SERMON.

The Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis on Living For the Things That Count.

Living For the Things That Count, was the subject of a recent morning sermon in Brooklyn, N. Y., by the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis in Plymouth church. The text was Jeremiah ix., 24: "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom; let not the strong man glory in his strength; let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let a man glory in this, that he knoweth God:" Dr. Hillis said:

In his life of Walter Scott, Lockhart quotes from one of his father's letters: "Forty-five years old today, my life is now more than half done. The day was when I tried to kill time; now I guard each golden hour as a miser holds on to his coin. Henceforth I mean to do only the things that count." Weightier words than these the biography of great men does not contain. Sir Walter held his life at a high price. He wished to sell that life as dearly as possible. At best, his life was not long, and out of that little allotment he wished to secure some high form of enjoyment, work and human welfare. Perchance, perhap, this determination and habit of doing only the things that count, explains the unique fruitfulness of Scott's career. Unfortunately, when death overtook him, the novelist whose boks ke bind with silk and morocco, carired away with him his secret of passing by the things that are transient, and living by the things that abide and are realworth while. Strangely enough, this is the form of knowledge of which man knows least. He is the wisest of all creatures, he has sought out many inventions, but few men there be who know just what things count. Man does not know how to get the most light out of his electric bulb, for but yesterday the luminous gas tube of Peter Cooper Hewitt made the old bulb seem as rude as once did the tallow candle. Man does not know how to extract even a tithe of the heat out of the coal he burns. He wastes the iron in his ores, he wastes the riches of the soil, and the average man lives out scarce half his life. Facts like these force upon us the reflection that man knows still less how to live for the things that abide. Ours is a world in which a single hour availed for Peter and John to form a new friendship that changed all their life. One hour availed for Gough to form a new resolution, that opened up a new career for his activity and genius. In a single hour young Garfield formed the resolution that swept him on to fame and fortune. What possibilities of excellence are involved in the brief space of time measured between the rising of the sun and the setting thereof. Meanwhile men go through the years, wasting days many and long, living for things that pass away. They build some structure that is to be as permanent as the hills, and, lo! the structure melts like snow. They lay the foundations of some enterprise whose walls hold neither crack nor fissure, and, lo! it dissolves like the cloud mist, that melts before a puff of wind.

The seasons change. The winds, they shift and veer;
The grass of yesteryear
Is dead. The birds depart, the groves decay;
Empires dissolve, and people disappear;
Song passes not away.
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;
The swords of Caesars, they are less than dust;
The poet doth remain.
Dead is Augustus. Maro is alive.

Meanwhile the things that count remain after these transient things have passed away. For he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

WHAT ARE THE THINGS THAT COUNT?

What are the things that count? Let one of the wisest men answer. In his vision Jeremiah calls before the judgment seat of reason all eager aspirants for immortality. He measures every man who claims that his work should be dear unto men and to the immortals. First come the scholars, men from the libraries and the lecture halls and their laboratory. These have ransacked field and forest for facts concerning vegetable life and plant life. They have gone out into the earth for knowledge concerning the rocks, and up into the heavens for knowledge about stars, and down into the sea to explore its secret depths. They have found out the causes of things and organized facts into systems of science. And much learning hath made them proud. They arrogate to themselves to be intellectual aristocrats. The time was in Egypt, and the time is today in China, when the man who achieves a certain amount of wisdom is taken into the priesthood and becomes the representative of the unseen God. Then is digged a chasm the separates this scholar from the people. The man prides himself as living on the heights, above the common herd. And the wise man tells us that his knowledge is all worthless as the dust. That these, his intellectual systems, shall dissolve like bubbles. To-day's sheaf and loaf shall go, but the body, with strength fed thereon, shall abide and tomorrow write a new science. The physician understands this, for medicine gains so rapidly that yesterday's books are all made worthless by today's discovery. The stonemason understands it, for after a brief interval he sells the old astronomies and buys new ones, that include the discoveries of last year. Each new improvement for the engine sends the old one to the stock yard. The knowledges are so quickly superseded. Let no man glory, therefore, in his wisdom, as though it were a permanent thing, urges the sage. Then Jeremiah tests the men of strength; he calls before his judgment seat each Hercules, with the strength of an Atlas, who bears the world upon his shoulders; he tests each goodly youth named Saul, standing a head and shoulders above his fellows, with all men who lead armies and control political parties, and manifest their strength in heading movements and leading them toward Not that this is any blind railing at his strength, for a new competitor will arise and in wrestling trip him, and when the new claimant is crowned with laurel the old one is forgotten. Let no rich man glory in his riches. Not that this is any blind railing at the wealth of Croesus.

