SERMON.

Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis on The Beauty of Christ's Character.

The Beauty of Christ's Character and the consequent Beauty of the Christian Life was the subject of a recent sermon by Dr. Hillis of Brooklyn, N. Y. His text was, "We have found the Christ," John i. Dr. Hillis said:

Next to the tales of heroism and martyrdom come tales of discovery. Children and men alike want to know how the inventor discovered his tool, how the miner found his treasure, how the chemist discovered his new light, how the physician discovered his ether. Indeed, a book rehearsing the heroism of the great discoverers and the romance of great inventions would be a book that would outsell all the novels. Among these stories of great discoveries four are of the first order of interest. One is in Xenophon's "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" and this is the story of the discovery of the sea. The Greek army was defeated, the handful of soldiers were a thousand miles in the interior; they had rivers to swim, mountains to scale, forests to thread—the battle lasted one hundred days and one hundred nights. One day, coming to a hilltop, they looked down and beheld the waters of the Black Sea at their feet. At that moment they forgot their rags, their wounds, their starvation. In a delirium of joy exulting they shouted: "The sea! the sea!" and running down they cast themselves into the blue waters that were to bear them home. Though a hundred times I have read that story of the moment when the sea broke in upon their vision, yet a hundred times, also, the cold thrill has swept over me. In the realm of astronomy the next great discovery is the discovery of that star. An astronomer had noted the perturbations of Uranus. He could account for this only by the existence of a planet hitherto unknown and he suggested that the astronomers should study that part of the heavens where that planet was likely to appear. To one astronomer the existence of this new planet seemed small but incredible, yet that night he began to search the sky. Suddenly, the light which he saw struck him, he says, "like a blow in the face." He stared and could scarcely believe his senses. Then putting his fingers upon his lips, he arose and uncovered. A new planet had rolled solemly into the sight of man; all the old astronomies had to be rewritten. The third discovery is from the viewpoint of a geographer. The historians have made us all familiar with the moment when Columbus sprang from his boat, knelt down upon the from his boat, knealt down upon the shore, took possession of the new world in the name of his king. But we now understand that that moment of discovery had its greatness, not because a new pathway to India had been found but because God had given the race one more opportunity to lay the foundation of liberty. But great as was the discovery of that star and of the sea, which was to bring the soldiers home, and of a continent where a new experiment was to be made in the interests of liberty, we must all confess that this dramatic moment when these Hebrews returned saying: "We have found the Christ, for whom all the world doth seek," was the most dramatic moment in the history of society. That was the watershed in history. Toward the hour of that discovery all previous events had sloped. From that point all modern institutions take their rise. This discovery was a world discovery, the cry, "We have found Him for whom all the world seeks," was a world cry. It was as if they were pupils and said, "We have found the world Teacher; when He speaks the clouds of error dissolve and the darkness disappears. We have found the world Leader; His music is world music; His song has a charm beyond Apollo's lute, and he will yet lead us out of the wilderness. We have found the world Example: He makes goodness alluring; He discloses perfect manhood; He hath revealed ourselves unto ourselves." What a moment was this when the Hebrew seer and the Greek scholar and the Roman soldier and the world merchants had but one cry. "We have found him for whom all the world doth seek."

THE BEAUTY AND PERECTION OF CHRIST.

