SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived.

May 31—Str Petunia, 1093, Owen, from West Hartlepool, Wm Thomson and Co, bal.

Coastwise—Schs Annie Pearl, 39, Downey, from River Hebert; str Beaver, 67, Potter, from Canning; Maggie Lynds, 66, Christopher, from Moncton; Satellite, 26, Perry, from Westport.

June 1.—Coastwise—Schs Annie Blanche, 68, Randall, from Parrsboro; Nina Blanche, 30, Crocker, from Freeport; Dreadnaught, 19, Chute, from Harborville; Hustler, 38, Crosby, from Meteghan; Hattie McKay, 73, Durant, from Parrsboro; Chieftain, 71, Tufts, from Quaco.

June 2.—Coastwise—Schs Rebecca W, Gough, from Quaco; Citizen, 46, Woodworth, from Bear River.

Cleared.

31—Sch Ada G Shortland, McIntyre, for Providence.

Coastwise—Schs Alice, Benjamin, for Windsor; Satellite, Huntley, for Five Islands; Essie C, Whelpley, for Alma; Lida Gretta, Ellis, for Quaco; Jessie, Spicer, for Harborville; Ollo, Glaspy, for Digby; Vesta, Gould, for Bass River.

May 31.—Cld, ship Cora, Frost, for Bristol.

May 31.—Sch Tay, Spragg, for New York.

Sch Ina, Hanselpacker, for Calais.

Sch Rosemeath, Nickerson, for Barbados.

June 1.—Str Cumberland, Thompson, for Boston.

Sch Thistle, Williams, for City Island, f o.

Sch Valdare, Hatfield, for Providence.

Coastwise—Schs Hattie McKay, Durant, for Parrsboro; Dreadnaught, Chute, for Harborville; Hustler, Crosby, for Meteghan; Spartmaker, Livingstone, for Advocate Harbor.

June 2.—Schs Doye, Gesinger, for Tiverton; Citizen, Woodworth, for Bear River; Annie Blanche, Randall, for Parrsboro.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Arrived

At Fredericton, May 30, sch A Gibson, Ward, from Boston.

At Hillsboro, May 30, schs St Maurice, Merriam, from Yarmouth; Annie M Allen, Cratt, from St John; Helen S Martin, Fountain, from Boston.

At Point du Chene, May 29, bark Hebe, Sandy, from Liverpool; 30th, bark Hans Nilsen Hauge, Christiansen, from Liverpool.

At Richibucto, May 30, bgt Hamlet, Kellingstad, from England.

At Newcastle, May 30, bktn Fri, Andersen, from Waterford; 31st, bark Elektra, Hansen, from Oesstemunds; Havre, Gundersen, from Arendal.

At Hillsboro, May 30, sch D J Sawyer, Rogers, from Jonesport.

At Hillsboro, May 31, sch L A Plummer, Foster, from Boston.

At Shediac, May 24, bark Gers, Ljungberg, from Dundee; 26th, bark Emilie, Knudsen, from Appleton; 27th, bark Foyland, Petersen, from Liverpool; 30th, bark Hans Nilsen Hauge, Christensen, from do; Hebe, Sanne, from do; June 1, bark Shakespeare, Janson, from Moss.

BATHURST, N B, June 1.—Ard, s s Cheronea, Masters, from London.

HALIFAX, NS, June 1—Ard, str Halifax, Pye, from Charlottetown, and sailed for Boston; bark Gier, Amundsen, from Waterford, E.

At Bathurst, June 1, bark Capella, Johansen, from London.

At Richibucto, May 31, barks Valona, Murray, from Liverpool; Friech, Fossesen, from England.

At Chatham, May 28, bark Kalos, Olsen, from Bristol; 30th, sch Clayola, McDade, from Louisburg; 31st, bark Fyigia, Danielsen, from Wendal.

At Newcastle, May 30, str Turret Cape, from Quebec.

At Cape Tormentine, May 31, bark Dagny, Gjertsen, from Liverpool (to load for Rayworth Bros); bark Biskop Brun, Nielsen, from Liverpool.

Cleared.

At Fredericton, May 30, sch Pefetta, Maxwell, for Vineyard Haven, f o.

At Hillsboro, May 28, sch Alfred Brabrook, Garland, for Chester, Pa.

At Newcastle, May 28, bark Romanoff, Hawthorne, for Belfast; sch Onyx, McKinnion, for Newark.

At Shediac, May 28, bark Flora, Gjertsen, for Glasson Dock; 31st, bark Kalstad, Hansen, for Birkenhead.

At Point du Chene, May 29, bark Flora, Gjertsen, for Glasson Dock.

