FOR RANK AND FILE.

World Wants a Religion for Ordinary People.

So Dr. Talmage Declares in a Sermon Full of Encouragement.

Faithful Men and Noble Women Unrecognized and Unrewarded.

Dr. Talmage in this discourse calls the roll of faithful men and noble women in all departments who are unrecognized and unrewarded, and sounds encouragement for those who do work in spheres inconspicuous; text, Romans xvi., 14, 15, "Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia."

Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, Adam Clark, Thomas Scott and all the commentators pass by these verses without any especial remark. The other 20 people in the chapter were distinguished for something and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors, but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows. When did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely nothing, or the trait of their character would have been brought out by the apostle. If they had been very intrepid or opulent or minute or musical of cadence or crass of style or in any wise anomalous, that feature would have been caught by the apostolic camera. But they were good people, because Paul sends to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people moving in ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 70,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary, and then there are 69,000,000 ordinary, and we do well to turn our backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkables and building thrones for magnates and sculpturing warriors, and apotheosizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need special help.

THE MEDIOCRE MANY.

The vast majority of people will never lead an army, will never write a state constitution, will never electrify a senate, will never make an important invention, will never introduce a new philosophy, will never decide the fate of a nation. You do not expect to, you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an Apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will more probably be Asyncritus or Phlegon or Hermas or Patrobas or Hermes or Philologus or Julia.

Many of you are women at the head of households. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of the household is in your dominion. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food and the apparel and the habits and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon brain and nerve and general health absolutely appalling, if there be no divine alleviation.

It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things amid the criminals at Newgate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Bornesian cannibals. It does not help you much to be told that Florence Nightingale was very kind to the wounded in the Crimea. It would be better for me to tell you that the divine friend of Mary and Martha is your friend and that He sees all the annoyances and disappointments and abrasions and exasperations of an ordinary housekeeper from morn till night, and from the first day of the year until the last day of the year and at your call He is ready with help and re-enforcement.

They who provide the food of the world decide the health of the world. You have only to go on some errand amid the taverns and the hotels of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music, and may have taken lessons in painting and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken lessons in dough. They who decide the apparel of the world and the food of the world decide the endurance of the world.

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with the martyrs of kitchen and nursery. The health-shattered womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of housekeeping. The wearing, grinding, unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galilee in the early morning and kindled the fire and had the fish already cleaned and broiling when the sportsmen stepped ashore, chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand or the hand of her hired help. The God who made indestructible eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, her son, and carried it to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family wardrobe. The God who opens the Bible with the story of Abraham's entertainment by the three angels on the plains of Mamre will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing. It is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Bible—remarkable for their virtue, or their want of virtue, or remarkable for their deeds—Deborah and Jezebel and Herodias and Athalia and Dorcas and the Marys, excellent and abandoned—it is high time some of the attention we have been giving to these conspicuous women of the Bible be given to Julia, an ordinary woman amid ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

Then there are all the ordinary business men. They need divine and Christian help. When we begin to talk about business life we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year, and the vast majority of business men do not sell a million dollars of goods, nor half a million, nor a quarter of a million, nor the eighth of a million. Put all the business men of our cities, towns, villages and neighborhoods side by side, and you will find that they sell less than $100,000 worth of goods. All these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the wrinkles are printing on the countenance the story of worriment and care.

PREMATURE OLD AGE.

You cannot tell how old a business man is by looking at him. Gray hairs at 30. A man at 45 with the stoop of a nonogenarian. No time to attend to improved dentistry, the grinders cease because they are few. Actually dying of old age at 40 or 50, when they ought to be at the meridian. Many of these business men have bodies like a neglected clock to which you come, and when you wind it up it begins to buzz and roar, and then the hands start around very rapidly, and then the clock strikes five or ten or 40, and strikes without any sense, and then suddenly stops. So is the body of that worn out business man. It is a neglected clock, and though by some summer recreation it may be wound up, still the machinery is all out of gear. The hands turn around with a velocity that excites the astonishment of the world. Men cannot understand the wonderful activity, and there is a roar and a buzz and a rattle about these disordered lives and they strike ten when they ought to strike five, and they strike twelve when they ought to strike six, and they strike 40 when they ought to strike nothing, and suddenly they stop. Post mortem examination reveals the fact that all the springs and pivots and weights and balance wheels of health are completely deranged. The human clock is simply run down. And at the time when the steady hand ought to be pointing to the industrious hours on a clear and sunlit dial the whole machinery of body, mind and earthly capacity stops forever. Oak Hill and Greenwood have thousands of business men who died of old age at 30, 35, 40, 45.