Men there are who are raised up of God to feed the state and clothe the state. It is a great thing to be able to turn raw iron into tools, to transport food from the interior to the sea shore, to make goods without waste and to distribute them at little cost. And, in a time like this, when the pace is swift, and the competition fierce, the man who can, with integrity, secure great riches, must have the skill of a general, the foresight of a statesman and such knowledge of the future as amounts almost to divination. And yet wealth is only a form of power. It is to be used, not saved; transmuted upward into life, not hoarded. What if a man should save this year ten thousand bushels of wheat for his cellar when as many barrels would suffice for himself and his family. And what if each year he should save up ten thousand barrels? Why, it will soon rot, he is simply laying up food for mice and vermin. Each year his enormous farm will produce grain sufficient. It is as foolish as to think of storing up the air against next year, in reservoirs. Next year will bring air enough to breathe itself. Lay up your treasures in heaven, said Christ. Last summer I met a man who was going to Russia with locomotives for the Siberian railway. The great engines were bolted down to the hold of the ship. In the time of storm these bolts held the engine in place, but when the ships reached St. Petersburg the engine was taken from the hold and put on the track. Then the fastenings that bound the engine to the ship were of no value. What if this engine had been intelligent, and gloried in the bolt that held it down and gloried in the screws and wrenches and wire cables; but a locomotive is too intelligent for that. Not otherwise the soul is bolted to the earth by bodily fastenings. So long as man has a body, hunger and thirst rule him; he needs to know about foods and plants and animals. But when he drops the body he sheds these knowledges like leaves. He will not carry his hunger forward, he will leave his thirst behind, he will drop his earthly treasure as a pilgrim drops his rags. He will carry forward his reason that hungers for new forms of truth; his heart, with its loves and friendships, his aspirations for service. When a man is in a foreign country, making his fortune, he converts his commerce into some form of exchange and sends it back to London or New York, his own home city, and after years of buying and selling there, at length he sets sail and when he reaches New York he finds that his treasure has arrived there before him. And not otherwise does the soul lay up its treasures in heaven, and sends its possession forward to await his aftercoming.

CLASSES OF MEN.

From his view point there are four classes of men. First there are men who are rich on the outside, but poor on the inside, like Balzac, who expended all his fortune in building his magnificent house, and breaking in health, had nothing wherewith to furnish the interior. The floors were bare, the walls were bare. Outwardly the house fes were empty. So he went about putting up slips of paper; on one writing these words: "A Raphael of priceless value." Yet there was no picture there. A table: "This table once belonged to Louis Fifteenth." But there was no table there. On the floor he put a piece of paper holding these words: "A rug from Constantinople." "A tapestry from Teheran." Yet the walls were bare. Outwardly the house was glorious. Inwardly, it was empty as a garret. Like men who have amassed treasure and on the inside of the soul house they have written certain resolutions: Next year I will send this youth to college; and next year I will open up this form of help for the poor, and next year I will endow a hospital; and as they have lived, so they will die. Other men are poor on the outside, but rich on the inside. These are like Walter Scott's house, that belonged to the Jew in Ivanhoe. At a time when society was disturbed, trade uncertain and men feared to buy or sell, because of revolution, this Hebrew merchant went every whither, enterprising, profiting and getting gain. But when the people knew his wealth, the mob robbed the Hebrew's house, and so he learned caution. The entrance to his house was in an alley. It was a hovel, hard beside a stable. Within were piles of hay. Beyond was a low passage, with a man at the entrance, but beyond that second door, lo! the visitor was ushered into a room splendid enough to have been the reception room of a prince, a room, vast and rich, with all the stuffs brought from the East, with everything that was soft for the feet beneath and glorious for the eye above. And many modest people there are, poor in worldly goods on the outside, but whose souls are like kings' palaces, bright with true thoughts, warm with love, radiant with friendship and sympathy. All their days dedicated to good will and helpfulness. These are the crowned kings, inwardly, though they be burden bearers and poor pilgrims outwardly. There be hovels to which God's angels make regular pilgrimages, and where His angels have, as it were, permanent abiding places. There are avenues that are seldom ever disturbed by the rustling of wings, before whose palaces God's chariots may not stop. And there are alleys through which His messengers sometimes never cease their coming and going. Other men are rich on the outside, and rich on the inside, like Lord Shaftesbury, whose outer home was a mansion, and whose inner furnishing was abundance. And others there are who are poor on the outside, through their vices, poor on the inside by reason of their sins. And are paupers to the life that now is, as well as to the life that is to come. And these poor society has ever with it.

