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JACOB AT HARAN

PART II.—Love's Severe Test.

OUR BIBLE STORY by the "Highway and Byway" Preacher
(A Vision Between the Lines of God's Inspired Word.)

(Copyright, 1905, by J. M. Edson.)

Scripture Authority.—"And Laban said unto Jacob, because thou art my brother, shouldest thou therefore serve me for naught? Tell me, what shall thy wages be? And Laban had two daughters; the name of the elder was Leah, and the name of the younger was Rachel. Leah was tender eyed; but Rachel was beautiful and well-favored. And Jacob loved Rachel; and said, I will serve thee seven years for Rachel thy younger daughter. And Laban said It is better that I give her to thee, than that I should give her to another man; abide with me. And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her. —Gen. 29:15-20.

JACOB could not sleep that night. In truth he did not care to, so sweet and delightful were his thoughts, for they centered about the girl with whom he had walked home that evening and whose tender assurances that she had missed him still echoed and re-echoed through his heart. When he had departed from home and his father had charged him to take a wife of the daughters of his mother's brother, he had thought little of it; in fact his mind had been so filled with the fear of his brother's threat that his going was prompted by anxiety for his own safety rather than the sentimental one of marriage.

Once or twice on the long journey to Haran his father's last words had recurred to him and his cool, calculating, grasping nature had led him to scheme how the taking of a wife might be to his advantage. No thought of love or sentiment. Such feelings seemed quite foreign to his nature. He approached the subject of marriage just as he might have considered a trade in cattle or sheep, or the purchase of a new mantle or rug from some Egyptian trader. How could he get the best of the bargain? How could he make the most out of it for Jacob? Such had been his feelings prior to his coming to Haran and meeting the fair Rachel. And now the scheming, crafty, grasping Jacob had given place to a new Jacob, with a real heart of flesh and blood.

He arose and passed out into the night. The soft glow of the moon, the cheery flashing of the myriad stars, the gentle murmur of the breezes, and the contented chirping and buzz of the insects, all seemed to be in friendly harmony with his own thoughts and spirit. A new sympathy seemed to awaken in his heart to the nature about him, and as he drew near the place where the night before he had so unexpectedly met Rachel, he paused and exclaimed fervently:

"How beautiful it all is. How delightful is this place."

He threw himself on the ground at the foot of the tree, where he had sat the night before. It almost seemed he could feel again the touch of Rachel's hand, and hear her softly-spoken words of welcome.

"She shall be mine," he broke out, as though in answer to the yearning of his heart. "I will ask Laban for her hand in marriage on the morrow. But," he continued, as his brow clouded, "what have I to offer? No treasure of gold or silver or precious stones. No cattle."

And his mind went back to the abundance which his father possessed.

"Oh, why did they send me empty away? Why, if they wished me to take a wife, did they not provide suitable gifts? Must I come like a beggar?" And Jacob, now thoroughly miserable in the face of the new difficulty, arose impatiently and paced back and forth. He could not go back home, for fear of Esau. What could he do? Must he give up his Rachel?

At that moment a commotion in the direction of the sheepfold caught his attention. Instantly all the instincts of the careful, faithful shepherd were aroused within him. The emotions of his heart and the troubles which confronted him were forgotten in the face of the peril to the sheep. The terrified bleating coming from the inclosure spurred him on, and as he ran he picked up a big stick over which he stumbled. The bright moonlight showed him where the beast had broken through the walls of the corral, and he knew that only the powerful blows of some giant beast could have made such a hole.

With the sheep in peril he never gave a thought to the danger to himself, but sprang into the inclosure, while he took a fresh grip upon his club. Already three sheep lay bleeding on the ground, and the tawny form of the lion could be seen on the other side fiercely tearing at a fourth and sucking its life's blood. Its tail swished back and forth on the ground defiantly, and its blazing eyes, like balls of fire, watched Jacob as he fearlessly advanced. With an angry roar it sprang into the air to meet its new foe. Jacob braced himself and swinging his knotted club with his might he caught the beast on one of its forelegs, breaking it and swinging its great body to one side just enough to miss striking him. With a terrible howl of rage and pain it turned and in spite of its disabled leg it again leaped forward. Again the swish of the club sounded, and this time the aim was truer and it came crashing down upon the skull of the lion with such tremendous force that the skull was shattered. But the blow was not sufficient to check the momentum of the huge body, and before Jacob could spring to one side it struck him, and he fell to the ground, with the lion on top of him. That was the last Jacob knew until he found himself lying on the cot in his tent, with the anxious faces of the family bending over him.