At Newcastle, May 31, str Cunaxa, Grady, for Dublin.

At Hillsboro, May 30, sch Bessie Parker, Carter, for Newark; 31st, schs Annie M Allan, Croft, for Newburg; St Maurice, Merriam, for New York.

Cleared, str New Foundland, Farquhar, for Jamaica.

BRITISH PORTS.

Arrived.

LIVERPOOL, May 30—Ard, strs Sagamore, from Boston; Lake Huron, from Montreal.

At Greenock, May 30, ship Mary L Burrill, Rice, from Mobile.

LIVERPOOL, June 1—Ard, str Baltimore, from Montreal.

LIVERPOOL, May 31—Ard, bark Alert, from Hillsboro, N B.

NEWCASTLE, May 30—Ard, str Tyrret Cape, from Quebec.

DUBLIN, June 1—Ard, str Malin Head, from Montreal.

At Sydney, NSW, May 31, bark Eudora, Lewis, from New York.

At Melbourne, May 31, (previously) bark Still Water, Thurber, from New York.

Sailed.

From Cardiff, May 28, bark Ellida, for Miramichi.

DEMERARA, May 31—Sld, sch Sherbrooke, for Halifax.

GIBRALTAR, May 31—Sld, str Pacific, from Genoa for St John.

Sld, strs Incomore, for Montreal; Cufic, for New York.

From Table Bay, May 27, ship Timandra, Edgett, for Newcastle, N S W.

From Newcastle, N S W, May 23, ship Ellen A Read, Landry, for Manila.

From Liverpool, May 28, ship Andora, Passmore, for New York.

Ardrossan, May 30—Sld, str Mourne, for St John, N B.

GREENOCK, June 1.—Sld, bark Thorguy, for St John, N B.

From Ayr, May 28, Fremad, for Avonport.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Arrived.

At Boston, May 28, sch Herbert Rice, Dunham, from Arroyo.

At Mobile, May 28, sch Boniform, Jones, from Ruatan.

At Buenos Ayres, May 31, sch Deer Hill, Burns, from Lunenburg.

BOSTON, May 31—Ard, str Prince Edward, from Yarmouth, NS; schs Annie C and Vado, from Bridgetown, NS; Josephine and Christina, from Cheverie, NS; Clifford and Rordo, from St John; Muriel, from Bear River, NS; Alice Maud, from Fredericton, N B; G C Kelly, from Caplea, PQ.

WASHINGTON, May 30—Ard, sch Annie Bliss, for St John.

At Hong Kong, May 31, str Empress of China.

At Jacksonville, May 28, bark Peerless, from New York.

At New York, May 30, sch Golden Hind, Landry, from Tarpun Bay; June 1, ship Howard D Troop, Corning, from Havre.

CITY ISLAND, June 1—Ard, schs Bessie Parker, from Hillsboro, NB, for Newark; Hannah F Carleton, from Hollsboro, N B, for Newark; A P Emerson, from Hillsboro, NB, for Newark; Beaver, from Hillsboro, N B; Greta, Ayr, Annie A Booth, Sierra, and Bonnie Doon, from St John, NB; Calabra, and B C Borden, from Windsor, N S; Mary F Corson, from Apple River, N S; Saarbruck, from Quaco, N B; Moraincy, from Spencer's Island, N S; R S Graham, from Cheverie, N S, for Carteret; Leonard E from River Hebert, N S; Ella Brown, from Nova Scotia; Valetta, from St John; Emma McAdam, from Calais; Hortensia, from Saint River.

PORTLAND, Me, June 1—Ard, steam tug Springhill, with barges Nos. 1 and 2, from Parrsboro, N S; schs D J Melanson, Melanson, from Porto Rico.

CALAIS, Me, June 1—Ard, sch Annie Gus, from Wellfleet.

RED BEACH, June 1—Ard, sch Grecian Bend, from Cheverie, N S.

BOSTON, June 1—Ard, schs Frank W, from Dorchester, N B; Utility, from Hillsboro, N B; Wendall Burpee, and James Barber, from St John.

VINEYARD HAVEN, June 1—Ard, sch Hattie Muriel, from New York for St John.

BOOTHBAY, June 1—Ard, schs J W Ellis, from Calais, Me; Irene, from St John for Westerly, RI.

SALEM, Mass, June 1—Ard, schs Roy, from Fredericton for orders; Luta Price, from St John for orders; C J Colwell, from Pawtucket for St John.

PORTSMOUTH, N H, June 1—Ard, sch Leo, from Boston for St John.

At Ship Island, May 30, bark Avoca, Jackson, from Rio Janeiro.