Now what is wanted is grace, divine grace, for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from morn till night and all the days of their life—harnessed in business. Not grace to lose $100,000, but grace to lose $10. Not grace to supervise 250 employes in a factory, but grace to supervise the bookkeeper and two salesmen and the small boy that sweeps out the store. Grace to invest not the $80,000 of net profit, but the $2,500 of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole shipload of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure a loss of a paper of collars from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof. Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods. Such a grace as thousands of business men have today—keeping them tranquil whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, whether tariff is up or tariff is down, whether the crops are luxuriant or a dead failure—calm in all circumstances and amid all vicissitudes. That is the kind of grace we want.

HEROES AT HOME.

Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking. Some Iero or heroine comes to town, and as the procession passes through the street the business men come out, stand on tiptoe on their store step and look at some one who in arctic clime, or in ocean storm, or in day of battle, or in hospital agonies did the brave thing, not realizing that they, the enthusiastic spectators, have gone through trials in business life that are just as great before God. There are men who have gone through freezing arctics and burning torrids and awful Marengos of experiences without moving five miles from their door step.

Now, what ordinary business men need is to realize that they have the friendship of that Christ who looked after the religious interests of Matthew, the custom house clerk, and helped Lydia of Thyatira to sell the dry goods, and who opened a bakery and fish market in the wilderness of Asia Minor to feed the 7,000 who had come out on a religious picnic, and who counts the hairs of your head with as much particularity as though they were the plumes of a coronation, and who took the trouble to stoop down with His finger writing on the ground, although the first shuffle of feet obliterated the divine caligraphy and who knows just how many locusts there were in the Egyptian plague and knew just how many ravens were necessary to supply Elijah's pantry by the brook Cherith, and who, as floral commander, leads forth all the regiments of primroses, foxgloves, daffodils, hyacinths and lilies which pitch their tents of beauty and kindle their campfires of color all around the hemispliere—that that Christ and that God knows the most minute affairs of your business life and, however inconsiderable, understanding all the affairs of that woman who keeps a thread and needle store as well as all the affairs of a Rothschild and a Baring.

Then there are all the ordinary farmers. We talk about agricultural life, and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the partician, who went from the plow to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship in 21 days went back again to the plow. What encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? The vast majority of them—none of them will be patricians. Perhaps none of them will be senators. If any of them have dictatorships, it will be over 40 or 50 or 100 acres of the old homestead. What these men want is grace to keep their patience while plowing with balky oxen and to keep cheerful amid the drought that destroys the corn and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the neighbor's cattle have broken in and trampled out the strawberry bed and gone through the Lima bean patch and eaten up the sweet corn in such large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die.

EVERYDAY GRACE.

Grace in catching weather that enables them, without imprecation, to spread out the hay the third time, although again and again it has been almost ready for the mow. A grace to doctor the cow with a hollow horn, and the sheep with the foot rot, and the horse with the distemper and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livlihood for the family and schooling for the children and little extras to help the older boy in business and something for the daughter's wedding outfit and a little surplus for the time when the ankles will get stiff with age and the breath will be a little short and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnatus. I know 500 farmers just as noble as he was. What they want is to know they have the friendship of that Christ who often drew his similes from the farmer's life, as when he said, "A sower went forth to sow," as when he built his best parable out of the scene of a farmer boy coming back from his wanderings, and the old farmhouse shook that night with rural jubilee, and who compared himself to a lamb in the pasture field, and who said that the eternal God is a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the husbandman."

Those stone masons do not want to hear about Christopher Wren, the architect who built St. Paul's cathedral. It would be better to tell them how to carry the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning with the trewel to smooth off the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the roadside. Carpenters, standing amid the adz, and the bit, and the plane, and the broadaxe need to be told that Christ was a carpenter, with his own hand wielding saw and hammer. Oh, this is a tired world, and it is on overworked world, and it is a wrung out world, and men and women need to know that there is rest and recuperation in God and in that religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people, because there are more of them.