"Feeling better now?" Laban asked, anxiously. "That was a close call you had."

"What is the matter? What has happened?" Jacob asked in confusion, looking from one face to another as he raised himself on his elbow. Then like a flash the memory of the struggle in the sheepfold came to him, and he asked, eagerly:

"And the lion?"

"Dead," ejaculated Laban. "That was a finishing blow that you gave him. But he caught you some pretty vicious digs with his claws during his death struggles."

"Well, no bones are broken, anyway," Jacob rejoined, struggling to his feet and swinging his arms and his legs by way of testing. "Nothing worse than a few bruises and ugly scratches."

"Oh, Jacob, I am so thankful," sobbed Rachel, smiling through her tears.

"How came you out by the sheepfold?" broke in Laban, curiously.

The question carried Jacob back to the meditations of the night before. He did not know what to answer. In confusion he looked from Rachel's face to that of Laban, and at last blurted out:

"I was thinking—thinking—about going home," he finished up, his courage failing him to tell the exact truth.

Laban's face fell and disappointment was in his voice as he hastily rejoined:

"Nay, nay, abide here. Thou canst not do better. Because thou art my brother, shouldest thou therefore serve me for naught? Tell me, what shall thy wages be?"

"Wages?" thought Jacob. He raised his eyes to those of Rachel, who was looking at him appealingly, and a happy thought struck him.

"I will serve thee for Rachel, thy younger daughter," he exclaimed, boldly.

Laban felt the nudge his wife gave him. He heard her whispered words: "Remember Leah." He knew what she meant, but Laban was driving a bargain now, and not considering the fine points of the customs of his people. Whether or not it was right to give the younger in marriage before the elder he cared not just then. He would make the bargain first and settle that point later. The first consternation which he had felt when Jacob had hinted that he was ging home had now given place to the sharp dealing of the trickster. With the subtlety of the trained bargainer when he realizes that he holds the trump card and can play it when he will, he responded, with apparent reluctance:

"Well, it is better that I give her to thee, than that I should give her to another man," and then added: "But how long shall thy service be?"

What could Jacob say? He could not bargain for his beloved Rachel as he would for a camel or a sheep. Love must name a goodly price.

"I will serve thee seven years," he said.

"Seven years?" responded Laban, quickly, wondering if he had heard correctly. "Be it as thou hast said," and he chuckled to himself as he walked away, leaving the family group in embarrassed silence.

"And you're going to stay!" whispered Rachel, as she came to Jacob's side.

"For you," he responded, eagerly.

"Oh, I'm so happy," and the fair Rachel blushed prettily, and then, noting the frown on her mother's face, she hurried away and busied herself with her morning work.

Jacob's eyes followed her. What was that? A sob? He turned and caught a fleeting glimpse of Leah as she disappeared in her mother's tent, but he was too happy to wonder long, for Rachel was betrothed to him and the years would soon slip by. But the crafty Jacob was to learn many a lesson in sharp dealing at the hands of the craftier Laban. Over and over again was he reminded of his own subtlety in dealing with his brother and father by some sharp practice at the hands of Laban. But despite the hardships, despite the exactions of his grasping master, the years passed swiftly. The glimpses he had of his fair Rachel and the occasional smile and bit of conversation on his brief visits to Laban's home after the long seasons in the distant valleys with the sheep and cattle were like the refreshing oases in the desert to the traveler, and made him patient in his service.

Under his wise, faithful care the flocks and herds of Laban increased until the man became very rich. Five years, six years went by and the seventh had begun.

"Ah, my love," Jacob said, gayly, as he departed after one of his brief visits, "only a few more months now, and I shall claim thee as my bride."

Laban overheard the words as he was sitting in the shadow of his tent, and he muttered to himself:

"Not if Laban knows it. Seven years are too little, anyway." And, rising, he sought out his wife and had a long talk with her.

"And Leah shall be given to him instead of Rachel? Thy plan is good. I will manage it." And Laban's wife smiled cunningly as she resumed her work and Laban departed.

"Seven more years, Jacob? Ah, I feared thy love would not endure the test."

"My love, I care not now, now that I have thee. The seven years I served for thee seemed as but a few days, because of my love for thee, and now with thee at my side, my chosen bride, think you, Rachel, that seven more years will not quickly pass?"