At Rosario, April 20, barks Charles E Lefurgey, Reed, from Buenos Ayres; 25th, Zadok, Jones, from Rio Janeiro.

At St Thomas, May 19, strs Honiton, Servy, from Philadelphia; Tyrian, Angrove, from New York.

At Jacksonville, May 31, schr Lewanika, Williams, from New York.

At Antwerp, May 30, strs Storm King, Crosby, from Baltimore; 31st Zoe, Miles, from Fernandina via St Michaels.

At Montevideo, May 24, bark Sunny South, McBride, from Mobile.

At New Lordon, May 31, sch E C Dennison, Comeau, from New York.

At New York, May 31, bark L W Norton, Parke, from Macoris; sch Turban, Buiford, from Boston.

Cleared.

At Brunswick, Ga, May 28, bark Auriga, Johns, for Queenstown; sch John S Parker, Gesner, for Yarmouth and Halifax.

At Brunswick, May 30, brig Herbert, Lopez, for St Vincent, C V I.

Cleared, strs Canada, for Liverpool; Prince Edward, for Yarmouth, N S.

At New York, May 31, sch F R Hewson, for River Hebert.

At Pensacola, May 31, ship Emphemie, Kenney, for Buenos Ayres.

At Mobile, May 31, str Huntcliff, for Liverpool.

Sailed.

From Hamburg, May 16, bark Elra, Hansen, for West Bay.

From Satilla River, Ga, May 26, sch Edward M Reed, Wilson, for Philadelphia.

From New York, May 29, sch Chas L Jeffrey, Thrall, for Boston.

ARENDAL, May 29—Sld, bark Winona, for Canada.

ST MALO, May 29—Sld, bark Tasker, for St John.

CITY ISLAND, May 31—Bound south, sch William F Collins, for Parrsboro, NS.

ROCKPORT, May 31—Sld, sch Brenton, for Meteghan, NS.

BOOTHBAY, May 31—Sld, schs Stephen Bennett, for New York; Fraulien, for do; Alba, for Boston; Utility, for do; James Barber, for Salem.

Sld, str Yarmouth, for Yarmouth; sch Olivia, for Bear River, NS.

From Brunswick, May 30, bark Auriga, Johns, for Queenstown for orders; sch John S Parker, Gesner, for Yarmouth and Halifax.

From Hamburg, May 28, bark Jafnhar, Tygesen, for Shediac.

From Tacoma, May 24, bark Highlands, Owen, for Buenos Ayres.

From Salem, May 30, schs Uranus, Onward, Fawn, Temperance Bell, Onora, Nellie Waters, Greta, and Clarine.

EASTPORT, Me, June 1—Sailed, schs Orozimbo, for New York; Hyena, for do; Senator Grimes, for New Bedford; Henry F Eaton, for Westport Point, Mass; William Todd, Campbell, for New Haven; Clara J Stevens, for Harwichport, Mass; Julia and Martha, for Bramford, Conn; Mary Lee, Coleman, for do.

Sailed, schs Sarah Eaton, for New York.

LISBON, May 27—Sailed, sch Vamoose, for Halifax, N S.

MARSEILLES, May 29—Sailed, Ared, for Miramichi; bark Guilia E, for St John, NB; bark Duo Cugini, for St John, NB.

From New York, May 31, bark J E Graham, for Sydney; schs Gypsum King, Knowlton, for Windsor, NS; Two Sisters, Egan, for Sackville, NB; Lyra, Wood, for St John.

From Arendal, May 23, bark Winona, Jorgensen, for Canada.

From Rio Janeiro, April 28, barks Varetro, Labrincha, for Brunswick; May 1, Carrie L Smith, Classan, for Hillston (Canada).

From (the coast) Curacoa, May 9, brig G B Lockhart, for New York.

SPOKEN.

Steamer Alpha, Hall, from Halifax for Coronel and Vancouver, April 27, lat 14 S, lon 37 W.

MEMORANDA.

Passed Sydney Light, May 30, strs Broomhaugh, from Sicily for Sydney; Nether Holme, from Montreal via Sydney for Hull; Nordkyn, Beer, from Sydney for Hamburg; Krim, from Rio Janeiro for Sydney; Coban, Fraser, from Sydney for Montreal; Cacouna, Whalen, and barge, from Montreal for Sydney; bark Aureole, Wakeham, from Barbadoes for Sydney; 29th, strs Louisburg, Gould, from Sydney for Montreal; Truma, Morgenson, for Turret Bay; Nordkyn, Beer, from Montreal, all for Sydney; Coban, Fraser, from St Johns for Sydney.

In port at Bermuda, May 26, sch Hilda, loading.