The healing professions has had its Abercrombies, and its Abernethys, and its Valentine Motts, and its Willard Parkers, but the ordinary physicians do the most of the world's medicining, and they need to understand that while taking diagnosis or prognosis, or writing prescription, or compounding medicament, or holding the delicate pulse of a dying child they may have the presence and the dictation of the Almighty Doctor, who took the case of the madman, and after he had torn off his garments in foaming dementia, clothed him again, body and mind, and who lifted up the woman who for 18 years had been bent almost double with the rheumatism into graceful stature, and who turned the scabs of leprosy into robicund complexion, and who rubbed the numbness out of paralysis, and who swung wide open the closed windows of hereditary or accidental blindness until the morning light came streaming through the fleshy casements, and who knows all the disease and all the remedies, and all the herbs and all the catholicons and is monarch of pharmacy and therapeutics, and who has sent out 10,000 doctors of whom the world makes no record, but to prove that they are angels of mercy I invoke the thousands of men whose ailments they have assuaged and the thousands of women to whom in crisis of pain they have been next to God in benefaction.

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, occupations, in agriculture, in the household, in merchandise, in everything. I salute across the centuries Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.

TIRED OF EXTRAORDINARY FOLK.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God that you are not extraordinary. I am tired and sick and bored almost to death with extraordinary people. They take all their time to tell us how very extraordinary they really are. You know as well as I do, my brother and sister, that the most of the useful work of the world is done by unpretentious people, who toil right on—by people who do not get much approval and no one seems to say, "That is well done." Phenomena are of but little use. Things that the exceptional cannot be depended on. Better trust the smallest planet that swings in its orbit than ten comets shooting this way and that, imperilling the longevity of worlds attending to their own business. For steady illumination better is a lamp than a rocket.

Then, if you feel that you are ordinary, remember that your position invites less attack. Conspicuous people—how they have to take it! How they are misrepresented and abused and shot at! The higher the horns of a roebuck the easier to strike him down. What a delicious thing it must be to be a candidate for governor of a state or president of the United States! It must be so soothing to the nerves. It must pour into the soul of a candidate such a sense of serenity when he reads the blessed newspapers.

I came into the possession of the abusive cartoons in the time of Napoleon I., printed while he was yet alive. The retreat of the army from Moscow, that army buried in the snows of Russia, one of the most awful tragedies of the centuries, represented under the figure of a monster called General Frost shaving the French emperor with a razor of icicle. As Satyr and Beelzebub he is represented, page after page, page after page. England cursing him, Spain cursing him, Germany cursing him, Russia cursing him, Europe cursing him, North and South America cursing him. The most remarkable man of the day, and the most abused. All those men in history who now have a halo around their name on earth wore a crown of thorns. Take the few extraordinary railroad men of our time and see what abuse comes upon them, while thousands of stockholders escape. New York Central had 9,265 stockholders. If anything in that railroad affronted the people, all the abuse came down on one man, and the 9,264 escaped. All the world took after Thomas Scott, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, abused him until he got under ground. Over 17,000 stockholders in that company. All the blame on one man! The Central Pacific railroad—two or three men get all the blame if anything goes wrong. There are 10,000 in that company.

I mention these things to prove it is extraordinary people who get abused, while the ordinary escape. The weather of life is not so severe on the plain as it is on the high peaks. The world never forgives a man who knows or gains or does more than it can know or gain or do. Parents sometimes give confectionery to their children as an inducement to take bitter medicine and the world's sugar plum precedes the world's aqua fortis. The mob cried in regard to Christ, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" and they had to say it twice to be understood, for they were so hoarse, and they got their hoarseness by crying a little while before at the top of their voice, "Hosanna!" The river Rhine is foul when it enters Lake Leman, but crystalline when it comes out on the other side. But there are men who have entered the bright lake of worldly prosperity crystalline and come out terribly roiled. If, therefore, you feel that you are ordinary, thank God for the defenses and the tranquility of your position.

FROM HUMBLE HOMES.

Then remember if you have only what is called an ordinary home that the great deliverers of the world have all come from such a home. And there may be seated, reading at your evening stand, a child who shall be potent for the ages. Just unroll the scroll of men mighty in church and state, and you will find they nearly all came from log cabin or poor homes. Genius almost always runs out in the third or fourth generation. You cannot find in all history an instance where the fourth generation of extraordinary people amounts to anything. In this country we had two great men, father and son, both Presidents of the United States, but from present prospects there never will be in that geneallogical line another president for a thousand years. Columbus from a weaver's hut, Demosthenes from a cutler's cellar, Bloomfield and Missionary Carey from a shoemaker's bench, Arkwright from a barber's shop and he whose name is high over all in earth and air and sky from a manger.

