MAXIMS OF A MERE MAN

As long lives a merry heart as a sad, up then and be jolly!

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Covers Prince Edward Island Like the Dew

MAXIMS OF A MERE MAN

Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes it brings good cheer.

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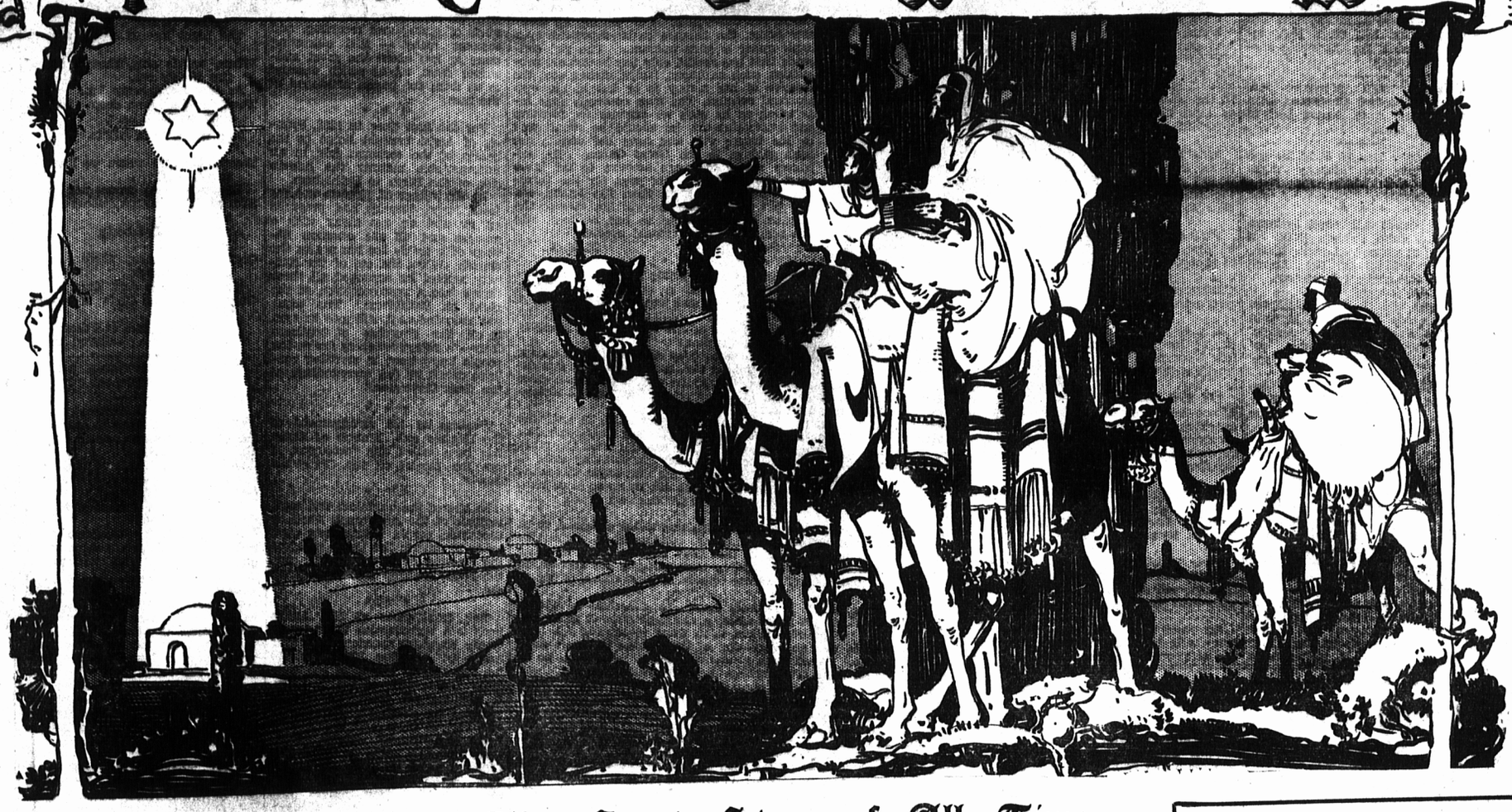
Peace on Earth .. Good Will toward Men.



The Star of Bethlehem

A few years ago Sir Philip Gibb wrote in an article for the press that the world was in such a state that unless something happened to ameliorate it, good men would do well to pray that God would swing the earth so near some mighty star that it would be burnt up and human quarreling and strife and folly be brought to an end. But God has already swung it near to a star that will put an end to "human quarelling and strife and folly"—it is the star of Bethlehem. Year by year and century by century the influence of that star grows more potent.