FIDELITY COUNTS.

If we pass in review the things that count, we must write in letters of gold, and underscore them, Fidelity. Who is not ambitious to have these words carved on his tomb, "He was faithful unto death." We are told that the greatest of the virtues is love. But in that elect presence, perhaps fidelity is second only to love. The man who never plays false to his trust, stands forth the true hero. There is no crown bright enough for the brow of him who has never been unfaithful. All those favorites named immortals, the martyrs and heroes, are men who have been true to their trust. All the immortal poems are poems that celebrate some form of fidelity. Why does the world love Penelope? Because, though the years were long, and Ulysses' absence hard to bear, and though her suitors pressed her for an answer, Penelope's love changed not, and she was faithful to her lord. Why do we love the story of Antigone? Because, in the hour when, through his sin, his people expelled King Edipus from their city, and the anger of the gods was manifest in the storm, Antigone was faithful, and lifted her hands and garments above the broken-hearted king, that she might shield him from the anger of gods and men. And Peter loses our esteem and falls out of the regard of good men, because he was unfaithful. But becoming true again, he recovers our affection. Ten thousand selfish things will men regret—a thousand evil thoughts will cause shame to mantle the cheek, but the thing that abides, and lends hope forever, is the hour of faithfulness, when the soul is true. Supremacy does not come by doing great things. The great ones of earth, whom we remember, climbed to place by their great fidelity to little things. Are you an artist, and do you wish to have your canvas hung in the Metropolitan Museum? Young Raphael saw the bounty of God's beauty in the face of a poor flower girl and her babe, as he stood on the corner of the street. In that hour he tore a board from a fence, went into a wagon maker's shop and begged a few colors, and on a rough board, with a rude brush, he turned the poor flower girl into a madonna, and the babe into a divine child. With a handful of wet clay, young Michael Angelo proved his ability to carve the tombs of the de Medici family. An inferior thing, handled in a superior way, proves the true artist. And it is the common, homely duties of life, handled by an obedient spirit, that creates a beautiful character. Even the great God does not ask great materials with which to do His great work. He takes little mica flakes and compacts them into a Matterhorn. He takes the simple elements in the despised blade of grass, and compacts them into the great oak or elm. He takes the rude elements that are in the sticks that the beggar uses for his fire and compacts them into a blazing star or sun. Let no youth think that Jesus Christ was made perfect through dramatic and imposing positions. He stood forth at 30 years of age, the divine Teacher and Saviour, but during those thirty years He had never seen a single mountain peak hour. He was simply faithful to the plane and the saw, as carpenter. Faithful to a rude, bare house, that was a widow's home. Faithful as an elder brother, to bear the burdens of Mary's younger children. But He fulfilled these humble tasks with divine fidelity. He manifested a godlike spirit in the performance of duties in themselves trifling. He illustrated universal experience in the narrowest round of duties. Reviewing His career, men confess that He was without sin. He was faithful unto death, and it is given unto every child, obeying His parents, to every maid, looking upward toward her mistress, to the clerk, carrying out the behest of his employer, to the poor, rising above the besetments of poverty, to compact thought and deed into habit and character, that fill the soul with happiness and joy. And when all things else perish, "when the stars grow cold, and the world grows old, and the leaves of the judgment book unfold," these fidelities will abide forever.

HELPFULNESS AND SERVICE.

