

over us that we are *lost*. Such spiritually was Jacob's experience at Peniel. He was left alone; he felt that he was alone; he was lonely. The night felt all around him like a gulf of darkness that had opened, and the stars seemed the twinkling lights of a homeless city. He had no one to speak to, and he knew not whither to turn. He had lost all his bearings, and his memory and conscience rose up within him in anarchy. His immortal soul was bewildered and confounded; and he had a sense of being *lost*, [and what echoes that word makes and multiplies when heard in the dark!] until God showed him the way wherein he should walk and let him go at the breaking of the day. In every Christian life there is a spiritual counterpart to this experience; ere the end, or at the end, every life will know it. Unhappiest of all things ever created must a soul be if it too late knows itself lost—irretrievably lost! and irrecoverably dark its fate if it must drift out into Eternity not knowing its own destiny!