

## WHEN ENEMIES ARE RECONCILED

By William T. Ellis.

The International Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 24, is "Jacob Wins Esau," Gen. 32:1-11.

Almost weekly the strange opportunity to our times is remarked. It is a striking providence but puts into the hands of twenty million Sunday School members in the United States and Canada these Bible teachings, which apply so closely to the peculiar conditions of our own day. There is a reason in this new era of democracy, when the convulsive minds of the people are the decisive forces in all public events, it is essential that there be clear and available principles and illustrations drawn from the inspired word of God, which our people as a whole accept as their supreme law.

Presenting the prospect of world wide peace and reorganization, we have the old story of the reconciliation of the two sons of Isaac, who had been in deadly enmity. One had grossly and foully wronged the other, Jacob had sown bitterness in Esau's heart, and had reaped it in his own. By guile he had wronged his brother, and by guile he had turned been wronged by another. Men usually perish by the same sort of sword they take up. After years of exile Jacob cried peace to Esau, offering indemnities or propitiatory gifts, and his brother magnanimously answered him. We shall find a word for the world in the old tale.

### Business and Matrimony.

Himself the world's most famous business man, and the progenitor of the most eminent business race, Jacob's story is a mixture of trickery, failure and success. He had fled from Beersheba, lower down the border of Palestine, to Haran, in upper Mesopotamia, where dwelt his Uncle Laban. There he had fallen in love with his cousin Rachel, and had made a deal with her father that he should receive her in marriage, he, in return, giving seven years of unpaid service to his mother's brother. The proposed nuptials were celebrated by a carouse, and Jacob woke up in the morning to find himself the husband of Rachel's older sister, Leah, the sorrier.

There was a rude poetic justice in this substitution. It was so characteristically a Jacob sort of trick. He was being paid back in his own coin. Labor was kin to Jacob on the maternal side; they were two of a kind. Jacob was burdened with a wife he did not want, his beloved's unmarriageable elder sister, and obliged to give seven years of servitude for Rachel. Here we find the first noble quality in Jacob. He really loved his wife, with sincere and disinterested and exuberant affection. It was in truth the divine passion. Romance cherishes the passage in Jacob's record which declares: "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." Consistently, this passion for the woman whom he had first met as a beautiful maiden by the well-side, shines through Jacob's life. His devotion to Joseph and Benjamin was because they were the children of the bride of his heart. No man can be wholly bad, or entirely alien from the God whose other name is love, who is capable of such beautiful and constant affection.

Of course it was a polygamous household, after the general fashion of the time. In addition to his two wives, Jacob had two concubines, and these four were the mothers of his twelve sons and one daughter. In the narrative we have glimpses of the heart-burnings and jealousies which exist under the system of plural marriages. After serving fourteen years for his two wives, Jacob made a profit-sharing arrangement with his uncle, Esau, whereby he toiled six years more. In this bargain, Jacob unscrupulously got the advantage of his senior partner. He was the sort of business man who would sell shoddy for wool, and whose devious ways have been followed by not a few men since. At the end of the period, Laban had most of the experience and Jacob most of the business.

### Between Two Enemies.

When things got too hot for Jacob in Haran he started off, secretly, with his wives and children and possessions for Canaan. It was fight from the uncle whom he had wronged, toward the brother whom he had defrauded. There is no smooth and open road anywhere in front of the dishonest man. Nobody should envy him, wrongdoer. He has paid too high for his ill-gotten gains. There occurs to me the instance of a present-day Jacob, a professedly pious business man, who is ambitious to stand high in this city as a public man. But his private practices in business follow him everywhere, and have already laid him low, so far as civic preferment is concerned. I have heard him called "a crook" in so many circles and by so many men whose favor he covets, that if he knew all he would straightway enter upon a course of restitution, even though it led to poverty. The Jacob kind of business simply does not pay. There's a way that seems with right unto men, but the end thereof are the ways of death.

Hampered by his household and his flocks, Jacob was soon overtaken by Laban in the mountains East of the Jordan. In a dream, on the seventh night Laban was warned of God to let his son-in-law alone. So deep mutual recriminations, they made a treaty of peace by setting up a boundary stone, beyond which neither would pass in pursuit of the other. They called it "Mizpah," meaning "Jehovah watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another." "Mizpah" is now a watchword of the Christian Endeavor societies, and they close their services with it, most of the members being quite unaware that, far from being a tender and fraternal benediction between friends, it bears quite the opposite meaning. Neither Laban nor Jacob trusted the other, and by this stone each called upon Jehovah to keep an eye upon the other.