But if the path of duty is the way to glory, if faithfulness is a thing that counts, so is helpfulness and kindness. Oftentime the greatest deeds are unknown. Some heroes are hidden. Many kings are known, and some kings wear disguises. They go incognito through their city, that they may study their people. And royal spirits there are, who go about our streets, unrecognized for their kingliness. Those who know their helpful deeds and their heroism wonder that a halo does not hang above their heads. It is not given unto a wise pastor to tell all that he knows. If men did know all the secret, hidden events of life, they would understand that not the heroism of the battlefield alone is praiseworthy. That not the moral courage of leaders, who maintain fidelity in times of corruption, is eminent. There is a heroism of private life. There are heroisms of love and domestic fidelity. And their history is more fascinating than the story of the gods and goddesses of old. Here is a woman of great personal beauty and charm, refined in all her feelings, and fitted for the highest position. She dwells in her newly founded home like on of the angels of God. And then, suddenly, oh, blackness of darkness! the bolt falls, and she sits alone, widowed, in poverty, with her babes beside her; she passes from the uttermost of joy to the uttermost of sorrow. In a single hour she passes from day to midnight. But passing into the depths she is not submerged. For the great love she bears him, and for the great love she bears them, she rises up to protect her children. It is given unto young soldiers through bravery, to go toward a masked battery, but what shall be said of a woman, who goes out to compete with men on their own field, to beat them on their own ground and to wrest a living for her children. Slowly she carries them through school and college. She drains her vital forces, however, to the last drop. At the moment when her son stands on the threshold of his first success she falls in life's way. The foresight of victory is denied her. What an achievement is this! Here is the true Apologia. Talk about your evidences of Christianity. These are the proofs. You and I may be sorely pressed. We may be at best starved, spent, scant growths. The fruit of the spirit is small on some branches, and full of acid, as well as lacking in size. But this fruit tree ripened by God's spirit, holds food for the generations. Oh, these unrecorded deeds of heroism, that widowed mothers have ripened. Their story may not bulk large into history that man writes, but when the final story is told many a man whose name fills pages in the newspapers may find that his story on God's book takes but a line or two, while this struggling woman, with her radiant victory, has started influences whose story fills pages, a story o'er which the recording angel will never need to drop a tear, to blot out the stains of sin. Kindness counts. Helpfulness counts. Service counts. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life depart. But he that doeth God's will and gives a cup of cold water to one of His little ones shall abide forever.

LOVE COUNTS.

Another thing that counts is love. He that loves and by loving serves another fulfills Walter Scott's resolution. Love really means an overflowing soul. It represents a surplus of strength and power. It means an excess, that when one's own wants are supplied can look after the wants of others. It is given unto the modest violet to ride forth upon perfumed wings. It is given unto the bough of apple blossoms to ride forth on the summer's wind and bless the passerby. Lending happiness to the school boy and perfuming the thoughts of the tired workman going homeward. It is given to the lark to pour forth its sweet song and give music for discord. And the soul has this overflowing quality. Instead of staying at home in selfishness love journeys forth to bless its loved one. How beautiful the love of a noble pupil for a great teacher. How divine the love of Dante for some noble Beatrice. How wondrous a mother's love for the babe in its helplessness. Great is the power of the soul, of reason and of memory and of conscience. But greater still the power of outrushing love, that slays for its beloved one. The heart is an alabaster box, full of precious ointment, and when the nature is rich and divine, blessed indeed is that one over whom the heart breaks its box and pours forth the sacred ointment. Sometimes the divinely gifted soul goes through life solitary, and then bestows the love upon some cause, some reform; sometimes, having no one within its own life, it brings in some waif and lavishes all its affection upon one who cannot even understand the treasure that is poured forth. But it is good to love, and the reward is in loving, and not in the recognition. There is a joy of the inventor perfecting his tool, there is a sacred glow and compassion that prevades the intellect when the singer is writing his song or perfecting his argument. There is a delight that prevades the very being of him who meets an audience in the frame of a just cause, and masters them for truth and freedom. But there is no joy or ecstasy that is comparable to that sacred warmth that prevades the whole being in the hour when a great nature is conscious of love, and in love serves and gives itself without reward and without recognition, to the poor, to the weak, to the reform, to the worthy cause, to whatsoever object or person, for the time being needs the love service. The very memory of these hours when love rides forth to give itself, giving, and asking nothing in return, lends a golden luster to the past. These deeds of love make up the true rosary. Love's acts shine like pearls. It is love that crowns the life. This is Christ's earliest and latest injunction, that we love one another. Love counts. God is love, and he who loves shall abide with God forever.