They stood in the spot where seven years before they had met. Like a dreadful nightmare seemed the week which had just passed—the cruel deception, the separation, the days of doubt and suffering. Those were dark days. In fierce anger Jacob had chided Laban for his duplicity, and Rachel, shut in the retreat where her mother had placed her, had raved like a mad woman, and mourned her Jacob as lost to her. But the sunshine had broken through the clouds at last and Jacob had claimed her as his wife, after he had promised the designing, avaricious Laban that he would serve yet seven other years for Rachel. And now Jacob was going with his flocks again to begin another seven years of servitude; but as they stood there—Jacob with his strong arm encircling Rachel's fair form, and Rachel lifting her beautiful face and smiling with joyful eyes into his—the future looked bright and they were full of hope, for they had each other.

"Jacob, do you remember your ladder, and the angels, and God's promise?"

"Yea, love, and some day we shall go back and possess the land of which God spoke."

2525 Home Health Club

By DAVID H. REEDER, Ph. D., M. D.
La Porte, Ind.

Some of those who have so children may begin to think I am paying a great deal of attention to the little folks; but there are many young mothers, and older ones, too, for that matter, who anxiously study everything that will aid in the better development of the children. Of course, I can't say to those who are looking for something else that: "You may be a child yourself some time," but I can say you may have a child of your own some time, and then you will gladly turn to these lectures.

The health of the little ones is really of more importance to the nation than that of its grown people, for upon them depends the future welfare of the people. A shrewd priest once said: "Give me the religious teaching of the children until they are ten years old, and I care not what religion is afterward taught, they will always be of my faith."

So I say, give me the physical and dietetic training of the children from one year before birth until they are ten years old, and I will cover this broad land with the happiest race of physical and mental giants that can be found upon the face of the globe. I say one year before birth advisedly, because I am a firm believer in the power of pre-natal influences.

It is rather amusing to read some of the directions given for the feeding and care of children in some of the works put forth as authorities. One very pretentious work, and one which as a rule, is very good, says in one paragraph, that after 18 months of age the child can have portions of rare roast beef, roast lamb, broiled mutton chops or beefsteak, white meat of chicken or turkey, and fresh fish. A little farther on, and in another paragraph, he says that a child of three or four years old may be allowed a piece of ripe pear or plum or strawberries, but that bananas and cherries should be forbidden. Now, just imagine a rugged, healthy child, such as one trained according to the Home Health club method must be by the time it is four years old, being allowed a "piece" of such fruit, or forbidden ripe cherries or bananas! I can imagine the feeling of the average child at being offered a piece of the fruit instead of the whole.

Moreover, think of feeding 18-months-old babies such meats, or, in fact, any meat at all. They are much better off without it. But don't deprive them of a generous supply of good, wholesome ripe fruit. If it is allowed them everyday, they will never overeat of that, any more than they would of bread and butter—that is, if they are taught to eat properly and at proper times.

It is true the best fruits for children are oranges, cooked apples and stewed prunes, and as these can nearly always be obtained, there is no reason why the little ones should be deprived of them—and especially of the prunes, which I consider one of the cheapest, best and most wholesome fruits to be obtained in North America.

Whole wheat bread, rice and preparations of cereal foods should enter largely into the diet of the growing child, and the necessary fats be supplied in the way of cream and butter.

At the age of four years the growing child should be allowed about four meals per day, beginning at seven a. m., then at 10:30, 1:30 and 6 p. m., the first meal to be largely of fruit, followed by a cereal breakfast food, lightly salted, and served with cream, a little bread and butter if desired, and a glass of milk; the second meal should consist of a bowl of soup and a slice of stale bread, lightly buttered; for the third meal something more substantial may be given, with fruit for dessert; while the evening lunch should be of whole wheat bread with milk, or milk toast.

Children like "goodies"—I am sure of that; I speak from personal experience—therefore, as the children who have followed the Home Health club regime are now healthy, robust little one, there must be provision made for satisfying their demand for some of the good things.

The lectures on the subject of infant feeding and also for feeding children after the period of infancy, must now come to a close, for the child that has been cared for according to the methods taught in the preceding lectures must certainly have developed into quite a strong, robust, healthy child, with a vigorous appetite, and a stomach that will care for the good, healthful food with which it is supplied.

But there are many hundreds of thousands—yes, millions—of children who will never receive the advantages that might be theirs did their parents but know of the club work. Each member or student should, therefore, always be prepared to aid the suffering and helpless ones, in case of emergency, for these little ones will, sooner or later, suffer from the various illnesses which it is supposed all children must pass through.

Dont's for Young Mothers.

Don't do everything for the baby that everybody recommends.

Don't dose it with soothing syrups.

