# POOR DOCUMENT

# THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B. MARCH 18, 1899.

DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON ITS BRILLIANT BITTERNESS.

THE BITTERNESS OF LIFE.

"Be Not Like Attila the Hun," Saith the Great Preacher, "But Scatter Kindness in Place of Selfishness, Brightness Character Study With Its Lessons.

Washington, March 12.—Rev. Dr. Talmage this morning preached from the text, Revelation viii, 10, 11, "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood." He said:

Patrick and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes and some other commentators say that the star Wormwood of my text was a type of Attila, King of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and, like wormwood, he imbittered every-thing he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem and the Morning Star of Revelation and the Star of Peace, but my subject calls us to gaze at the star Wormwood, and my theme might be called "Brilliant Bitterness."

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man Attila, the King of the Huns. The story goes that one day a wounded heifer came limp-ing along through the fields, and a herds-man followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded, and went on back farther and farther until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward, as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attile said that sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the gold Mars, and its heigh griven to him. god Mars, and its being given to him meant that Attila should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at being called liberators, or the Merciful, or the Good, but Attila called himself and demanded that others call him "the Scourge of

At the head of 700,000 troops, mounted en Cappadocian horses, he swept every-thing, from the Adriatic to the Black He put his iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Byzantine castles, to meet his ruinous levy, put up at auction massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. When a city was captured by him, the inhabitants ere brought out and put into three classes. The first class, those who could bear arms, must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, were made captives to the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay

a heavy tax. It was a common saying that the grass It was a common saying that the grass never grew where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage and fought on the Catalonian plains the fiercest battle since the world stood—300,000 dead left on the field. On and on until all these who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer, then a cloud of dust was seen in the distance, and a bishop cried, "It is the aid of God," and all the people took up the cry, "It is the aid of God." As the cloud of dust was blever, aside the banners of redust was blown aside the banners of re-enforcing armies marched in to help against Attila, "the Scourge of God." The most unimportant occurrences he used as a supernatural resource. After three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia, when his army had given up the siege, the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city was taken by him as a sign that he was was taken by him as a sign that he was to capture the city, and his army, inspired with the same occurrence, resumed the siege and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged. So brilliant was the conqueror in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but haded their eyes or turned their heads.

Slain on the evening of his marriage by his bride, Ildico, who was hired for the assassination, his followers bewailed him not with tears, but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins, the first of He was put into three collins, the lirst of iron, the second of silver and the third of gold. He was buried by night, and into his grave were poured the most valuable coins and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The grave-diggers and all those who assisted at the burial were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth

Roman Empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman Empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge, but instead of being "the Scourge of God" he was the scourge of

Because of his brilliancy and bitterness Because of his brilliancy and bitterness the commentators might well have supposed him to be the star Wormwood of the text. As the regions he devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic my text is: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Wormwood.' But are any of you the star Wormwood?

Do you scold and growl from the thrones
paternal or maternal? Are your children
everlastingly pecked at? Are you always everlastingly pecked at? Are you aways crying "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet and to the laughter which occasionally trickles through at wrong times, and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer, and all the barriers burst into unlimited guffaw and cachination, as in this weather the water has trickled through a slight opening in the milldam, but afterward makes wider and wider breach until it carries all be-fore it with irresistible freshet? Do not be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will be still enough when one of them is dead. Then you would give your right hand to hear one shout from the silent voice or one step from the still foot. You will not any of you have to wait very long before any of you have to wait very long beater your house is stiller than you want it. Alas, that there are so many homes not known to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where children are whacked and ouffed and ear pulled. and senselessly called to order, and an-

swered sharply, and suppressed, until it is a wonder that under such processes they do not all turn out Nana Sahibs!