It was only the three Magi and a band of humble shepherds that were led by it 1900 years ago to find the Prince of Peace and Righteousness. Today the company gathers about the Manger Child in such as no man can number. Millions of men and women and children from all the five continents and the islands of the seas bring their gifts and adoration. In an increasing measure the hearts of humanity are stirring to the call "Adeste fideles. Laeti triumphantes! (O come, all ye faithful!). And when that happens the world is swinging nearer the centre of goodness and of peace.

It is a troubled world in which men dwell today. It seems as though there never were so many unsettled questions disturbing the repose of the nations. Europe and America are divided on money matters. And money matters, if men make too much of them, are always a root of bitterness.

In addition to all these threatening international possibilities there is the nerve racking uncertainty that millions of people everywhere are facing. Even the war years scarce imposed a strain upon the people so cruel and nerve racking as the long continued unemployment. Many laden with domestic tragedies and sorrowful memories ask, as Tennyson once did,

"With such compelling cause to grieve,
How dare we keep our Christmas Eve?"

Dolly Winthrop in "Silas Marner" has a message to all such mourners and doubters. She finds Silas bereft of his money and hopeless, "leaning upon his knees, and supporting his head," a picture of misery, and she says to him: "But now upo' Christmas Day, this blessed Christmas as is ever coming, if you was to go to church and see holly and yew, and hear the anthem, and then take the sacramen', you'd be a deal better, and you'd know which end you stood on."

It is not the least of life's blessings to know which end one stands on. The world is full of sacred and depressed lives because it has lost sight of things that count. The Star of Bethlehem leads it back. Joseph and Mary had little of this world's gear on that hard, forced trip to Bethlehem. But they had God's love in their hearts and in their arms, and so had everything.

That is the eternal fascination of Christmas. It brings men back to the things that really count. The memory of that Bethlehem stable and the glory which it held freshens and recaptures in men those emotions so essential to good will and permanent peace. Christmas is in reality the celebration of all that Christ means to the "Light of men" and is the true Star of Bethelehem. The better way to save the world, the celebration of a life that is the "Light of men" and is the true Star of Bethlehem. The better way to save the world from all its "quarrelling, strife and folly" is for all good men to work and pray that it may be swung nearer to the "Light of the world."

—(Ex.).

HOLY NIGHT

In the still beauty of a winter's night
A Child was born—a lowly stall His bed—
But loving arms received Him, and the light
Of a great Star haloed His tiny head.
And out upon the hills beyond the town
Wondering shepherds heard the angels sing,
While in a far land three wise men lay down
Their wonted tasks, and went to seek their King!

In the glad silence of each Christmas night,
When the last gift is hung upon the tree,
I search the spangled skies for visions bright,
And dream again of Nativity!
So from afar I seek the Baby King—
And kneeling there, I hear the angels sing!

—By Doris Wheeler Blount.

Carpenter of Galilee

The Carpenter of Galilee
Comes down the street again
If every land, in every age
He still is building men.
On Christmas Eve we hear Him knock—
He goes from door to door:
"Are any workmen out of work?
The Crapenter needs more."

—Hilda W. Smith.

The Great Story of All Time

ST. MATTHEW

WHEN they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold and frankincense, and myrrh.

* * *

JESUS

THINK not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets but to fulfil.

Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.

Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul. Rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body.

For what is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

Whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of God.

* * *

ST. PAUL

LET all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil-speaking be put away with all malice; be ye kindly affectioned one to another, in brotherly love, in honor preferring one another.

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

* * *

MARCUS AURELIUS

IF I will, it is in my power to keep out of this my soul all wickedness, all trouble and confusion; to be cheerful and courageous in all sudden chances and accidents; to love mildness and moderation and gravity; to do my business thoroughly and without complaint. The art of true living teaches a man, whatsoever falls upon him, that he may be ready for it and that nothing may cast him down.

* * *

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I SEE a solemn, a terrible, but a very joyous and noble universe, where suffering is not at least wantonly inflicted, though it falls with dispassionate partiality, but where it may be, and generally is, nobly born; where any brave man may make out a life which shall be happy for himself, and, by so doing, beneficent to those about him.

The task before us, which is to co-endure with our existence, is one of microscopic fineness, and the heroism required is that of patience. There is no cutting of the Gordian knots of life; each must be smilingly unravelled. O tolling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither! Soon it seems you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado.

Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is labor. We were put here to do what service we can, for honor and not for hire. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind—still to be true to what small best we can attain to. We are all nobly born; fortunate those who know it; blessed those who remember it.

* * *

HENRY GEORGE

IN OUR times, as in times before, creep on the insidious forces that destroy Liberty by producing inequality. Liberty calls to us again. We must follow her further; we must trust her fully. It is not enough that men should vote, not enough that they be equal before the law. They must have Liberty to avail themselves of the opportunities and means of life, to stand on equal terms with reference to the bounty of nature. Our primary social adjustments are a denial of Justice.

