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The Ray, Dr. Talmaga Points Out the Evils of Seeking to Stand in Tee High Places and the Falls Sure to Follow.

Cushier. The Sphere of Life of Each Person Fixed by the Lord Sympathy for Wemen.

the dead level of the desert, has a warrily and slowly the unless slip! A tame at and that seemed leads ago to stand only just a little ahead inviting the travelers to come under its shadow, nor is as far off as ever, or seemagh so. Sight-drop upon the desert and the travelers are pillowless. Ishmool, very weary, I suppose, instantly falls askeep. Hagar is the shadows of hight login to hap over each other. Hagar large her weary boy to her beson and thinks of the fact that it is her fault that they are in the desert. A star looks out and every failing tear it alsoes with a spar-inglification pronounced have all faded with the orange blossoms, and there she is to allow broken hearted, thinking of past joys and present described to income, and there she is to any present described to it. For years there has no been the suggestion of a single trouble. Beight and happy children still the house with laughter and song. Books to read, pictures to look at, lounges to rest on eup of domestic joy fail and running over. Dark out and every failing tear it assess with a spar-ing the factor of the fact that it is her in the desert and the factor of the factor o

And so they go son, day after day and night after night, to they have lost their way. No eath in the shifting sands; no sign in the burn n sky. The sack empty of the flour, the water gone from the bodie. What shall she lot As she pure her fainting is honsel under a material shrule of the and plant, she sees the blood-shot eye, and feels the but hand, and warches the blood bursting from the cracked beigne, and there is a shrick in the desert of corsheba: "We small die! We shall die!" ow, no mother was ever made strong enough o hear her son ery in vain for a drink. Here ofore she had encered her hoy by promising s speedy end of the journey, and even smiled ipon him when he felt desperately earnogh. Now there is nothing to do but place him un-ter a struct and let him die. She had thought that she would sit there and watch until the spirit of her boy would go away loveyer, and then she would breathe out her own life on his ellent heart; but as the bey togins to claw his tongue in agony of thirs), and struggle in distertion, and begs his mother to also him, she can not endure the speciation. She puts him under a shrib, and goes off a how shot, and terms to weep that all the desert becaus sob-barg, and her ery strikes clear through the beavens; and an angel of tool comes out in a cloud, and looks down upon the ampalling grief and cries; "Hagar, what alleth theer?" She looks up and she seem the namel pointing to a well-of water, where she has the bottle for the lad. Thank God! Thank God!

FIRST I learn from this Oriental spens in the First—I want from this Oriental scene in the first place what a said thing if is when people do not know their place, and get too proud for their bushess. Hagar was an esolution in that household, but she wanted to due there. She raidcaled and perced until her sair, Ishmael, get the same tricks. She dashed out her own implaces, and three Warrah into a great fret; and if she had stayed much longer in that household she would have unjet calm Abraham's combarium. My friends, one haif of the trouble in the world to-day come from the fact that people do not know their raises or finding that people 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 us. A place leady for Abraham. A place for Sarah. A place for linger. A place for listmast. A place for you and a place for me. Our first duty is to find our source our second in to. duty is to find our sphere; our second is to keep it. We may be torne in a sphere far off from the one for which God finally intends us. Sixtus V. was been on the low ground and was a swinchord; God called him up to wave a scriper. Ferrescons on the enter days in looking after sheep: God called him up to hock after stars and be a should be a long the flocks of light on the hillsides of heaven. Hogarth began by engraving pewier pois; God raised him to stand in the enchanted realm of a painter. The shormaker's bruch held Boson-field for a little whole, but God rafs of him to sit in the chair of a philosopher and Christian scholar. The map boiler of London could not keep his son in that business, for God had de-cided that Hawley was to be one of the great-