What is your influence upon the neighborhood, the town or the city of your residence. I will suppose that you are a residence? I will suppose that you are a star of wit? What kind of rays do you shoot forth? Do you use that splendid shoot forth? Do you use that splendid faculty to irradiate the world or to rankle it? I bless all the apostolic college of it? I bless all the apostolic college of humorists. The man that makes me laugh is my benefactor. I do not thank anybody to make me cry. I can do that without any assistance. We all cry enough and have enough to cry about. God bless all skillful punsters, all reparteeists, all propounders of ingenious conundrums, all those who mirthfully surprise us with unusual juxtaposition of words. Thomas Hood and Charles Dickens and Sydney Smith had a divine mission, and so have their successors in these times. They stir their successors in these times. They stir into the acid beverage of life the saccharine. They make the cup of earthly exist-ence, which is sometimes stale, effervesce and bubble. They placate animosities. They foster longevity. They slay follies and absurdities which all the sermons of and absurdates which all the sermons of all the pulpits cannot reach. But what use are you making of your wit? Is it besmirched with profanity and unclean-ness? Do you employ it in amusement at physical defects for which the victims are not responsible? Are your powers of mimicry used to put religion in con-tempt? Is it a bunch of nettlesome invec-tive? Is it a bolt of unjust scorn? Is it fun at others' misfortune? Is it glee at their disappointment and defeat? Is it bitterness put drop by drop into a cup? Is it like the squeezing of Artemisia absinthium into a draft already distastefully pungent? Then you are the star Wormwood. Yours is the fun of a rattle-snake trying how well it can sting. It is the fun of a hawk trying how quick it.

can strike out the eye of a dove.

But I will change this and suppose you are a star of worldly prosperity. Then you have large opportunity. You can encourage that artist by buying his picture. You can improve the fields, the stables the highway by introducing stables, the highway, by introducing higher style of fowl and horse and cow and sheep. You can bless the world with pomological achievement in the orchard. You can advance arboriculture and arrest the deathful destruction of the American forests. You can put a piece of sculpture into the niche of that public academy, you can endow a college, you can stocking 1,000 bare feet from the winter frost, you can build a church, you can put a missionary of Christ on that foreign shore, you can help to ransom a world. shore, you can help to ransom a world. A rich man with his heart right—can you tell me how much good a James Lenox or a George Peabody or a Peter Cooper or a William E. Dodge did while living or is doing now that he is dead? There is not a city, town or neighborhood that has not glorious specimens of

the fun of a hawk trying how quick it

consecrated wealth.

But suppose you grind the face of the poor. Suppose, when a man's wages are due, you make him wait for them because extra expenses, he should politely ask you to raise his wages for this year, and you roughly tell him if he wants a better place to go and get it. Suppose, by your manner, you act as though he were nothing 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 embittered one-third if not three-thirds of the waters that roll past your employes and operatives and dependents and associates, 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. 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 What are we doing with that minute?

Are we embittering the domestic or social or political fountains, 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 their leader cut off the branch of a certain tree and threw that branch into the water, and it became sweet and slaked the thirst of the suffering host? Are we with a branch of the ing 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 this mis-

sion. All around us imbittered lives—imbittered by persecution, imbittered by hypercriticism, imbittered by poverty, imbittered by pain, imbittered by injustice, imbittered by sin. Why not go forth and sweeten them by smiles, by inspir-ing words, by benefactions, by hearty ing words, by penetactions, by hearly 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 bitterer. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the only sweetening power that is sufficient. It sweetens the disposition; it sweetens the manners; it sweetens life; it sweetens mysterious providence; it sweetens afflictions; it sweetens death; it sweetens everything. I sweetens death; it sweetens everything. I have heard people asked in social company, "If you could have three wishes gratified, what would your three wishes be?" If I could have three wishes met, I tell you what they would be. First, more of the grace of God; second, more of the grace of God; third, more of the grace of God.

In the dooryard of my brother John, In the dooryard of my brother John, once missionary in Amoy, China, there was a tree called the emperor tree, the two characteristics of which are that it always grows higher than its surroundings, and its leaves take the form of a crown. If this emperor tree be planted beside a rosebush, it grows a little higher than the bush and spreads out above it a crown. If it be planted by the side of another tree, it grows a little higher than that tree and spreads above it a crown. Would God that this religion of Christ, a more wonderful emperor tree, crown. Would God that this religion of Christ, a more wonderful emperor tree, might overshadow all your lives! Are you lowly in ambition or circumstance, putting over you its crown? Are you high in talent and position, putting over you its crown? Oh, for more of the saccharin in our lives and less of the

wormwood! Hundred gated Thebes, for all time to hundred gated Theoes, for all time to be the study of antiquarian and hiero-glyphist; her stupendous ruins spread over 27 miles; her sculptures presenting in figures of warrior and charlot the victories with which the now forgotten kings of Egypt shook the nations; her obelisks and columns; Karnak and Luxor, the stupendous temples of her pride. Who can imagine the greatness of Thebes in those days, when the hippodrates of the columns of the col drome rang with her sports and foreign royalty bowed at her shrines and her avenues roared with the wheels of proces-sions in the wake of returning conquerors? What dashed down the vision of chariots

and temples and thrones? Let the mum-mies break their long silence and come up to shiver in the desolation and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and defaced sculpture, responding: "Thebes built not one temple to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes was a star, but she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

