THE RUSHING OF TEARS.

DR. TALMAGE AND THE SERMON TO THE ISRAELITES.

Christ Appears in the Form of an Angel—Reason for a Good Deal of Mourning—Danger of Neglecting Religion—The Great Responsibility of Parents.

"And they called the name of that place Bochim."—Judges ii. 5.

Jesus preached at least one sermon to the ancient Israelites in the wilderness. He appeared not with the look that Leonardo de Vinci ascribes to Him in the Milan fresco, nor that which Tiberius gives Him in the emerald entaglio, nor as Paul de la Roche and Albrecht Durer sketch Him, but in the shape of an angel. There was a great audience in the open air. The surrounding galleries of the mountains were filled with the people. Christ, in the form of an angel, preaches to these Israelites about how He had brought them out from Egypt into Canaan; and while He is preaching they can hear again the snapping of their chains, and see the crystallization of the Red Sea into towers of triumph for them, and into the sarcophagus of death for their pursuers. And again they saw quails all around about when they wanted meat; and again the rock seems to break into water as they wanted drink; and again they see the cloudy pillar that beckoned them when they wanted a supernatural commander-in-chief; and they think of how Canaan put clusters in their lap and song in their mouth, and the trees dropped with honey, and the fulluddered cattle, coming up from the pastures, yielding delicious supply. Oh, what a change between the dusty brick-kilns of Egypt, where they had toiled under a taskmaster, and this land of Canaan, full of music and mirth, and gardens, and sunshine. But Jesus, in the form of an angel, goes on, and in the second head of His discourse, He tells them how they had wickedly made an alliance with the Canaanites, and as He displays the height and depth of their ingratitude, they hang their heads, and one deep sigh after another is heard. Here, an aged man, overwhelmed with memories, groans aloud; and yonder, a young man responds to it in like exclamation. Soon the tears start in all the eyes of that great audience—tears of sorrow, tears of contrition, tears of peril, and the whole congregation breaks down into sobbing and wailing, and wring their hands, and make outcry that pierces the heavens. Alas, what a spectacle! Hundreds of thousands of people in lamentation. "And they called the name of that place Bochim," or the place of weeping.

If this hour we could realize God's goodness toward us, and our conduct towards Him, a great grief would sieze upon this audience, and on these aisles repentance would meet remorse, and remorse would meet ingratitude, and memories of the past would jostle the fears of the future, and the silence of this occasion would be broken by sobs, and groans, and shrieks, and the place would be called a Bochim. Oh, may God's Omnipotent Spirit now shake this audience with arousal and conviction, as though it were the heart of one man. Amen! So let it be, Lord Jesus.

I have in the first place to remark that many of these Christian people have reason for a good deal of mourning.

What have you been doing these ten, twenty, thirty, forty years? Did not God lead you out of Egypt? Did He not part for you the Red Sea of trouble, and has He not rained manna all around about your camp? Did He not civide the Jordan of death for your loved ones, until they went through dry-shod, not wetting even the soles of their feet? Has He not put clusters of blessing upon your table, and fed you with the finest of the wheat? Mercies above you. Mercies beneath you. Mercies on the right hand, and mercies on the left hand. Mercies before you. Mercies behind you. Mercies within you. And yet, we must confess, we have, like the Israelites, made a league with the world. Three-fourths of our Christian life has been wasted. Opportunities for usefulness gone forever. Golden sickles placed in our hand, yet no harvest reaped. Silken nets of the gospel at our disposal, yet no fish caught. Going along toward heaven, while there are a thousand millions of the race unwarned, unblessed, unsaved. Our path toward heaven, a zig-zag path, now on the Lord's side, now on the world's side—"hale fellows well met" with men who despise God. The beach strewn with vessels breaking on the rocks, and we too cowardly to wade down waist deep, or even ankle deep, and give a hand to those who are struggling in the surf lying across the path toward heaven, until men have come up to where we are and stumbled over us, and fallen, never to rise. Has not this been the history of many heroes? The robes of our Christian profession scattered with the blood of lost souls, God holding us responsible for sorrows that we did not appease, and for ruin that we did not avert. Oh, that God would tonight break our hearts with the fact of our inconsistencies as professors of religion and rouse us up to self-scrutiny, and an imploration, and a lamentation that would make this place a Bochim, a place of weeping. I believe that there are souls in hell that would not have been there if you and I had done our duty. Oh, weep for our derelictions! weep for our wanderings! weep for our lost opportunities that will never return!

