THEIR WAY IS LOST.

BERMON PREADMED BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, SUNBAY, JUNE 16

The story of Hugar and Islamast in the pourt that fruly he to bank her bur oven aphore in title and Then to Reep.

Anochica, June II.—The Rev. T. De With Tahonase, D. D., presched at the Tahonase today. A vest congregation filled the spaceoms building to avarlowing. After making an expection of Regipture, the paster mer out the hymn hose this

Chary to God on high. which the great body of worshipers sang with majorite effect. The subject of Or, Jahanger's thereums was: "People Wha Have Look Phoir Way," He book for the texts "And find opened her eyes, and the saw a well of water and the work and filled the bossle with water, and gave the lad drink" from exi, 111 The elegiment prescher eater

Morning breaks upon Hoor shoke. There is an early stir in the house of old Abraham. here has been brouble among the domestice Hugar, an assistant in the household, and how was a brisk but of styteen years, have become impudent and inschart, and Sarah, the mistross of the household, puts her foot down yory hard, and says that they will have to have the premises. They are packing up now Abraham, knowing that the journey herere his servant and her son will be very lone and nerves describe places, in the kinds now of his heart sots about putting up some vory plain lunch that Abraham provides, but I warrant von there would have been anarch of it had they not lost their way, "Rod be with youl" with old Abraham as he gave the hunch for Hugar, and a good many charges as to how she should conduct the Journey. Ishmael, the boy, I suppose bounded away in the morning light. Proys always like a charge. Four Ishmaell: He has no idea of the characters that are about of him. Hugar gives one long, linguiting book on the famillar shoo where she had spent so many happy days, each seems associated with the price and lov of hor heart, voins fahmed

THE DEVOTION OF THE MOTHER

The secretary from comes on. The air is stilling, and moves across the descrip with the sufferable sufferation. Ishmael, the boy, bac gins to complain, and the down, but Hagar forece him up, saying nothing about her own wearmest or the sweltering heat; for mothers can enclure anything. Fridge trudge trudge trudge trudge. how wonrity and slowly the miles stip. A familial that around hours ago to stand only just a little ahead, inviting the travelors to some under its shadow, now is as far off as desert, and the travelers are pillewise. Ister mant, very weary, I suppose, instantly fulls geloop. Hagar as the shadows of the atoms howin to top ever each other. Hagar huge her Weary boy to her bosom, and thinks of the fact that it is not fault that they are in the heart. A star tooks out, and every falling that it kieses with a sparkle. A wing of wind comes over the hot earth, and lifts the hoke from the fovered brow of the boy, Hugar sloops lithally, and in her dreams bravals over the weary day, and half awakes her sen by crying out in her sloops "Ishmaell Ishmaell" And so they go on, day after day and night after night, for they have hat their way. He path in the writting sands; no steen in the humines stee. The saids coupty of the flour; the water some from the bottle. What shall she dot As she puts her fainting between under a stunted shrub of the arit plain, she sees the bloodshot eye, and harding from the aracked tongue, and there is a strick in the desert of their shehar "Wo shall die!" Now, as mother was over made strong enough to hear her sen ory in vain for a drink. Herotelere sho had theored her has been the thoractors at that theored her has by promising a speedy and of the houseness, and even united upon thin when he felt desporately enough. Now there is nothing to the but place him under a about and let him the. She had thought tank she a subt sit there and watch until the spirit of her boy would so away forever, and then she would breathe out her own life on his offers brank but as the boy busine to claw his to me in asony of thirst, and struct him, she connect making the spectrucks. She puts him under a shruh and goes off a how shat and begins to weap until all the descriptions withing, and her ary strikes clear theorish the heavens; and an angel of 1600 consecution a cloud and to be down upon the appulling grief and relies. "Hagar, what alloth thee?" She holes up, and she sees the anget pointing to a well of water, where she fills the bottle for the lad. Thank Gold