It is not the Almighty, but we who are responsible for the vice and misery that fester amid our civilization. God showers upon us His gifts—more than enough for all; but like swine scrambling for food, we tread them in the mire, and rend each other.

Civilization so based cannot continue. The enternal laws of the universe forbid it; ruins of dead Empires testify, and the witness that is in every soul answers, that it cannot be.

It is something grander than Benevolence, something more august than Charity, it is Justice herself, that demands that we right this wrong; Justice that will not be denied; that cannot be put off; that with the scales carries the sword!

* * *

ARNOLD

WHAT still of strength is left, employ
This end to help attain:
One common wave of thought and joy,
Lifting mankind again.

* * *

POPE

IN FAITH and hope the world may disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity;
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.

* * *

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

MAN IS conscious of a universal soul within his individual life, wherein, as in a firmament, Justice, Truth, Love and Freedom, arise and shine. We live in succession, in divisions, in parts, or particles; meantime within is the soul of the whole, the universal beauty, the eternal One.

When it breathes through his intellect, it is genius; when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affection, it is love. Let man learn the revelation, that the highest dwells with him, that the sources of nature are his own.

* * *

SHELLEY

TO SUFFER woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs, darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory!

* * *

THEODORE PARKER

JUSTICE is the law of conscience; it is moral temperance in the world of men.

Justice is the keynote of the world, and all else is ever out of tune.

Justice keeps right relations between men; one man, however little, must not be sacrificed to another, however great.

Justice holds the balance between nation and nation, for a nation is but a larger man.

(Continued on page 8)

From Manger to Cross

FROM Manger to the Cross—
That destined path,
A rigid drill of miracle and might,
The power of Heaven, spun within a child
Of tender form,
With spirit meek and mild.

A HOLY legion hailed
This new born King,
And heralded to man the glad "fear not;"
His life, a sighted conquest glorified,
Unconquered lived—
And still, unconquered died.

—D. A. Louise Birch

The Christmas Story

Now Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King. And Mary, his mother, wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them: Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, goodwill toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

There Came a King

There came a King to Bethlehem Town
Two thousand years gone by,
Who had no ermine robe or crown
To mark his royalty;

Who found no throng to pave His road
With palms or carpets gay,
Nor palace rich for His abode
Nor courtiers to obey;

Yet empire vast awaited Him
On mountain, moor and main;
Even Europe's tangled forests dim
Held subjects for His reign

And soon confusion ceased to hold uninterrupted power,
And some of earth's oppressions old
Began to cringe and cower.

There came a King to Bethlehem Town,
Two thousand years gone by,
And angels from the heavens spoke down
A royal prophecy.

That while the red sun's central flame,
Should warm the central spheres.
Though every other kingly name
Lay dead among dead years.

This king would hold His state above
The weakness of decay,
Because the eternal power of love
Should base His throne away.

There came a king to Bethlehem Town,
Tw othousand years gone by,
And still he reigns, and still speaks down
The angels' prophecy.

And some fair century yet to rise
His power complete shall grow,
And all earth's sceptered cruelties
Before His throne lie low.

When He Was a Boy

What a big-hearted fellow old Santa Claus is. He must have been a newsboy.

Bethlehem Town

As I was going to Bethelehem-town,
Upon the earth I cast me down
An underneath a little tree
That whispered in this wise to me:
"Oh, I shall stand on Calvary
And bear what burthen saveth thee!"

As up I fared to Bethlehem-town,
I met a shepherd coming down,
And thus he quoth: "A wondrous sight
Hath spread before mine eyes this night,—
An angel host most fair to see,
That sung full sweetly of a tree
That shall uplift on Calvary
What burthen saveth you and me!"

And as I got to Bethlehem-town,
Lo! wise men came that bore a crown.
"Is there," cried I, "in Bethlehem
A King shall wear this diadem?"
"Good sooth," they quoth, "and it is He
That shall be lifted on the tree
And freely shed on Calvary
What blood redeemeth us and thee!"

Unto a Child in Bethlehem-town
The wise men came and brought the crown;
And while the infant smiling slept,
Upon their knees they fell and wept,
But, with her babe upon her knee,
Naught recked that Mother of the tree,
That should uplift on Calvary
What burthen saveth all and me.

Again I walk in Bethlehem-town
And think on Him that wears the crown,
I may not kiss His feet again,
Nor worship Him as I did then;
My King hath died upon the tree,
And hath outpoured on Calvary.
What blood redeemeth you and me!

—Eugene Field.