SELF SACRIFICE COUNTS.

In retrospect self-sacrifice counts. Have you read Wm. Watson's poem, Domine Quo Vadis? Was ever great thought married to simpler, more musical words? It is the story of Peter. His friends urged him to flee from Rome, that by flight he might found the church in Spain, while they remained behind to be martyred. Nero has burned Rome, the people charge the conflagration upon the Christians, and to the wild wolf hate has sacrificed the panting, huddled flock, whose crime was Christ. During those awful days, the emperor burned the saints, and flung them to lions, or broke them on the wheel. And when his followers counseled, entreated, and begged him to fly, Peter answered:

Nay, my place is here through the dread storm
This ship of Christ I steer.
Blind is the tempest, deaf the roaring tide,
And I, His pilot, at the helm abide.

Then one stood forth to compel Peter's flight.

Let us, His vines, be in the winepresses trod,
And as a leaf when summer is o'er past,
Behold the church hath other use for thee,
Thy safety is her own, and thou must flee.

Oncee more Peter objects.

Do lords of spear and shield,
Thus leave their hosts uncaptained on the field?
And from some mount of prospect watch afar
The havoc of the hurricane of war?

Nay, my task is plain
But weak I stand, and I beseech you all
Urge me no more, least at a touch I fall.

Now, comes a noble youth, his voice sweet as viol's strings, and like a suppliant angel he doth plead:

My sire and brethren yesterday
The heathen did with ghastly torments slay.
Pain like a worm beneath their feet they trod,
Their souls went up like incense unto God.
An offering richer yet can heaven require?
Oh, live, and be my brethren and my sire!

Then Peter pleads that if they love him they say no more. And yet he hesitates. But he who hesitates regarding duty is lost. The voice now says, tarry; now says, go.

And louder every moment, go, it cried,
And tarry to a whisper sank and died,
And as a leaf when summer is o'erpast,
Hangs trembling e'er it falls in some chance blast,
So hung his trembling purpose, and fell dead.

And he arose and hurried forth and fled,
From all that heaven of love, that hell of hate,
To the campagnia, glimmering wide and still,
And strove to think and did his master's will.

But, spectral eyes and mocking tongues pursued,
And with vague hands he fought a phantom brood.

Sorely tried Peter argues with himself. Can he not do more living than dead? Are there not other lands waiting for the seed, other vineyards needing tillage; are there no thorns to be trampled down? He flies though no dread of pain, but at last he falls upon his knees and in the Appian Way and prays. And this his prayer:

"Master, who judgest, have I done amiss?"
Lo, on the darkness, breaks a wandering ray;
A vision flashed along the Appian Way,
Divinely in the pagan night it shone,
A mournful face, a figure hurrying on,
Though haggered and dishevelled, frail and worn,
A King of David's lineage, crowned with thorn.
"Lord, whither farest?" Peter wondering cried,
"To Rome," said Christ, "to be recrucified."

Into the night the vision ebbed like breath.
And Peter turned and rushed on Rome and death.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived.

Jan 20—Str Pretorian, 3910, Johnston, from Liverpool via Halifax, Wm Thomson and Co, general.

Coastwise—Str Centreville, 32, Graham, from Sandy Cove.

ST JOHN, Jan 20—Ard, str Buena Vista, from Louisburg, R P and W F Starr, coal.

Tug Springhill, Chambers, from Parrsboro.

Tug Flushing, Farris, from Parrsboro.

Jan 21—Str Lake Champlain, 4625, Stewart, from Liverpool, Troop and Son, mdse and passengers.

Sch Genevieve, 124, Butler, from Boston, A W Adams, bal.

Coastwise—Schs Wood Bros, 68, Golding, from Quaco; Rex, 57, Sweet, from do.

Cleared.

Jan 21—Coastwise—Strs Bonavista, McDonald, for Sydney; Springhill, Chambers, for Parrsboro; sch Wood Bros, Golding, for Quaco; Barge No 2, Salter, for Parrsboro; str Centreville, Graham, for Sandy Cove.

Jan. 22.—Str Bengore Head, Phillips, for Belfast, Wm Thomson and Co.

Str Manchester Commerce, Baxter, for Manchester, Wm Thomson and Co.

Sailed.

Jan 22.—Str St Croix, Pike, for Boston via Manic ports, W G Lee.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

Arrived.