With Laban, disposed of Jacob had now to look forward to Esau, whose wrath he rightly feared. Pity the flight of a timorous man! The procedure followed by Jacob represents the diplomacy of the East. He sent propitiatory messengers to Esau, and got back the word that his brother was on the way with four hundred men! Horror upon horrors! Was ever a child of Abraham in such fear?

Resourceful, as usual, Jacob divided his family and goods into two parts that one at least might escape. Then he betook himself to prayer. It was a noble prayer, registering the advance that this man of the troubled career had made in religious experience. I pleaded the promises, and confessed his own unworthiness, and told the Lord just what deliverment Jacob sought, and adduced the unselfish and spacious reasons therefore.

Then to faith, Jacob added works. He sent forward in nine separate and successive installments a royal gift of live stock to his brother. The bearers of each portion were carefully coached as to what they should say to Esau, until the brother's wrath should be appeased by presents and good will. Following this measure, Jacob sent his company on ahead, while he himself remained behind in agony of soul.

### When Jacob Wrestled.

Then came the night of nights, the climax of this crowded career. It was a tragic time. Peril of death awaited on the morrow, Jacob knew that he had merited the worst that his brother could do to him. To appease Esau's wrath he had offered up his pride and his goods. Even of his family's safety he despaired. Now, alone in the darkness by the stream, he faced the crisis of his life. His entire previous scale of values had been discarded. His own pride was humbled, Jacob was a chastened, a frightened man, eager for peace with his fellow man and with God. Then befell the strange experience of the night of wrestling, which is a vivid picture of the seasons of soul-struggle that all know who have greatly lived. It was Jacob's Gethsemane, the garden where he learned to say "Not my will, but Thine!" for it was when he ceased to struggle that he prevailed with God.

In golden youth, when seems the earth  
A summer land for singing mirth;  
When souls are glad and hearts are light  
And not a shadow harks in sight,  
We do not know it, but there lies  
Somewhere, veiled under evening skies,  
A garden all most sometimes seen—  
Somewhere lies our Gethsemane.

With joyous steps we go our way,  
Tends a halo to our days,  
Light sorrows all like clouds afar;  
We laugh, and say how strong we are,  
We hurry on, and hurrying, go  
Close to the borderland of woe,  
That waits for you and waits for me—  
Forever waits Gethsemane.

Down shadowy lanes, across strange  
streama,  
Bridged over by our broken dreams,  
Behind the misty cap of years,  
Close to the great salt-fount of tears,  
The garden lies; strive as you may,  
You cannot miss it in your way.  
All paths that have been, or shall be,  
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane.

All those who journey, soon or late  
Must pass within that garden's gate,  
Must kneel alone in darkness there,  
And battle with the fierce despair,  
God pity those who cannot see,  
Not mine, but Thine, "who only pray."  
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see  
The purpose in Gethsemane. Milla  
Wheeler Wilcox.

### The Reconciliation.

When men have won with God, he makes it easy for them to win with other men. Jacob had spent a night of reconciliation with Jehovah, the turning point in his career, wherein his nature was changed. So he was ready on the morrow to meet Esau. Penitence was matched by magnanimity. The transformed Jacob was met by chivalrous Esau. The meeting that might have been strife and continuation of bitterness, proved to be a brotherly reunion, each trying to outdo the other in generosity. Peace, permanent peace, followed the reconciliation, because at least one of the parties thereto had been having a profound transaction with God.

What says the story to us? Many things, some of which have been implied in this telling. After world strife there must be world peace. This earth is too small to contain enemies which the great war has engendered. If Jacob is penitent, Esau must be magnanimous. We are called upon to rise to new heights of spiritual greatness. While justice must precede mercy, yet after justice let there be generosity. All of us, in humility and in a full sense of our own undeserving, are called upon to seek to know and follow the further will of God, and those who are convinced that they have been doing his work in maintaining righteousness, should be foremost in establishing peace with good will—for no other kind of peace will prevail.

### SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.

What time I am afraid, I will put my trust in thee.—Psa. 56:3.

A Christian is the highest style of man.

I have this day, thy light, thy sun, thy heat, thy chosen—more, but if I would, this day I could make great as none before.

The true way to be humble is not to stoop until we are less than yourself, but to stand at your real height against some higher nature that will show you what the real smallness of your greatest greatness is.

—Philip Brooks.

If you wish your neighbors to see what God is like let them see what He can make you like.

—Kinglets.

God blesses still the generous tho't, And still the fitting word He speeds, And Truth, at His requiring, taught, He quickens into deeds.

—Whittier.

Our greatest glory consists, not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.

