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SECOND SECTION

A RUNAWAY'S GLIMPSE OF GLORY.

By William T. Ellis.

*The International Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 17th, is "Jacob Fleeing From His Angry Brother."—Gen. 28:10-22.

Some persons need to be scared or smitten into reformation. There is plenty of precedent and warrant for the chastening of Germany in order to insure a change in her character. Jacob, son of Isaac, who had not a few points in common with the Kaiser, had to be soundly frightened, and his ambitious schemes wrecked, before he ever found his better self. When he became a fugitive from the vengeance of his outraged brother Esau, he had a new standpoint from which to view himself. A lonely wanderer, affrighted at every shadow and every sound, with no servant to accompany him, and with no wealth in his hand, Jacob was far removed from his former position as arch-conspirator in the household of his rich father Isaac. Now there was no fond, shrewd and unscrupulous mother to incite or abet him. He was on his own; and that is often the beginning of great things in a young man's life.

Jacob was on the run, with a guilty conscience for his only companion. He and his mother had presented to Isaac another reason for the flight—the importance of securing for Jacob a wife from the old family stock up in Haran. Really, though, it was fear of Esau that quickened his footsteps. Jacob might be a better business man than his brother, and able to outplay him in any game of guile, but in a straightout fight he was afraid of the hairy hunter. So the successful schemer was fleeing from his own home, looking for a chance to begin life over again in safety. All his trickery had been in vain. "I wish there were some wonderful place called the Land of Beginning Again. Where all our mistakes and all our heart aches and all our sorrows could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door, and never put on again."

Where British Soldiers March. An air of mystery surrounds Bible characters and places for many persons; and it is continually worth while to remind ourselves that the route of Jacob's flight is the present route of the British forces in Palestine. Like him, they started from Beersheba, where they maintained headquarters, after defeating the Turks at Suez and on the Sinai Peninsula. From Beersheba, they, like him, marched north, and are still going until they reach Haran, or until General Marshall's troops from Bagdad pass through it and unite with the forces from Beersheba, somewhere in the neighborhood of Aleppo. At a point where the British lately routed the Turks, called Bethel, Jacob had an experience that has meant more to human life than most great battles.

What some one man thinks is often a turning point in world history. Inner personal experiences are the real seeds of revolution. It is a great thing for the world when a man or a woman, and particularly a young man or a young woman, gets a new conviction concerning the spiritual verities. It is not the places we have been, the things we have seen and heard and done, that matter most, but the resolutions we have formed, the thoughts that have come to dominate us. Jacob at Bethel was making a more momentous journey than to Haran; he was on his way to a great idea. For the first time, apparently, he was taking vital

account of God. It is easiest to look up when we are down. Adversity has been the introduction of many a person to the things worth while. When fear and disaster are at our heels, we instinctively cry out for help from some Power beyond ourselves. The motive may not have been the most creditable, but the effect of fugitive Jacob's experience was to set him to thinking about Jehovah, the God of his father and of his grandfather. On that lonely, hasty journey, he brooded upon the vast promises to his family line, promises which dwarfed into true proportions his mean and crafty devices for self-enrichment.

The Dream and the Song. Night had fallen. The frightened Jacob had kept going, fearful ever of hearing the shout of his avenging brother behind him. He knew the physical hardihood and endurance of Esau the hunter, who might even now be tracking him as game. Not until darkness had come did he pause near the village of Luz. His preparations for the night were of the simplest; a stone for a pillow, the earth for a couch, his cloak for a covering. It was not hardship for him to sleep so; he had often done it, as the people of the land do to this very day. A stone is a hard pillow only to the person used to feathers.

Ruling thoughts usually shape dreams. And Jacob dreamed of God and Heaven and safety and a sure inheritance. In his dream it seemed as if a ladder reached from the very spot where he slept to heaven itself, and messengers ascended and descended. "And, behold, Jehovah stood above it, and said, I am Jehovah, the God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it and to thy seed; and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west and to the east, and to the north, and to the south; and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee whithersoever thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."

On this experience of Jacob is based Sarah F. Adam's famous hymn: "Though like the wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee. There let the way appear, Steps unto heaven; All that Thou send'st me In mercy given; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! Then, with my waking thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!"

The Penitent's Vow. As the starving one dreams of food, as the wanderer thinks of home, as the prodigal recalls his father's house, as the sinner longs for virtue, so Jacob, the schemer, saw in his dream that which was to him most desirable. And the dream tremendously influenced his life. It brought him back suddenly to a sense of God. He saw himself in the light of the presence of Jehovah. There is traffic between heaven

and earth. Mortal experiences have an immortal outreach. God is concerned in the affairs of man. He has his messengers climbing unseen ladders between the spiritual realms. What Jacob foresaw in a dream, has come to be the supreme reality of all existence. God has drawn near to us in the person of his own sent Son, our Saviour. Through him we may have closer, surer contact with the eternal world than came to Jacob at Bethel.