Consider the beauty of Christ for whom the world naturally seeks. Gone forever the day when men are ignorant of Christ's story. For fifty years his name has been the centre of interest. Literally He has been as one walking through the flames of criticism. The life and work of no other teacher has been subjected to such pitiless scrutiny. Once men said that He was a myth, that His words were wonder tales, that His story was gradual growth, a legend and the response was the investigations of thes cholars. They have searched His career with lighted candles. Every word and every sentence has been pulled into pieces. The fire with which gold is tested and the acids with which metals are tried are simple tests in comparison with these in which the Gospels have been tried. After fifty years His story stands. We know that it was era of lawyers like Cicero, that the rules of evidence were never better known. All along the line He has been victorious. No scholar is any longer ashamed of Christ's story. No infidel lives today who is willing to stain the fair name of Christ. I know of no publishing house that will blacken a page and no hand that will write a line that contains any aspersion of Christ's career. This is a world of testimony: "Who is there that convicteth this Divine Carpenter of sin?" His prayer is the universal prayer. His name for God, Our Father, is becoming the universal name. His law of love is the universal law. So beautiful are His parables that from the viewpoint of literary art they are the despair of all authors. So inclusive were His pleas for the poor and the weak, the orphan, the children, the prodigals, the lame, the sick, the halt, the blind, as that He anticipates all the reforms and philanthropies. Above all else His character has a marvelous perfection. Other men have slowly grown learned through mistake; in the light of today's experience yesterday's wisdom becomes foolishness for other men. Our heroes all have to retrace their steps and confess that "here I erred, and there I have made a mistake." But Christ never retraced His steps. His progress is an ordinary growth. He was perfect as a child. How beautiful that scene in the temple that exhibits His perfect youth. And how glorious the perfection of his manhood. In April the bud is perfect as a bud, unblown. In May the bough of blossoms bursts into full bloom and is perfect in the blooming. In June the young fruit is perfect as growing fruit. In August the fruit is ripe, struck through and through with richness, and is perfect in its maturity. But this fruit never has to retrace its steps to correct the previous mistake. The growth marches straight from the bud to the full-orbed fruit. It is an ordered development and a perfect growth. Not otherwise was it with Christ, whom we cannot convict of sin or imperfection, as He moves from the perfect childhood toward the perfect man. Of no other leader in his chosen department can we speak of in this way. Grant was a great general, but he must divide his name and fame with Lee; Darwin was a great philosopher, but he must share his laurels with Wallace and Spencer; Tennyson is a great poet, but there are a score of poets between Wordsworth and Homer. But Christ is a star that is solitary. All above Him dwells a great silence. His names never shines so brightly as when we put beside it other great names. The time was when men spoke of Confucius, and Buddha, and Mahomet, and Christ. But that time has gone forever. The Chinaman of today is the fleshy copy of Confusius' teachings, and the best Chinaman that lives fails as an ideal even for the worst man. Max Muller's translations of the Indian books and the expurgated pages pricked the Indian bubble of Buddha, Mahomet's harems, transplanted to heaven, have ended Mahomet's career. Today he would be a brave man who could look into a pure American's woman's eyes and deliberately say he reverenced the character of Mahomet. A little wisdom is a dangerous thing, but much knowledge in comparative religion has made it impossible to mention Confuclus and Mahomet with Christ. It is like saying "the Atlantic and the Pacific and the Erie Canal." It is like saying "the electric bulb and the Welsbach burner and the summer sun." We all understand that there is one supreme name, because there is one perfect body of teaching, the teachings of Christ; one perfect manhood. Christ's manhood; one who has revealed God's fatherhood and His love; and this one is the person whom all the world is seeking.