Passed Kinsale, May 29, str Bengore Head, Brennen, from Montreal for Dublin.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—The following notice to mariners was issued today:

Headquarters Coast Signal Service, Washington, May 31st.

Notice is given that this service has now in operation a system of signal stations extending from West Quoddy Head, Me, to the Mexican border, all connected by wire, with the navy department. It also has the co-operation of the lighthouse service, life saving service and weather bureau. Vessels passing any of the stations of the above service are requested to signal by international code any news they may have of sighting suspicious craft of fleets at sea. Any cautionary news, such as the knowledge of an enemy in these waters, will be communicated to passing vessels that come within signalling distance. A list of stations of these services will be furnished on application, but they are now at all prominent points on the coast, and may be known by the following distinguishing signal hoisted on a 90 foot signal mast, viz.:

Quiet days, six foot drum shape.

Breezy days, international letter P.

Night lanterns white, red white in a vertical hoist.

Most of the prominent light houses, as well as the life saving stations have telephonic connection with the coast signal stations and are equipped with the international code flags and book.

All correspondence relating to this service should be addressed to the superintendent of the coast signal service, navy department, Washington, D. C. (Signed),

JOHN E. BARTLETT, Supt.

Passed Deal, May 28, ships Oriana, Nicolini, from London for Pugwash.

Passed Sydney Light, May 31, steamers Bonavista, Fraser, from Montreal via Sydney for St Johns; Turret Court, Henry, and Glenlivet, Chase, from Montreal for Sydney; Truma (Nor), Morgensen, and Cacouna, Whalen, from Sydney for Montreal; Harlaw, Farquhar, NSr, for Sydney; Bruce, Delaney, and Polina, Lechance, from St Johns for Sydney; topsail sch Inez, for Sydney.

Passed Vineyard Haven, May 31, schs Annie A Booth, from St John for New York; Mary A Corson, from Apple River for New York; Calabria, and B C Borden, from Windsor for New York; R S Graham, from Cheverie for New York; Sierra, from St John for City Island; Sadie Wilcutt, from Saint John for Philadelphia; Valetta, Prudent, and D W B, bound west; Irene, from Saint John for Stonington.

Passed Sydney Light, June 1, strs Acadian, Delisle from Quebec for Sydney; Turret Court, Krim, Irgens, Broomhaugh, from Sydney for Montreal; Propatria, Henry, from Halifax for Sydney; Roddam, Morrell, from Pensacola via Sydney for Greenock; Bruce, Delaney, from Sydney for Placentia.

Passed Nobska, May 31, schs F H Odiorne, White, from Port Johnson for Bath; Wentworth Dill, from New York for Hillsboro, NB; Gypsum Princess, Merriam, from New York for Windsor, N S.

In port at Calcutta, May 14, bark Andorinha, Morgan, for New York.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

BOSTON, May 27.—Notice is given by the Lighthouse Board that a spar buoy painted red and black horizontal stripes, in 28 feet of water, has been placed to mark wreck of a schooner sunk in Ipswich Harbor, Mass, on the following (approximate) bearings: Base Rock Spindle, NW, ¾ N; Ipswich Lighthouse, NE, 15-16 N; SE tangent Plum Island, SE by S, 7-16 S.

Ship Karno, from Mobile for London, May 25, lat 45.30, lon 47.

Bark Albertina, Dill, from New York for Santos, April —, lat 19 S, lon 30 W.

Ship Cumberland, Irving, from New York for Melbourne, April 12, lat 7 S, lon 33 W.

Ship Avon, from Queenshoro, for Parrsboro, May 12, lat 47.12, lon 32.08.

CLEANSE THE BLOOD

Dr. Talmage Illustrated an Old Testament Scene.

Sins That Only Blood Can Remove—Freedom of a Purified Soul.

What We Are Taught by the Birds of Ancient Sacrifice.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—From a scene of old, Dr. Talmage in this sermon presents the old gospel under another phase; text, Leviticus xiv, 5-7: "And the priests shall command that one of the birds be killed in an earthen vessel, over running water. As for the living bird, he shall take it, and the cedar wood, and the scarlet, and the hyssop, and shall dip them and the living bird that was killed over the running water, and he shall sprinkle upon him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy seven times, and shall pronounce him clean and shall let the living bird loose into the open field."

The Old Testament to-day is very many people is a great slaughter house strewn with the blood and bones and horns and hoofs of butchered animals. It mends their sight; it disgusts their taste; it actually nauseates the stomach. But to the intelligent Christian the Old Testament is a magnificent corridor through which Jesus advances. As he appears at the other end of the corridor we can only see the outlines of His character. Coming nearer, we can descry the features. But when at last He steps upon the platform of the New Testament, amid the torches of evangelists and apostles, the orchestra of heaven announces Him with a blast of minstrelsy that wakes up Bethlehem at midnight.

