# IN RETROSPECT.

Dr. Talmage Calls Roll of Stirring Memories.

Draws Lessons From Past Experiences and Vicissitudes.

The Inestimable Advantages of One's Early Home Teachings.

WASHINGTON, May 7.-This sermen of Dr. Talmage calls the roll of many stirring memories and interprets the meanings of life's vipissitudes. The text is Psalms xxxix., 3, "While I was musing the fire burned."

Here is David, the psalmist, with the

forefinger of his right hand against his temple and the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation.

And it would be well for us to take
the same posture often while we sit
down in sweet solitude to contemplate. down in sweet solitude to contemplate. In a small island off the coast of Nova Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work, but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. came a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate: I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was 10 years of age, and I was eight, and I was five. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the

mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this if it does not make you discontented with the present or disqualify you for existing duties. It is a useful thing sometimes to look back and to see the description. look back and to see the dangers we have escaped and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum upcour enjoyments. I I mean, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists Went tory. You found one day you were in covering and traced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered or with obliterations, and I now pro-pose, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again. I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scyther.

OUR EARLY ASSOCIATIONS. Among the greatest advantages of your past life were an early home and its surroundings. The had men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the beiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin when we hear his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his infirmity and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity, and at last reach the home of the good in hea-Perhaps your early home was in a city. It may have been when Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, was residential, as now it is commercial, and Canal street, New York, was far up town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more meaning in that small house than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting room, where the loved ones sat by the plain lamp light, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sis-ters, perhaps long ago, gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table, your fa-

the floor or under the table, your father with firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of froic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by trouble, nor had been ransacked by trouble, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now today in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe, because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn and take just one egg and silence your conscience by saying they will not miss it. You take drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night and find them pushing their heads through the bars. pushin, their heads through the bars. went to your room and you said. "God, Oft-times in the dusty and busy streets save my child! God, save my child!"

cool grass or in the rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there came the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

MEMORIES OF HOME.

beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk and the forgetmenots playing hide and seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburned from the field and sit down on the doorsill and wipe sweat from his brow may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother who us d to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will. Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscenses? Oh, thank God for a Christian father! Thank God for a Christian mother! Thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel! Trank God for an early Christian home! I bring to mind another passage in

the history of your life. The day came

when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consolation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and draker, but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them, a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish Bay of Fundy, from shore to shore it. Eternal ages of light and dark-there were ten thousand memories, and there were ten thousand memories, and the groves were a hum with vioces that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age in looking backward. People in mid-life and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us. I think, however, to spend more time in reministence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the yast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantyou should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your home was filled with the music of the child's laughter you were struck through with the fact that you had a

sturendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is you home as much to you as it used to be Have those anticipations been gratifled? God help you in your solem reminiscence, and let His mercy fall upon your soul, if your kindness has been ill-requited. God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of

the wrong road; you could not sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to throb through your bank ing house or through your office your shop or your bedroom, and that word was "eternity." You said: 'Tim pot ready for it. Oh, God have mercy!'
The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and in the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees halled you with gladness; you came into the house of God. You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the align you remember the old neothe aisle; you remember the old peo ple who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say "Welcome home, you lost prodigal," though those bands be all withered away, that communion Sabbath is resurrected today. It is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons and transfigurations? Have you kept those vows? Have you been

started then. I couse your soul by that reminiscence. But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them in one great sheaf, and I call them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought immortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned

a backslider? God help you. This day

kneel at the foot of mercy and start

again for heaven. Start now as you

spirits of heaven!

IN THE SHADOWS. But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago. You are a mere wreck up the serrows of your rast life. But how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two-the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street and there has been music in the distance you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so, when you start-ed life, your very life was a musical time beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity. With the bright clear car you made the boat skip. You went on and life graw brighter, until after awhile suddenly a voice from heaven sald "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted, you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had so idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it cannot be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread. But after awhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer! You

ness. You said: "I can't bear it: I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. If you could have taken that little one in your aims and with it leaped the grave, now gladly you would have done it! If you could let your prop-You may have in our windows now erty go, your houses go. your land and your storehouse go, now gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one

But one day there came up a chill blast that swept through the bedroom and instantly all the lights went out and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the bit ter cup to put it to your lips God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands. It was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier and poured wine into his lips, so God puts His left arm under your head and with His right hand He pours into your lips the wine of His consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your brok-en heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.

Ah, it was your first trouble. did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulchre you heard the clanging of the opening gate of hea-ven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been spiritually better ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said: "Good night, papa; good night, mamma. Meet me in heaven."