There is great reason for sadness on the part of some of these parents when they look over their families. You know that there must be a mighty change in your household before you can all live together in eternity. A few years at the most, and the separation must take place. Your common sense teaches you that if there be two paths and they diverge, and after the point of divergence they keep on in a straight line, they go farther and farther off from each other; and, as by inexorable mathematical law, as well as by moral law, if one goes to the right, in a religious sense, and the other to the left, they cannot come together. Can you sit tonight placidly and contemplate an eternal separation from any of your loved ones? Things are looking that way. Their opportunities of salvation less and less. Your opportunities of plying them with religious motives less and less. The prospect that God's invitation will continue to them, less and less. The day of their mercy almost gone, yet they have not put up one earnest prayer, or repented of one sin, and not given one hopeful sign and death coming to snap the conjugal bond and break up the fraternal and filial tie. Oh, sister, canst thou bear to think of being for eternity away from thy brother? Oh, wife, for unending ages away from thy husband? Christian mother, is your laughter on the wrong side? Christian father, will you be on the right hand of the judge at last, and see your son on the left hand, far away, chained and captive, trudging off?

Are you ready for such a farewell word? Is there anything that can pay you for it? The comforts of your present home, your domestic reunions? No, no. There is nothing on earth that can pay for that. I announce what I believe will be the history of some families represented in this house tonight; part of the family will spend eternity in heaven, and part of the family will spend an eternity in hell! Oh, if that thought could come with its overwhelming power upon you, as it ought, there would be a shudder through this audience, and you would sweat as though it were great drops of blood. Parents would cry out to God, and cry out to the people, "Save my children!" The wife would cry out, "Save my husband!" The sister would cry out: "Save my brother!" And this audience would be struck with a wild tempest of agony and this place would be a Bochim, for weeping. Oh, there has been a very great change in some of the families in my church during the last two or three weeks. Some of them have come into the kingdom, but left others outside. There have been cases where the husband has chosen Christ, and the wife has resisted divine mercy. Last Sabbath night, in the adjoining room, an aged woman came in, I said: "Are you seeking the salvation of your soul?" She said: "No. I have sought and found. I came in to ask your prayers for my sons. They are on the wrong road." O Lord Jesus, are we to be parted from any we have loved? Will some of us be saved and some of us be lost? Which one will it be milling, missing, missing for eternity? Oh, bow your head in silent prayer, and ask God for the redemption of all the loved ones of the household. Lay hold of God in an importunate petition now. Hush! Let it be a moment of silent prayer all through the audience.

I say farther, there are impenitent souls here who ought to be sad from the fact that there are sins they have committed that cannot be corrected either in this world or the world to come. I am not speaking of the unpardonable sin; but I will illustrate what I mean. Suppose there is a man in this audience tonight, who at fifty years of age becomes a Christian, but has been all his life on the other side. He is a father. He comes to Christ tonight, but can he arrest the fact that for twenty or thirty years, over his children, he was wielding a wrong influence, and they have started in the wrong direction? Suppose a company of shipowners started a sea captain with an imperfect chart and with an unseaworthy vessel, and after the vessel has gone five days they feel sorry about it, and wish they had not let the vessel go out in that way. Does that make any difference to those who have gone out? No! In the first storm the captain and the crew go down. And if you come to God, in the latter end of your life, when you have given your children an impulse in the wrong direction, those ten, or fifteen, or twenty years of example in the wrong direction will be mightier than the few words you can utter now in the right direction. So it is with the influence you have had anywhere in community. If you have all these years given countenance to those who are neglecting religion, can you correct that? Your common sense says so. Here is an engineer on a locomotive. He is taking a long train of cars loaded with passengers. He comes on and sees a red flag. He says: "What do I care for the red flag?" He pushes on the train and comes to another red flag. He says: "I don't care for the red flag." After awhile he sees that the bridge is down; but he is by a marsh, and he leaps and is not damaged. Does that stop the train? No! it goes on, crash! crash! crash! That is the history of some men who have been converted tonight. I congratulate them, but I cannot hide the fact that they started a train of influence in the wrong direction; and though in the afternoon of their life, they may leap off the train, the train goes on. A man said to me during the week: "I am fifty-three years of age, and I have made up my mind that it is time for me to become a Christian." I congratulated him in coming; but, I must say to all those who come in the afternoon of life, you have let your best chances go—there is no hiding that—your best talents gone, your best opportunities of usefulness gone. You cannot hide the fact that you have only one life to live on earth, and you have thrown the most of it away. It is enough to make one weep most bitter tears; it is enough to make this house a very Bochim.