There were a great many cages of birds brought down to Jerusalem for sacrifice—sparrows and pigeons and turtle-doves. I can hear them now, whistling, carolling and singing all arcund about the temple. When a leper was to be cured of his leprosy, in order to do his cleansing, two of these birds were taken. One of them was slain over an earthen vessel of running water—that is, clear, fresh water—and then the bird was killed. Another bird was then plunged by the priest into the blood of the first bird, and then with this hyssop branch, bird tipped, the priest would sprinkle the leper seven times, then untie the bird from the hyssop branch, and it would go soaring into the heavens.

Now open your eyes wide, my dear brethren and sisters, and see that that first bird meant Jesus and that the second bird means your own soul.

There is nothing more suggestive than a caged bird. In the down of its breast you can see the glow of southern climes. In the sparkle of its eye you can see the flash of distant seas. In its voice you can hear the song it learned in the wildwood. It is a child of the sky in captivity. Now the dead bird of my text, captured from the air, suggests the Lord Jesus, who came down from the realms of light and glory. He once stood in the sunlight of heaven. He was the favorite of the land. He was the King's Son. Whenever a victory was gained or a throne set up He was the first to hear it. He could not walk incognito along the streets, for all heaven knew him. For eternal ages He had dwelt amid the mighty populations of heaven. No holiday had ever dawned on the city when He was absent. He was not like an earthly prince, occasionally issuing from a palace, heralded by a troop of clanking horse guards. No; He was greeted everywhere as a brother, and all heaven was perfectly at home with Him.

But one day there came word to the palace that an insignificant island was in rebellion and was cutting itself to pieces with anarchy. I hear an angel say: "Let it perish. The King's realm is vast enough without the island. The tributes to the King are large enough without that. We can spare it." "Not so," said the Prince, the King's Son, and I see Him push out one day under the protest of a great company. He starts straight for the rebellious island. He lands amid the execrations of the inhabitants, that grow in violence until the malice of earth has smitten Him, and the spirits of the lost world put their black wings over His dying head and shut the sun out. The hawks and vultures swooped upon this dove of the text, until head and breast and feet ran blood—until under the flocks and beaks of darkness the poor thing perished. No wonder it was a bird that was taken and slain over an earthen vessel of running water. It was a child of the skies. It typified Him who came down from heaven in agony and blood to save our souls. Blessed be His glorious name forever!

A CLEAN BIRD.

I notice also in my text that the bird that was slain was a clean bird. The text demanded that it should be. The raven was never sacrificed, nor the cormorant, nor the vulture. It must be a clean bird, says the text, and it suggests the pure Jesus—the holy Jesus. Although He spent His boyhood in the worst village on earth, although blasphemies were poured into His ear enough to have poisoned anyone else, He stands before the world a perfect Christ. Herod was cruel, Henry VIII. was unclean, William III. was treacherous, but point out a fault of our King. Answer me, ye boys, who knew Him on the streets of Nazareth! Answer me, ye miscreants who saw Him die. The skeptical tailors have tried for 1,800 years to find out one hole in this seamless garment, but they have not found it. The most ingenious and eloquent infidel of this day in the last line of his book, all of which denounces Christ, says: "All ages must proclaim that among the sons of men there is none greater than Jesus." So let this bird of the text be clean—its feet fragrant with the dew that it pressed, its beak carrying sprig of thyme and frankincense, its feathers washed in summer showers. O thou spotless Son of God, impress us with Thy innocence!

Thou lovely source of true delight,
Whom I, unseen, adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

I remark, also, in regard to this first bird mentioned in the text, that it was a defenseless bird. When the eagle is assaulted, with its iron beak it strikes like a bolt against its adversary. This was a dove or a sparrow, we do not know just which. Take the dove or pigeon in your hand, and the pecking of its beak on your hand makes you laugh at the feebleness of its assault. The reindeer after it is down may fell you with its antlers. The ox after you think it is dead may break your leg in its struggle. The harpooned whale in its last agony may crush you in the coil of the unwinding rope. But this was a dove or a sparrow—perfectly harmless, perfectly defenseless—type of Him who said, "I have trod the wine press alone, and there was none to help." None to help! The murderers have it all their own way. Where was the soldier in the Roman regiment who swung his sword in the defense of the divine martyr? Did they put one drop of oil on His gashed feet? Was there one in all that crowd manly and generous enough to stand up for Him? Were the miscreants at the cross any more interfered with in their work of spiking Him fast than the carpenter in his shop driving a nail through a pine board? The women cried, but there was no balm in their tears. None to help, none to help! O my Lord Jesus, none to help! The wave of anguish came up to the arch of His feeet, came up to His knee, floated to His waist, rose to His chin, swept to His temples, yet none to help! Ten thousand times ten thousand angels in the sky ready at command to plunge into the bloody affray and strike back the hosts of darknes, yet none to help, none to help!

