, from Bridgewater; Benjamin C Cromwell, McClearn, from Portland; William B Herrick, Wood, from Castine; Henry Sutton, Rogers, from Boston; John Proctor, Dodge, from Boston.

HALIFAX, N S, Aug 10—Ard, str Halifax, from Charlottetown, and sailed for Boston.

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

steam yacht Katoomba, from Boston; bark Adelaide, from Geneva; 11th, str Yarmouth, from Boston.

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 12.— Ard, schs Annie, Greenlaw, from Gloucester, Mass., for banks, and cleared; Harvester, from do for do, and cleared.

At Newcastle, Aug 13, str Teelin Head, Orr, from Belfast.

At Hillsboro, Aug 13, schs Frederick E, Rossmen, from Hopewell Cape; John W Dana, from Bath; Blomidon, from Bridgewater.

At Chatham, Aug 13, bark Bergalien, Nielsen, from Aberdeen.

HALIFAX, N S, Aug 13—Ard, strs Silvia, from St Johns, NF, and sailed for New York; Olivette, from Charlottetown via Hawkesbury, and sailed for Boston; Pro Patria, from St Pierre, Miq; steam yacht Elsa, from Newport, RI.

At Hillsboro, Aug 14, sch Pearl, Cannon, from River Hebert, N S.

At Chatham, Aug 13, bark Bergalien, from Aberdeen; bark Vanieira, from Londonderry; At Quaco, Aug 15, schs Evelyn, Tufts, from Boston; Nellie E Gray, Smith, from St John; Ernest Fisher, Gough, from Parrsboro.

Cleared.

At Hillsboro, Aug 12, sch Caroline Gray, Outhouse, for Hoboken, N J.

At Hillsboro, Aug 13, sch Nimrod, for Newark.

At Chatham, Aug 13, strs Mavisbrook, Smith, for Sharpness; Lysaker, Morch, for Fleetwood.

At Chatham, Aug 14, bark Janne France, for Benson.

At Quaco, Aug. 15, schs Evelyn, Tufts; Nellie E Gray, Smith, and Comrade, Reid, for St John; Ernest Fisher, Gough, for Parrsboro.

At Chatham, Aug 13, barks Vemiera, Thorsen, for Londonderry; 14th, Jeanne, Le-Ray, for St Nazaire.

At Hillsboro, Aug 14, schs Blomidon, Chute, for Hoboken, N J; Pearl, Cannon, for Harvey, A Co., N B.

Sailed.

From Halifax, 12th inst, str Orinoco, for Windward Islands and Demerara.

BRITISH PORTS.

Arrived.

At Liverpool, Aug 13, strs Ulunda, from Halifax via St Johns, Nfld; Vancouver, from Portland.

At Wabana, N F, Aug 3, str Olaf Kyrre (Nor), Falsen, from Rotterdam (and sailed 4th for Pictou, NS.)

At Liverpool, Aug 12, barks Ilmatar, Bond, from Pictou, NS (latter not previously); Ossuna, Andrews, from Richibucto.

At Queenstown, Aug 12, bark Ancona, Ferguson, from Tacoma.

EAST LONDON, July 16—Ard, str Dongola, English, from St John.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 12—Ard, strs Vancouver, from Portland; 13th, Ulunda, from Halifax and St Johns, NF.

CORK, Aug 13—Ard, ship Trojan, from St John.

At Liverpool, Aug 13, bark Moreland, Matthews, from Bay Verte.

At Sharpness, Aug 11, bark Professor, Lintner, from Shediac.

Cleared.

At Milk River, Ja, July 29, sch Pearline, Berry, for New York.

Sailed.

PORT ELIZABETH, Aug 12—Sld, bark Wildwood, Fitzgerald, for St John.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Arrived.

BOSTON, Aug 10—Ard, strs Prince George, from Yarmouth, NS; State of Maine, from St John via Eastport and Portland; sch A K Woodward, from Weymouth, NS.

BOSTON, Aug 11—Ard, strs St Croix, from St. John; Prince Arthur, from Yarmouth, NS; schs Lizzie Wharton, from Annapolis, NS.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass, Aug 11—Ard and sld, barkts Falmouth, from New York for Windsor, NS; sch Lygonia, from Perth Amboy for Augusta.

Ard, sch Roger Drury, from Elizabethport for St John.

BOSTON, Aug. 12.— Ard, strs Halifax, from Charlottetown, Port Hawkesbury and Halifax (ashore on Georges Island); Boston, from Yarmouth, N S; Alf, from Louisburg, CB; schs Arthur, from Bonaventure, P Q; Reporter, and Harvard H Havey, from St John; Wellman Hall, from Advocate Harbor, N S.

PORTLAND, Me., Aug. 12.— Ard, bark Lovia, from Cheverie, NS, to load for Buenos Ayres; schs Silver Wave, from St John, N B, for Vineyard Haven; N K Rawley, from Calais for New York.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Aug. 12.—Ard, Andrew Peters, from Edgewater for Calais; Geo B Ferguson, from Calais for New York; Alma, from Calais for New Bedford; Viola, from St John for orders.

CALAIS, Me., Aug. 12.—Ard, sch S W Smith, from Vineyard Haven; Clara J and Decora, from Jonesport; Wm Duren and Charlotte Morgan, from Boston.

SALEM, Mass., Aug. 12.—Ard, sch Annie Gale, from Eatonville to Salem for orders.

MACHIAS, Me., Aug. 12.—Ard, sch T W Cooper, from Boston; J M Kennedy, from Boston; yacht Vayu, from Philadelphia for St Andrews.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Aug. 12.—Ard, 11th at night, str Corean, from Glasgow and Liverpool for Halifax and Philadelphia.