HALIFAX, Jan. 19.— Ard, str Corinthian, from St John for Liverpool.

HALIFAX, Jan. 19.— Ard, strs America, from Barrow for Baltimore (short of coal); Pretoria, from Liverpool, and proceeded for St. John; Dahome, from St. John; sch Argo, from Bay of Islands, NF, for Gloucester, for shelter, and cleared.

HALIFAX, N S, Jan 20—Ard, strs Gulf of Venice, from London for St John; Loyalist, from St John for London; Rosalind, from St Johns, NF, and sailed for New York; Glencoe, from St Johns, NF, and sailed for return; Elliot, from Boston, and sailed for Louisburg.

Cld, sch Georgia, for Norwalk via Liverpool, NS.

Sld, strs Pro Patria, Henri, for St Pierre, Miq; Corinthian, Nunan, for Liverpool.

HALIFAX, N S, Jan 21—Ard, strs Silvia, from Hamburg for Baltimore (short of coal); Harlow, from Newfoundland; sch Meteor, from Banks, for Gloucester; Palma, from Lunenburg, to load for New London, Conn.

Cld, strs Gulf of Venice, for St John.

Sld, str Halifax, Ellis, for Boston.

BRITISH PORTS.

Arrived.

LONDON, Jan. 19.— Ard, str Evangeline, from St. John, N. B., and Halifax.

RATHLIN ISLAND, Jan. 19.—Passed, str Kastalia, from St John, N B, for Glasgow.

GLASGOW, Jan. 17.— Sld, str Concordia, for St John, N B.

AVONMOUTH, Jan. 17.— Sld, str Montcalm, for St. John, N B.

GLASGOW, Jan. 18.— Ard, str Orcadian from Portland.

GLASGOW, Jan 19—Ard, str Kastalia, from St John.

LONDON, Jan 20—Ard, str London City, from St John.

BROW HEAD, Jan 19—Psd, str Englishman, from Portland for Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, Jan 20—Ard, str Tunisian, from St John and Halifax.

At Hull, Jan 19, str Ely, Corning, from Baltimore via Fayal.

At Falmouth, Jan 19, ship Helga, Ferguson, from San Francisco.

At Bermuda, Jan 16, 6 a m, str Oruro, Seeley, from St John and Halifax for West Indies and Demerara.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 21—Ard, str Englishman, from Portland.

At Falmouth, Jan 19, ship Helga, Ferguson, from San Francisco.

Sailed.

From Demerara, Jan 7, str Ocamo, Fraser, for St John via West India ports.

From Bermuda, Jan 13, str Oruro, Seely, from Halifax and St John for the West Indies.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Arrived.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Jan. 19.—Sld, sch Alaska, for New York.

HYANNIS, Mass., Jan. 19.— Sld, schs Seguin, for New York; L T Whitmore, for do; Hannah F Carlton, for do.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass., Jan. 19.— Ard, schs Three Sisters, from Perth Amboy for Boston; Sarah S Thorp, from do for do.

Sailed, schs I N Parker, from St John, N B, for New Haven; Maggie Todd (from Calais), for New York.

SALEM, Mass., Jan. 19.— Ard, schs Clifford I White, from Stonington, Me., for New York.

PORTLAND, Jan. 19.—Sld, str Corean, for Glasgow.

Cleared, strs Hilda, for Parrsboro, N S; Terje Viken, for Sydney, C B.

DUTCH ISLAND HARBOR, Jan. 19.— Sailed, schs Rebecca W Huddell, from Newport for New York; Marjorie J Sumner, from Hillsboro for do.

BOSTON, Jan. 19.—Ard, strs Kingstonian, from London; Inchmona, from Hull, Eng.

Sailed, strs Catalone, for Louisburg, C B; St Croix, for Portland, Eastport and St. John.

BOSTON, Jan. 19.—Ard, sch Joseph Hay, from New York.

At Demerara, Jan 19, sch Syanara, Morehouse, from Jacksonville, Fla, via Cayenne.

At Pensacola, Jan 18, sch Lillian Blauvelt, Goodwin, from Barbados.

At Salem, Jan 17, schs Wm L Elkins, from South Amboy for Portsmouth; Stephen Bennett, do for do.

At Tacoma, Jan 17, ship Owenee, Burchell, from Seattle.

