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**What is CASTORIA?**

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

**In Use For Over 30 Years**

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

**HISTORY—AND HIS STORY.**

The International Sunday School Lesson for October 1 is, "The Birth of John the Baptist."—Luke 1.

From history to biography — which is the explanation of history — the Sunday Schools of the world now turn. For nine months of this year these many millions have been studying the decline, fall and partial restoration of Israel. With October they begin a six months' course of lessons in the biography of our Lord, written by Dr. Luke, holding to the central theme, "Jesus the World's Saviour."

"Well, the world of today needs saving badly enough," is the first instinctive comment of the reader. Before the winter is over we may discover the tremendous and vital pertinency of this life to our tangled, terrified times.

This Greek Christian friend of the Apostle Paul, Dr. Lucas, or Luke, "the beloved physician," with his rare talent for biography, may have the word for the overwhelmed Greeks of today, and for all of us who are involved in their catastrophe. For what has of late befallen in Turkey is not an isolated event; it is inextricably bound up with the entire European political situation, and with the future of the New World.

As by a sudden jolt, the reading world finds its attention suddenly drawn back to Bible lands, as the present center of the world's tragic stage. Once again the daily newspaper is closely linked up to the inspired Scripture. Out of the Old Book we may gain light for the darknesses portrayed by the press. Anew we discern that even current history is but His Story.

**What Flapper Does Not Know.**

To the multitude of modern girls who do not read Sunday School Lessons—they seldom get deeper than the society notes or the "woman's page"—and to the male "flappers," or "cake-eaters" or "lounge lizards," as the picturesque slang of the day describes them; I would like to whisper a first word of wisdom from Dr. Luke, such as seems scarcely to have entered their over-barbered heads:

"Before all else, and after all else, life's real interests and pleasures and rewards are wrapped up in being fit parents of babies. The old-fashioned girl, who was first of all a home-maker, was really wiser than the most sophisticated modern devotee of swift-changing fashions. She knew no jazz; but she could sing nursery lullabies. She never danced cheek to cheek with strange men; but she knew and loved the velvety touch of a baby's face against hers. Instinctively, there was deep in her consciousness the conviction that the wise God meant something for her to learn when He revealed Himself in a Babe and a home."

Like the prelude to a great drama, the story of Jesus Christ begins with a tale of parenthood and infancy. Before the babe of Bethlehem appears we find his way prepared by the birth of another child, who is to be His herald and announcer and introducer. All the dignity and awe of special revelation and of angel visitation invests the advent of this child of Zechariah and Elizabeth. To this day, the fairest village in all Palestine is the reputed home of Elizabeth and birthplace of John. I visited it after the armistice with an American Red Cross worker.

**Sorrows of the Childless.**

What modern editors call "the human interest touch" was always on the point of Dr. Luke's pen. As he begins his matchless story of the life of Jesus, he first of all introduces us to the family sorrow of a Jewish priest, Zechariah and his wife. It was a high honor to be a member of the priesthood, ministering in the temple; and Zechariah and Elizabeth bore a respected name; and had the true love of each other. But they were childless. This was the cloud that darkened all their days. No son would carry on the torch of their life after them. Their name would end. That primary mission of normal existence, the continuation of their line, as well as all the joys of parenthood, were denied them. In his deepest being, every normal person feels that he and his blood after him should have a place in what Kendall Banning has sung as "The Phantom Caravan":

"Out of the dusk they troop, my son, from the uttermost pale of the Past,  
Where the spark of their lives was lit by the Norms and their courses moulded and cast,  
As a cavalcade they ride them forth, in a line from Ab to you;  
Your brawn is theirs and your brain is theirs; you do as they bid you do,  
The urge of a million sires and dames in the blood of your pulses runs,  
As your own urge will sometimes surge in the sons of your children's sons.

"Their lives are spun as the threads of your cloak, through the warp and the woof of your Whole!  
Your hands are theirs and your eyes are theirs, and your mind and your self and your soul,  
The dreams they dreamed and the fights they fought and the prayers that their lips have prayed

Shall be your dreams and shall be your prayers; your fights are the fights they made.  
The lives they lived and the deaths they died you shall live and die again;  
In you is the seed of a million hopes of a million maids and men, God grant, my son, that you fight the fight and hold to the faith. Amen!"

