

# THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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## Merry Christmases

### Greetings!

**T**HIS is the season of gifts, in celebration of the great gift given to mankind on the first Christmas Day. Then there were the gifts the wise men brought, and we seek to emulate them, too, in our Christmas giving. Yet material gifts count for so little compared with the gifts of the spirit. The material gifts we give are gone. It is the giving of ourselves that really counts. What we give of the spirit is the more surely our own. Given with no thought of return, yet it comes back doubled and trebled, enriching our own lives as no material gift, either given or received, could ever do. Let us, then this Christmas give more freely of ourselves. And let us, through such gift giving, celebrate Christmas all the year round. Then, if Christmas, 1935, be a happy one, Christmas 1936, will be infinitely happier for us and for all with whom we come in contact.

Christmas is the season when heart calleth unto heart. "Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which

prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible?" said the poet.

It is one day at least when suspicion, hate and gloom find but little space for lodgment in human breasts; when people forget the things that worry and fix their minds upon the many things for which they may be thankful; when the spirit of cheer exists in sufficient bounty to reach us all.

Any unhappiness, any sense of the thorns of life, may be sunk in contemplation of the joy which the day brings to so large a part of the world, especially to the children of our immediate world; for the day was born with a Child and has remained largely a festival of the young, its sanctified ideals strengthened by childish purity, recreating faith, hope and charity in their elders.

Then, let us make this Christmas purposeful; a season of regenerated feeling, of love, peace and good will. Let us hang the holly and the evergreen; let us promote the surge of joy.

May this Christmas be a very happy one for you, and when it has passed may it find a golden place in your memory, forming happy recollections to cheer you through all the days of the New Year until the advent of the next.

Sincerely—The Editor.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious with thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."—Numbers 6: 23.

"Rise, happy morn; rise, holy morn;  
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;  
O Father, touch the east, and light  
The light that shone when hope was born."

—Alfred Tennyson.

### Another Christmas

**I**N spite of wars and rumors of war Christmas still comes and goes with its story of peace on earth, good will to men. More than once over fields of battle silence has fallen as the sun has gone down on Christmas Eve. So violating all for which the spirit and teachings of Him born in Bethlehem of Judea has seemed the strife and hate of war, that men, feeling the unseen but appealing presence of the Prince of Peace, have refused to desecrate the hours that recall His birth.

To all our readers may there come this Christmas of 1935 a goodly share of the joy and pleasure we wish each other on that day.

That these are days that try men's faith in the ultimate triumph of all that Christmas has meant for the world, we do not doubt. But through darker days than these men have kept the faith and unnumbered millions again this Christmas will re-affirm it. So may we with them "Lift our eyes unto the hills whence has come our help . . . to that high region where above the mists and clouds surrounding us, the will of God, silent, patient, sure, is reigning."