In these days of long casualty lists, of confusion, suffering, perplexity and war, we all need the reassurance that came to Jacob, that God is not uninterested. He is not a cold and distant Deity, standing apart and remote, indifferent in his ineffable majesty. By all of his omnipotent resourcefulness, God is pressing himself and his comfort and his inspiration upon a sore-hearted world. He wants mankind to find Him in these days of darkness. If the war should be the occasion of a great spiritual awakening, of a turning to the Father, and of a new sense of life to his purposes, it will have been abundantly justified. No price is too high to pay for the boon of finding God.

The spot where we have had a unique spiritual experience is a soul-shrine. Oriental-wise, Jacob marked the scene of his dream with a memorial stone. His pillow became a pillar. That which had helped him sleep became a means to awaken remembrance. That spot, like every other where man meets his Maker, became a house of God, a gate of heaven.

A Made-Over World. This great experience did not make a saint of Jacob. He had a long way yet to go on that journey. But it did change his direction. His soul was searched. God became a new factor in his life. He had learned to reckon with the infinite verities. It would need some hard living, a further fright, and an ever more intimate and personal experience of God, to make over his character completely. Jacob's vow, after his vision, seems pitifully inadequate. He had seen the heavens opened. He had heard the voice of Jehovah. A vista of benign providence had been spread before him. Still all that he asked was merely safety for his journey, and food and clothes. His vow, or bargain, was not on a lofty plane; it had no spiritual implications. If God would take care of him physically, he would serve God, and give him a tenth of his income.

Nevertheless, Jacob was on the way to a new character. In a world full of Jacobs, with self-seeking and injustice and oppression rampant, millions of persons are to-day wondering how we are going to assure a new world order. The fundamental problem is one affecting human nature. It is not enough to break German armament, if German aims abide. The motives of militarism and materialism are more of a menace than is mere might. We cannot create successfully a league of altruistic nations, if the parties thereof are the same scheming sort as we used to know. The Jacob problem is really the world problem to-day. We have to change human nature.

"It can't be done," says the man of the world. Ah, but it has been done, and it is being done, and it will be done, on an increasingly large scale. But only the goodness and grace of God can do it. Except the world first meet God, in a personal transaction and relationship, it cannot meet the needs of a new day. Converted men and women are the only sure route to a transformed human society.

General Foch recently said to an American visitor: "We cannot maintain the ideals of liberty and justice, whether in war or in peace, without faith in Christ, for He was the great giver of freedom to men."

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INSTANT POSTUM

TIDINGS FROM OUTLET.

Death of Mrs. C. N. Vanderburg at Indian Head, Sask.

Outlet, Nov. 12.—School has again opened in this locality. Miss Eva Bradley in this locality. Miss Eva Bradley is able to be out again after her recent illness. George Reed and little son, Hubert, are improving nicely, the influenza not being quite so severe in their case as in many. B. Fodey and wife, who have both been very ill, are now convalescent. There is great rejoicing over the good news that the war is over. A number from this vicinity went to Brockville on Monday evening to take part in the celebration. Mrs. Edward Vanderburg returned home from Saft Bay on Friday, having been engaged nursing at the home of Elwell Slack, where a baby boy has come to stay.

A number of friends and relatives of Thomas Dier, sr., who lately moved to Gananoque, attended his funeral in the Roman Catholic church at Gananoque at half-past nine o'clock on Tuesday morning. The remains were brought to the Lansdowne Roman Catholic cemetery for interment.

The friends and relatives of C. N. Vanderburg, Indian Head, Sask., received a shock on Friday when a telegram, received by W. G. Vanderburg, Warburton, announced the death of Mrs. Vanderburg, who passed away on Thursday evening of influenza. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderburg visited friends and relatives here for a few weeks less than two years ago, when they came east to visit Charles' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vanderburg, and while Mrs. Vanderburg made many warm friends by her bright and genial manner. She leaves her husband, three daughters and one son, Herbert, and her mother, Mrs. Charles

WAR PUZZLES



BRITISH CAPTURED FORTIFIED VILLAGE Of Beaumont in their advance in the Ancre region, two years ago to-day, November 14, 1916. Find another soldier. YESTERDAY'S ANSWER Upside down nose at left elbow.

Hubbs, of Indian Head, also four months old. Her baby girl is but two months old.

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