THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT, BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1898

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

Dr. Talmage Draws Some Useful Lessons from 'll eir Story.

Wien the Future Looks Dark an Angel of L ght Can Be ... en by the Eye of Falth-Comfort for the Despondent.

In the following sermon the popular Nashington divine urges his hearers to first find the sphere that God inended them for and then stay in it. His text is Genesis 21: 19: "And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water and gave the lad drink." Morning breaks upon Beersheba. There is an early stir in the house of old Abraham. There has been trouble among the domestics. Hagar, an assistant in the household, and her son, a brisk lad of 16 years, have become impudent and insolent, and Sarah, the mistress of the household, puts her foot down very hard and says that they will have to leave the premises. They are packing up now. Abraham, knowing that the journey before his servant and her son will be very long and across desolate places, in the kindness of his heart sets about putting up some bread and a bottle with water in it. It is a very plain lunch that Abraham provides, but I warrant you there would have been enough of it had they not lost their way. "God be with you!" said old Abraham as he gave the lunch 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 disasters that are ahead of him. Hagar gives one long, lingering look on the familiar place where she has passed so many happy days, each scene associated with the pride and joy of her heart, young Ishmael.

The scorching noon comes on. The air, is stifling and moves across the desert with insufferable suffocation. Ishmael, the boy, begins to complain and lies down, but Hagar rouses him up, saying nothing about her own weariness or the sweltering heat, for mothers can endure anything. Trudge. trudge, trudge. Crossing the dead level of the desert, how wearily and slowly the miles slip! A tamarind that seemed hours ago to stand only just a little ahead, inviting the travelers to come under its shadow, now is as far off as ever, or seemingly so. Night drops upon the desert, and the travelers are pillowless. Ishmael, very weary, I suppose instantly falls asleep. Hagar, as the shadows of the night begin to lap over each other-Hagar hugs her weary boy to her bosom and thinks of the fact that it is her fault that they are in the desert. A star looks out, and every falling tear it kisses with a sparkle. A wing of wind comes over the hot earth and lifts the locks from the fevered brow of the boy. Hagar sleeps fitfully, and in her dreams travels over the weary day, and half awakes her son by crying out in her sleep, "Ishmael! Ishmael!"

And so they go on day after day and night after night, for they have lost | work, and are contented in the sphere their way. No path in the shifting sands; no sign in the burning sky. The sack empty of the flour; the water gone from the bottle. What shall she do? As she puts her fainting Ishmael under a stunted shrub of the arid plain, she sees the blood-shot eye, and feels the hot hand, and watches the blood bursting from the cracked tongue, and there is a shrick in the desert of Beersheba: "We shall die! We shall die!" Now, no mother was ever made strong enough to hear her son cry in vain for drink. Heretofore she had cheered her boy by promising a speedy end of the journey, and even smiled upon him when she felt desperately enough. Now there is nothing to do but place him under a shrub and let him die. She had thought that she would sit there and watch him until the spirit of her boy would go away forever, and then she would breathe out her own life on his silent heart; but is the boy begins to claw his tongue in agony for thirst and struggle in distortion, and begs his mother to slay him. she cannot endure the spectacle. She puts him under a shrub and goes off a how-shot, and begins to weep until all the desert seems sobbing, and her cry strikes clear through the heavens; and an angel of God comes out on a cloud, and looks down upon the appalling grief and cries: "Hagar, what aileth thee?" She looks up and she sees the angel pointing to a well of water. where she fills the bottle for the lad. Thank God! Thank God! I learn from this oriental scene, in the first place, what a sad thing it is when people do not know their place. and get too proud for their business! Hagar was an assistant in that household, but she wanted to rule there. She ridiculed and jeered until her son, Ishmael, got the same tricks. She dashed out her own happiness, and threw Sarah into a great fret; and if she had stayed much longer in that household she would have upset calm Abraham's equilibrium. My friends, one-half of the trouble in the world today comes from the fact 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 for Abraham. A place for Sarah. A place for Hagar. A place for Ishmael. A place for you and a place for me. Our first duty is to find our sphere; our second is to keep it. We may be born in a sphere far off from the one for which God finally intends us. Sixtus V, was born on the low ground, and was swineherd; God called him up to wave a scepter. Ferguson spent his early days in looking after sheep; God called him up to look after stars, and be a shepherd watching the flocks of light on the hillsides of Heaven. Hogarth began by engraving pewter pots; God raised him to stand in the enchanted realm of a painter. The shoe-maker's bench held Bloomfield for a ittle while; but God raised him to sit In the chair of a philosopher and Chris-lian scholar. The soap-boiler of Lon-lon could not keep his son in that bare foot comes upon a piece of glass

business, for God had deci ad the Hawley was to be one of the greatest astronomers of England.

