

A faith will you found
in lessons and build
schools, if you are not
able to wield the offensive
and defensive weapons of
a loyal Catholic Press.
— Pope Pius X

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CHRISTMAS

by W. D. PENNYPACKER

IN HUMAN experience there is no page more replete with joyous association. The first Christmas we remember only as described in sacred story, and we visualize its influence through the spirit exemplified in the lives of our fellows.

The next Christmas we cannot recall. We may have lain in trundle-bed or cuddled in a mother's arms. That was a hallowed Christmas!

Then followed anniversaries teeming with visions of sleighs, Santa Claus, candy and toys, when the veriest romance of Yuletide was so real! We never forget those days.

But how mystically they merge into another epoch. With the diminishing vision of Santa, we become aware of a better Christmas in the conscious love and loyalty of others. And then—

In years that follow, the Christmas season becomes richer and more beautiful. It has lost the confusion of toys and confections. But in all these years there has been growing a tree that is ever green—upon it a thousand glittering spangles—hallowed memories of those who played with us around our earliest Christmas trees, or shared the season's festivities in later years.

Refreshing are the recollections that flood upon us as a newer generation takes our place in the pleasures and happy illusions of Christmas.

May this Yuletide be brighter and happier than all that have gone before.

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