At New York, Jan 18, bark Star of the East, Dill, from Auckland, NZ.

DELAWARE BREAKWATER, Del, Jan 20 —Passed up, sch H B Homan, from St John for Philadelphia.

HAVANA, Jan 19—Ard, sch Sirroco, from Pascagoula.

CITY ISLAND, Jan 20—Bound south, sch Rosa Mueller, from St John.

Bound east, str Silvia, for St Johns, Nfld, via Halifax.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, Jan 20—Ard, sch C R Flint, from St John.

SALEM, Mass, Jan. 20—Sld, sch Clifford I White, for New York.

MACHIAS, Me, Jan 20—Ard, sch Earl of Aberdeen, from Hillsboro for New York.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Jan 20—Returned, sch Viola, from New York for St John.

In port, schs Ann Louise Lockwood, Lygonia.

BOSTON, Jan 20—Ard, strs Armenia, from Hamburg and Halifax; Troild, from Sydney; Mystic, from Louisburg, CB.

Schs Orozimbo, from Edgewater for Calais; Maud Malloch, from Calais.

Sld, str Boston, for Yarmouth.

ROSARIO, Dec 23—Ard, bark Hillside, from St John via Buenos Ayres.

PORTLAND, Me, Jan 20—Sld, str Terje Viken, for Sydney, CB.

At New York, Jan 20, sch Rosa Mueller, from St John.

At Bremen, Jan 19, str Trebia, McDougall, from Savannah.

CITY ISLAND, Jan 21—Bound south, schs Thistle, from St John; A P Emerson, from New Bedford; L T Whitmore, from Portland, Me; Abbie and Eva Hooper, from Portland; R D Ribber, from do; Elwood Burton, from do; Emily I White, from New Bedford; Hope Haynes, from Providence for New York; Demozelle, for Parrsboro, NS; Nimrod, from St John.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan 21—Ard, str Buenos Ayrean, from Glasgow and Liverpool via St Johns, NF.

PORTLAND, Me, Jan 21—Ard, strs Universe, from Sydney, CB; Peter Jebsen, from do.

BOSTON, Jan 21—Sld, str Mystic, for Louisburg, CB.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Jan 21—In port, sch Viola, from New York for St John.

CALAIS, Me, Jan 21—Ard, sch E Waterman, from Cape Porpoise.

At New York, Jan. 20, schs Lucia, Porter, Sprague, and Sarah Potter, Hatfield, from Portsmouth; Emma D Endicott, Johnston, from Providence; Sallie E Ludlam, Pedersen, from do; Blanche Morgan, Wasson, from Bridgeport.

At Boothbay Harbor, Me, Jan 20, sch C R Flint, from St John, N B.

At Rosario, Dec 23, bark Hillside, Morrill, from St John, N B, via Buenos Ayres.

At Machias, Me, Jan 20, sch Earl of Aberdeen, from Hillsboro, N B, for New York.

Cleared.

At New York, Jan 19, brigtn G B Lockhart, Sheridan, for Curacoa; sch Moraney, Scott, for St John.

At New York, Jan 20, sch Florida, Blackborn, for Carthagina.

Sailed.

From New Bedford, Jan 19, sch Alaska, for New York.

From Pascagoula, Jan 18, schs Lady of Avon, for Cardenas; Omega, for Havana.

From City Island, Jan 18, sch Blanche Morgan, Wasson, for Bridgeport.

From Philadelphia, Jan 18, str Kentigern, for —.

From Savannah, Jan 19, str Pydna, Crosley, for Liverpool.

From Manila, Jan 19, ship Troop, for Iloilo to load for Delaware Breakwater.

From Dutch Island Harbor, Jan 19, sch Rebecca W Huddell, Hope Haynes and Marjory J Sumner, for New York.

From New Bedford, Jan 19, sch A P Emerson, for New York.

From New London, Jan 19, sch Annie M Allen, for New York; Coral Leaf, for Hillsboro.

From City Island, Jan 20, sch Eltie, Ward, for St John.

From Havana, Jan 9, sch St Maurice, Copp, for Sagua.

MEMORANDA.

Passed Sydney Light, Jan 20, strs Nigretia Woodhull, from Sydney for Philadelphia; Britannic, Neilsen, from Sydney for Portland.