So, also, there is occasion for sadness in the peril that surrounds every unforgiven soul. "Oh," you say: "It is a starlight night. The wind is blowing from the west. All is fair." There temporal, but of spiritual danger. You say: "I don't see any spiritual danger." Then I remember that summer before last, on shipboard at evening time, we were romping up and down the decks with laughter and shout and song. We were a very merry party at eventime; but in a few hours there were between seven hundred and eight hundred people groaning and crying and shrieking at what seemed the foundering of the ship. Sails all gone. Booms lost. Life boats crushed to kindling wood on the side of the vessel. On the blanched cheeks of the captain, crew and passengers, one word written: "Shipwreck!" And so you may go on placidly, smoothly, gaily for awhile in your sin, but the hurricane will swoop upon your souls. Perils from above and perils from beneath push you to the abyss. Out of Christ not one moment's safety. Without God, without hope. Oh, what an orphanage, what an exile, what a desolation! Who will go your bail? Who will help our own immortal spirit? Moan! moan! for thy lost estate.

Have you not had a chance for heaven? "Ah," you say; "that is the worst of it. That is what makes me weep." Was your father bad? Was your mother wicked? "No," you say. "Say nothing against my mother. If there was ever a good woman she was one; and I remember how, in her old days, and when bent with years, and in her plain frock, she knelt down and prayed for my soul, and with her apron wired away the tears. I can never forget it. She is gone now, and I gave her no intimation that I would ever meet her again. Oh, I have trampled on her broken heart. I am a wretch undone. Who will pray for me? I am so sick of sin. I am so weary of the world!" No wonder you weep, for the greatest condemnation of the last day will be for those who had pious parents and who resisted their admonition. Oh! to go through a lost eternity carrying the remembrance of a family altar at which you were taught to kneel, and the "Now I lay me down to sleep," that you were taught to pray; and the death bed of your father and mother, where with their last words they importuned you to do your duty! Oh! that memory will be heavier than the chain; that will be hotter than the fire. May God almighty keep us from the overwhelming woe that comes down upon that mans head that tramples on his father's counsel and on an old mother's prayer.

But what is a sadder thought is that some of these people not only stay out of the kingdom of God themselves but they will not let their children come in. I have to charge some parents who are here with the fact that they hinder their loved ones from coming into the kingdom. If you would only give them one encouraging word, if you would only get out of the way with your worldly example, they would have some chance. But no; you stay back from Christ and the church yourselves, and you keep them back. Oh! father, mother, if you are determined to go down to death, do not take your children with you. If you will stand back, say: "I am going to take the plunge, but don't you do it." You sound no alarm. They are in the same boat with you. You are rowing on towards an eternal Niagara. You have almost come to the plunge, and yet you drop not the oars, you clutch not the side of the boat. You cry not out to the shore for help. You trip them up. You know it is an easy thing to trip one up, especially if he comes at a bounding gait; and you see your loved ones coming on towards heaven, and you put out your foot, and they fall over it into a sinful life here, and after twenty, thirty, forty years have passed will fall deeper down, and it will be known for ever that you tripped them up. Oh! by the solemn birth-hour, when your life was spared and another given, by the memories of the family hearth, by the account which you must give at the last day for your performance of your duty in regard to those children, I implore you not to hinder them. "But," you say, "I do not hinder them." You do. Your children feel it. Christians feel it. Angels of God feel it. The Lord Jesus Christ feels it. That father and mother who stay away from Christ themselves are bringing on all controlling and potential influence to keep their children back. There are parents here all wrapped up in worldliness and fashion, who are actually blocking up the way to heaven for the entire family. They think more of the trimtings on their hats and the jewels on their fingers than of the souls of the immortals for which they must answer when the world is on fire. Oh, that the prophet's rod would strike the rock tonight and make it weep, and that this place might be a Bochim—parents praying for their children, children praying for their parents, the husband praying for the wife, the wife praying for the husband, the pastor praying for the people, the people praying for the pastor, this whole audience whelmed with one wave of penitence and pardon! Oh, parent! coming up at the last day, how will you stand it if these children grow up into lives of sin, living to old age in impenitence, and then meeting you in the judgment, deliberately charge you with the ruin of their souls, saying: "You never invited me to Christ. You stood in my way. You gave me a wrong example. Father, mother, you ruined my soul?"

But I remember that there are tears of joy as well as tears of sorrow, and how the foundations of the deep would break up tonight if one hundred or one thousand souls in this audience would march up and take the kingdom of heaven! This place has been a Bochim. It was last Sabbath, here and in the adjoining room. It was last Monday. It was last Wednesday. It was last Friday. It was this morning. It is now a Bochim for weeping for joy. Right here, on this very seat, last Sabbath night there sat a sea-captain. He seemed very restless under the sermon. I thought he was offended, and would go out. When the service was closed he came into the adjoining room, his face shining with joy, and he told us that on that night, he had found Christ, and then he told how during the gale at sea, he vowed to be a Christian, but when the sea went down and the storm was past he forgot his vow. "Now," he says, "I start for heaven." He could not keep the story to himself. He was telling to those who were around about him in the room what a joyful thing it was to follow Christ. Oh! it was a Bochim all around about where the man stood, and he said as he passed out of the door: "Pray for me. I sail tomorrow for San Domingo." The same night there came a child, her face radiant with gladness, holding her father by the hand. She had found the Saviour the week before. Now she was bringing her father. He also found Jesus. Then the man who said he was "past feeling" asked us to pray for him. And then there were aged ones who came in the eleventh hour and got Divine pardon; and there were altars set up in families where there had never been any prayer; and lips that had never spoken the name of Jesus save in blasphemy, have been all this week singing: "There's none like Jesus. Oh, hallelujah!" And the place has been a Bochim.

