

THE GUARDIAN

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CHARLOTTETOWN, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24, 1952

To Bethlehem

The tragic fate of the liner Champollion, laden with pilgrims bound for Bethlehem, repeats the age old story of mankind so often failing in its greatest aims. The cost in human life of following our aspirations is inevitably heavy but to give them up would be to lose all.

Throughout history we witness the seeming contradiction that life is at its most splendid when most completely disregarded. To give up everything for a cause is to become great, while to seek greatness is to become merely despicable. Humanity has with difficulty grasped the truth of this principle but in every age there have been those who could give themselves completely for their fellow man.

Nothing in history has taught mankind the lesson of giving more forcefully than the story of Christmas, how God gave Himself, his Son, to save His people. The first Christmas gift contained the essential of every gift, that the giver give himself as well. That is why, perhaps, it is easiest to give real Christmas gifts to children. It is easier to give of ourselves to them than to others.

This is what makes Christmas, more than any other, a festival of the home. It calls back to the family hearth all the members who have left or strayed. Under its benign influence we realize, once more, that we are all children of a larger growth. For a short time we really act on the principle that it is better to give than to receive and learn its truth. The kindness and goodness of the human heart, too often latent and unused, fill up and overflow. Neglected friends are remembered, and thoughtless discourtesies remedied. To some of us each year, the day brings a twinge of sorrow or regret, but even in loneliness or grief, the memory of past happiness assuages the pain.

One of the beloved traditions of Christmas is that the whole world was at peace when the Christ-child was born. As with most traditions, there is a significance that goes beyond the present belief, bringing into symbolic harmony the Gospel message of hope and comfort. We in Canada who are living in peace and amidst plenty, who know not the horrors of war or persecution in our land, can realize only dimly the lot of millions in nations less fortunate. Let us, again, this Christmas fervently thank God that we are so happily placed and unite our prayers with the millions of devout souls in every part of the world that the peace of which the angels sang will come, through the Prince of Peace whose birth we celebrate so joyously.

Trade Mission South

Following the announcement of the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Trade and Commerce, that he will head a trade mission of government officials and business men to Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Venezuela, Colombia, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba and Mexico early in the new year, the Fisheries Council has expressed to the Minister the strong desire of the industry that this delegation keep in mind the great importance of these markets to Canada's fishing industry.

The Fisheries Council has, on two occasions within the last six months, made representations to the Trade and Commerce Department concerning Canada's traditional trade with Brazil, and it is therefore gratifying to note there is keen government awareness of the necessity for cultivating the market in this country and the others mentioned. The delegation leaves Ottawa January 5 and is due back in Canada on February 10. Mr. Howe said that, while the principal purpose of the mission is to assist in the development of trade between Canada and the countries concerned, it will also seek to strengthen Canada's general relations with these countries.

Over the years, various official and semi-official missions from Canada have visited Latin America. The Canadian Government, in conjunction with the Canadian Chamber of Commerce and the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, sent a large delegation to Buenos Aires in March, 1931, when the Canadian Pavilion at the British Empire Exhibition was opened. Visits were also made at that time to Uruguay and Brazil.

The extent to which trade between Canada and the nine countries to be visited on the forthcoming mission has increased

is indicated by the fact that the aggregate value of trade in 1951 amounted to \$404 million, compared with only \$27 million in 1938, immediately prior to the Second World War. Canadian exports have risen in value from \$15 million to \$166 million in those thirteen years. Mr. Howe said this increase indicates how great are the possibilities of the Latin American market for Canadian goods, and how much can be accomplished by continuous and intelligent efforts to sell in that area.

Canadian imports from the nine countries on the itinerary of the trade mission increased in value from \$12 million in 1938 to \$238 million in 1951. The various trade representatives of the Department of Trade and Commerce stationed in South America have been very busy and no doubt the mission's visit will help increase their activity. The Atlantic Provinces could stand a little more South American trade.

The Late Dr. MacKenzie

This Province has lost another distinguished son, and Canada one of its most outstanding physicians, in the passing of Dr. David W. MacKenzie. His reputation as a skilled surgeon may be said to have been continent-wide, for he served with distinction at the Bellevue Hospital in New York before taking a high position on the staff of the Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal. Since his retirement he had lived at Eldon, and throughout his whole career he kept constantly in touch with his beloved Prince Edward Island.

High as were his professional attainments, Dr. MacKenzie was admired even more for his unflinching kindness and warm-heartedness. His very presence at a sick-bed or in an operating room brought courage and comfort. Like his great predecessor in surgery, Lord Lister, on such occasions, "his wise, rare smile was sweet with certainties." Like Lister, his life was dedicated to the highest ideals and the record of his service to humanity will be an example and inspiration to thousands of others. The Guardian joins in tendering sincere sympathy to the bereaved widow and family on this sorrowful occasion.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, Christmas Day.

Despite the escape of a number of chickens in Charlottetown, poultry seems to be in good supply. The traditional Christmas dinner should be available, varied according to the size of the family.