THE BEAUTY OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Consider the beauty of a Christian life. When this ideal example and teacher calls men unto Him He calls to His own perfect manhood. All His overtures are overtures toward strength, toward growth, toward fullness and beauty of manhood. Other standards and measurements of perfection there may be, but in comparison all these are imperfect. It is a singular fact that the flesh and blood heroes are all made to seem real because the novelist includes some weakness and imperfection. If he is a perfect man he is held to be unnatural, not true to our race. Perhaps it could not be otherwise. Is the hero a soldier? When Robert Bruce leads his men into battle he cannot keep his plume white or his linen spotless. When he returns from the strife his shield is dented, his sword nicked, his garments begrimed, his body full of bloody gashes. Excess is in the very nature of the soldier's fight, it is a struggle unto death. Is the hero a leader? In the revolt against tyranny a man of oak and rock, like Oliver Cromwell in trying to go far enough, goes too far, and falls upon error. Is the hero a moral leader, like Martin Luther? A man who reforms evils must be as full of moral indignation as the storm is full of thunderbolts. There are hours for Luther when he rages like a lion. The command is that the man is to be angry and sin not, but when Martin Luther was angry he sinned. Some of you, I discern, are Calvinists; but Calvin was no man of perfection. He was all intellect, cold as steel, bloodless as marble. He could burn Cervetus without a single throb of pity, for he was a kind of animated intellectual philosophy. He was great in his own realm, but he was a fragment, an arc, a segment, not the circle. And where will you go to find the man who is not a fragment? If you seek the strength of Samuel Johnson, lo, he is gruff and rough. If you seek the refinement and delicacy of the patrician gentleman, lo, he is dilettanti, too soft for this rough world's work. But when you come to the character of Jesus Christ, how are all the contradictory traits united in one full-orbed excellence. He can speak tenderly to children, and not too tenderly. He can speak sternly to Pharisees and hypocritics, and yet not close the door of hope. He can cling to the past with all that is good in Jewish history as conservative. He is the great reformer, with His face toward the future, marching toward new achievements and leading the hosts toward the heights. He is the friend of the strong, the rich, the rulers, for He understands them. He is the friend of the ignorant, the poor and the slave, for He sympathizes with their sorrows. He gathers unto Himself every conceivable excellence and therefore is the Son of Man. But He is the living Christ; what He was to those disciples of old He is to men now. I do not know how. I cannot explain His method, but some of us know the fact that He walks with us, talks with us and teaches us; that all we are and all we hope to be we owe to Him; that from Him we have borrowed our little wisdom, that He has lent us our little sweetness and light; that when our hearts beat high with hope it is the result of a new strength that He has infused; that it is His ideal for us that ever tempts and allures us upward. How great a promise this is, "I have come that ye may have life." Life! That is what all the world's a-seeking. More life and sap in the vine that will grow to clusters. More life and sweeter and richer in the tree, that it may ripen the golden treasure named the orange. More life, arterial blood in the body for the athlete. More life for the intellect of the scholar! More life and love of beauty for the imagination of the artist. We faint because we fail in life; we stride on up the hill of difficulty when the life currents run strong. Oft we faint and sicken and are ready to fall, but if we only had life, and lo, He is the life giver, deepening, sweetening and enriching. Therefore this is a world cry. We have found Him whom all the world doth seek.