But there are some who are not come. They will not come. They will not repent. They will not pray. They will not ask any one else to pray for them. Their hearts are too proud. With a stout grip they seize the door of God's mercy and shut it against their souls. They lay hold of the rope of the bell, so that they may strike the death-knell of their own immortal spirit. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and they are not saved." Floating out farther and farther into the darkness, I wave them one last farewell, and I feel helpless when I stand before them. I think of no other argument drawn from death, judgment or eternity, or the cross of the Son of God, and I feel very much as the people did on Long Island coasts some years ago when a vessel was driven on the rocks. The people on shore could do nothing. They saw the danger and knew the shipwreck was coming, and ran up and down the beach wringing their hands. So tonight I see these vessels coming for the rocks. I cannot help them. I run up and down the shore crying: "Stand off. Put back! Stop, stop!" But it seems to do no good.

I rejoice that there will be whole families tonight that will come to Jesus. In Georgia, some years ago, there were two men who had broken their mother's heart by lives of dissipation. They went home to see her. It came for the time for them to go back, and they said: "Now, mother, we go back tonight at nine o'clock." "Well," she said, "boys," however old they may get they are never anything but boys to a mother; she said: "Boys, go to church; they're going to have religious service there." Her heart was aching for their salvation, but she did not want to tell them. "Oh!" they said, "we're going off at nine o'clock." "Well," she said, "you will hear the stage-horn blow and you can then go out and take the stage." So they went; but before the stage-horn blew they heard a different sound. It was that which pealed forth from the silver trumpet of the Gospel, and their souls quaked under the sound. They did not go away that night, and on the following night, when, at the close of the service, the minister of Christ asked that all those who were seeking their soul's salvation should come up and kneel at the altar, the first that started were these two men; and they knelt there asking for salvation; and while they were kneeling there, there was an aged woman who arose in the midst of the audience, her face all saturated with tears, and the people said: "Who is she? Who is she? Why does she stand up and disturb the assembly? All the rest are sitting." Oh, she had a right to stand up. She was the Christian mother of these two young men. She had prayed for their salvation so long, she had a right to stand and look as they knelt down at the foot of Divine mercy. She had sown in tears—she had a right to reap in tearful joy. And tonight, if the prodigals would only come and kneel down at the foot of the cross, there would be others standing up to watch. The world might stand up and scoff, but there would be others standing up with different motives—parents standing up to watch as the prodigals came. They would be glad with an infinite gladness, if their children were saved. And there would be companions in life who would rejoice as their companions came. They would say: "Now we are one for ever. Married on earth to be married in heaven." The angels of God would stand, harp in hand, watching, and ready to strike the symphony. The Lord Jesus Christ Himself would stand watching—Him of the crushed foot, and the mangled brow, and the cleft heart, saying: "My soul is satisfied. I have loved thee with an everlasting love." There would be tears of joy mingling with tears of sorrow, and it would be told in the ages to come that on this Sabbath night, between these walls, because of the weeping over sin, and the weeping over pardon, the place was a Bochim.

BIRTHS.

KAIN—On June 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Kain, a son.

KINNEY—At Oromocto, N. B., on June 10th, to the wife of S. J. Kinney, a daughter.

MILLER—At Chatham, on May 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. James G. Miller, a son.

POWYS—At Garden Creek, Fredericton, N. B., June 20th, to the wife of Percy Cunliffe Powys, Esq, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

CAMPBELL-DAVIDSON—At St. Stephen's church, Winnipeg, June 7th, by the Rev. Principal King, D. D., Arthur J. Darling Campbell, son of the late W. Darling Campbell of Quebec, to Amy Josephine, second daughter of the late Richard Davidson of Brandon, formerly of Miramichi, New Brunswick.

DOLE-SULIS—At Leinster street Baptist church, St. John, N. B., June 22nd, by the Rev. J. A. Gordon, M. A., Frank A. Dole of Burlington, Vermont, to Edna Browning, daughter of John W. Sulis.