Oh, this dove of the text in its last moment clutched not with angry talons! It plunged not a savage beak. It was a dove—helpless, defenseless. None to help, none to help!

As after a severe storm in the morning you go out and find birds dead on the snow, so this dead bird of the text makes me think of that awful storm that swept the earth on crucifixion day, when the wrath of God, and the malice of man, and the fury of devils wrestled beneath the three crosses. As we sang just now:

Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

But I come now to speak of this second bird of the text. We must not let that fly away until we have examined it. The priest took the second bird, tied it to the hyssop branch and then plunged it in the blood of the first bird. Ah, that is my soul, plunged for cleansing in the Saviour's blood! There is not enough water in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans to wash away our smallest sin. Sin is such an outrage to God's universe that nothing but blood can atone for it. You know the life is in the blood, and as the life had been forfeited, nothing could buy it back but blood. What was it that was sprinkled on the doorposts when the destroying angel went through the land? Blood. What was it that went streaming from the altar of ancient sacrifice? Blood. What was it that the priest carried into the holy of holies, making intercession for the people. Blood. What was it that Jesus sweat in the garden of Gethsemane? Great drops of blood. What does the wine in the sacramental cup signify? Blood. What makes the robes of the righteous in heaven so fair? They are washed in the blood of the Lamb. What is it that cleanses all our pollution? The blood of Jesus Christ, that cleanseth from all sin.

I hear somebody saying, "I do not like such a sanguinary religion as that." Do you think it is very wise for the patient to tell the doctor, "I don't like the medicine you have given me?" If he wants to be cured, he had better take the medicine. My Lord God has offered us a balm, and it is very foolish for us to say, "I don't like that balm." We had better take it and be saved. But you do not oppose the shedding of blood in other directions and for other ends. If 100,000 men go out to battle for their country and have to lay down their lives for free institutions, is there anything ignoble about that? No, you say, "Glorious sacrifice rather." And is there anything ignoble in the idea that the Lord Jesus Christ, by the shedding of His blood, delivered not only one land but all lands and all ages from bondage, introducing men by millions and millions into the liberty of the sons of God? Is there anything ignoble about that?

As this second bird of the text was plunged in the blood of the first bird, so we must be washed in the blood of Christ or go polluted forever.

Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from earth and make me pure.

GLORIOUS FREEDOM.

I notice now that as soon as this second bird was dipped in the blood of the first bird the priest unloosened it and it was free—free of wing and free of foot. It could whet its beak on any tree branch it chose. It could peck the grapes of any vineyard it chose. It was free, a type of our souls after we have washed in the blood of the Lamb. We can go where we will. We can do what we will. You say, "Had you not better qualify that?" No; for I remember that in conversation the will is changed, and the man will not will that which is wrong. There is a straitjacket in our religion. A state of sin is a state of slavery. A state of pardon is a state of emancipation. The hammer of God's grace knocks the hoppies from the feet, knocks the handcuffs from the wrist, opens the door into a landscape all ashimmer with fountains and abloom with gardens. It is freedom.

If a man has become a Christian, he is no more afraid of Sinai. The thunders of Sinai do not frighten him. You have on some August day seen two thunder showers meet. One cloud from this mountain and another cloud from that mountain, coming nearer and nearer together and responding to each other, crash to crash, thunder to thunder, boom, boom! And then the clouds break and the torrents pour, and they are emptied perhaps into the very stream that comes down so red at your feet that it seems as if all the carnage of the storm battle has been emptied into it. So in this Bible I see two storms gather, one above Sinai, the other above Calvary, and they respond one to the other—flash to flash, thunder to thunder, boom, boom. Sinai thunders, "The soul that sinneth, it hall die;" Calvary responds, "Save them from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." Sinai says, "Woe! woe!" Calvary answers, "Mercy! mercy!" And then the clouds burst and empty their treasures into one torrent, and it comes flowing to our feet, red with the carnage of our Lord, in which if thy soul be plunged, like the bird in the text, it shall go free, free! Oh, I wish all people to understand this, that when a man becomes a Christian he does not become a slave, but that he becomes a free man; that he has larger liberty after he becomes a child of God than before he became a child of God.