MISCONCEPTION OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Some there are who, misunderstanding, have misinterpreted the beauty of the Christian life. They think of it in terms of limitation. To go toward the Christian life is to give up this pleasure, to give up that amusement, to close that open door, and to narrow themselves into a dungeon. Their interpreter of the Christian life is John the Baptist. He exchanged soft raiment for hair-cloth, good food for locusts; and his home for a cave in the desert. And they find certain words of Christ that seem to support that theory of the Christian life. Did not Jesus say, "If thine eye offend the, pluck it out, if thy hand offend thee, cut it off?" And did He not bid men forsake father and mother, and wife and children and land? Is not this an injunction toward asceticism? Therefore Simon Stylites climbed his column in the desert. Then the hermits left the cities and dug caves in the desert, the monks refused marriage, the men of the Middle Ages rolled themselves in the mud and refused cleanliness, and bed, and food, and raiment. At last even the great Catholic church made religion to be of two kinds, a religion that is "sufficient" for the merchants, that God will accept for the time being, and "true religion and pure," as represented by the monk and the nun. In a later reaction, Tolstoi goes a step farther, and announces that he will eat nothing but dry bread, wear nothing but a peasant's cloak, go barefooted, give up his pictures, his horses, his rare books, his mansion, his lands, because this is what Christ commands. Professor Harnack thinks that the great world will eagerly clutch at Tolstoi's interpretation, and for good reason. They say, this ascetic interpretation of Christianity in no way concerns us. It is not practical, and it does not represent God or His world. God made the ores, the forests and the harvests, and the trees for us to tend and use and enjoy. And since Christ's philosophy of life forbids the rending this world garden to use it or enjoy it, His gospel in no wise concerns us. So multitudes gladly welcome this ascetic theory. But Christ taught no such view of life. He calls men not to narrowness and limitation. He does not exclude the great world, but He includes it. Consider the contrast between John the Baptist and Christ. John is a hermit; Jesus Christ is a radiant, genial companion. John eats locusts, but men said of Jesus, when He went to Simon's house, that He was a glutton and a wine-bibbler. John withdraws into the desert from men, like the monks; Jesus goes straight into the homes of the poor, into the market place, where the people are. With the people Jesus lives, and with the people He dies. He went to the wedding, and rejoices at the betrothal service. He is in the fields when the men separate the popipes from the yellow wheat. He mingles with the men in the market place, and with them studies Caesar's image on the gold coin. He is oft in the boats on the lake with the fishermen. He loves the children. He lingers in the homes of the poor. He attends the banquets of the great. Whatever concerns his fellowmen is of interest to Him. He loves birds. He loves the wild lilies in the field, He watches the clouds, drifting home. He keeps His tryst with God midst the corn sheaves. Only when men go to their houses He makes his way to the Mount of Olives. Looking toward the stars, He questions those who dwell above and beyond them. Oh, what fullness of life! He is the universal man, in His culture, and His followers must be cosmic in their development. The world has never yet seen the ideal Christian. The scientist tells us that these new discoveries in Holland, where these new species of flowers are now being developed, that the world is on the era of finding new species of fruits, hitherto undreamed of; that we are going to have an apple, with all its qualities, that is as juicy as the grape fruit; that we are going to have a pineapple that will be as delicate and rich in its dripping aroma, as the peach; that the combinations are to bring the race foods and fruits hitherto supposed impossible. I know nothing about that, but one thing is certain, the Christian disciple is yet to come, and when he comes he will realize that God and Christ stand back of all culture. This Christian disciple will love music, and all sweet sounds; he will love color and form, with everything that makes for the beautiful in art and marble and architecture. He will love invention, and understand the charm of the factory and shop. He will love the mart of busy men, where men crowd and throng. He will love the library, and take all wisdom for his province. He will stand under the stars, that over him are silent; he will stand beside the graves, that under him are still. He will go through the fields and the thoughts of God's presence will spring about him as thick as the flowers in the grass, but more beautiful; and he will look up toward the stars in the sky, and the lights will glow brighter than these stars. He will be a planetary man, but full-orbed in his culture; he will be radiant with beauty, because he has caught the likeness of his Master, and has repeated in himself the qualities of this perfect man, for whom all the world doth seek. How great is Christ's goodness, yes, but how great is His beauty also!

THE ATTRACTIVENESS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Consider, then, the attractiveness of the Christian life. How strange that all men do not press and throng into this way that Christ called narrow. The time has come when that path that leads to the lecture hall and library is full of allurement. The multitudes no longer go with lagging steps, flogged toward the temple of knowledge, and yet that way that is named Christ is a thousand-fold more beautiful. It is a quiet way—as tranquil as Addison's Walk in Magdalen grounds in Oxford. It is a winsome path, as winsome in association, as rich as that path where Dante walked, and dreamed of that Beatrice who was in the sky. It is a noble way, historic, like that Appian Way that hath resounded with innumerable triumphal processions. It is a way that leads toward beauty and sublimity like those steps that led toward the Parthenon, for which men prepared by putting on white robes, and cleaning their persons, and perfuming their garments, and lighting the torch upon which exhaled sweet incense. But all ways whatsoever united fail to interpret to us the way of the Christ and the Christian life. He who walks therein will have a hungry heart, thirsting for righteousness, will have eyes that are pure, containing no mud, eyes that are homes of silent prayer, and a pure heart that sees God. And he would be pure in spirit, modest and gentle, preferring others to himself, he will be meek and quiet, with the meekness of majesty and the quietness of one who is conscious that he is a king. He will endure persecution for righteousness' sake, for he is fully conscious of his reserves, for he can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth him. And all this inner strength of manhood blossoms into beauty.

CHARACTER AND BEAUTY.