FERGUSON-IRVINE—On June 20th, at the Baptist parsonage, by the Rev. J. A. Gordon, James F. Ferguson of this city to Alice J. Irvine of Kingsville

DEATHS.

BETTS—At Jamaica Plain, Mass., June 19th, James C. Betts, aged 72, a native of St. John, N. B.

ELSTON—At the residence of her son, John F. Elston, corner Church and Summer streets, Somerville, Mass., June 18th, Mrs. Hannah Elston.

KIERSTEAD—Suddenly, at Rothesay, Kings Co., June 20th, James B. Kierstead, aged 4 years and 6 months.

MAGEE—On Wednesday, June 22nd, after a short illness, Mary Julia, widow of the late John Magee, in her 71st year.

McCULLAM—In this city, June 21st, of pleuro-pneumonia, Samuel McCullam, aged 38 years.

McKENZIE—At Moncton, N. B., June 18th, Alice E., youngest daughter of Wm. and Susan McKenzie.

O'NEIL—At Moncton, N. B., June 20th, Alice, widow of the late Archibald O'Neil, in the 55th year of her age, leaving five children.

STRAND—In this city, on June 22nd, Anne (Nancy), beloved wife of Richard Fuller Strand, aged 64 years, leaving a husband, two sons and one daughter to mourn their loss.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived.

June 21—Bark Monte Moro (Ital), 804, Roncallo, from Buenos Ayres, W M Mackay, bal.

Sch Lena Maud, 98, Giggey, from Boston, J E Moore, bal.

Sch Winnie Lowry (Am), Smith, from Quaco for New York, in for harbor.

Coastwise—Schs Nina Blanche, 30, Morrell, from Freeport; Porpoise, 32, Ingersoll, from North Head; West Wind, 24, Post, from Digby; Annie Harper, 92, Golding, from Quaco; Beulah Benton, 36, Mitchell, from Sandy Cove; Fred and Norman, 31, Trask, from do; Economist, 13, Ogilvie, from Wolfville; Dora, 63, Canning, from Parrsboro.

ST JOHN, June 21—Ard, str Framfield, 1609, Jones, from Sydney, Wm Thomson and Co, bal.

June 22—Sch Thistle, 133, Williams, from New York, P McIntyre, coal.

Sch Ayr, 131, Brinton, from Newark, N C Scott, coal.

Sch D W B, 120, Holder, from Perth Amboy, D J Purdy, coal.

Coastwise—Sch Gertie Westbrook, 15, Cline, from West Isles.

June 23—Ship Monrovia, 1449, Hibbard, from Barbados, Wm Thomson and Co, bal.

Coastwise—Schs James Barber, 80, Camp, from Alma; Irene, 90, Pritchard, from Quaco; Electric Light, 33, Poland, from West Isles; Uranus, 73, McLean, from Alma; Selina, 53, Matthews, from Apple River; Whistler, 23, Faulkner, from Noel; Ocean Bird, 44, McGranahan, from Margaretville; R N B, 37, Morris, from Port George; Ben Bolt, 90, Stirling, from Sackville; Trader, 72, Merriam, from Parrsboro; Corinto, 97, Kennie, from Advocate Harbor; Bess, 24, Cassidy, from Lepreaux; Nellie H Ham, 26, Anderson, from Cape Sable Island; Dreadnaught, 19, Chute, from fishing; Nellie Carter, 77, Carter, from River Hebert, Juno, 91, McLean, from Advocate; Lida Gretta, 68, Ellis, from Quaco; Forest Flower, 26, Roy, from Margaretville; Glide, 80, Tufts, from Quaco.

Cleared.

June 21—Sch Lyra, Erb, for Salem f o.

Sch Leo, Barton, for Rockport.

Sch Nellie Watters, Granville, for Stonington.

Sch Riverdale, Urquhart, for Rockport.

Coastwise—Schs Leonard B, Walter, for River Hebert; Satellite, Perry, for Westport; Nina Blanche, Morrell, for Freeport; Porpoise, Ingersoll, for North Head; Hattie Thompson, for Westport; Athol, Mills, for Advocate; Carrie W, Benson, for North Head.

22nd—Str Mourne, Aiken, for Liverpool.

Str State of Maine, Colby, for Boston.

Tug Sea King, Odell, for Eastport.

Sch Valetta, Whittaker, for New York.

Sch Hattie Muriel, Wasson, for Westerley.

Sch Saarbuck, Reed, for Boston.

Coastwise—Schs Generia, Dickson, for Advocate Harbor; Rebecca W, Gough, for Quaco; Comrade, Dickson, for Alma; Temple Bar, Longmire, for Bridgetown; Kedron, Taylor, for Digby; E R Foster, Wilcox, for Belleville; Fred and Norman, Trask, for North Head.

23rd—Bark Ascalon, Guldrandson, for Valencia, Spain.