Let us all be content with such things as we have. God is just as good in what He keeps away from us as in what He gives us. Even a knot may be useful if it is at the end of a thread.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the "Iliad," the "Odyssey" and the "Divina Commedia," all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in the signs of the mute language, asked her, "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her, "For what purpose did Christ come into the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner said to her, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I hear and speak?" She wrote upon the blackboard, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." Oh, that we might be baptised with a contented spirit. The spider draws poison out of a flower, the bee gets honey out of a thistle, but happiness is a heavenly elixir, and the contented spirit extracts it not from the rhododendron of the hills, but from the lily of the valley.

NORTHUMBERLAND CO.

NORTHESK, Northumberland Co., Feb. 10.—Bass are still very scarce.

Mrs. John D. Goodfellow lost her three months' old baby Monday, 7th. The remains were laid away to rest in the Presbyterian churchyard, Red Bank. Much sympathy is felt for the mother in her bereavement.

Mrs. Mary Adams and her little granddaughter Mamie arrived home on Tuesday from Quebec, where Mrs. Adams had been visiting her daughter, Mrs. McKeen.

Mrs. Cowperthwaite of Boston, Mass., is visiting her cousin, Mrs. John McColm of Northesk boom.

Mrs. William Hare is the guest of Mrs. John McColm. Mrs. Howe, on account of a broken arm, is unable to perform her home duties.

Miss Maggie Esty is seriously ill with rheumatic fever.

HE WAS ON THE SHIP TROOP.

(Sydney, C. B., Reporter.)

In a letter received by Charles Brookman of this town from the British consul at Shanghai information is given of the death at the general hospital at that place of Capt. William McLeod. Deceased was a native of Point Edward, Cape Breton, having been born there about 56 years ago. He has been a seafaring man since his youth, principally going on long voyages. His last passage was on the ship Troop of St. John, N. B., which vessel sailed from New York in the early spring of 1897, he occupying the position of mate. While on the voyage and when within a few days sail of their destination when on deck at night he slipped and fell on a plank, striking his left shoulder very heavily, injuring himself internally. Immediately upon the arrival of the ship at Sanghai he was conveyed to the hospital, where he was treated with the greatest kindness and care. It was in this hospital that Mr. Brookman renewed his acquaintance and spent considerable of his time while in the hospital in his company. A few hours before leaving for home Mr. Brookman received permission from the captain of their ship and went ashore to visit Capt. McLeod previous to his departure for Sydney. This was on Sept. 17, 1897, and was the last news received from him by his friends and relatives in Cape Breton until the announcement of his death as above stated, which occurred on Dec. 8, 1897, of consumption. He visited his home in 1892 and lastly in 1894, when he remained for a few weeks.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived.

Feb. 15.—Bark Ashlow, 639, Knowlton, from Cette, Est. O Emery, bal.

Sch Wm Jones (Am), 264, McLean, from Boston, R C Elkin, bal.

Coastwise—Sch Alph B Parker, 39, Holland, from Tiverton.

Feb 16—Str Teslin Head, 1083, Arthur, from Ardrossan, Wm Thomson & Co, bal.

Coastwise—Schs Lone Star, 29, Griffin, from Pt Lepreaux; Sea Flower, 10, Thompson, from fishing.

Feb. 17—Coastwise—Sch Edward Morse, 32, Calder, from fishing.

Cleared.

Feb. 15.—Stmr Flushing, Ingersoll, for Campobello.

Feb 16—Str Gallia, Stewart, for Liverpool via Halifax.

Sch Eric, Harrington, for City Island f o.

Coastwise—Schs Anita, Dickson, for Digby; Louisa, Hargraves, for Lepreaux; Venus, Brown, for Campobello; Alph B Parker, Outhouse, for Tiverton.

Feb 17—Str Duart Castle, Seeley, for West Indies via Halifax.

Str St Croix, Allan, for Boston.

Coastwise—Schs Wanita, Magarvey, for Annapolis; Rex, Sweet, for Boston.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Arrived.

HALIFAX, N S, Feb. 15.—Ard, strs Portia, Farrell, from New York; St. John City, Harrison, from London.

At Louisburg, Feb 14, str Regulus, from St Johns, Nfld, with 300 dogs for Klondyke.