In the vineyard, when the clusters are ripe, they take on a purple beauty. In the fields, when the sheaf is mature, it takes on a golden lustre. In the forest, when the summer is ended, the bough takes on the autumnal splendor. In the cradle, when the babe is healthy, its cheek takes on the tints of rose and pearl. And in the Christian life, when the disciple takes on Christ's likeness, his strength blossoms into beauty. Then the homeliest face shines, then the humblest talent becomes radiant. Then the peasant takes on the dignity of a prince, and the son of God. Oh, how beautiful this life! Paul charcterizes the Christian by the fruits of Christ's spirit. Christ's love is the sun and the warm atmosphere in which the disciple grows and ripens. Love is one kind of fruit, and joy is another. Are not these beautiful qualities? Do you see this youth and maiden, unto whom love hath come? Oh, wonder of wonders! Every hour now has doubled its value. Ambition has become higher and finer. Love has made their burdens light. Love has cast a sacred light and spell over their little house, and lent a glory to all their duties. Love has doubled the wisdom in the books they read together. Love doubles the sweetness of the songs that now together they sing.

There was a day when prayer meant something to them, but now they kneel and pray that God may grant that they may grow old together, they are so bowed with weight of joy that they cling to one another, and in the silence and the darkness cannot rise from their knees to speak, but only pray, while joy sings in the heart. And if that love goes on, until they totter down the hill together, and together sleep at the foot thereof, it will turn life into perpetual summer. And this love is one of the fruits that Christ ripens in men, and radiant happiness is another.

A TRAIT OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

And long suffering is a fruit. Is there anything more to be desired? Among all the noble traits that lend glory to man and manhood, what quality more admirable? Here is a boy who has gone astray. An hundred times he has broken his pledges, and at last he breaks his father's heart. His father grows bitter, and will not forgive. But his mother, oh, his mother forgives and forgets, and the lower he sinks the stronger she is to descend for his recovery. His father dies, borne down by weight of sorrow and trouble, and the mother lives, the stronger, because the greater is her boy's need. One by one his friends desert him, and he sinks so low that his name becomes a hissing, and his body is full of sickness and his bones are full of sin. And when at last he falls into an untimely grave, this mother takes her stand beside his bier like an angel, and her love becomes a two-edged sword. She guards his bier against those who would speak one harsh word, or spot his name. Yet some hope deep in her heart again begins to sing. She transfers her ambitions to heaven. There, now that he has lost the body that fettered him, he will recover. There he will take up his task. There he will hold his tool and do his work. Not here, but there; not now, but then; not in man's world, but in God's. And she breathes one prayer, that tonight God may give her to fall on sleep that tomorrow she may take her poor boy's hand ,and lead him toward the all-pitying Christ, and plead the boy's weakness, and tell his life story. And now, at last, her love, suffering long, will take this sinful youth, and purity and sin go hand in hand up the steps of heaven, that innocence and the mother heart may tell the boy's story unto an all pitying God. Oh, beautiful love that suffers long! Oh, beauteous Christ, that can ripen such love. Oh, all ye hearts, hungry for wisdom, and hungry for beauty, and hungering for perfect manhood, I call you unto Christ! Come unto Him, that your reason may become full. Come unto Him, that you may find yourselves and go toward full growth. Come unto Him, as the flower comes to the sun, to borrow liveliness. Come unto Him as the sand comes to the sun, that it may be changed to opal, as the clay comes to the sun that it may have the tints of the sapphire! Come unto Him as the soul comes to a great teacher, as the young knight comes to a great king! You will never know what heights you can climb until you know what time and all the resources of His love can work. Join the throng, and at last you will exultantly cry, "I, too, have found Him, for whom all the world doth seek."

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived.

March 24—Str Messenger, from Yarmouth, Wm Thomson and Co, gen cargo.

Coastwise—Schs Georgie Linwood, 23, McCrannan, from Margaretville; Electric Light, 34, Bain, from Digby; Harry Morris, 98, McLean, from Quaco; James Barber, 80, Ells, from do.

March 25—Str St Croix, Pike, from Boston, W G Lee, mdse and pass.

Str Bengore Head, 1,619, Byers, from Belfast via Sydney, Wm Thomson and Co, gen.

Coastwise—Str Centreville, 33, Graham, from Sandy Cove; barge No 2, 433, Salter, from Parrsboro, and cld for return; str Messenger, Penny, from Yarmouth, and cld for return.

POINT LEPREAUX, March 25, 9 a m—Wind north; calm; cloudy; therm 36.