Sch Cora B, Butler, for Boston.

Sch Reporter, Gilchrist, for New York.

Coastwise—Schs Electric Light, Poland, for West Isles; Gleaner, McNamara, for Parrsboro; Brisk, Wedlin, for Campobello; Beulah Benton, Mitchell, for Belleveau's Cove; Forest Flower, Roy, for Margaretville; Lida Gretta, Ellis, for Quaco; Willie D, Ogilvie, for Parrsboro; Economist, Ogilvie, for Windsor; Temperance Bell, Belyea, for River Hebert; Silver Wave, Walsh, for Quaco; Trader, Merriam, for Parrsboro; L M Ellis, Lent, for Westport; Wanita, Magarvey, for Annapolis; Whistler, Faulkner, for Maitland; Glide, Tufts, for Quaco.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Arrived

At Hillsboro, June 17, schs St Maurice, Merriam, from New York; Georgia T Dickson, Anderson, from Boston; Oliver S Barrett, Ervin, from Boston.

At Chicoutimi, June 20, str Zanzibar, Robinson, from Leith.

At Sackville, June 20, sch Water Lily, Best, from Portland.

At Parrsboro, June 18, sch Cygnet, Durant, from Salem; Hattie McKay, Durant, from Calais; Annie Branche, Randall, do.

At Hillsboro, June 21, schs Helen M, Hatfield, from St John; A P Emerson, Anderson, from Boston.

At Quaco, June 20, schs Grace, Trewogy, from Boston; Annie Harper, Golding; L'Edna, Sabean; Glide, Tufts; Myra B, Gale, from St John.

At Yarmouth, June 22, s s Yarmouth, from Boston; s s City of St John, from Halifax; s s Westport, from Weymouth; bark Vesuvius, from Sicily; sch Yarmouth Packet, from St John; s s Alpha, from St John.

At Yarmouth, June 20, sch John S Parker, Gesner, from Brunswick.

At Parrsboro, June 20, ship Forest King, Leblanc, from Rio Janeiro; scs Mark May, Sawyer, from Machias.

At Chatham, April 22, bark Lida, Jorgensen, from Arundel.

At Hillsboro, June 21, sch Cathie C Berry, Gayton, from Boston; 22nd, sch Hannah F Carleton, Faulkingham, from Portsmouth.

Cleared.

At Chatham, June 20, bark G P Harbitz, Dahl, for Ayr, Scotland.

At Hillsboro, June 17, sch St Maurice, Merriam, for New York.

At Yarmouth, June 22, sch Saxon, for New York; s s Yarmouth, for Boston; sch Yarmouth Packet, for St John; sch Parnell O'Hara, for fishing.

At Quaco, June 20, schs Wendall Burpee, Beardsley, for Vineyard Haven for orders; Annie Harper, Golding; L'Edna, Sabean; Glide, Tufts; Myra B, Gale, for St John; Winnie Lowry, Smith, for New York.

At Newcastle, June 21, bark Ilmatar, Ponde, for Larne.

At Parrsboro, June 18, sch Alaska, Libby, for New York; str Springhill, Cook, for Portland.

At Hillsboro, June 21, sch Helen M, Hatfield, for Moncton; Georgia T Dickson, Anderson, for Norfolk, Va.

At Parrsboro, June 20, sch Eva Stewart, Moore, for Calais; Cygnet, Durant, do; Annie Blanche, Randall, do; Vere B, Roberts, for Vineyard Haven, f o.

At Hillsboro, June 21, sch A P Emerson, Haley, for Newark.

At Newcastle, June 21, barktn Sovereign, Tyrrell, for Kilrush.

At Bathurst, June 18, str Cheronea, Marsters, for Bristol; 21st, sch Sarah E Smith, Rogers, for Vineyard Haven, f o.

At Chatham, June 21, schs Nutwood, Tierney, for New York; bark Kalos, Olsen, for Calais, France.

Sailed.

From Sydney, June 20, ship Lizzie Burrill, for Quebec.

HALIFAX, NS, June 21—Sld, str Capua, Hansen, for New York.

HALIFAX, N S, June 22—Sld, strs Halifax, Pye, from Boston; St John City, Harrison, from St John.

Cld, bark Orion, Steffensen, for Plymouth; sch Victoria, Williams, for Jamaica.

From Windsor, June 17, sch Gypsum King, Knowlton, for New York; 15th, sch Celabria, Knowlton, do.

From Cape Tormentine, June 20, bark Siddartha, Girard, for Preston.

BRITISH PORTS.

Arrived.

GREENOCK, June 21—Ard, str Derwent Holme, from Montreal via Sydney, CB.

SHARPNESS, June 18—Ard, str Admiral Ihlen, for Montreal.

