

THE BITTER ATILLA

There fell a great star from heaven, as it were a lamb, and it fell upon the part of the river, and upon the part of water, and the name of the called Wormwood. Revelation vii.

commentators, like Patrick and Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry and others agree in saying that the star was the sun. Revelation, was the sun of the suns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and like a star he emitted everything he touched. We have studied the star of the morning and the morning star of the evening, and the star of peace, but my subject calls us to gaze at the star of war, and my theme might be called the star of wrath.

But suppose you grind the face of the poor. Suppose when a man's wages are due you make him wait for them because he cannot help himself. Suppose that, because his family is sick and he has had extra expenses, he should politely ask you to raise his wages for this year and you refuse to do so. Suppose he wants a better place to go and get it. Suppose by your manner you act as though he were waiting and you were everything. Suppose you are selfish and overbearing and arrogant. Your first name ought to be Attila and your last name Attila, because you are the star Wormwood, and you have imbittered one-third of the three-thirds of the waters that roll past your eyes and ears, and the long line of carriages which the undertaker orders for your funeral, in order to make the occasion respectable, will be filled with twice as many dry, tearless eyes as there are persons occupying them.

There is an erroneous idea abroad that there are a few geniuses. There are millions of them—that is, men and women who have special adaptation and quickness for some one thing. It may be great; it may be small. The circle may be like the circumference of the earth or no larger than a thumb. There are thousands of geniuses, and in some one thing you are a star. What kind of a star are you? You will be in this world but a few minutes. As compared with eternity the stay of the longest life on earth is not more than a minute. What are we doing with that minute? Are we imbittering the domestic or social or political foundations, or are we like Moses, who, when the Israelites in the wilderness complained that the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them, cut off the branch of a certain tree and threw that branch into the water, and it became sweet and sleek the thirst of the suffering host? Are we with a branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the brackish fountains that we can touch?

Dear Lord, send us all out on that mission. All around us, imbittered lives—imbittered by prosecution, imbittered by hypocrisy, imbittered by poverty, imbittered by pain, imbittered by injustice, imbittered by sin. Why not go forth and sweeten them by smile, by inspiring words, by benefactions, by hearty counsel, by prayer, by gospelized behavior? Let us remember that if we are wormwood to others we are wormwood to ourselves, and our life will be bitter and our eternity bitter. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the only sweetening agent that is sufficient. It sweetens the disposition. It sweetens the manners. It sweetens the life. It sweetens mysterious providences. It sweetens afflictions. It sweetens death. It sweetens everything. I have heard people asked in social company, "If you could have three wishes granted what would you wish for?" If I could have three wishes granted I would wish that I were a wormwood tree. More of the grace of God. More of the grace of God. In the doorway of my house I have a picture of the emperor tree, the tree of life, which is that it always grows higher than its surroundings and upon the top of it is a crown of gold. The name of the tree is called Wormwood.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS OF THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Not His Fault--The Other Was O. K.-- His Speciality--What He Admired--His Turn Now.

Backim--Was your interview with her father entirely bootless? Askim--Oh, no. Only one of his legs is a wooden one.

Tramp--Please, mom, gimme sumthin ter eat? I've been starved till I'm ez thin ez a razor an' Lady of the House--Well, then, cut!

Hoax--What you buying a bicycle? I thought you detested them. Joax--So I do, but I've been run over long enough. Now I'm going to have my revenge.

Tom Topput--Hullo, Jack! how do you do? Jack Plunger--I (hic) do as I (hic) blame please, thank you. Tom Topput--I see--when does your wife get back?

Van Arndt--I bought a golf cap yesterday. Fenlworth--What links are you going to play on? None. I'm going bicycling. What are you doing with that cycling sweater? Going out fishing.

Anna--Don't persecute him, papa. Let him go, and cover the matter up. Papa--But, Anna, he has embezzled two thousand dollars, and I trusted him so!

Anna--Yes; think of it--only two thousand dollars! Why, people will never believe we have money if it is known that a man in his position took so little.

Young Mr. Vanderbilt is very much averse to having his big estate near Asheville invaded by the swine of his country neighbors, said J. B. Powell, of North Carolina, at the Hotel Page.