March 26—Str Corinthian, 4,010, Nunan, from Liverpool via Halifax, Wm Thomson and Co, mdse and pass.

Sch Greta, 148, Buck, from Bermuda, F and L Tufts, scrap iron.

Sch Pardon G Thompson, 162, Brown, from Boston, A Cushing and Co, bal.

Sch Romeo, 111, Williams, from Boston, Peter McIntyre, bal.

Sch Annie Blanche, 68, Rowe, from Eastport, F and L Tufts, bal.

Sch Ayr, 121, Sabean, from New York, N C Scott, bal.

Coastwise—Schs Easter Light, Cheney, from Grand Harbor; Fannie May, 19, Cheney, from do; Oronhyatekha, 21, Phinney, from Back Bay; Economist, 13, Parker, from Hall's Harbor; Lennie and Edna, 30, Stuart, from Beaver Harbor; Citizen, 46, Woodworth, from Bear River; Viola, 23, Wadlin, from Beaver Harbor; G Walter Scott, 75, McDonough, from Quaco; R Carson, 78, Sweet, from Quaco.

Cleared.

March 24—Sch Fred H Gibson, Stewart, for Washington.

Sch J L Colwell, for New Haven, Conn.

Coastwise—Schs Kolon, Clark, for Apple River; Harry Morris, McLean, for Quaco; Annie, Leonard, for Beaver Harbor.

March 25—Sch Abbie and Eva Hooper, Kelson, for Vineyard Haven f o.

Sch Onward, Wasson, for City Island f o.

Coastwise—Schs Nellie I White, Seely, for Apple River; Valetta, Cameron, for St Stephen; str Flushing, Farris, for Parrsboro; sch R P S, Hatfield, for Five Islands.

March 26—Sch C R Flint, Maxwell, for City Island f o.

Sch Ravola, Howard, for New York.

Sch Georgia E, Wasson, for New Bedford.

Coastwise—Schs E Mayfield, Merriam, for Quaco; Viola Pearl, Wadlin, for Beaver Harbor; G Walter Scott, McDonough, for Quaco; James Barber, Ells, for Alma; R Carson, Sweet, for do; strs Beaver, Stevens, for Hillsboro; Centreville, Graham, for Sandy Cove; schs Murray B, Baker, for Margaretville; Citizen, Woodworth, for Bear River; Lennie and Edna, Stuart, for Beaver Harbor; Economist, Parker, for Hall's Harbor.

Sailed.

March 26—Str Alcides, Horsburgh, for Glasgow.

Str St Croix, Pike, for Boston.

Str Lake Simcoe, Troop, for Liverpool.

Str Florence, Williams, for London via Halifax.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

Arrived.

At Quaco, March 24, schs Annie Harper, Pritchard, from St John; Abana, McDonough, from do.

LOUISBURG, NS, March 22—Ard, strs Dominion, from London; Tanagra, from Shields for Boston.

HALIFAX, NS, March 21—Ard, strs Peruvian, from Liverpool via St Johns, NF; Rosalind, from New York, and sailed for St Johns, NF; schs Wm E Morrissey, from Gloucester via Tusket, and cleared for Banks; John T Nicholson, from Gloucester via Shelburne, and cleared for Banks.

Cld, str Dahome, for Bermuda, West Indies and Demerara.

Sld, strs Siberian, Outram, for Philadelphia; Hein, Thuestad, for Portsmouth, NH.

HALIFAX, NS, March 22—Ard, str Halifax, Fye, from Boston.

Sld, str Loyalist, Phillips, for London.

WEYMOUTH, March 18, sld sch Melba, Dodge, for Buenos Ayres.

HALIFAX, NS, March 22—Ard, str Corinthian, from Liverpool.

HALIFAX, NS, March 23—Ard, strs Parisian, from St John, and sailed for Liverpool; Micmac, from Boston; Silvia from St Johns, NF, and sailed for New York; Glencoe, from St Johns, NF; Universe, from Louisburg.

Sld, strs Dahome, Leukten, for Bermuda, West Indies and Demerara; Rosalind, Clarke, for St Johns, NF (latter not previously).

HALIFAX, March 25—Ard, str Ocamo, from Demerara, West Indies and Bermuda.