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WE HUSE KNOW OUR FLASKE t have from this Oriental scone, in the first place, which a said thing it is when people do not know their place, and got bee proud for their tueiness. Hagar was an assistant In that household, but she wanted to full there. She rectioned and jected until her son, tehnast got thosame tricks. Should have own happiness and throw Sarah into a great frot, and if sho had stayed much known in that household she would have upset palm Abraham's equilibrium. My friends, one balf of the trouble in the world today comes from the fact that prople do not know their place; or, finding their place, will not stay in it. When we come into the world there is always a place ready for use A place for Abraham. A place for Saraha A place for Islama. Our first duty is to find our sphere; our second is to keep it. We may be born in a Sphere fare of from the one for which God Anak ly intends us strying V was born on the low grand, and was a swinehert, fred called him up to wave a scenter Persuson spent his early clare in broking after the shoops that eathed him up to look after stars and he a shopmant naroting the tholes of light on the hill sides of heaven. Hosairth began by the graving powter pots; that raised him to stand in the enchanted realm of a painter. The shoomaker's bouch hold bloomfield for a little while but (tool called him to sit in the chair of a unitesceptor and Christian scholar. The of a philosopher and Christian scholar, map bother of London could not keep his son in that memore, for God had decided that Hawley was to be one of the greatest astronmay be been in a sphere a little higher than that for which (too) intends us. We may be born in a castle, and play in a costly conserve story, and feel high bred pointers, and angle for gold list in artificial ponds, and be far gillar with princes; rot God may have Attent no for a corporator's shop, or dentist's multi's force. The great thing is to find just the epitore for which God intended us, and then to compy that sphere and occupy the frever. Here is a man too fashioned to make a plan. There is a man too fashioned make a plow. There is a man God fashioned to make a constitution. The man who makes the plow is just as honorable as the man who makes the plow as well as the other man makes the plow as well as the other man makes the constitution. There is a woman who was made to fashion a robe, and yender is one intention to be a more and wear is to the fashion a robe, and yender is one incomplete to be a much pash who as a man who was made to be a much pash who was a man who makes the man who makes the plow is just a man who was a ma ended to be a gueen and wear the 16 seems o me that in the one case as in the other, the that in the one case as in the other, the appoints the sphere; and the needle is that as respectable in the sight as the scepter. In not know but that the world would long aga have been aveal, if some of the men out of the ministry were in it, and some of those who are in it were out of it. I see

ally think that one half of the world may be divided into two quarters—those who have not found their sphere, and those who, have ing found it, are not willing to stay there. How many are struggling for a position a little higher than that for which God intended them. The bondswoman wants to be mistree. Hagar keeps crowding Sarah. The mail wheel of a water, which beautifully went treading the golden sathway wants to wont treading its golden pathway, wants to be the balance wheel, and the sparrow with griff drops into the brook because it cannot, the the eagle, out a circle under the mu. In the Lord's army we all want to be brigather generals! The sloop says: "More must more tonnage; more canvas. O that I were a topsail schooner, or a full rigged brig, or a Cunard scamer." And so the world is filled with ories of discontont, because we are not willing to stay in the place where God put us and intended us to be. My friends, be not too proud to do anything God tells you to do. For the lack of a right disposition in this respect the world is strown with wanglering are and lehmanta God has given each time of the a worle to do. You carry a noutile of coal up that dark alloy. You distribute that Christian tract. You give ten thousand dellars to the missionary cause. You for Al-teen years sit with chronic rheumatism, ifsplaying the beauty of Christian submission. Whatever (took calls you to, whether it win histing of hussa; whether to walk under friumphal anch or lift the sot out of the attch; whether it he to preach on a Ponterost, or fell some wanderer of the street of the morey of the Christ of Mary Magalalono; whother it to to weave a garland for a laughing office on a spring morning and call her a May queen, or to comb out the tangled looks of a wait of the street, and out up one of your old dresses to fit, her out for the smotuary - do it, and do it right away. Whather it has a grown of a yoke, do not lick get. Rverlasting honors upon those who do their work, and do their whole work, and

contented Hagar and Ishmael. Agains I find in this Oriental scone a lesson of sympathy with woman when she goes forth frielding in the desort. What a great change it was for this Hagar. There was the bent, and all the surroundings of Abraham's house, beautiful and humrious no doubt. Now she legoing out into the hot sands of the desert. O what a change it was. And in our day we often see the wheel of fortune furn. Here is some one who lived in the very bright home of her father. She had every thing possible to administer to her happiness. Flondy at the table. Music in the drawing room. Welcome at the door, She is led forth into life by some one who cannot approclate her. A dissipated soul comes and takes her out in the desert. Iniquities blot out all the lights of that home circle. Harsh words wear out her spirits. The high hope that shone out over the marriage after while the ring was being set and the rows given and the benedletion pronounced, have all factor with the orange blossoms, and there she is foday, broken heartest, thinking of past Joy and present desolation and coming anguish. Hagar in the wilderness!
Here is a beautiful home. For cannot

contented in the sphere in which God has

put them; while there is only wandering, and

oxile, and desolution, and wilderness for dis-

think of anything that can be added to it. For years there has not been the suggestion of a single fromble. Bright and happy children fill the house with laughter and song. Books to read, pictures to look at, lounges to rest on. Cup of domestic for full and run-ning over. Dark night drops. Fillow hot, pulses flutter, eyes close, and the foot whose well known steps on the door still brought the whole honschold out at eventide, oryings door all again. A long deep grief plowed through all that lightness of domestic life. Faradise lest: Widowhood! Hagar in the