General Fish said that he once stood at a slave block where an old Christian minister was being sold. The auctioneer said of him: "What bid do I hear for this man? He is a very good kind of a man; he is a minister." Somebody said, "Twenty dollars" (he was very old and not worth much); somebody else, "Twenty-five," "Thirty," "Thirty-five," "Forty." The aged Christian minister began to tremble. He had expected to be able to buy his own freedom, and he had just $70, and expected with the $70 to get free. As the bids ran up the old man trembled more and more. "Forty," "Forty-five," "Fifty," "Fifty-five," "Sixty," "Sixty-five." The old man cried out, "Seventy." He was afraid they would outbid him. The men around were transfixed. Nobody dared bid, and the auctioneer struck him down to himself—done—done!

But by reason of sin we are poorer than that African. We cannot buy our own deliverance. The voices of death are bidding for us, and they bid us in, and they bid us down. But the Lord Jesus Christ comes and says: "I will buy that man. I bid for him my Bethlehem manger. I bid for him my hunger on the mountain. I bid for him my aching head. I bid for him all my wounds." A voice from the throne of God says: "It is enough! Jesus has bought him." Bought with a price. The purchase complete. It is done.

The great transaction's done.
I am my Lord's, and he is mine.
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Why, is not a man free when he gets rid of his sins? The sins of the tongue gone, the sins of the mind gone. All the transgressions of 30, 40, 50, 70 years gone—no more in the soul than the malaria that floated in the atmosphere a thousand years ago, for when my Lord Jesus pardons a man, He pardons him, and there is no halfway work about it.

Here I see a beggar going along the turnpike road. He is worn out with disease. He is stiff in the joints. He is ulcered all over. He has rheum in his eyes. He is sick and wasted. He is in rags. Every time he puts down his swollen feet he cries: "Oh, the pain!" He sees a fountain by the roadside under a tree, and crawls up to that fountain and says: "I must wash. Here I may cool my ulcers. Here I may get rested." He stoops down and scoops up in the palm of his hands enough water to slake his thirst, and that is all gone. Then he stoops down and begins to wash his eyes, and the rheum is all gone. Then he puts in his swollen feet, and the swelling is all gone. Then, willing no longer to be only half cured, he plunges in, and his whole body is laved in the stream, and he gets upon the bank well. Meantime the owner of the mansion up yonder comes down, walking through the ravine with his only son, and he sees the bundle of rags and asks: "Whose rags are these?" A voice from the fountain says: "Those are my rags." Then says the master to his son: "Go up to the house and get the best new suit you can find and bring it down." And he brings down the clothes, and the beggar is clothed in them, and he looks around and says: "I was filthy, but now I am clean. I was ragged, but now I am robed. I was blind, but now I see. Glory be to the owner of that mansion, and glory be to that son who brought me that new suit of clothes, and glory be to this fountain, where I have washed, and where all who will may wash and be clean!" Where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound. The bird has been dipped; now let it fly away.

The next thing I notice about this bird when it was loosened (and this is the main idea) is that it flew away. Which way did it go? When you let a bird loose from your grasp, which way does it fly? Up. What are wings for? To fly with. Is there anything in the suggestion of the direction taken by that bird to indicate which way we ought to go?

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace.
Rise from transitory things
To heaven, thy native place.

FLYING HEAVENWARD.

We should be going heavenward. That is the suggestion. But I know that we have a great many drawbacks. You had them yesterday, or the day before, and although you want to be going heavenward, you are constantly discouraged. But I suppose when that bird went out of the priest's hands it went by inflections—sometimes stooping. A bird does not shoot directly up, but this is the motion of a bird. So the soul soars toward God, rising up in love and sometimes depressed by trial. It does not always go in the direction it would like to go, but the main course is right. There is one passage in the Bible which I quote oftener to myself than any other, "He knoweth our frames and He remembereth that we are dust."

There is a legend in Iceland which says that when Jesus was a boy playing with His comrades one Sabbath day He made birds of clay, and as these birds of clay were standing upon the ground an old Sadducee came along, and he was disgusted at the sport and dashed the birds to pieces, but the legend says that Jesus waved His hand above the broken birds, and they took wing and went singing heavenward. Of course that is a fable among the Icelanders, but it is not a fable that we are dust, and that, the hand of divine grace waved over us once, we go singing toward the skies.

I wish, my friends, that we could live in a higher atmosphere. If a man's whole life object is to make dollars, he will be running against those who are making dollars. If his whole object is to get applause, he will run against those who are seeking applause. But if he rises higher than that he will not be interrupted in his flight heavenward. Why does that flock of birds, floating up against the blue sky so high that you can hardly see them, not change its course for spire or tower? They are above all obstructions. So we would not have so often to change our Christian course if we lived in a higher atmosphere, nearer Christ, nearer the throne of God.