At Quaco, Feb 16, sch Victor, Smith, from St John.

HALIFAX, Feb 17—Ard, str Gallia, Stewart, from St John, and proceeded to Liverpool.

Sld, strs St John City, Harrison, for St John; MacKay-Bennett (cable), for New York.

Cleared.

At Quaco, Feb 16, schs Victor, Smith; Abana, Floyd, for St John.

Sailed.

From Liverpool, NS, Feb 12, sch Goldfinch, for Demerara.

From Louisburg, Feb 14, schs Thomas W Holder, for Boston; Essex, for Gloucester.

BRITISH PORTS.

Arrived.

At Queenstown, Feb. 13, ship Brenhilda, Baxter, from Portland, O.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 15.—Ard, str Lake Huron, from St. John via Halifax.

At Cape Town, Jan 23, bark Sayre, Roberts, from Barry.

At Kingston, Ja, Feb 7, sch Zeta, Byrnes, from Lunenburg.

At Belfast, Feb 15, str H M Pollock, Newman, from Newport News.

LIVERPOOL, Feb 16—Ard, strs Catalonia, from Boston; Teutonic, from New York.

Sailed.

From Newcastle, NSW, Feb. 12, ship Centurion, Forsyth, for W C South America; ship Honolulu, Dexter, for Manilla.

From Queenstown, Feb 14, ship Andelana, from Antwerp for New York, in tow for Liverpool.

From Cardiff, Feb 12, bark Levuka, Harris, for Cape Town.

From Newcastle, NSW, Feb 12, previously ships Centurion, Forsyth, from west coast South America (reported chartered to load at nitrate port for Hampton Roads for orders); Honolulu, Dexter, for Manila.

QUEENSTOWN, Feb 17—Sld, str Germanic (from Liverpool), for New York.

DUBLIN, Feb 17—Sld, str Glen Head, for St John, NB.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Arrived.

At Boston, Feb 13, barktn Stranger, Leihke, from Montevideo; 12th, sch Roger Drury, Dixon, from Perth Amboy.

At Wilmington, Feb 12, sch Victory, Munroe, from Nassau.

At Bahia, Jan 1, bark Nicanor, Wolfe, from New York.

At Havana, Feb 5, schs Sadie Willcutt, Winchester, from Kingsport, N S; 6th, Blomidon, Lockhart, from Canning, NS; J W Durant, Durant, from Kingsport, NS.

At New York, Feb 12, str Salamanca, Reynolds, from Philadelphia; 13th, bark Glenrosa, Card, from Demerara; barktn Peerless, Saunders, from Savana-la-Mar; 11th, ship Geo T Hay, Eagles, from Sharpness.

At Buenos Ayres, Jan 1, ship Lennie Burrill, Larkin, from Saguenay; 4th, bark Alberta, Roberts, from Pascagoula.

SALEM, Mass., Feb. 15.—Ard, sch Carrie Belle, and A. Gibson, from Boston for St. John.

BOSTON, Feb. 15.—Ard, str Prince Edward, from Yarmouth, N S; sch Gladys May, from Charlottetown, PEI.

Cleared, sch Goldseeker, for Liverpool, NS.

Sailed, str Boston, for Yarmouth, N S; sch Carrie Belle, for St John.

DUTCH ISLAND HARBOR, Feb. 15.—Ard schs Mary F Carson, from New York for Portland; Abner Taylor, from Calais for New York; Cathie C Berry, from St John, N B, for New York; Tay, from St. John for New York.

BUENOS AYRES, Jan. 20.—Ard, sch Mignonette, from Campbellton, N B.

MONTEVIDEO, Jan. 20.—Ard, bark Avola, from Bridgewater, N S.

At Darien, Feb 8, bark Valona, Murray, from Liverpool.

At Port Reading, NJ, Feb 13, sch Gypsum King, Knowlton, for New York.

At Tybee, Feb 14, bark Salina, Johnson, from Lisbon (and ordered to New York).

At Vineyard Haven, Feb 15, sch Sallie E Ludlam, from Jersey City for Mt Desert.

At Buenos Ayres, Jan 16, bark Skoda, Lee, from Mobile for Rosario; 20th, sch Mignonette, Boulanger, from Campbellton, NB.

BOSTON, Feb. 17—Ard, strs Boston, from Yarmouth, NS; Halifax, from Halifax, NS.