How often it is we see the weak arm of woman conscripted for this battle with the gar looked. Fough world Who is she, going down the system of the morning, pale Yes, there with exhausting work, not half slept out with the slumbers of last night, fragedies of suffering written all over her face, her insterless eyes looking her ahead as though for the coming of some other troublet. Her parents called her Mary, or horths, or Agnes, on the day when they held her up to the font, and the Christian intuister sprinkled on the infant's face the washings of a holy baptism. Her name is changed now. I hear it in the shullo of the worn out shoes. I see it in the lights of the faded calica. I find it in the incaments of the woo begons countenance. Not Mary, nor Bertha, nor Agnes, but Hagar in the witherness. May God have mercy upon woman in her tolls, her struggles, her hardships, her desolation, and may the great heart of Divine sympathy inclose her for-

FRE TREMENDOUS INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS. Assains I find in this Oriental scene the fact that every mother leads forth fromen-dous destines. You say: "That isn't an un-usual scene, a mother leading her child by the hand." Who is it that she is leading? Ishmael, you say, Who is Ishmael! A great nation is to be founded, a nation so strong nation is to be founded, a nation so strong that it is to stand for thousands of years against all the armies of the world. Egypt and Assyria thunder against it, but in value (taulus brings up his army, and his army is mitten. Alexander decides upon a campaign, brings up his hosts and dies. For a long white that nation monopolizes the learning of the world. It is the nation of the Arabs. Who founded it? Ishmael, the lad that Hagar led into the wilderness. She had no then she was leading forth such destinies. Nother does any mother. You pass along the no blea she was leading forth such destinies. Nother does any mother. You pass along the street, and see pass boys and girls who will yet make the earth quake with their influence. Who is that boy at Sutton Pool, Plymouth, England, barefooted, wading down into the stush and slime until his bare foot comes upon a piece of glass, and he lifts it, bleading and path struck! That wound in the foot deather that he he sedentery in his life, decides oldes that he be sedentary in his life, decides that he be a student. That wound by the glass in the foot decides that he shall be John Ritto, who shall provide the heat religious en-eyclopedia the world has ever had provided, and, with his other writings as well, throw-ing a light upon the Worl of God such as has come from no other man in this century. O mother, mother, that little hand that wanders over your face may set be lifted to hurl ders over your face may yet the lifted to hurl thunderbolts of war or drop benedictions. That little voice may blaspheme (lod in the grog shop or cry "Forward!" to the Lord's hosts, as they go out for their last victory. My mind today leaps thirty years shead, and I see a merchant prince of New York. One stroke of his pen brings a ship out of Canton. Another stroke of his pen brings a ship into Madras. He is mighty in all the money markets of the world. Who is het He sits today beside you in the Tabernacie. My mind leaps thirty years forward from this time, and I find myself in a relief association. A great multitude of Christian women have met together for a generous purposs. There is one together for a generous purpose. There is one woman in that crowd c ho seems to have the confidence of all the others, and they all look up to her for her counsel and for her prayers. Who is she? Today you will find her in the Who is shot Today you will find her in the Sabbath school, while the teacher tells her of that Christ who clothed the naked, and fed the hungry, and healed the sick. My mind leaps forward thirty years from now, and I find myself in an African jungle; and there is a missionary of the cross addressing the natives, and their dustry countenances are irradiated with the glad things of great foy and salvation. Who is het blid you not hear his roles for mind leaps forward thirty years from now, and I find myself looking through the wickets of a prison. I see a face scarred with every arim. The chin on his oppar paim, his above

in the wholest be starts, and I hear his chain dank. The fall keeper ratis me that he has been in there now three times. First for the first electron the trap door, the rope is fastened to his neck, the plant falls, file body grings into the sir, his soul swings off into otherity. Who is he, and where is het Today playing little on the city commons. Mother, you are forder tooking a charmon of reging a chain-grou are kindling a star or digging a changeon.

A good many game ago a Christian mother safe feaching lessons of religion to her childrand he drank in those lessons. She nove her little stream from the farmed the fa ratting on toward destruction, garlanded for the sacrifice with unseemly mirth and godlessness, gayly tripping on down to ruin, taking her children in the same direction, I cannot help but say: "There they go—there they go; Hagar and Ishmael!" I tell you there are wilder deserts than fleer-sheba in they go; Hagar and Ishmael!" I tell you there are white deserts than heer-sheba in many of the domestic circles of this day. Dissipated parents leading dissipated children. Avaricious parents leading avaricious children. Prayerless parents leading prayer-less children. They go through every street, up every dark alley, into every cellar, along every highway. Hagar and Ishmael! And white I pronounce their names it seems like the monthing of the death wind: Hagar and Ishmael! And white I pronounce their names it seems like the monthing of the death wind: Hagar and Ishmael! I learn one more lesson from this Oriental scene, and that is, that every wilderness has a well in it. Hagar and Ishmael gave up to die. Hagar's heart sank within her as sho heard her child crying, "Water! Water! Water!" "Ah!" she says, "my darling, there is no water. This is a desert." And then God's anget said from the cloud: "What aileth thee, Hagar!" And she looked up and the first has a stord the content of the said from the cloud: "What aileth thee, Hagar!" And she looked up and the first has a stord the content of the said from the cloud: "What aileth thee, Hagar!" And she looked up and