Cld, strs Corinthian, Nunan, for St John; Halifax, Fye, for Boston.

Cleared.

At Quaco, March 24, schs Abana, McDonough; for St John; Annie Harper, Pritchard, for do; R Carson, Sweet, for do; G Walter Scott, McDonough, for do.

Sailed.

HALIFAX, NS, March 24—Sld, str Glencoe, Drake, for St Johns, NF.

BRITISH PORTS.

Arrived.

MOVILLE, March 24—Ard, str Tunisian, from St John, NB, and Halifax, for Liverpool.

Off Barbados, March 6, bark Austria, Robinson, from Rio Janeiro (received orders and sld for Ship Island).

LIVERPOOL, March 22—Ard, str Numidian, from St John, NB, and Halifax via Moville.

MOVILLE, March 22—Sld, str Columbia, from Glasgow for New York.

QUEENSTOWN, March 22—Sld, str Campania, from Liverpool for New York.

LONDON, March 23—Sld, str Evangeline, for St John, NB.

GREENOCK, March 21—Sld, str Sardinian (from Glasgow), for Portland (not New York).

LIZARD, March 23—Passed, str Amsterdam, from New York for Rotterdam.

BROW HEAD, March 23—Passed, str Cevic, from New York for Liverpool.

GLASGOW, March 22—Ard, str Sarmatian, from Portland.

NEWCASTLE, NSW, March 19—Sld, bark Highlands, Smith, for Salina de Cruz.

SCILLY, March 25—Passed, str St Paul, from New York for Southampton.

LIVERPOOL, March 25—Ard, str Tunisian, from St John, NB, and Halifax.

SOUTHAMPTON, March 25—Sld, str Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse, from Hamburg for New York via Cherbourg.

LIZARD, March 25—Passed, str Anglian, from Boston for London.

PRAWLE POINT, March 25—Passed str St John City, from St John, NB, and Halifax, for London.

At Kingston, Ja, March 7, str Ask, Hansen, from Halifax via Santiago (and sailed 13th for outports).

Sailed.

From Glasgow, March 21, str Tritonia, Stitt, for St John.

From Barrow, March 22, str Vlieland, Bakker, for Sydney, CB.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Arrived.

At Baltimore, March 22, str Hestia, Ferguson, from Glasgow.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, March 24—Ard, schs G M Porter, from Calais; Josephine, from Bear River.

At New Haven, Ct, March 22, str Coban, Holmes, from Sydney, CB; 23rd, sch Hunter, Hamilton, from Providence.

At San Juan, March 13, brig James Daly, Doucet, from Annapolis, NS (and remained 17th).

At Lynn, Mass, March 20, sch Wm Marshall, Williams, from Perth Amboy.

At Rio Janeiro, Feb 2, sch Success, Marchand, from Gaspe; 7th, bark Louvima, Smith, from Savannah.

At Ponce, March 14, brig Sceptre, Burke, from Lunenburg, NS.

At New York, March 23, sch Rewa, McLean, from St John.

At Rosario, Feb 10, bark E A O'Brien, Pratt, from Boston.

At Sekondi, WCA, March 27, sch Laconia, Jones, from Boston.

At Jacksonville, Fla, March 23, sch Cheslie, Brown, from Demerara.

At Table Bay, March 9, ship Ancalos, Fulton, from Buenos Ayres.

NEW YORK, March 22—Sld, schs D J Sawyer, for San Domingo, etc; Inez N Carver, for Fernandina.

CITY ISLAND, March 22—Bound south, sch Robert Ewing, from Yarmouth, NS.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass, March 22—Ard and sld, schs A P Emerson, from St John, NB, for New York; Elwood Burton, from St John, for Philadelphia.

ANTWERP, March 23—Ard, str Pharsalia, Foote, from Leith.

BUENOS AYRES, March 19—Sld, barktn Eva Lynch, Hatfield, for New York.

ROSARIO, March 20—Sld, barktn Hector, Burkee, for Bahia.

SEKONDI, March 21—Ard, sch Laconia, from Boston.