Fortress Monroe—Anchored in roads Jan 18, bark Albatross, from Bahia for Alexandria, Va.

Passed out at Delaware Breakwater, Jan 17, sch Harry W Lewis, Dukeshire, from Philadelphia for Havana.

REPORTS.

CHATHAM, Mass., Jan. 19.—Schr Emeline G Sawyer, which went on Common Flats yesterday, has not gone to pieces, and it may be possible to save some part of the cargo.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

BOSTON, Mass, Jan 18—Notice is given by the Lighthouse Board that the three black can buoys, numbered 1, 2 and 3, temporarily established off Cape Ann, Mass, Dec 15, 1902, to mark the trial course of the monitor Nevada, have been taken up.

INFLAMED NOSE AND THROAT.

And such diseases of the respiratory organs as Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Cold in the Head, and Nasal Catarrh, are treated with marvelous success on strictly scientific priciples of Catarrhozone. The medicated vapor of Catarrhozone quickly traverses every air passage possible to be reached by any treatment. All soreness, pain, congestion and inflammation are at once dispelled, and by means of the healing powers of Catarrhozone the vitiated tissues are quickly restored. Where Catarrhozone is used colds last only ten minutes, coughs half an hour, and Catarrh, Consumption, Asthma, and Bronchitis flee as from fire. A trial will convince anyone of the startling merit of Catarrhozone. Costs $1.00, small size 25c. At Druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure Constipation.

FARMERS' AND DAIRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Annual Meeting will be held in two parts, viz., at WOODSTOCK, N. B., on the 26th, 27th and 28th inst., and at SUSSEX, N. B., on the 29th and 30th inst. The election of officers will be held on the morning of the 30th at Sussex. Copies of the programme may be had on application to "The Live Stock Commissioner, Ottawa."

Excursion rates on all railways.

J. R. TAYLOR, President. H. WILMOT, W. W. HUBBARD, Secretaries.

BIRTHS.

HART.—In this city, Jan. 22, to the wife of George Hart, a daughter.

STUBBS.—In this city, Jan. 21, to the wife of Fred C. Stubbs, a son.

MARRIAGES.

ADAMS-WILSON—At Brockton, Mass., by the Rev. Allen Hudson, First Congregational church, Lester C. Adams, Brockton, to Addie Jeanette Wilson, daughter of John L. Wilson, Bank of Montreal, St. John, N. B.

BELYEA-VANBUREN.—At the Mission Church (St. John the Baptist), St. John, N. B., January 21, 1903, by the Rev. P. G. Jones, Arthur S. Belyea to Bessie May VanBuren, of Caribou, Me.

COWAN-HARRISON—At Saint John, N. B., January 21st, by the Rev. John de Soyres, Herbert Street Cowan of Toronto, to Eva Fellows Harrison.

KIERSTEAD-HOLDER.—At the house of the bride, 148 Victoria street, on January 21st, by Rev. D. Long, Laura L. Holder, eldest daughter of J. A. Holder, to Ira B. Kierstead, both of St. John.

DEATHS.

DUNCAN.—At Moncton at residence on Cameron street, Jan. 19th, at 12.40 o'clock, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Duncan, wife of Mr. Thomas Duncan, of the I. C. R. machine shops. Interment at Shannon, Kings Co.

FISK.—In Melrose Highlands, Boston, Mass., Jan. 20, Ella F., wife of James Fisk and daughter of James and Sarah Sullivan, formerly of St. John, N. B., 39 years 6 months 10 days.

GILLESPIE—Suddenly, at St. Andrews, Scotland, on Jan. 19th, Mary Muirhead Gillespie, eldest daughter of the late Mrs. Thomas Gillespie.

MYERS.—Suddenly, in this city, at noon January 19, Mrs. Charles A. Myers, aged 47 years, leaving a husband, two sons and one daughter to mourn.

HAD NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Mrs. S. W. West, Drayton, Ont., states: "I got terribly run down, and finally became a victim of nervous prostration. I had no appetite, seemed to lose interest and ambition and could scarcely drag myself about. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I used three boxes with great benefit, gaining eleven pounds. It made me strong and well and I had such an appetite that I wanted to be eating half the time."

HAMILTON, Ont., Jan. 22.—The pay of the police force here has been increased 20 cents per day.