But I must come to your latest sor-cw. What was it? Perhaps it was sickness. The child's tread on the stair or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbed you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. Oh, the weariness of exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, was your frequent cry. But you are better, or perhaps even well. Have you thanked God that today you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in your place to hear God's name, and to sing God's praise and to implore God's help and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases and reeemeth our lives from destruction.

Perhaps your last sorrow was a fin incial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession, or occupation, on ornate apparel on a commodious residence everything you put your hands on seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised endorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseer events, or by fire or storm or a sense-less panic, you have been flung head-long, and where you once dispensed great charities you have now hard work to win your daily bread. Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity and that through your trials some of you have made investments that will continue after the last bank of this the last bank of this world has exploded and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discour-agements, forgot that there was bread cn your plate this morning and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs and blood for your heart and light for your eye and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for

Perhaps your last trouble was a be-

cavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart,, and which had been the source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you, "I have no mother." Or the father with voice less tender, but with heart as loving, watchful of all our ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his tremb-ling nand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts-is taken away forever. Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Macphelah. As you were moving along your path in life, suddenly, right before you, was an open grave. People looked down, and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern, down which went all your hopes and all your expectations. But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, he is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe and palm branch and have it all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the brok-en heart that Jesus heals! Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates! Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear!

THE CLOSING OF LIFE. Some years ago I was salling down the St. John river, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled, and while I was on the deck of the steame a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said, "All this is intervale land, and it is the rich est land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia." "What," said I, "do you mean by intervale land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year. Spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is a richer harvest than I know of else-where." And I thistantly thought: "It

you wish you were home again on that The world seemed going out in dark- is not the heights of this world that are the scene of the greatest prosper ity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone—the, soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way—that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness and the largest harvest for time and the richest harvest for eternity. Bless God

that your soul is interval land!

There is one more point of absorbing reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscance on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, 20 years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium—"Tete d'armee"—"Head of the army." Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self-sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena was , "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour and woke amid the songs of angels. I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Cae-ser against the dying reminiscence of the apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Caesar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life? and they answered in the affirmative and he said, "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the apostle was, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love His appear ing." Augustus Caesar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the wall of a dungeon God grant that our dying pillow may be the closing of a useful life and the opening of a glorious eternity.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

To all who have felt the evil effects of deranged kidneys is the assurance that Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are meeting with enormous sale and unparalleled success in this district. Backaches and aching kidneys are fast becoming a thing of the past where Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are known. One cent a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers.

SHEFFULD.

Live Stock Huisted Into the I ofts to Escape the Freshet.

SHEFFIELD, Sinbury Co., May 9.—The commedious little boat that the officers in New Branswick of the marine department were thoughtful enough to send to our lighthouse keeper a few weeks ago is coming in good service just now, for Lower Sheffield is completely deluged at the present time.

field is completely deluged at the present time.

The farmers in Sheffield are put to a great inconvenience just mow on account of the inexpected high rise of water on those intervalss. Some of them have their hogs put up into the loft of their pig stye, sheep and small cattle stowed away premiscuously in the loft of their horse stables, and temporary lofts erected for their cows and horses, and some have taken a part of their stock of horses to the high-land, and the water is pretty well up in the village of Lakeville Corner.

Corner.

The water is impose of the dwelling houses in Sheffield proper and many of the barms. Reports say some of the gentlemen in Sheffield proper have brought their favorite driving horsespin unoccupied portions.

comfortable quarters.

Maugerville is not much better off so far as the water is concerned.

The Rev. Charles Henderson, pastor of the Upper Gagetown Baptist church for some years past, has resigned and moved his household effects to Carleton county in the steamer Aberdeen as she moved out of Swan Creek to make he first trip to Woodstock.

Swan Creek to Hast at the stock.

The Rev. Judson Blenkeney, past r of the Baptist church of demser, Queens Co., who supplied the pulpit of the Baptist church of Upper Gagerown last Sabbath with good acceptance, will promably be the Inture paster. Opper degreeown isst Sabbath with good acceptance, will precably be the future, pastor.

Much dissatisfaction is 'elt in these parts at the government's closing acts before dismissing, the legislature, passing a law to ignore the municipalities and appoint revisors in every parish to make it their business to look particularly after the interest of the government party. Then they will be doubly looked after, for there has been a walking and talking machine moving through certain counties in the province organizing societies for that very purpose.

## BIRTHS.

oth, to Mr. and Mrs. S. A. R. MacDonald, a daughter.

RANDOLPH—At Fredericton, N. B. on May 3rd, to the wife of R. F. Randolph, a daughter.