Babylon, with her 250 towers and her Babylon, with her 250 towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls, the splendor of the earth gathered within her gates, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his bride. Amytis, who had been brought up in a mountainous country and could not endure the flat country round. Palwelon dure the flat country round Babylon.

These hanging gardens, built terrace above terrace, till at the height of 400 feet there were woods waving and fourfeet there were woods waving and roun-tains playing, the verdure, the foliage, the glory looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On the tiptop a king walk-fing with his queen. Among the statues, snowy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands and drinking out of tankards of solid gold or looking off over

single-with his queen. Among the statuse, seesowy white, looking up as birds brought from distant lands and drinking out of tankards on largo mations substend and striptuary, crying. "Is not this great status and the library, crying. "Is not this great status and the large of the same of the status and the large of the same of t

for liquefied air, the possibilities of which have been matters of discussion among scientific men for some time. According to The Mining Reporter, a discovery was made recently by which it is now practicable to use liquefled air in underground work, such as mining, drivg tunnels and sinking shafts. It is said that under proper conditions the libera-tion of air from the liquid can be effective in generating power with which to run drills under ground, pumps, hoists, etc., while cool air can also be supplied in the deepest mines. The liquid air can also be used in freezing soft ground, making tunnel cutting less hazardous

To Electrocute a Safety Vault. An experiment of scientific interest to be tried in getting rid of the safety vault of the old Cincinnati (O.) Deposit & Trust Company. The walls are con-structed of layers of hard spring steel to a thickness of one and one-quarter inches. Two operators will be placed in the vault and a wire for each run in through a vent hole. The wire will be attached to a carbon, which will be manipulated with a heavy handle. They will pass the carbon over the steel walls, burning them

Prune roses in spring after the buds have begun to swell. Then you will be able to see where the strongest branches are going to be and can prune intelligently. Transplant in May. Prune lilacs after flowering. Spring pruning would destroy most of the flowers.

### A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

BETWEEN THE COMMON COUN-CIL AND THE BOARD OF TRADE-THE COMMITTEE OF PEAR ON WEDNESDAY- UM. BRAGE AT THE ACTION OF THE COUNCIL.

Wednesday afternoon there was a meeting of a special committee appointed by the common council which was not altogether a success. Ald Millidge occu-

deteriorated. This had prevented the CPR from getting freight in the west which it otherwise would. Mr Timmerman was asked if the CPR would assist in building new wharves or would rent woarves should the city build them. He had evidently not received any in-structions on this point, and could not commit the railway to any line of action.

Ald Mil idge saked Mr Timmerman
how much freight was taken by the C P
R to Portland. He replied that none
was or could be sent to Portland. The all shipments. What could not be handled here was sent to Newport, Vermont, over the C P R; thence over another line, a distance of 256 miles, to railway gave St John the preference in

Boston for shipment.
When Mr Timmerman and the other gentlemen had departed it was decided to adjourn for a week and communicate with the board of trade in the mean-

Wedded at Blackville.

peared, sup orted by best man W B Colline, New Bandon, followed by the bride, leaning on the arm of her father and accompanied by bridesmaid Miss Jennie M Danphy. The bride was attired in a traveling suit of navy blue cloth, trimmed with white silk and braid, and looked charming. The ceremony was performed by Rev M P King, in presence of a small number of invited guests, immediate friends of the bride. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents, emblematical of the high esteem in which she was held. After tes, which was recherche, the bridal couple, left amidst a shower of rice and good wishes on the 6 45 train for Montreal, where they spend their honeymoon.

PIRATES WATCHING BER.

Army Transport Meade Has Three Million Dollars for Cuban Army.

Washington, March 15—For the first time in the memory of present officials the navy department has been called upon to provide protection for a treasure ship, and the cruiser Chicago, which has just reached Hampton roads from Having Montreal, where they spend their honeymoon.