intended us, and then to occupy that sphere, with My mind leaps forward thirty years and occurry it terrory. Here is a main tred fushioned to make a plant, there is a man God Instituted to make a constitution. The man who makes the paw is just as honorable as the man who makes the constitution. There is a woman who makes the constitution. There is a woman who was made to hashon a robe, and conder is one intended to be a speen god wear it. It seems to me flux in the one case as in the other God appoints the solvere and the nearlier is not appoint the solver and the nearlier is not appoint the nearlier is not appoint the nearlier in a nearlier in the relative countries in the relative of the solver is not appoint the nearlier in a nearlier in their dusty countries in the relative of the nearlier of the countries of the countries of the countries of the solver in the relative of the countries of the countries of the countries of the countries of the solver in the countries of the countrie as the septer. I do not know but that the work is of a prism. I see a fact scarced with world would long ago have been saved if some set crime. Its above on his open paint, his some of these who are in it were out of it. I really think that one half the world may be divided into two quarters whose 8 ho have not found their solites, and those who having found their solites, and those who having found their solites, and those who having found their solites, and there who having found it, are no willing to star, there lies have the found their solites, and the solites who having higher than that the starts of a position a little higher than that the higher than the trap due, the long is fastened in the mean, the plane this, he tails swings higher than that hose instances them. Who is he, and where is in I have afternoon hosting kile on the city commons. Moreover, a pointry solite his discount in the plane that he start has married by the said them. It is some that he had been the plane that he would be he with the plane that he would be he with the plane that he wings are the meaning he said the said that he will be a like the and where is in I have a the large and the sound of a wardy which becautifully went treading its gold a pathway wants to be the married he have a pointry of he was the said that he was the plane that he will be a like the said that he was the plane that he will be a like the said that he was the plane that he will be a like them that he was the large means the plane that he was the large means the said that he was the

Special to the Kamon City Torce.

His society, N. Y., Sept. 12.—The Rev. T.
Deliver Taturage, D. D. preached in the
Brosklen Labermode Isolay. His tabormode is solar, the control of the

not lost their way.

"God be with you!" said old Abraham, as he rave the hime to Hagar, and a good many charges as to how she should conduct the journey. Ishmael, the boy, i suppose, bounded away in the morning light. Boys always like a change. Poor Ishmael! He has no idea of the desacters that are ahead of him. Hagar And in our day we often see the wheel of for-time turn. Here is some one who five I in the gives one long, lingering look on the familiar place where she had spent so many happy the cach scene associated with the pride and pool for heart, young Ishmael.

And in our day we often see the wheel of for-time turn. Here is some one who five I in the cry bright home of her father. She had ev-crything possible to administer to her happy have eight of the cache and the door. She is led po of ner heart, young ishmael.

The scoreding noon comes on. The air is stiffing and noone across the desert with insufferable suffocation. Ishmael, the boy, begins to compain and lies down, but lingar rouses bina 19, saying nothing about her own wearness or the sweltering hear; for mothers can ensure anything. Trudge, Cossing the dead level of the desert, there were anything and showly the miles slip! A tame at all the second and the rounge blossoms, and there she is to.

The air is the fable, music in the drawing noon welcome at the door. She is led forth into life by some one who can not appropriate her. A dissipated soul comes and tell you this morning of the clixir of everlasting from the "Rock of Ages," and that drinking that water you shall never takes her out in the drawing life bursting from the "Rock of Ages," and that drinking that water you shall never that shome out over the marriage allar while the ring was being set and the vows given and the says "I have been looking for that the benealleton pronounced have all faded with the orange blossoms, and there she is to.

And here is some one else who says: "I be-

out and every falling tear it assess with a spar-ile. A wing of wind comes over the hot earth close, and the foot whose well known steps on side. A wing of wind comes over the hot earth and litts the locks from the fevered brow of the lock from the fevered brow of the lock flagar sleeps fitfully, and in her dreams travels over the weary day, and half wakes her som by crying out to her sleep: "Islamae!" [Shinnel]" deep graf ploughed through the hightness of the state of the state

WOMES WITH HARD LIVES,
How often is it we see the weak arm of woman conscribed for this battle with the rough world! Who is she going down the street in the early light of the morning, pale with ex-hausting work, not half shept out with the siunters of last night, tragedies of suffering written all over her face, her instreless eyes looking far ahead, as though for the coming of some other trouble? Her parents called her Mary, or Bertha, or Agnes, on the day when they held her up to the font and the Christian minister sprinkled on the infant's face the washings of a holy baptism. Her name is washings of a holy baptism. Her name is changed now. I hear it in the shuffle of the wort out shoes. I see it in the figure of the facial calles. I find it in the lineaments of the woo begone countenance. Not Mary, nor Bertha, nor Agnes, but Hagar in the wilderness. May food have mercy upon woman in her toils, her struggles, her hardships, her desolution, and may the great heart of divine sympathy enclasse by foreser.

Third-Again I find in this oriental scene the fact that every mother leads forth tre-mendous destinies. You say: "That isn't an unusual 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 that it is to stand for thousands of years against all the armies of the world. Egypt and Assyria thumber against it, but in vain. and Asseria thunder against R but in vain. Gaulus brings up his army, and his army is smitten. Alexander desires upon a campaign, brings up his hosts and dies. For a long while that nation monopolizes the tearning of the word. It is the nation of the Arabs. Who founded it! Islumael, the lad that Hagar led into the wilderness. She had no idea she was leading forth such destinies. Neither does any mother. You pass along the street and see pass brys and girls who will yet make the carth quake with their influence.