SANDS—On April 9th, to the wife of W. H. Sar Is a son

## MARRIAGES.

M. WHINNE .- CARSCARDEN-At Carleton y the Rev. H. h. Spike, Silas, second son of David Mawhinney, to Maggie, daughter of William Carscarden, both of Mace's ist parsonage, Petitcodiac, on May 10th by Rev. H. R. Baker, George L. Shaffer to Miss Addie, only daughter of John Douthright, all of Elgin, Albert Co.

## DEATHS.

Mrs. Oussie Hemenway of Boston, aged 15 years.
KiNG—At 95 Coburg street, St. John, on May 10th, after a lingering lilness. George Thorne King, son of Stephen J. and Anna F. King, in the 27th year of his age.
MARTIN—In this city, on the morning of May 10th, after a short lilness. Susie Estelle, beloved wife of Alfred H. Martin, and daughter of the late John Mooney, in the 28th year of her age, leaving a husband and a mother and sister to mourn their sad loss. (Boston and New York papers please copy).

SMALL—At Fairville, or May 9th, William Small, a native of Aberdeen, Scotland in his 80th year.



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The Only Safe Wall Coating.

Free, to any one who will mention this paper, a 45-page book, "The Decorator's Aid." It The Alabastine Co. (Limited), Paris, Ontario.



## SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

May 9—Sch. Centunial, 124, Ward, from New York, J. N. Taylor, coal.
May 9—Coastwise—SS. Viking, 86, Clark, from Campobello; schs Friendship, 65, Alexander, from Point Wolfe; ss. Beaver, 67, Potter, from Canning.
May 10—Sch. Geo L. Slipp, 98, Wood, from Boston, J. W. Smith, wire.
Coastwise—Schs. Maudle, 25, Beardsley, from Port Lorne; Maitland, 44, Merriam, from Windsor: Electric Light, 34, Keans, from Digby; Margaret, 49, Eldridge, from Beaver Harbor.
May 11.— Sch. Stephen. Bennett, iAm., Glass, from Boston, B. C. Elkin, bal.
Sch. Maggie. Miller, 93, Granville, from Boston, J. W. McAlary Co., bal.
Coastwise—Schs. Eite and Rhode, S, Ingalls, from Campobello: Martha D. McLean, Hyden, from fishing; Susie Pearl, 74, White, from Quaco: Buda, 20, Stuart, from Beaver Harbor; Jessie. D. 86, Salter, from Parrsboro; Henry Nickerson, 70, Brewster, from Hillsboro.

Cleared. Arrived.

May 8-Bark Ashlow, Donovan, for Buenos

May 8—Bark Ashlow, Donovan, for Buenos Ayres.

Sch Cora B, Butler, for Stamford.

Sch Thomas B Reed, Shaw, for City Island fo.

Coastwise—Schs Meteor, Smith, for Beaver Harbor; Whistler, Faulkner, for Maitland May 9—Sch Union, Shields, for Boston.

Sch Helen, Carleton, for City Island fo.

Coastwise—Schs I H Goudey, Sullivan, for Meteshan; Temple Bar, Longmire, for Bridgetown; Dove, Ossinger, for Tiverton; Glenera, Hoar, for Aima; ss Viking, Wark, for Campobello; Beaver, Potter, for Canning. May 9—Coastwise Schs Harvey Morris, glesn, for Quaco; Brisk, Wadlin, for impobello: Seattle, Morrison, for Five Is-nds; Economist, Oglivie, for Parrsboro.

May 10-SS State of Maine, Colby, detport.
Sch Clarine, Keast, for Eastport.
Sch Riverdale, Urquhart, for Boston.
Sch Wendell Burpes, Beardsley, for Styn-

Sen Tay, Spragg for New Haven.
Sch Abhie Verna, Parker, for Thomaston.
Sch Otts Miller, Miller, fcr City Island fo.
Sch Franklin, Demings, for New York.
Coastwise—Schs Ernest Fisher, Gough, for
Quaco; Yarmouth Packet; Shaw, for Yarmouth; Tethys, Johnson, for do; West
Wind, Post, for Digby; Maudie, Beardsley,
for Port Lorge; Linnet, Spicer, for Apple
River. wer.
May 11.—Str Duart Castle, seeley, for
he West Indies via Halifax.
Sch Thistle, Steeves, for New Kork.
Sch Valetta, McLean, for Boston.