Sld, schs Ella and Minnie, for Grand Manan; Eureka, for Halifax; W E and W L Tuck, for Rockport and Annapolis; Roger Drury, for St John.

Sld, Feb 16, str Prince Edward, for Yarmouth, NS.

Cleared.

From Bahia, Dec 31, sch Abbie M Deering, Teel, from Freeport, N S, via Lynn, Mass, for San Francisco, etc.

From New London, Feb 13, sch Ira D Sturgis, from St John for New York.

From Pensacola, Jan 14, bark Angara, Rodenheiser for New York (has been reported sailed Dec. 11).

From New York, Feb 14, barks Mary A Law, for Dunedin and Lyttleton; Still Water, for Melbourne; White Wings, for Barbados (latter anchored off Sandy Hook); sch Walleda, for Antigua.

PORTLAND, Me., Feb. 15—Cld, str Sarmatian, for Glasgow.

From New York, Feb 14, ships E J Spicer, Cochran, for Newport News; sch Alert, Burns, for Macoris.

At New York, Feb 15, bark Kelverdale, for Rio Janeiro.

At Havana, Feb 11, sch J W Durant, Durant, for Mobile.

At Brunswick, Feb 15, sch W R Huntley, Howard, for Barbados (for orders).

Sailed.

At Buenos Ayres, Jan 4, sch Exception, Barteaux, for New York.

From Ship Island, Feb 10, ship Z Ring, Grafton, for Rio Janeiro.

From New York, Feb 14, bark White Wings, for Barbados.

From Tybee, Feb 15, bark Salina, Johnson (from Lisbon), for New York.

PORTLAND, Me, Feb 17—Sld, str Sardinian, for Liverpool.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Feb 17—Sld, sch Sallie E Ludlam, from Jersey City for Mount Desert.

DUTCH ISLAND HARBOR, Feb 17—Sld, sch Mary Corson, from New York for Portland.

MEMORANDA.

CITY ISLAND, Feb. 15—Bound south: Sch Ira D Sturgis, from St John, N B.

Passed St Helena, previous to Jan 23, ship Walter H Wilson, Doty, from Samarang for Azores.

In port at Buenos Ayres, Jan 3, bark Ontario, Lawrence, for New York or Boston via Rosario.

In port at Port Glasgow, Feb 10, steamer Arbela, Smith, for Bristol Channel, Canary Islands and St John, NB.

The following vessels were wind bound at Hart Island Roads on the 15th: Bark Louvima, Hatfield, from New York for Bahia; schs Gypsum Queen, Morris, from New York for St Pierre; Calabria, Grant, from New York for Demerara.

SCILLY, Feb 17—Passed, str Armenia, from Portland for Hamburg.

SPOKEN.

Bark Antoinette, from Halifax for Penarth Roads, Jan 29, lat 43, lon 49.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

PORTLAND, Me., Feb.—Notice is hereby given of the following changes:

Machias Bay and River, Me.—Randall Pt. Flats buoy, 2nd class nun, red, No. 4, reported dragged ¼ of a mile into Sanborn Cove, has been replaced.

Pigeon Hill Bay, Me.—Whale Ledge buoy, spar, red, No. 2, reported adrift Feb. 5, was replaced Feb. 9.

From Nash Island Lighthouse to Frenchman Bay, Me.—Petit Manan Reef buoy, 2nd class nun, red, No. 2, reported adrift Feb. 5, was replaced Feb. 9.

From Cape Elizabeth to Portsmouth—Boon Island Whistling Buoy, 1st class nun, shaped, with B. I. L. in white letters, is reported adrift. It will be replaced as soon as practicable.

PORTLAND, Me, Feb 14—Notice is hereby given that Birch Point Ledge buoy, 2nd class nun, red, No 6, which was reported adrift off into deep water Feb 8, was placed in position Feb 11th.

WESTERLY, RI, Feb 14—The Quonocontaug Life Saving Station located a dangerous wreck four miles SSW of the station and SE of Watch Hill Light. The wreck is drifting about, the water in the vicinity being about 150 feet deep, and lies in the course of coast steamers. The spars are in plain sight.

Capt. Sprague of stmr John Englis, at Portland from New York, reports a dangerous spar, evidently attached to a sunken wreck, between Point Judith and Block Island, probably a new wreck.