Sardine Industry.

To the Editor of THE TELEGRAPH:-Sir,-I notice a great deal has been Ald Christie, Ald Robinson and Ald said about the sardine industry of the

smoke of our nation's ruin; the pillars of our National and State captiols will fall more disastronsly than when Samson pulled down Dagon, and future historians will record upon the page bedweed with generous tears the story that the free nation of the west arose it is story that the free nation of the west arose it is story that the free nation of the west arose it is not make the free nation of the west arose in the free nation of the west arose it is not make the free nation of the west arose in the free nation of the district in the free nation of the depot is not the free nation of the district in the part of the west of the band of trade's purple looked out from dungton bats, with tears and groans and cries of united agony, the scorn of those and the west of the sum that is not the fountains of waters, and the nation of the scorn of the sea is called Wernwood."

There first Harveless Carriage.

It has the free fall a great star from heaven, purple is not the fountains of waters, and the nation of the countains of waters, and the nation of the countains of waters, and the nation of the countai

visit from Louis XV. for the purpose of inspecting a marvelous carriage that ran without the aid of a horse or any visible means of propulsion. Two persons took their seats in the vehicle, which seems to have been as gorgeous as a sheriff's carriage, and were driven round the courtyard to the satisfaction of His Majesty and the Dac de Mortemart, M. de Lanzun, M. d'Avezac and other members of his suite. But, though a promise was secured of royal patronage, the Academy of Sciences declared that such a convey-ance could not be tolerated in the streets, and the scheme was nipped in the bud. The motive power was supplied by a hugh clock spring, so that only a short journey was possible, but the gear seems to have closely resembled that of the horseless carriage of to-day.—London Chronicle.

It is reported that a use has been found for liquefied air, the possibilities of which have been matters of discussion received the port to have vessel stouch at a content of the correct of the corre wharves. He expressed the opinion that it was detrimental to the interests of the port to have vessels touch at another port before reaching their final destination.

Western shippers saw in it only an extra risk and in the case of cattle cargo determined. This had prevented that laws as long neglected under Conserva-

they will have to perfect many of the laws so long neglected under Conservative rule.

Presented with an Address.

WINNIPEG, March 15-Five hundred address conveying their gratitude for the kind manner in which they have been der Spain. treated by himself and all the officials since their arrival in this country. Four hundred of their number then merched out to board the train for the Cowan end of the Dauphin line, for Thunder Hill, where they are to settle and where houses where they are to settle and where nouses for each family, with stores and other necessary furniture, have already been erected. Commissioner McCreary accompanied the party, as also did Count Tolatoi and Mr. Hubbell, laud surveyor.

Will Fight Bell Company.

CLEVELAND, O, March 15-Representa-UPPER BLACKVILLE, March 6-March tives of the Independent Telephone Co Ist, inst., in this little village, at the of Ohio are in session here today. It is The German ship Regulus, Captain residence of Mr L W Dunphy, was the scene of a brilliant wedding, the contracting parties being Luella E, second daughter of L W Dunphy, and Fred J Comean. New Bandon, Gloucester county. At 5 o'clock sharp the bridal march was played, when the bridegroom ap-

ans, to become the flagship of Rear Admiral Howison, has been diverted temporarily from that duty and assigned as convoy to the army transport Meade, formerly the Berlin, to Havana with the \$3,000,000 which goes to pay Gomes's

army of liberation.

The new orders to Capt Cooper of the Chicago will keep his vessel close alongside the Meade during the voyage to Havana, especially after reaching the channels near the Bahamas and the most he coset of Caba.

# COMMANDER SPAIN

Will Investigate the Wreck of the Castilian.

OTTAWA, March 15-Commander Spain left this afternoon for Halifax, where he will hold an investigation into the loss of Doukhobors on Saturday morning pre- the Castilian. Captain Murphy of Yarsented Commissioner McCreary with an mouth and Captain Blomfield Douglass

# Westward. Ho!

WINNIPEG, Man, March 15-Eight trains of settlers and their effects arrived from eastern Ontario last night. The greater portion of the trains were taken up with settlers' effects, there only being about 200 settlers, while there were 100 cars of effects. The emigrants are of the very best class.

German Ship Ashore.

HARLINGEN, Netherlands, March 15-