then God's angel said from the cloud: "What alleth thee, Hagar?" And she looked up and saw him pointing to a well of water, where she filled the bottle for the lad. Blessed be God that there is in every wilderness a well, if you only know how to find it fountains for all these thirsty souls today. "On that last day, on that great day of the feast, Josus stood and crick: If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink." All these other fountains you find are more mirages of the desert. Paracelsus, you know, spent his time in trying to find out the clixir of life a liquid which, if taken, would keep one perpetually young in this world, and would change the aged back again to youth. Of course he was disappointed; he found not the clixir. But here I tell you today of the clivir of everlasting life bursting from the "Rock of Ages," and that drinking that water you shall never get old, and you will never be sick, and you will never die. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" Ah, here is a man who says: "I have been looking for that fountain a great while, but can't find it." And here is some one else who says: "I believe all you say, but I have been trudging along in the wilderness, and can't find the fountsin." Do you know the reason! I will tell you. You never looked in the right direction. "O," you say, "I have looked everywhere. I have looked north, south, east and west, and I haven't found the fountain." Why, you are not looking in the right direction at all. Look up, where Cut, Wrought and Finishing Nails. Hagar looked. She nover would have found the fountain at all, but when she heard the Folce of the angel she looked up, and she saw the finger pointing to the supply. And O sont, if today, with one earnest, intense prayer you would only look up to Christ, he would point you down to the supply in the wilderness. "Look unto me all yo ends of the earth, and be so saved; for I am God, and there is none cles." Look! look! as Ha-

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF WELL. Yes, there is a well for every desert of bereavement. Looking over the audience for day I notice signs of mourning. Have you found consolation! O man bereft, O woman bereft, have you found consolation! House after hearse. We step from one grave hillock to another grave hillock. We follow corpses; ourselves soon to be like them. The world is in monraing for its dead. Every heart has become the sepulcher of some burial joy. But sing ye to God, every willerness has a well in it; and I come to that well to-day, and I begin to draw water from that well. If you have lived in the country you have sometimes taken hold of the rope of the old well sweep, and you know how the bucket came up dripping with bright, cool water.
And I lay hold of the rope of God's mercy today, and I begin to draw on that Clospel well sweep, and I see the buckets coming up. Thirsty soul! here is one bucket of life! Come and drink of it: "Whosever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." I pull away again at the rope, and another bucket comes up. It is this promise: "Weep-ing may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I lay hold of the rope again, and I pull away with all my strength, and the bucket comes up bright, and beautiful, and cool. Here is the promise: "Come

unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The old astrologers used to cheat the people with the idea that they could tell from the position of the stars what would occur in the future, and if a cluster of stars stood in one relation, that would be a prophecy of evil; if a cluster of stars stood in another relation, that would be a prophecy of good. What superstition! But here is a new astrology in which I put all my faith. By looking up to the Star of Jacob, the morning star of the Redeemer, I can make this prophecy in regard to those who put their trust in God: "All things work to gether for good to those who love God." gether for good to those who love God." I read it out in the Mible. I read it out in all things: "All things work together for good to those who love God." Do you love him? Have you seen the Nyctanthes? It is a beautiful flower, but it gives very little fragrance until after sunset. Then it pours its richness on the air. And this grace of the Gospel that I commend to you this day, while it may he very sweet during the day of prosperity it pours forth its richest aroma after sun own, and it will be sundown with you and me after awhile. When you come to go out of this world, will it be a desert march or will it be a fountain for your soul? JESUS THE ONLY HOPE.

A Christian Hindoo was dying, and his A Christian Findoo was dying, and his heathen comrades came around him and tried to comfort him by reading some of the pages of their theology; but he waved his hand as much as to say: "I don't want to hear it." Then they called in a heathen

priest, and he said; "If you will only recite the Numtra it will deliver you." He waved his hand as much as to say; "I don't want to hear that." Then they said; "Call on Juggernant," He shook his head, as much as to say; "I can't do that." Then they thought, rechest he made to the say. gernant." He shook his head, as much as to say; "I can't do that." Then they thought, perhaps he was too weary to speak, and they said: "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut,' think of that God." He shook his head again, as much as to say; "No, no, no." Then they bent down to his pillow, and they said: "In what will you trust?" His face lighted up with the very glories of the celestial sphere as he cried out, rallying all his dying energies; "Jesus."

Oh, come today to the fountain—the fountain open for ain and uncleanness. I will tell you the whole story in two or three sentences. Pardon for all darkness. And every wilderness has a well in it.

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