Don't give peppermint tea for its nerves.

Don't worry and fret yourself ill, then expect a "good baby."

Don't give tapioca, cornstarch, or potatoes, since, without thorough mastication, starchy viands are difficult to digest.

Dont fail to form, early in its little life, a habit of regularity in nursing—from one to two hours is sufficiently often during the first few months. If you observe this rule there would be no need of the following:

Don't offer nature's fount every time the baby cries. A too full stomach is doubtless the cause of its pain.

Don't use the baby foods advertised, unless recommended by those who have proven their merits, and even then they might not agree with your child.

Don't bind too tightly; nature will keep the baby from falling apart.

Don't dose with castor oil; but for constipation gently rub the abdomen. If delicate and emaciated, anointing with olive oil, after the usual bath, will prove beneficial.

Don't forget to give a drink of cold water at frequent intervals. If teething, it is very grateful to the fevered gums.

Don't allow a child to tear or destroy anything for amusement. I have seen mothers give old paper and books to their babies, thereby teaching the willful destruction of such things.

Don't attempt to bring up your child without seeking divine assistance.

CLUB NOTES.

Indiana.—Dr. David H. Reeder, Laporte, Ind.—Dear Doctor: Will you kindly tell me through the columns of the Home Health club, what I should do to limber up a stiff knee that became stiff from lying in a steel frame for one year and two months. I can bend it some, nearly to the shape of a steel square but not any farther. I have practiced and tried my level best. I have not applied anything, but have simply rubbed it with the palm of my hand. Very truly yours, F. H. A.

In the first place, I would advise you to foment your knee with a decoction of lobelia leaves and mullein. Then to treat the disease constitutionally, I think you ought to use the Schuessler method of treatment. Schuessler was an old German doctor who discovered the system of treating disease with minute doses of the various elements of the body. He then supplied them in that manner to the diseased tract—the specific element required by each specific condition, the disease being caused by lack of balance in the tissue elements, which balance must be restored before a cure is effected. Thus in your case those elements which would relax as well as build up and feed the tissues in the nerves, muscles, etc., of the knee would be selected. By all means continue the manipulations. I trust you will adopt these suggestions and let me know of your success.

Mechanicsville.—Dr. David H. Reeder, Laporte, Ind.—Dear Doctor: We take much interest in your lectures and have saved many of them. Will you please tell us what to do in a case of insomnia in a young man of steady habits? He is married. He is in the hardware business and, of course, confined to the store most of the time. He can get but few hours' sleep each night, and then it is after midnight. He is pale and nervous, and his general health is suffering.

He would be very thankful if you could give him some method of treatment which would be beneficial. Will it be necessary for him to get out of the store? What kind of baths would you recommend? He will gladly follow your instructions. Medicines seem to do no good. Very respectfully, yours, L. C.

I would suggest that the young man take a horseback ride every evening after supper. Also that he take no meat after the noon hour, and before retiring he should take a cup of hot milk, as follows: Heat it very hot, but not so that it boils, then, keeping it hot, sip it slowly with a teaspoon—if it takes 15 minutes to sip it all, so much the better. Taken in this way it will not constipate, and is extremely soothing and refreshing. A cold sponge bath in the morning and a tepid, not hot, bath at night, about twice weekly, will be best.

He is probably one of the kind who do not require much sleep, and will be better off if he does not retire until about 11 o'clock. At the evening meal, lettuce salad would be good, but the cup of hot milk should not be taken until time to retire. He should use no tea or coffee, under any circumstances, and should make a practice of masticating his food very thoroughly, drink nothing while food is in the mouth, but an abundance of pure water between meals. I trust that these suggestions will prove of value.

All readers of this publication are at liberty to write for information on subjects pertaining to health. All communications should be addressed to Dr. David H. Reeder, Laporte, Ind., and must contain name and address in full and at least four cents in postage.

Fact About Carbon.

The suggestion has been offered that carbon is transferred from the hardening to the cement state at a much lower temperature than is generally supposed. In proof of the theory is cited the fact that table knives gradually lose their hardness if habitually washed in hot water.

Nothing Left But the Bark.

"He belongs to one of our oldest families, but he is a consumptive. He coughs dreadfully."

"Yes; he says all he ever got from the family tree was the bark."—N. Y. Times.

CAUGHT ON THE REBOUND.

(Copyright, 1905.)

Said He—My dear Tessie, you look good enough to eat.

Said She—Thanks; I am a trifle hungry. Suppose we try that restaurant just across the street.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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