The prayers he said in the sanctuary of the temple were less real to the Priest Zechariah than the constant cry of his soul, "Oh God, a son!" That was the plea that heaven heard; for as he ministered the Angel Gabriel appeared to him with the promise that his supplication would be answered. Like every normal forebodings of a birth the message carried the assurance, "Thou shalt have joy and gladness, and many shall rejoice at his birth."

**Back of all Statecraft.**

We smile in pleasure as we behold the pride and joy of young parents in their new ones. A glow of gratification suffuses our hearts; for we know that real wisdom and real happiness — so infinitely better than anything the Broadways of the world can give — and real work and real influence and real reward all belong to these young men and women who have recreated the world. As one who has travelled far, and seen much of life, and tasted most of the pleasures that can come to a decent man, I testify that there are no joys like home joys; no rewards like children; no books so desirable as domestic happiness.

Yesterday, in an elevated car I sat opposite a young father and mother, working people who had been down town to buy a kiddie car for their two-year-old boy. The laddie needs must sit upon it in the lurching train; and as the father steered the babe his face glowed with a pride that seemed to say to the sympathetic onlookers, "Was there ever such a wonderful boy as mine? Don't you all envy me? Pity the poor kings and millionaires who have no such son as this!"

In truth, as the story of the Babe John implies, this matter of infancy and childhood is antecedent to all affairs of State and Church. What the politicians babble about is absolutely secondary to the interests of the babe. Child welfare is the bedrock of world welfare. All other questions are first of all questions of where the most babies are being born; and how many; and how they are being trained. France, which seems to be troubling the world, is herself most troubled about this problem; it bulks bigger in French thought than reparations or imperialism. French women are not bearing enough babies. The government is offering premiums and prizes and rewards for children; but steadily France sees her neighbors driving her to inevitable defeat by the strategy of the cradle. Quantity and quality of childhood is the first and last factor in all national and international questions.

Right here we come to the crux of the Lesson. Are we raising prophets, dedicated to God? One John the Forerunner meant more to mankind, and consequently is given more space in Holy Writ, than all the princes born within his generation. Is it still the fashion with parents to agonize before God in prayer for sons, and that their sons may become ministers of the Most High, true servants of the Lord? Some are concerned about the shortage of the supply of clergymen; we need to be more concerned as to whether the ministering and Christian spirit is to be carried into all walks of life. Do we want our boys to have a mission, or merely to "get along"? Are we willing for them to have the hard and lonely lives of pioneers, blazing a new way for the coming King?

**Like Father, Like Son.**

The more one sees of this business of raising sons and daughters the clearer becomes the conviction that it is largely a matter of being the right sort of person one's self, and then of keeping close to the children. It is a chastening thought for parents that it is not their precepts, but their real character and ideals and aspirations that work out in their children. When God wants a John the Baptist he goes to the reverent, true-hearted priest and his rare wife for him. Long lists have been compiled of distinguished sons of ministers; for the great integrities of character are developed in the manse, where God is honored

and the Bible is exemplified. John the Baptist was a clergyman's son, and in him was expressed and fulfilled the best of the character of Zechariah.

Strange stories are coming from overseas of an uprising of central European youth, determined to find freedom and a life better than that of their elders who have muddled up the world. One group, at least, of these insurgent young people have turned to religion for a truer expression of their possibilities. Many hearts are quickened with hope as they read this news. For in a consecrated youth, seeking to live life in accord with the divine will is a sure hope of a new and brotherly and warless world.

John the Herald was a dedicated child. He never knew the day when he was not set apart to do the will of God. In infancy he was cradled in a great expectation. His boon companion, even in the desert to which he was sent to be lured to hardness and to develop a personal-

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half his time scolding the Rich because they do not spend their money and the other half scolding the poor because they do not save their money.

The fly season is over, but keep the old swatter handy. There are plenty other insects that need to be swatted.

A woman sure does love the cheeky flir who tells her that she looks younger than she did 10 years ago.

It was a consciousness of his mission.

Perhaps if we expected more of our sons they would do more for the world. If they were early branded in their souls with the mark of the Lord Jesus would they not be likelier to become His messengers?

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