BARBADOS, Aug. 12.—Ard, ship Honolulu from Rio Janeiro, and ordered to Pensacola to load.

At Havana, Aug 6, sch Demozelle, Curbett, from Pascagoula.

DUTCH ISLAND HARBOR, R I, Aug 13—Ard, schs Bonnie Doon, from Fall River for St John; Georgie A, from Providence for St John.

NEW LONDON, Conn, Aug 13—Ard, sch Florence A, from Calais.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug 13—Ard, sch Arthur M Gibson, Milbury, from Chatham.

BUENOS AYRES, Aug 11—Ard, sch Moama, Calhoun, from Weymouth.

MACHIAS, Me, Aug 13—Ard, sch Hortensia, from Sand River for New York; Lizzie C Hall, from Boston for St George, NB.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass, Aug 13—Ard, sch W R Perkins, from Calais.

BOSTON, Aug 13—Ard, strs Cumberland, from St John; Prince George, from Yarmouth, NS; brig Aquila, from Nouville, PQ; sch Maple Leaf, from Eatonville, NS.

At New London, Aug 14, sch Emma Adams, from New York for Calais.

At Antwerp, Aug 12, ship Helga, from Portland, O.

At Flushing, Aug 12, bark Swanhilda, Fraser, from Portland via Queenstown for Hamburg.

At Buenos Ayres, July 5, bark Albatross, Chalmers, from Rosario.

At Rosario, Aug 3, bark Veronica, Shaw, from Buenos Ayres (was reported sailed from Buenos Ayres June 25 for Channel for orders).

Cleared.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—Cld, schs Phoenix, for Windsor, NS; Prosperaro, for Port Greville, N S.

At Buenos Ayres, July 5, bark Glenafton, Mundy, for Roads and —— (New York or Boston.

At St Lucia, Aug 8, sch Lewanika, Williams, for Chatham, NB.

At New Orleans, Aug 12, sch Benefit, for Fascagoula.

At Boston, Aug. 14, schs Rewa, for St John; Avon, for do; Hattie E King, for do.

At New York, Aug 13, bark St Croix, Morrell, for Montevideo; sch Ayr, Odell, for Port Reading.

Sailed.

From Port Eads, Aug 11, str Ely, Corning, for Celba.

From City Island, Aug 11, sch Luta Price, for St John.

BOSTON, Aug 11—Sld schs Vesta Pearl, for Clementsport, NS; Brenton, for Meteghan, NS; C J Colwell, for St John; Joseph B Maguire, for do; Earl D, for Yarmouth, NS; North American, for Paspebiac, PQ; Josie Hook, for Calais.

From Boston, 12th inst, strs St Croix, for St John; Prince Arthur, for Yarmouth, NS; State of Maine, for Portland, Eastport, and St John.

FRESTON, Aug. 10.— Sld, bark Johanne, for Tusket, N. S.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass, Aug 13—Sld, sch Viola, for Alma.

BORDEAUX, Aug 9—Sld, str Cheronea, for St John.

NEW YORK, Aug 13—Sld, bark Belmont, for Boston.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, Aug 13—Sld, sch Vesta Pearl, for Clementsport.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Aug. 13—Sld sch Swanhilda, fr St oJhn.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug 13—Sld strs Assyrian for Glasgow; Boston and Prince George, for Yarmouth, NS; bark Westmorland, for Jordan River, NS (later anchored in Nantasket Roads); sch P and E Given, for Musquash, NB; Riverdale, for St John.

From New York, Aug 13, bark Belmont, for Boston; brigt Iona, for Halifax; schs Louvinia, for Surinam; W L Elkins, for St John; schs Abbie and Eva Hooper, Barnes, for an eastern port; Moravia, Creaser, for Halifax; Alma, Barker, for Halifax, N. S.

MEMORANDA.

CITY ISLAND, Aug. 12.— Bound south, schs J C Cottingham, from Hillsboro, N B, via Stamford, Conn.

KINSALE, Aug. 12.—Passed, strs Ulunda, from Halifax via St Johns for Liverpool; Vancouver, from Portland for Liverpool.

KINSALE, Aug. 12.— Passed, str Flowergate, from St John for Barrow.

In port at Buenos Ayres, July 11, bark Stranger, Liebke, for South Africa; sch Benj C Frith, Keen, for do.

Passed Anjer, Aug 12, previously, bark Strathisla, Urquhart, from New York for Saigon.

Passed Beacy Head, Aug 11, ship Helga, from Portland, O, for Antwerp.

CITY ISLAND, Aug 13—Bound east, brig Iona, from Elizabethport for Halifax.

Passed Sydney Light, Aug. 15, str Iona, Cummings, from Durban for Montreal; sch Olinda, Porrier, from New York for Sydney.

SPOKEN.

Bark Gazelle, Green, from Montreal and Quebec for Rosario, Aug 6, let 43 N, lon 43 W.

Bark Longfellow, Dantzic, for Halifax, etc, Aug 1, position not given.

MARRIAGES.

SHEWAN—On Wednesday, August 14th, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Shewan.

DEATHS.

McDONALD—In this city, on Aug 13th, Laura Jean, aged 5 months, infant daughter of Ernest B. and Annie McDonald.

SCOTT—Sunday, August 11th, at her late residence 13 James street, Ottawa, Elizabeth D. Scott, aged 54 years, widow of the late Dr. J. H. W. Scott of Gagetown, N. B.

SPRAGG—At Lancaster Heights, Aug. 13th, 1901, Hannah M., widow of the late Gideon Spragg, aged 75 years.