NEW YORK, Feb 15—The Supervisor of Anchorages for the Port of New York gives notice that on or about March 15 a cable will be laid from NW point of Governor's Island to dock at Ellis Island, New York Harbor. The cable will be laid between the white anchorage buoys at mouth of Ellis Island channel and up that channel to the dock. Masters and pilots are cautioned in anchoring vessel to give the line of cable a good berth.

HALIFAX, Feb 14—Steamer Newfield was engaged on Friday placing harbor bucys which were disturbed by ice floes. She will proceed to Yarmouth Tuesday to pick up a buoy which has drifted out of position.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Births, Marriages and Deaths occurring in the families of subscribers will be published FREE in THE SUN. In all cases, however, the name of the sender must accompany the notice.

MARRIAGES.

McKNIGHT-STEVENS.—At the home of the bride's parents, 23 St. James street, Feb. 15th inst., by the Rev. E. E. Daly, John McKnight, LL. B., of the law firm of Pattee & McKnight of Quincy, Mass., to Kate Murray Stevens, daughters of W. E. and Selina Stevens.

SOUTHWICK-MOIR—On Feb. 14th, in Boston, Mass., George A. Southwick, of Boston to Annie G., second daughter of Alexander G. Moir of Temple, York county, N. B.

DEATHS.

HARKINS.—Killed on the C. P. R. at Westfield, N. B., Feb. 9, 1898, William Harkins of Petersville, Queens Co., aged 47 years, leaving a wife and seven children to mourn their sad loss. May his soul rest in peace.

—(Boston papers please copy.

STRANG.—In this city, Feb. 15, Charlotte E., beloved wife of Cyrus D. Strang, aged 55 years, leaving a husband and four sons to mourn their sad loss.

SWEENY—In this city, on Feb. 17th, after a lingering illness, Thomas Sweeny, leaving a wife, six children and a brother to mourn their sad loss.

ALBERT CO.

HOPEWELL HILL, Albert Co., Feb. 18.—Messrs. Taylor and Durning have been getting out six hundred sticks of piling for C. & L. Prescott of Albert. Peter Bishop of Riverside is doing considerable lumbering at New Ireland this winter. Mr. Bishop has teams engaged at the present time hauling last year's deals that were left over, which will be shipped from Riverside on the opening of navigation.

Jas. G. Stuart has been appointed a deputy sheriff for Albert Co.

A largely attended and successful donation and social was held last evening at the residence of Rev. I. B. Colwell, pastor of the Hopewell Baptist church. The reverend gentleman was presented with the sum of over $50 in cash, besides other articles of value. Excellent music was furnished and speeches made during the evening, and a most enjoyable time spent.

The recent marriage at Denver, Col., is reported of Milford W. Downie, formerly of this county, to Miss Evelyn Myrne Meldrum of Denver. The newly married couple will reside at Mammoth Hot Springs, Wyoming, where Mr. Downie is assistant auditor of the Yellowstone Park Association.

Jas. Wm. Reid, formerly of New Horton, has gone to Sherbrooke, N. S., to take charge of the mill of the Nova Scotia Lumber Co.

Albert County Lodge, L. O. A., met at Hillsboro on Tuesday, Feb. 1st, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Rev. S. C. Moore, county master; G. D. Steeves, deputy master; J. M. Steeves, chaplain; M. E. Copp, secretary; Frank Milton, F. S.; W. H. Gross, treasurer; D. M. Elliott, D. C.; J. J. Woodworth, L.; G. D. Reid, Frank Coleman, D. L. The "glorious twelfth" will be celebrated this year at Albert.

A. S. Mitton returned yesterday from Montreal, where he has been taking special treatment at the Royal Victoria hospital. He is somewhat improved.

HOPEWELL CAPE, Feb. 8.—Captain Joseph Cook and wife of this place have just returned from Westmorland county, where they have enjoyed a month's visit among relatives and friends. Captain Cook is a native of Westmorland county, and his Albert county residence is nearly opposite his old home on the east side of the Petitcodiac river, and only about three miles distant therefrom. But in order to reach the old hearthstone and return with his own team the captain had to travel one hundred and ten miles. At the time the genial captain and his worthy wife joined interests in life, times were brisk at the shiretown of Albert county, which was some twenty years ago, and on account of the demands of business upon his time the bridal tour was postponed until now. The worthy couple were welcomed home by all with a warmth and greetings that could not fail to convince them that they were respected and appreciated at home.