#### CANADIAN PORTS. Arrived.

At Farraboro. May 6, sch Eva Stuart,
Moore, from Boston.
At Hillsboro, May 8, schs A P Emerson,
Haley, from Mount Desert; L A Flummer,
Foster, from Boston; Maggie Lynch, Christopher, from Parraboro.
At Sydney, March 9, sch Clifton, Morris,
from Las Palmas.
At Newcastle, May 10, bark Mark Twain,
Weig, from Belfast.
At Hillsboro, May 10, sch Henry Nickerson, Brewster, from Manaton Cleared.

At Hillsboro, May 10, schs Henry Nickerson, Brewster, for St John; A P Emmerson, Haley, for Newark; L A Plummer, Foster, for New York.

HALIFAX, N. S., May 11.—Uld, str Kairos, Duncombe, from New Orleans for Glasgow, having repaired. having repaired.

Salled, strs. Escalona, Rollo, for Quebecend Montreal: Newfoundland, Hall, for
Pictou via Louisburg; Delta, Kennedy, for
Syoney.

From Parraboro, May 6, as Angers, Tayor, for Manchester; sch John T Williams, knowlton, for Baltimore.

### BRITISH PORTS. Arrived.

At Antigus, April 22, sch Beaver, Hunt-ley, from Guantanamo—to lcad molasses for Beltimore ley, from Gunnanam—to Icad monasces for At Antigus, April 7, bark Hillside, Morrill, from Barbados—to lond for New York. At Hong Kong, May 8, ss Empress of Japan, from Vancouver. At Port Spain, April 15, sch J M Young, Young, from Lunenburg, and sailed 22nd for Turks Island.

LIVEKPOOL, May 11.— Ard, str. Ulunda, from Halifux via St Johns, NF.

Sailed, May 10, str Damara, for Halifax via St Johns, NF.

GLASGOW, May 11.—Ard, str Micmac, for St Johns, N B. Sailed

From Belfast, May 7, bark Egero, Bow-itz, for Bay Verte. From Liverpool, May 7, str Alnmere, Charter, for St John. From Plymouth, May 7, Annie, for Shediac.
From Zanzibar, May 8, bark Saranac.
Bartaby, for Cochin.
From Port Spain, Auril 19th, schs Gypsum
King, Marsters, for New York.
From Sharpness, May 9, bark Marie, for From Liverpool, May 8, bark Gogla, for

### FOREIGN PORTS. Arrived.

At Paltimore, April 5, ss Storm ling. Crosby from Antwerp via Boston. At St Pierre, Mart, April 7, 1rig St Michel, from Newtoundland via Guadeloupe.

At New York, May 7, sch B C Borden, Taylor, from Guantanamo.

At Rockport, May 8, sch James Barber, Camp, for St John.

At Baltimore, May 8, ss H M Pollock, Newman, for Santlago.

At St Catherines, March 26, barks Rita, Olsen, from Cardido April 8, Emma R Smith, Hessell, from New York.

At Delaware Breakwater, May 8, bark Alexander Black, Buck, from Macelo, and ordered to Philadetphia.

At Port Nats, April 11, bark Armenia, Anderson, from Bisched Ayres.

At Batavia, May 3, previously, bark Muskoka, Crowe, from New York.

BOSTON May 11,—Ard, str Boston, from Yarmouth, schs Rebecca W Huddell, from Port Januates, Anlie, from Salmon River, N. 8, Washaram, from Shulee, N. S. Sailed, schs Alssen, for Advocate Harbor, N. S. Josephine, for Bear River, N. S. Hrookline, for Hillsboro, N. B. Susie Prescott, and Georgia J. for St John; G Walter Scott, for Windson, N. S. Audacleux, for Metegrian, N. S. Crible, for Port, Gryville, N.S. Ida M, for Olaso, N.H. 184n Mauri, for St John. Norrollk, V. May 11.—Ard, schs Patriot, from Sylney CB; Isaura L Sprague, from Cheverie, N. S. Hills, May 11.—Ard, schs Patriot, from Sylney CB; Isaura L Sprague, from Cheverie, N. S. Howen, from Hallshord, May 11.—Ard, schs Annie A Bocth, from Edgewater for Waldoboro: Nette B Dobbin, from Fail River for Calais, W. E Downes, from Hillsbord, N. New York; Carrie Belle, from St John for St Margaret's Bay for do; Wentworth, from Mindsor for do.

Passed, str Portia, Farrell, from New York; for St Johns and Halifax; bktn Antigua, from New York; Carrie Belle, from New York; Carrie Belle, from New York; Cork for St Johns and Halifax; bktn Antigua, from New York; Carrie Belle, from New York; for St Johns and Halifax; bktn Antigua, from New York; Carrie Belle, from New York; Carrie Belle, from St George, N. B. At New York, May 7, sch B C Borden

Newman, for Newport News.