On the other hand, we may be born in a sphere a litle higher than that for which God intends us. We may be born in a castle, and play in a co-tly conservatory, and feed high-bred pointers, and angle for goldfish in artificial ponds, and be familiar with princes; yet God may better have fitted us for a carpenter's shop, or dentist's forceps, or weaver's shuttle, or a blacksmith's forge. The great thing is to find just the sphere for which God intended us, and then to occupy that sphere, and occupy it forever. Here 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 constitution. There is a woman who was made to fashion a robe, and yonder is one intended to be a queen and wear it. It seems to me that in the one case, as in the other, God appoints the sphere, and the needlo is just as respectable in his sight as the scepter. I do not know but that the world would long ago have been saved 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 really think that one-half the world may be divided into two quartersthose who have not found out their sphere, and those who, having 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 a mistress. Hagar keeps crowding Sarah. The small wheel of a watch which beautifully went treading its golden pathway wants to be the balance wheel, and the sparrow with chagrin drops into the brook because it cannot, like the eagle, cut a circle under the sun.

In the Lord's army we all want to be brigadier generals! The sloop says: "More mast, more tonnage, more canvas! Oh, that I were a topsail schooner, or a full-rigged brig, or a Cunard steamer!" And so the world is filled with cries of discontent, 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 strewn with wandering Hagars and Ishmaels. God has given each one of us a work to do. You carry a scuttle of coal up that dark alley. You distribute that Christian tract. You give \$10,000 to the missionary cause. You for 15 years sit with chronic rheumatism, displaying the beauty of Christian submission. Whatever God calls you to, whether it win hissing or huzza; whether to walk under triumphal arch or lift the sot out of the ditch; whether it be to preach on a Pentecost or tell some wanderer of the street of the mercy of the Christ of Mary Magdalene; whether it be to weave a garland for a laughing child on a spring morning and call her a May Queen, or to comb out the tangled locks of a waif of the street, and cut up one of your old dresses to fit her out for the sanctuary-do it, and do it right away. Whether it be a crown or yoke, do not fidget. Everlasting honors upon those who do their work, and do their whole

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 decides that he shall be John Kitto, who shall provide the best religious encyclopaedia 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 yet be lifted to hurl thunderbolts of war or drop benedictions! That little voice may blaspheme God in the grogshops or cry 'Forward!" to the Lord's hosts as they go out for their last victory. My mind this morning leaps 80 years ahead, 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 he? He sits on Sabbaths beside you in church.

My mind leaps 30 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 purpose. There is one woman in that crowd who 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? This afternoon you will find her in the Sabbath school, while her 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 dusky countenances are irradiated with the glad tidings of great joy and salvation. Who is he? Did you not hear his voice today in the opening song of your church service?

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 she heard her child. crying: "Water! Water! Water"! "Ah!" she says, "my darling, there is no water. This is a desert." And then God's angel said from the cloud: "What aileth 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. 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 mirages of the desert. Paracelsus, you know, spent his time in trying to find out the elixir 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 elixir. But here I tell you of the elixir 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 someone else who says: "I believe all you say, but I have been trudging along in the wilderness and can't find the fountain." "Do you know the reason? I will tell you. You never looked in the right direction. "Oh," 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. Yes, there is a well for every desert of bereavement. Looking over any audience I notice signs of mourning and woe. Have you found consolation? Oh, man bereft, Oh, woman bereft, have you found consolation? Hearse 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 mourning for its dead. Every heart has become the sepulcher of some buried joy. But sing ye to God; every wilderness has a well in it; and I come to that well to-day, and I begin to draw water for you 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 and I begin to draw on that gospel well-sweep, and I see the buckets coming up. Thirsty soul! Here is one bucket of life! Come and drink of it. "Whosoever 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: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morn-ing." 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." A converted Hindoo was dying, and his heathen conwades 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 from hell." He waived his hand as much as to say: "I don't want to hear that." Then they said: "Call on Juggernaut." 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 'Jugger-naut,' think of him." 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 this hour to the fountain! I will tell you the whole story in two or three sentences. Pardon for all sin. Comfort for all trouble. Light for all darkness. And every wilderness has a well in it: head again, as much as to say: "No,

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RAILROAD SCHEDULES

P ENNSYLVANIA BAILEOAD AND BRANCHES. In effect on and after May 17, 1897. VIA. TYRONE-WESTWARD.

