

## Christmas Edition



### CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

BY PAULINE FARREL.

Christmas, just one word, and yet in that one word there is a world-wide meaning and significance. Everywhere, for all time, Christmas has been, to people of varying creeds, a day of varying emotions. It is a day of gladness or one of bitterness. It is a day on which happy memories become glorified or hard thoughts sting like acid in an open wound. It is a day that banishes half-way measures—a day that may easily lift one to the heights of happiness—and just as easily plunge one to the depths of misery.

For those who do not feel it at all, for those whose feelings are indifferently something in life has gone wrong.

Christmas is what we make it. To many it is the day of greatest happiness. Those who recognize the opportunities it offers of taking a little bit of joy to the lonely, sick or poor know that Christmas is the best day in the year—and there is no question in their mind as to why they do the very same thing: Christmas after Christmas. They know definitely why they hang stockings for the kiddies, light Christmas trees, decorate their homes, and spend endless hours in surging, struggling, Christmas crowds to secure a tiny token for some friend. Certainly they know the joy of Christmas Day is only for those who lose themselves in remembering others.

In the National Magazine, some time ago, there appeared an article by Anna Farguhar, in which she said:—

"Santa Claus totters under his pack, wearing a long, old face these days. Probably in his youth he had no idea of growing old or departing this life. Nowadays, he creeps down the chimney stealthily as if somewhat ashamed of his mission, like a polar burglar, and his eight tiny reindeer make small clatter on the lawn, for many of their joy-bells have been lost. When Santa lays a finger aside his nose reflectively in our times, he exclaims, without a bit of jolly shake below the waist. "Degenerates! Degenerates! Has my world come to such a pass that people wish to pay me for my presents? Can it be that little children are so surfeited with toys that they stop to ask how much they cost before accepting them? There was little Willie, last year, who said to his mamma, when he first saw the beautiful woolly dog, "What's it got inside? Candy or money? Don't want a dog unless it's got somethin' inside!"

And undoubtedly, there are many ready to

agree with Miss Farquhar that the true Christmas spirit is withering. But again we repeat, Christmas is what we—as individuals—make it.

Nothing in life is without alloy—even Christmas must have its flaws. There are some few people to whom Christmas is a day of giving and taking—of expectancy, disappointment and pain; a day, in fact, of great worry, distress, sorrow and ill-will. To those people, Christmas is merely a day on which to pay social debts. Those are the people whom you hear say that the modern Christmas is losing its spirit and meaning—and that it is now viciously commercialized by dollar-mad business men.

Gifts in themselves are of little value—they are symbols of something else—and behind the gift is the sentiment that is the real

significance of Christmas. It is the spirit of love and good-fellowship—of peace and goodwill.

Believe in Christmas yourself and make it what it should be, rather than leave it to others to make it what you would like it to be. Make a spirited and determined effort this Christmas to brighten this world and its homes, and bring to an actual reality the greatest message ever heard—that message of hope and possibility—PEACE on EARTH—GOODWILL toward men.

Peace and goodwill—not for a day, or for a year—but for all time. Give the spirit of Christmas a permanent place in your homes and in your hearts that it may grow so strong that nothing can destroy it.

A Merry, Merry Christmas to you. The best we could wish for any one of you is a true and warm understanding of Christmas.

### A Christmas Editorial

Light the candles on your tree of hopes. This is Christmas.

Let hearts refresh and take joy and gladness to those who are heavy laden. This is Christmas.

Listen closely to the melody in all creation because it is there for those who will hear. Have all know that duplicity is disarmed by the gazing eyes of Love which comprehends only that truth is all in all.

This is Christmas. And—'tis Children's Day—the day which should resound with the echoes of their laughter—a true reflection of the Child of God whose birthday it is.

Carry gifts. Let Love shine. Happiness is in the heart only when we are giving—Love.

None is too old—nor none too young to gaze into the star-light night and see again the vision of the manager. Feel that spirit of Him, the Child King—Jesus.

He brought to us an everlasting heritage of Love—Peace—Hope.

Set aside the frown and hold out a hand of hearty welcome to Santa Claus. It is the spirit of HIM you Welcome.

Forget the trials of the day or the hour. Know that this world of ours is governed by a wisdom far beyond the comprehension of man. Even as the Swallow's fall is guarded—so are you—and yours, all mankind, and he who learns the peace of ever-reliance on HIM, will have no fear and can well afford to make this day of days one of rejoicing and praise giving.

Christmas chimes are ringing throughout this land of our and to a most favored people. They are echoing through our meadowy land and great marts of commerce.

We, a free people made so through our faith in HIM—must never lose the understanding that it is the democracy of our religions, giving to every man his right to worship in his way,

which makes each succeeding Christmas further proof of His Mercy and His Goodness.

None shall perish.

'Tis Christmas.

Awake and salute the happy morn.

Thrill again in the joy of service—and the love of fellowmen.