LIVERPOOL, June 21—Ard, str Yorkshire, from Montreal.

WEXFORD, June 18—Ard, brig New Dominion, from Delhousie.

At Belfast, June 15, ship Harvest Queen, Forsyth, from Mobile.

At Port Spain, May 27, brig Cilo, Gerhardt, from Lunenburg, sld 1st June 4 for Porto Rico; 29th, bark Lillian, Delano, from New York, and remained 9th June; June 2nd, sch Canaria, Brown, from Fernandina; 4th, brig Boston Marine, Porter, from Yarmouth.

LIVERPOOL, June 21—Ard, str Laurentian, from Montreal.

QUEENSTOWN, June 22—Ard, str Gallia, from Montreal.

At Hong Kong, June 21, str Empress of India.

At Barbados, June 13, ship Ruby, Robbins, from Rio Janeiro, and sld 16th for Tunket.

Sailed.

BLYTH, June 18—Sld, str Fernmore, for Quebec.

ARDROSSAN, June 18—Sld, strs Carlsbrook, for Quebec; 21st, Inishowen Head, for Montreal.

BARRY, June 20—Sld, bark Gratia, for Campbellton, NB.

ARDROSSAN, June 20—Sld, str Algoma, for St John.

From Greenock, June 20, ship Eskasoni, Townsend, from Rio Janeiro; —— Herminiue, for St John.

From Aberdeen, June 17, bark Famiglia Cavallo, Cavallo, for Miramichi.

From Cape Town, June 11, ship Trojan, Armstrong, for West Bay.

MANCHESTER, June 21—Sld, str Platea, for St John.

SWANSEA, June 22—Sld, str Cairo, for Montreal.

SHIELDS, June 21—Sld, str Carvona, for Eastlands and Eveline, for Montreal.

GREENOCK, June 21—Sld, str Dora, for Montreal.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Arrived.

At Port Townsend, June 20, bark Mary A Troop, Baker, from Manila.

At Salem, June 19, sch Salke E Ludlam, Kelson, from Hoboken.

At New York, June 19, barks Plymouth, Salter, from Manila; Calturga, Douglas, from Iloilo; schs Earl of Aberdeen, Howard, from Halifax; Fred A Small, Trott, from Windsor.

BOSTON, June 21—Ard, strs Prince Edward, from Yarmouth, NS; Storm King, from Antwerp; Cumberland, from St John.

Sld, schs North America, and Bochiel, for Paspebiac, PQ.

PORTLAND, Me, June 21—Ard, schs Windsor Packet, Gorman, from Meteghan River, NS; A Hooper, Calderwood, from Calais for Boston, Ida Hudson, Bishop, from Calais for do.

ROCKPORT, Me, June 21—Ard, schs Brenton, Leblanc, from Belleveau's Cove, NS; Talisman, from Port Gilbert, NS.

ROCKLAND, Me, June 21—Ard, schs Lucy A Davis, McKeown, from Louisburg, CB; Mary B Ellems, from do.

BOSTON, June 20—Ard, barktn Antilla, Read, from Rosario.

BOOTHBAY, Me, June 21—Ard, schs Chas L Jeffrey, from Vinal Haven; J Chester Wood, from Bangor for Calais; M C Gates, from do; Ina, from St John; Georgia C, from do.

VINEYARD HAVEN, June 21—Ard, sch Saxon, from Tusket River for New York.

MACHIAS, Me, June 21—Ard, tug Springhill, with barges Nos 1 and 2, from Parrsboro, NS, for Portland.

Sld, sch Alaska, from Parrsboror for New York.

EASTPORT, Me, June 21—Ard, schs Orizimbo, from Elizabethport; Lexington, from New York; str Sea King, of and from St John.

At Coquimbo, June 18, bark Glenafton, Watts, from Baltimore.

CALAIS, Me, June 22—Ard, sch Clifford I White, from New York.

BOSTON, June 22—Ard, schs R Carson, from Quaco, NB; Prohibition, from Tupperville, NS; Seraphine, from Clementsport, NS.

Sld, strs Cumberland, for St John; Prince Edward, for Yarmouth, NS.

NEW YORK, June 22—Ard, str Tuetonic, from Liverpool.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass, June 22—Ard, schs Parlee, from Fredericton, NB, for orders; Lula Price, from Narragansett Pier for Dorchester, NB.

Sld, sch Saxon.

SALEM, Mass, June 22—Ard, sch Lavinie, from Meteghan to Salem for orders.

At Rio Janeiro, June 23, bark Birnam Wood, Smith, from Pensacola.

At Boston, June 22, sch Annie A Booth, French, from Hoboken.

At Gloucester, Mass, June 23, bark Leone, Acompara, from Trappani.