VIA. TTRONE-WESTWARD.
Léave Beilefonte 9 53 am, arrive at Tyrone II loam, at Altoona, 100 pm; at Pittsburg 5 t0 pm.
Leave Beilefonte 1 05 pm; arrive at Tyrone 2 15 pm; at Altoona 2 55 pm; at Pittsburg 7 66 pm.
Leave Beilefonte 4 44 pm; arrive at Tyrone 6 00; at Altoona at 7 40; at Pittsburg at 11 30

VIA TYRONE-EASTWARD.

VIA TYKONE-EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9 53 a m, arrive at Tyrone 11 0: at Harrisburg 2 40 p m; at Philadel-phia 5 47 p m. Leave Bellefonte 1 05 p m, arrive at Tyrone 2 15 p m; at Harrisburg 7 00 p m; at Phila-delphia 11 15 p m. Leave Bellefonte 4 44 p m, arrive at Tyrone 6 00; at Harrisburg at .0 20 p m; at Phila-delphia 4 30 a m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN-NORTHWARD. Leave Bellefonte 932 am, arrive at Lock

Haven 19 30 a m. Leave Bellefonte 1 42 p m. arrive at Lock Haven 2 43 p m : at Williamsport 3 50 p m. Leave Bellefonte at 8 31 p m, arrive at Lock Haven at 9.30 p. m.

VIA LOCE HAVEN-EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m. arrive at Lock Haven, 10.80, leave Williamsport, 12.40 p.m. arrive at Harrisburg, 8.20 p.m., at Philadel

arrive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p. m., at Philadei phia at 6.23 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 1.42 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 2.43 p. m., Williamsport, 3.59 p.m., Harrisburg, 7.10 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 8.31 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9.30 p. m., leave Williamsport, 12.20 a. m., arrive Harrisburg, 3.22 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6.52 a. m.

VIA LEWISBURG

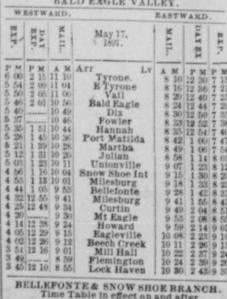
Leave Bellefonte at 6.30 a.m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9.15 a.m., Hagrisburg, 11.30 a.m., Philadelphia, 3.00 p.m.
Leave Bellefonte, 2.15 p.m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4.47, at Harrisburg, 7.10 p.m., Philadelphia at 11.15 p.m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. In effect May 17, 1897. WESTWARD EASTWARD 111: 103 1341 112 STATIONS. PMAM 1 28 5 40 AMPM 925455 915447 Montandor 45 6 1 Fair Ground. 1 53 6 24 9 01 4 29 8 56 4 25 Vicksburg______Mifflinburg 8 47 4 27 8 33 4 15Glen Iron... Cherry Run. Aregg. Linden

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Time Table in effect on and after May 17, 1897. Leave Bellefonte....... 7.00 a. m. and 1.05 p. m. Arrive at Snow Shoe... 9.00 a. m. " 2.52 "

in which God has put them; while there is wandering, and exile, and desolation, and wilderness for discontented Hagar and Ishmael.

Again, I find in this oriental scene a esson of sympathy with woman when she goes forth trudging in the desert. What a great change it was for this Hagar! There was the tent, and all the surroundings of Abraham's house. beautiful and luxurious, no doubt. Now she is going out into the hot sands of the desert. Oh, what a change it was! And in our day we often see the wheel of fortune turn. Here is some one who lived in the very bright home of her father. She had everything possible to administer to her happiness-plenty at the table, music in the drawing room, welcome at the door. She is led forth into life by some one who cannot appreciate her. A dissipated soul comes and takes her out in the desert. Cruelties blot out all the lights of that home circle. Harsh words wear out her spirit. The high hope that shone out over the marriage altar while the ring was being set, and the vows given. and the benediction pronounced, have all faded with the orange blossoms, and there she is to-day broken-hearted. thinking of past joys and present desolation and coming anguish. Hagar in the wilderness

Here is a beautiful home. You cannot think of anything that can be added to it. For years there has not been the suggestion of a single trouble. 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 joy full and running over. Dark night drops. Pillow hot. Pulses flutter. Eyes close. And the foot whose well-known steps on the door-sill brought the whole household out at eventide crying. "Father's coming!" will never sound on the door-sill again. A long, deep grief plowed through all that brightness of domestic life. Paradise lost. Widowhood. Hagar in the wilderness! 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 thunder against it, but in vain. Gaulus brings up his army, and his army is smitten. Alexander decides upon a campaign, brings up his hosts, and dies. For a long while 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 idea she was leading forth such destinies. Neither does any mother. You pass along the street and see and pass boys and girls who will yet make he earth quake with their influence. Who is that boy at Sutton Pool, Ply-mouth, England, barefooted, wading