COPENHAGEN, March 20—Passed str Vimeira, from New York via Louisburg, CB, for Windau.

HAMBURG, March 20—Ard, str Pennsylvania, from New York via Plymouth and Cherbourg.

Sld, str Belgravia, for New York.

BOSTON, March 23—Ard, strs Prydna, from Barry, Wales, via Louisburg, CB; Louisburg, from Sydney, CB.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass, March 22—In port, schs Helen G King, from New York for Boston; Nellie Eaton, from New York for Machias; Beaver, from Perth Amboy for St John, NB; Sallie E Ludlam, from New Haven for do; Ida M Shafner, from New York for Halifax, NS; H B Homan, from Savannah for Louisburg, CB.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, March 25—Sld, sch Georgia, for St John.

PORTLAND, Me, March 25—Ard, str Bergenhus, from Sydney, CB.

Cld, sch Bessie A, for Parrsboro.

Sld, str Peter Jebsen, for Sydney, CB.

NEW LONDON, Conn, March 25—Ard, sch Thelma, from Brunswick, Ga.

Sld, schs Hope Haynes, from Perth Amboy for Boston; Ida M Barton, from Perth Amboy for St John, NB; Manuel R Cuza, from Elizabethport for Portland; Charles J Willard, from South Amboy for Bath.

CALAIS, Me, March 25—Sld, schs L A Plummer, for New York; Orosimbo, for Fall River.

BOSTON, March 25—Ard, str Eidsvold, from Louisburg, CB; schs Rosa Mueller, from St John; Valdare, from Bear River, NS.

CAPE HENRY, Va, March 25—Passed out, bark Katahdin, from Baltimore for Hopewell Cape.

Sld, schs Charles L Trickey, for eastern port; Annie M Allen, for Stonington.

LYNN, Mass, March 25—Ard, sch Wm Marshall, from Philadelphia.

DUTCH ISLAND HARBOR, RI, March 25—Ard, sch Ellwood Burpee, from St John for Philadelphia.

CITY ISLAND, March 25—Bound south, schs A P Emerson, from St John; Seth W Smith, from Calais, Me.

SALEM, Mass, March 25—Sld, schs Annie Blise, for Vineyard Haven; Sarah Eaton, for New York; Spartal, for do; Mary F Pike, for do; Adelene, for St John, NB.

VINEYARD HAVEN, March 25—Sld, schs Nellie Eaton, from New York for Machias; Beaver, from Perth Amboy for St John, NB; Sallie E Ludlam, from New Haven for do; Ida M Shafner, from New York for Halifax, NS; H B Homan, from Savannah for Louisburg, CB.

NEW YORK, March 25—Sld, strs Georgic, for Liverpool; Cedric, for do; sch Alexandra, for Yarmouth.

At New York, March 24, str Usher, Cann, from Providence; sch Victor, McHenry, from Liverpool, NS.

At Jacksonville, Fla, March 24, sch Cheslie, Brown, from Port Spain.

Cleared.

At Pensacola, Fla, March 23, bark J H Marsters, Frank, for River Mersey (and sailed).

At New York, March 23, bark Nellie Troop, Nobles, for Cayo, France; schs Empress, Buchanan, for Elizabethport; J M Young, Young, for do; Gypsum Emperor, Harvey, for Windsor.

At Moville, March 23, sch Jessie Lena, Verner, for Mayaguez.

At Galveston, March 23, str Ramore Head, Smith, for Belfast.

At Buenos Ayres, Feb 12, sch Moema, Calhoun, for Paysandu and Pernambuco.

At Ponce, March 23, bark J H Marsters, Frank, for River Mersey (and sailed).

At Boston, March 23, str English King, Saunders, for Baltimore and Antwerp.

At New York, March 24, barks Reynard, Bartram, for Manzanillo; Luarca, Starratt, for Weymouth, NS; brig Venturer, Foote, for Bluefields; sch Advent, Lent, for Philadelphia.

At Pascagoula, Miss, March 24, sch Vera B Roberts, Roberts, for Vera Cruz.

At South Amboy, NJ, March 24, sch Gypsum Queen, Carmichael, for Windsor, NS.

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