Christmas at sea has always been a subject for thought by landsmen. Those who are far away, perhaps exposed to bitter storms, are apt to be more in our thoughts now than during most of the year.

It will be compensation to those in Korea if the season of Peace extends to that battle-torn land. If not, they can still have the comfort of knowing that United Nations forces there are keeping war from spreading throughout the world.

Her Majesty, the Queen, will make her first Christmas broadcast to her people and the people of the world tomorrow morning at 11. If radio were a two-way medium she would hear greetings in return from every corner of the world.

A happy Christmas may be sadly marred by accidents and unfortunately their number always increases over the holiday season. A little thought and care about fire hazards, extra care in driving and keeping indulgence in food and drink within reason would make the next few days decidedly happier for a great many people.

Virginia still believes that the story of Santa Claus should be told to children. Some people may think that the tradition has all sorts of objectionable features but the little girl to whom the "Dear Virginia" editorial was addressed by the New York Sun 55 years ago, now a teacher and grandmother, says, "It gives children a feeling of expectancy and delight." She feels that when a child is old enough he begins to see through the legend for himself.

Matthew Arnold, English poet and educationalist, was born this date 1822. Son of the celebrated headmaster of Rugby School, he took a great interest in education. He was a hard working inspector of schools and did much to modernize education in England. As an essayist and literary critic he tried to stimulate the cultural conversion of those whom he designated "Philistines" and even applied the methods of literary criticism to the Bible in preference to reading it as a scientific work. As a poet it is said, "He takes place among the great masters whose verse does not act as a momentary stimulant but permanently strengthens and fortifies."

"--'Cause It's The Birthday Of A King!"



PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open to the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinion of correspondents.

THE WONDER OF CHRISTMAS

Sir - On reading His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan's excellent article, "The Meaning of Christmas" it set me thinking along a slightly different line. "The Wonder of Christmas". Every babe is a wonder. From its inception to its birth the unfolding of its members and organs is a process that a divine creator only can devise and control. But the development of mind, raising the child into the image of God, that is the greater wonder. Some parents realize that a great wonder has come into their home and begin at an early age to train their child. It would be a fine thing for the world if all parents realized that their child is a gift from God.

But the child Jesus is unique, among all the children of Earth. He is God clothed in human flesh. Yes, God of very God, as Paul puts it: "In him dwells the whole fullness of deity bodily". All the wonders of all the ages rolled up into one cannot match this wonder that the eternal and Almighty God came to Earth in the form of an infant child, born of a peasant woman and under the humblest conditions.

If humans had arranged the program for the coming of the Messiah he would have been born of a princess and in a palace. Angels would have been in attendance as in the case of some of the great saviours in the non-Christian world. But God's thoughts are not our thoughts.

It is only in this modern age and with the aid of the new instruments of science, the telescope, for example, that looks into space as far as a billion light years, that we have come to realize something of how great God must be. The discovery of the atom and what that has come to mean is another eye-opener as to the divine wisdom and power. We stand aghast as we think of this God coming down here to this pin-head in the universe, taking on human flesh, living as he did, and dying a slave's death for sinners. It makes us hold our breath. Pity the man who cannot see the glory of this wonder!

Is it any wonder that all through the Christian era and today some find it impossible to believe that Jesus is really the son of God, divine? It is very difficult to believe this. It takes a faith that tells us in our souls: "It is true. It is even so." Many say glibly, it is to be feared, that they believe that Jesus is divine, equal, and co-equal with God the Creator, but it is because they do not understand the implications?

The Bethlehem scene is simplicity itself. God wants even the children to understand, but the significance is deeper than the deepest ocean. May God, himself, give us understanding. I am, Sir, etc. W. I. GREEN. Stanley Bridge.

CHRISTMASIDE REFLECTIONS

Sir - We are today approaching another Christmas and while we celebrate it in the time-honored way, while we reunite with our family and friends and eat, drink and be merry, should we not pause awhile and ask ourselves whether we truly appreciate the spiritual meaning of Christmas and its significance to us.

That Christ was born approximately 1952 years ago is an historic fact which is beyond question, but why He came is not very clear to a great many people. The reason as contained in the Bible is this: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that through Him we might have hope. And why was hope so remote from mankind that this great sacrifice was necessary? Because when God created the world He projected it upon a grand and marvellous plan. He made it for his own glory

The Age-Old Story

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, good will towards men.

and for man's use and benefit. He made it big and beautiful. He filled it with wonders and he meant man to see and enjoy it and say it is good. But man having rejected God's dominion over him by Adam's rebellion, God left man pretty much to his own devices and a sorry mess he made of it. The Son of God looking upon what should have been a very beautiful world inhabited by very happy and very wonderful beings, raising a world ravaged and desolated by man's depravity, strife, hatred, bloodshed, famine, pestilence and every kind of evil, which man's own selfishness had brought upon him, running rampant over the earth.

All proper knowledge of the true God is but forgotten. And even the religion of the chosen people, the Jews, having become pretty much a farce and a sham. The abject misery into which man had fallen was so complete and his power to help himself so feeble, that Christ out of His great pity, for man's terrible plight, voluntarily came to show and lead the way to a better life here and to paradise hereafter.