—Goldsworthy.

### OBITUARY.

**Capt. Rufus Cole.**  
The death of Captain Rufus Cole occurred at the residence of his son, H. W. Cole, 111 Elliot Row, at 3 o'clock yesterday morning. Captain Cole was 59 years of age and was well known in marine circles, having been captain of vessels for years, and the head of the School of Navigation for a long time. He leaves three daughters and two sons, Mrs. (Dr.) M. F. Campbell, Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. A. T. Atkins, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. Charles Fraser, at home, H. W. Cole, of this city, and H. L. Cole, Kentville. The funeral will take place this afternoon at 2:30, services at the house.

**Mrs. James B. MacMurray.**  
Mrs. James B. MacMurray died at 5 o'clock yesterday morning at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Frederick McFadden, 552 King Street East. Deceased was 66 years of age and had been a sufferer from cancer for some time. Besides her husband, she leaves to mourn one daughter, Mrs. James McFadden, Detroit, and Mrs. J. Devenne, of New York, and one brother, F. W. McFadden, of Akron, Col. The funeral service will be held at her late residence on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

**Lillian M. Speight.**  
The death occurred Thursday evening of Lillian M. Speight, daughter of John D. and Mrs. Speight, at the home of her parents, Simonds street. The deceased was 35 years old, and is survived by her parents, two sisters and two brothers. Mrs. Elmer Robinson, of Danforth, Me., and Miss Mary, at home, are the sisters, and Sanford, in France, and John, at home, are the brothers.

**Miss Alice Clarke.**  
Woodstock, Nov. 21.—Miss Alice Clarke, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Orlan Clarke, Cedar street, died on Friday night from spinal meningitis, aged twenty-three years. She is survived by her parents, two sisters and two brothers. The funeral was



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## Cream of the West Flour

(Milled according to Government Standard)



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conducted by Rev. S. Howard, the pallbearers being B. B. Dykeman, Wilbur Gray, Hudson Vanwart and Harold Montgomery.

**Clyde Hull.**  
Woodstock, Nov. 21.—Mr. Clyde Hull died in the emergency hospital on Monday evening, aged thirty-two years. He leaves a mother, one sister, Mrs. Walter Corger, three brothers, James P. Frank, of Boston, and Lester, in France. He was taken ill on Wednesday of influenza. Mrs. Hull will have general sympathy in her loss as this is the third son she has lost within a year, one having been killed while serving with the 26th Battalion in France, and one with the Canadian Engineers in Quebec.

**Joseph Carter.**  
St. George, Nov. 22.—Joseph Carter, son of Thomas Carter, died at Seely's Cove of influenza on November 19th, aged 28 years. This death was doubly sad as another son, John, died of the same disease on Oct. 25th. The surviving relatives are two brothers, Richard, in khaki in France, Herbert

at sea, also six sisters, three of whom are at present ill with influenza. Funeral was conducted by Rev. J. Spencer, on Nov. 20th.

**Miss Kathleen Melnick.**  
Newcastle, Nov. 22.—The Fifth Northumberland County school teacher to die this term is Miss Kathleen Melnick, of Bay du Vin, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh F. Melnick. Deceased was 22 years of age.

**Chester Coughlan.**  
Newcastle, Nov. 22.—Another recent death from pneumonia is that of Chester Coughlan, aged 18 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Coughlan of Underhill. He leaves, besides his parents, five brothers and four sisters.

**Mr. Goodill.**  
St. George, Nov. 22.—The only son of Stephen Goodill, of Chamcook, died of influenza and was buried on Nov. 20th, at Penfield, by Rev. J. Spencer.

## Belgium Needs Your Help MORE THAN EVER!

As Homes are Freed from Grasp of Germans New Horrors Revealed.

Belgium! Belgium! Belgium!—the papers are full of heart-rending news-items from Belgium. Delirious with joy at being rescued from the hellish tyranny of the Germans, yet the poor Belgians are in large measure in the last stages of want. Every cent you can send to them NOW will help to feed a famished patriot or clothe one whose meagre rags will never keep out this winter's cold.

### Raise Your Fund and Send It In!

Perhaps you cannot spare as much as you would wish, but go around among your friends, plead Belgium's cause, collect all you can in every possible way, and turn it in QUICKLY to your local Committee or to Headquarters.

Picture these hungry and stricken people, of whom the Master said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these . . . ."

### This is an imperative call for HELP!

Make cheques payable and send contributions to  
**Belgian Relief Fund**  
(Registered under the War Charities Act)  
to your Local Committee, or to  
Headquarters: 59 St. Peter St., Montreal.

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