Who is that boy at Sutton Pool. Plymouth, England, bare footed, wading down into the slusb and slime until his bare foot comes upon a piece of glass and he lifts it, bleeding and pain struck! That wound in the foot decides that he be sedentary in his life, decides that he be a student. That wound by the glass in the foot decide: that he shall be John Kitto. who shall provide the best religious encyclo-pedia the world has ever had provided, and, with his other writings as well, throwing a light upon the word 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 hur! thunder polts of war or drop benedletlogs! That little voles may blaspheme God in the grozeli cry "Coward!" to the Lord's hosts as they go out for their last victory.

My mind this morning leaps thirty years ahead and I see a merchant prince of New York. One struke of his pen brings a ship our of Canton. Another struke of his pen brings a ship tuto Madras. He is mighty in all the money markets of the world. Who is he? He sits this morning health. cat astronomers of England.

God Approxy The Spierre.

On the other hand we may be born in a sphere a little higher than that for which God intends as. We may be born in a castle, and play in a costly conservatory, and feed highered pointers and ragic for gold fish in artificial pointers and ragic for gold fish in artificial pointers and the familiar with princes; yet God may better have atted us for a carpentar's shop, or cential's forceps, or a weaver's shuttle or a hischamita's longe. The great thing is to find out just the sphere for which God in the confidence of all the others and they prayers. Who is shef This afternoon you will find her in the Salbath school while the teacher twis her of that Christ who clothed is to find out just the sphere for which God.

on the and I fled moved in an African agic and there is a massionary of the cross

which which scattifully went treading its golden pathway wants to be the balance which and the sports with charm does into the brook because it can not, like the eagle, cut a circle make the sing.

In the Lord warm, we all want to be bright disc generals. The shoop says: "More most,

all these thirsty soms this morning. On that last day, on that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried: "If any man thirst let him come to Me and drink." All these other fountains you find are mere inlyages 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 desappointed be found not the clixir. But here And here is some one else who says: "I be-lieve all you say, but I have been trudging along in the wilderness and can't find th fountain." Do you know the reasonf. I wil tell you. You never looked in the right direc

CHRIST SUPPLYING ALL NURDS "O." your say, "I have looked everywheye, 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-hook up where Hagar looked. She never would have found the fountain at all, but when she heard the voice of the angel she looked up, and she saw the floger pointing to the supply. And O. soul, if to-day, 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 ye ends of the earth and be ye saved; for I am God, and there is none class! Look! Look

Yes, there is a well for every desert of be-reavement. Looking over the nuclience this morning I notice an unusual number of signs of mourning and wee. Have you found con-solution! O, man bereft! O, weman bereft! solution? O, man beceft! O, woman bereft! bave you found e-modation? Hearse after hearse. We step from one grave hillock to another grave hillock. We follow corpses—curselves soon to be like them. The world is in mourning for its dead. Every heart has become the sepulshre of some buried jog? But sing ye to God; every widerness 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 van have sometimes taken hold of the rope of the old well-sweep, and you know how the blacket came up dripping with bright, essl writer. And I lay hole of the rope of God's mercy this morning and I begin to draw on that gospel well-sweep, and I see the backets coming up. I see the buckets coming u

I see the backets coming up.

TRUSTING WHOLLY IN JUSUS.

The old astrologers used to cheat the people with the idea that they could leil from the position of the stars what would occur in the future, and if a cluster of stars stood in one relation, why, 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: regard to those who put their trust in God;
"All things werk together for good to those
who love God." Do you love hand Have you
seen the systanthes: It is a beautiful flower,
but it gives very little fragrance until after
sunset. Then it pours its redness on the afr.
And this grace of the gospel that I commend
to you this morning, while it may be very
sweet during the day of prosperity. It pours
forth its richest aronn after sunsown. And forth its richest aroma after sundown. 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 drinking at a fountain?

A Christian Hindoo was dying and his heather companies came around him and tried

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 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 Namtra, it will deliver you from hell." 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 perhaps he was too weary to speak, and they said: "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut,' think of him." He shook his head again, as much as to say: "No, no, no!" Then they out down to his pillow, and they said: "In what will you trust?" His face lighted u with the very glories of the celestial sphere, and he cried out, rallying all his dying energies "Jesus." O, come this morning to the fountain! I will tell you the whole story in two of three sentences. Pardon for all sin. Comfor for all trouble. Light for all darkness. And every wildernss has a well in it.

A Methodist hymn commends those whom It says "fought to win the prize." Does this hold the truly good to the approval of the contemporaneous prize fighter of the ring! - Cleve-

land Sentinel