Oh, ye who have been washed in the blood of Christ—ye who have been loosed from the hyssop branch—start heavenward. It may be to some of you a long flight. Temptations may beset your way, storms of bereavement and trouble may strike your soul, but God will see you through. Build not on the earth. Set your affections not on the earth. eSt your affections on things in heaven, not on things on earth. This is a perishable world. Its flowers fade. Its fountains dry up. Its promises cheat. Set your affections upon Christ and heaven. I rejoice, my dear brethren and sisters in Christ, that the flight will after awhile be ended. Not always beaten of the storm. Not always going on weary wings. There is a warm dovecot of eternal rest where we shall find a place of comfort, to the everlasting joy of our souls. Oh, they are going up all the time—going up from this church—going up from all the families

15 POSITIONS FILLED DURING THE MONTH OF APRIL . . . .

Full particulars relative to above situations will be mailed with our Illustrated Catalogue o any address.

The Currie Business University,
Tel. 991 St. John, N. B.
P. O. Box 50.

NOVA SCOTIA NEWS

(Continued from First Page.)

work in progress at present this season.

An agitation is being started for the town authorities to own and operate its own electric light plant.

MIDDLETON, N. S., May 26.—Mr. Pakenham, of Kehoe, Donnelly & Pakenham, Dublin, last night addressed a public meeting here in the interests of the N. S. Pork Packing Co., Limited. Tamworth and Yorkshire are the most desirable hogs for bacon and Berkshire the most objectionable. Mr. Pakenham will put $5,000 into the factory here if the matter is pushed right along and the factory opened this fall. He will supply a competent manager, skilled workmen, and his firm will make the sales on the other side. The enterprise will be pushed right ahead, and farmers are requested to get their hogs ready by October next.

LAWRENCETOWN, N. S., May 24.—George I. Bishop died quite suddenly on the 16th. He leaves a mourning wife and daughter and one son.

On Saturday morning James Dobson, an aged and respected citizen, passed away at the age of 74 years. He leaves a wife, four daughters and one son, to whom all extend heartfelt sympathy in this their deep affliction.

Miss Jennie Ross, teacher at Kentville Academy, was the guest of R. D. Stevenson on Tuesday.

The Queen's birthday passed off very quietly here.

CORNWALLIS, N. S., May 26.—The corner stone of the new Baptist church at Peraux was laid on the 24th. Addresses were given by prominent men and a tea was held on the grounds. About three hundred people were present, and $62 were taken in.

Mr. Stairs of Hillaton lost a fine Rampart horse recently. Clarence Rand of Canning lost two head of fat cattle and a valuable three year old horse not long ago. The cause of the death of these animals was unknown.

Samuel Biglow of Canning shipped two thoroughbred Durham calves to Jamaica last week.

MARRIAGES.

CODNER-STAPLES.—On June 1st, at the residence of the bride's father, Millidgeville, by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, William H. Codner to Evelyn L., youngest daughter of Robert Staples, Esq., all of Millidgeville, N. B.

DOLAN-SCOTT.—On June 1st, at 48 Adelaide street, city, by the Rev. George Steel, George H. Dolan to Miss Margaret P. Scott, both of this city.

HAMILTON-PATTERSON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Hazen street, on June 1st, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, John H. Hamilton to Sadie A. Patterson, both of St. John, N. B.

STEWART-WILLET.—At the residence of the bride's father, Union street on June 1st, by the Rev. George Bruce, D. D., John Stewart to Janet Nichol, daughter of David Willet.

WELLS-ALLEN.—On June 1st, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, Thomas Wilkins Wells of St. John, west, and Miss Clara Theresa Allen of Hort, Sunbury Co.

DEATHS.

NORTHRUP.—At Kars, Kings Co., May 28, Myrtle E. Northrup, beloved daughter and only child of Walter and Sarah Northrup.

PERRY.—At Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, N. B., May 30th, of spinal meningitis, Ada M., eldest daughter of Mrs. P. A. and Rev. W. H. Perry, aged 21 years. Father, and mother, one brother and one sister survive her. Her end was peace.

WATSON.—At Dorchester, Mass., May 30, Robert Moore Watson, third son of the late William Watson, Jr., merchant, of the island of Barbados, W. I., and brother of the late Rev. J. W. H. Watson of the same place, aged 60 years.

WILSON.—Suddenly, in this city, on June 1st, Harold Stewart, youngest child of Havelock and Mary Wilson, aged four years and one month.