At New York, June 21, bark Allona, from Port Louis, Mauritius; Brazil, from Maccio.

Cleared.

At New York, June 20, brig Plover, Iverson, for Bahia; sch Earl of Aberdeen, for Windsor.

At Baltimore, June 20, bark Severn, Reid, for Rio Janeiro.

At New York, June 21, schs Pelette, Maxwell, for St John; Wandlain, Wood, for Yarmouth.

Sailed.

From Savannah, June 18, sch B R Woodside, McLean, for Philadelphia.

From New York, June 19, str Tyrian, for Port au Prince; sch Wm Jones, McLean, for Boston.

RIO JANEIRO, May 27—Sld, barks Angela Schiaffino, for Halifax; 31st, Normandy, for Portland, Me.

RED BEACH, Me, June 21—Sld, sch Maggie Todd, for New York; Levina Snow, for Norfolk; Viola May, for Calais.

From Norfolk, June 20, sch Ira D Sturgis, Kerrigan, for New York.

From Drake, June 18, bark Herlof Herlofsen, Kroger, for Canada.

From Spezzia, June 16, bark Nostra Signora del Monte, Consiglliere, for Bathurst.

From New York, June 20, sch Preference, for Cayenne; brigt Edward E Hutchings, for Sydney.

From Gothenburg, June 17, Diana, for Halifax.

From Hamburg, June 17, bark Veritas, for Bathurst.

NEW YORK, June 22—Sld, str Germanic, for Liverpool.

MACHIAS, June 22—Sld, tug Springhill, with barges 1 and 2, from Parrsboro for Portland.

BOOTHBAY, June 22—Sld, schs Charles L Jeffrey, for New York; Fanny, for do; Ina, for Providence; Georgia E Barton, for Pawtucket.

MEMORANDA.

Passed Fame Point, June 20, at 6 p m, str Lake Superior, from Liverpool for Montreal.

Passed Lizard, June 18, ship Karoo, Power, from Mobile for London.

Passed Sydney Light, June 20, strs Turret Court, Irvine, and Glovet, Chare, from Montreal for Sydney; Gloxinia, Petrie, from Sydney for New York; Pro Patria, Henri, from St Pierre, Miq, via Sydney for Halifax; Pohno, Lechance, from Montreal for Sydney; ship Lizzie Burrill, Spurr, from Buenos Ayres via Sydney for Quebec; bark Sigrid, Anderson, from Santos via Sydney for Kioutoucan; barktn Hector, Morrell, from St Malo for Sydney 18th, strs Ferndene, Sharp, from Sydney for Montreal; Framfield, Jones, from Cardiff via Sydney for St John, N B; Bonavista, Fraser, from Sydney for Montreal; Turret Bay, from Montreal for Sydney.

PORTLAND, Me, June 13—A safe channel through the mine field at Bucksport Narrows, Penobscot River, Me, is marked by three red spar buoys, which must be left close on the starboard hand in going up the river.

CHATHAM, Mass, June 22—Psd west, str Portia, from Halifax for New York.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

GREENPORT, LI, June 19—The government has established a new light at the extreme end of the breakwater off here. The light is a steady red, and is visible for several miles.

In port at Buenos Ayres, May 13, bark Lovlas, Nickerson, for Cape Town.

Passed Dover, June 19, ship Mermerus, Cavenius, from London for St John.

Passed St Helena, previous to June 1, ship Treasurer, from Iloilo for New York.

Passed Kinsale, June 20, str Anaces, Robinson, from Chatham, NB, for Liverpool.

Passed Anjer, May 15, ship Dimsdale, Rothery, from New York for Shanghai; 23rd, bark Armenia, Anderson, from Manila for Delaware Breakwater.

Passed Sydney Light, June 21, strs Turret Bay; Turret Court, Irvine, and Greetlands, Couillard, from Sydney for Montreal; Rydalholme, Brown, from Montreal via Sydney for Hull; Krins, and Britannic, Neilsen, from Montreal for Sydney; Bruce, Delaney, from Placentia for Sydney; bark Argo, Jansen, from Sydney for Pugwash—not as before reported.

SPOKEN.

Ship Andora, Passmore, from Liverpool for New York, June 10, lat 46, lon 31.

Bark Arvio, Fagerlund, from Liverpool for Campbellton, June 13, lat 49, lon 14.

REPORTS.

GLOUCESTER, Mass, June 21.—The sch Eliza H Parker, Captain Daniel McDonald, has arrived at Arichat, CB, and reports the loss of one of her crew, George Lloyd, 23 years of age, and a native of Gyatot Ponds, NS. The sailor was drowned by the capsizing of a dory on the Banks.

Familiarity with danger is apt to breed contempt for it.