At New York, May 9, str Consols, erts, for Hamburg and Dunkirk.

From New York, May 7, schs Ada G Shortland, Mchatyre, for Boston; Three Sisters, Pree, for Salem.

From Pensacula, May 6, ship Z Ring, Innes, for Plymouth: bark Kelvin, Robinson, for Busnos Ayres.

From Pensacula, May 8, sch Alfaretta S Snare, Lawson, for Ponce, PR.

From Cienfuegos, April 13, bark Ethel Glark, Brinton, for Boston.

From Hamburg, May 5, ship Machrimanish, Cain, for Cardiff.

From Porto Cabello, March 29, brig Venturer, Foote, for San Andreas.

From Port Natal, April 12, bark Grenada, Gardner, for Barbados.

From Hamfeur, May 5, bark Cavaller, for Miramichi. GENOA, May 8.—Sld, bark Adelaide, for

## MEMORANDA.

Passed in at Cape Henry, May 7, str H M ollock, Newman, from Santiago.

Passed in at Neah Bay, Wash, May 8, ship ancing, from San Francisco for Nanaimo.

Passed Prawle Point, May 6, bark Samarian, Dexter, from Dunkirk for New York.

Passed Cape Race, NF, May 8, str Lake intario from Montreal.

Passed Gibraltar, April 25, str Lake luron, Evans, from Avonmouth for Baoum. toum.
In port at Matanzas, May 2, sch Lawanika, Williams, dis.
Passed Tarifa, May 2, bark Conte Geza Szapary, from Trapani for Halifax.
In port at Guantanamo, April 29, barks St Paul, Dill, and Douglas, Landry, for New York, loading.
Passed through Digby Gut, May 10, tug Marina, Lewis, from St John for Digby; schs Eva M Martin, Martin, from Digby for Portland; Citizen, Woodworth, from St John for Bear River; Annie Pearl, Starrett, from Digby for Parraborc; Malapert, Ring, from Digby for St John; Vesta Pearl, Johnson, from Granville for Boston; Sea Fox, Banks, and Jennie C Thompson, from Digby for the Banks; Lloyd, Anderson, from Digby for the Banks; Lloyd, Marson, N.S.
In port at Barbados, May 8, brig Curlew, Winchester, loading for Windsor, N.S.
In port at Rot Spain, April 27, schs Arctic, Arenburg, from Lanenburg, srrived 15th, Blomidon, Saxter from Farnandina, arrived 22nd; W. R. Huntley Howard, for New York; Sch Harry W Lewis, Hunter, from do. Passed up at Delaware Breakwater, May 9, bark Alexander Black, from Macelo for Philladeiphia.
City ISLAND, May 11—Bound south, sch In port at Matanzas, May 2, sch Lawanika, hiladeiphia.
CITY ISLAND, May 11.—Bound south, sch

Ship Monrovia, from Mobile for Liverpool, May 4, lat 37.15, lon 80. Ship Caldera, from Buenes Ayres for New York, May 5, lat. 37.50, lon. 74.06. NOTICE TO MARINERS.

place it.

BOSTON, May S Whistling buoy on the Graves, which has been working unsatisfactory of late, was replaced on Saturday by a chime whistle, which can be heard a far greater distance than the old one.

The change was made by Commander Selfchange was made by Commander Self-who found that the old buoy could heard at any great listance, and that ue as a guide to vesesis bound through Sound was greatly impaired. TON, May 9—Notice is given by the nouse Board that Abbott beacon, en-Lighthouse Board that Abbott beacon irance of Sniem Harbor, having been field away a red spar buoy, numbered 18 feet of water, has been placed aboutest SEA'R from the rock to mark the tion until the beacon is rebuilt. The lowing are the bearings of the buoy. Pickering lighthouse, SW by W5-16W. Aquavitae beacon, SSE7-16E: Hospital.

corted him Standard B his own iron them blow which they three explo \$16,000 from far all atte been unsuc be the same the Dominic Ont.

Another Bank

BOWMAN

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TORONTO \$500 has bee Pare and H who escaped GREENW Saturday Fr wife twice, then blew o had recently by jail, whe account of who had sir let him ente TORONTO managers ar cuss a mean from burglar of the recen \$5,000 has be and convicti covery of the Standard Ba Saturday mo

this afterno guilty partie in jail there The Evenir solvency bill at the prese Sir Wilfrid with Mr. Fo and arrang bring it up

Earl of Selbo

LUNDON,

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