So much we know of the past but what of the present and the future. How do we stand today in relation to Christ and His teachings? Does the world appear to him any more beautiful, or is it people any happier today than it did twenty centuries ago? Most of your readers will recall a picture which was taken over the battlefield in Korea, and which was reproduced in The Guardian a little more than a year ago in which an image of Christ appeared in the clouds of heaven.

Whether it was purely a coincidence, an illusion, or a complete fabrication, or whether it was meant to convey some message from Christ to man, each one may decide for himself. But if He did indeed look out from among the war clouds to behold the deepening shadows of paganism again darkening the earth, to see the world which He had redeemed still filled with hatred, avarice, envy, cupidity and every other evil passion known to man, still reeking with the stench of every kind of corruption, disunion and perversion, to see it still torn, ravished, desecrated by

DEAR FRIENDS— Never a Christmas Morning, Never an Old Year Ends, But Somebody thinks of Someone, Old Days, Old Times, Old Friends. Sincerely, W. CHESTER S. McLURE.

The Poet's Corner

CAROL

The Ox said to the Ass, said he, all on a Christmas night: "Do you hear the pipe of the shepherds a-whistling over the hill? That is the angels' music they play for their delight, and Glory to God in the highest and peace upon earth, goodwill. Nowell, nowell, my masters, God lieth low in stall, And the poor labouring Ox was here before you all." The Ass said to the Ox, said he, all on a Christmas day: "Do you hear the golden bridles come clinking out of the east? Those are the three wise Magi that ride from far away To Bethlehem in Jewry to have their lore increased... Nowell, nowell, my masters, God lieth low in stall, And the poor, foolish Ass was here before you all." -Dorothy L. Sayers.

suicidal strife and drenched in fraternal blood—to Him who had made such a tremendous sacrifice to save mankind from just such horrors, it must have been a sad, sad sight. What is the reason for all this? Why is it that after so long a period of the dissemination of the Christian teaching throughout the world there should be so little evidence of its effects that today we find men withering away for fear and expectation of the things that are coming upon the whole world. The answer is simple and obvious. Most of us to whom these tidings of great joy have come have failed to receive them—as we should and have failed to live according to them. What good will it do us now to commemorate the birth of the One who was sent to us that through Him we might have hope, and what will it avail us in the present menacing world situation in which we find ourselves? It will avail us everything. For as sure as there is a God in heaven, if we, who call ourselves Christian, learn diligently the Christian doctrine and live according to it, this monster which we call atheistic Communism as well as all the other evils which seem so frightful today, will melt away

Noies By The Way

The assistant chief constable of Nottingham was very unkind to lady drivers when he offered advice to city bus drivers. "If a woman driver puts her hand it means one thing — her car window is open," the official declared. — Brockville Recorder-Times.

We do not suggest that buying should be confined to made in Canada products. Far from it, we must purchase and use the products of other countries if we expect other countries to buy from us. But we would suggest that the day has definitely come when one has no longer to distrust the made in Canada stamp on even those products that call for the ultimate in skill and quality of material. — Brockville Recorder and Times.

We should be strongly opposed to the creation of hereditary titles in Canada; this is neither the time nor the place for them. But titles to recognize distinguished work, held by the recipient for his lifetime, appear to us to be an entirely different thing, and we do not see why Canada should remove itself from the custom of the rest of the Commonwealth in this respect. Such titles do not make men distinguished; they are given to distinguished men. Often such a title is the principal tangible reward which a man of character and intelligence gets for a lifetime of work which benefits all of his fellow-citizens. Titles may be abused, but we see no evidence that they

before our eyes like mist before the sun. Let us think well and earnestly upon the spiritual meaning of Christmas at this particular time as we have never done before, and beyond any doubt, when another Christmas comes we will find that we have made greater progress toward living well within ourselves and also with our fellow men than may now seem possible. This is my Christmas message to you and to your readers, and I would that it could be couched in better terms and carried all round the world. I am, Sir, etc. READER St. Andrews.

"In consequence of the continued unfavorable state of the weather, we are still without our foreign and colonial mails. Our latest dates from the neighboring Provinces are as far back as the 19th ultimo. Owing to the immense quantity of lolly in the Straits, the couriers have been unable to cross from either side, and we understand that one of them has been at Cape Tormentine for some ten days, waiting an opportunity. Considerable anxiety is felt in this City, and consequently there is a corresponding amount of grumbling at the Post Office authorities and the mail carriers. "It was rumored pretty generally the other day that Louis Muttart, one of the late couriers, had stated that, if authorized, he was prepared at once to cross to Cape Tormentine for the mails. The report coming to the ears of the Postmaster General, we understand he forthwith telegraphed Mr. Muttart, at Cape Traverse, to proceed across the Strait. Muttart replied he could not leave that day, but would start the following morning. The next morning a telegram was received in town, stating that he could not get a crew to venture over with him." —The Islander, January 3, 1862.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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