

Is Your Name Christmas?

By Charles A. Farmer

Mr. Christmas is a fine old family name. One of the most ancient surnames drawn from the sacred festivals. It flourishes still, and is distributed over many counties.

It has been a notable family name for more than six centuries in Cambridgeshire, for instance, where the earliest forms were Christmasse and Christmasse. It subsequently became Christmas, and down to this present century there have been bearers of the same prominent in other public services. There are thirteen century records of landed gentlemen called Christmas in Huntingdonshire, Hampshire, Surrey and Essex where the name survives, though, of course, it spread far and wide as means of transport improved.

We have a very lively little story of Mr. Christmas in the diary of Samuel Pepys. Obviously this Mr. Christmas enjoyed good living. Mr. Christmas went to dine with Sir William Batten and this Mr. Christmas was an old school fellow.

"He did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy," Pepys entered in his diary, "and I was much afraid that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the King was beheaded, (that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be, 'The memory of the wicked shall rot.')."; but I found afterwards that he did go away from school before that time. He did make us good sport in imitating Mr. Case, Ash, and Nye, the ministers, but a deadly drinker he is, and grown very fat."

This would have been one of the Huntingdonshire Christmas's, for Samuel Pepys, a "sharp boy," well able to take care of himself, was at Huntingdon School when he was about nine or ten. As to the story, a Pepys editor has said we must make allowance "for the schoolboy's merely local pride in the prowess of a Huntingdon man."

"Of Good Memory."

A very different personality was John Of Good Memory who lives five hundred years before the schoolfellow of Mr. Pepys. Here is one of the earliest Father Christmas's on record. He must have been a really striking and well beloved character in his day. Yet, strangely enough, books about old London and reference books are silent, and his story lies elsewhere.

It is strange that London did not set him on record because the romantic history of Drury Lane, destined to become the home of pantomime, really begins with this Christmas family flourishing through the reigns of Henry II, Edward I and II, and Richard II.

The annals of the London thoroughfare we now know as Aldwych, hard by Drury Lane, may be said to begin with the Christmas family, 850 years ago. Here then was Christmasse House, standing amid spacious grounds and fruitful orchards. The stately home of the Christmases was the sort of dream place we love to see on Christmas Cards, with winter snow and robins. It adjoined the pretty village with its village green, where now the traffic of the Strand roars for eighteen hours a day.

Gave Memorial For Letters

Many members of the Christmasse family were as benevolent as we expect any Father Christmas to be. The first was William Christmasse, of Xtmasse, when Henry III reigned, making a grant of land for the building of a hospital. That lay between the Old Temple and Hoiaburn, now Holborn.

John of Good Memory was a Christmasse who earned the affectionate name by reason of his worthy life and good works. He lived by the village green to which he had given a Cross; and opposite Christmasse House the family mansion.

That was why he was known as John de Cruce, for in the olden times it was quite a common custom to link up a man's name with his place of habitation. John of Good Memory was ever a friend-in-need to the poor about him. Moreover, in those days the dire disease which struck down rich and poor was leprosy. It was largely through the interest of this John Christmasse that a Hospital for Lepers was established. He erected a fountain to be a blessing to the villagers of Aldewyche and St. Giles, and to poor wayfarers.

A John Christmasse of the same family, a Keeper of the Wardrobe, who gave the Queen's Hospital some land together with five cottages stipulated that the "rent for same was to be only a rose which was to be laid upon the altar of St. Giles annually on the anniversary of his death."

But while Richard II was on the throne the Christmasse traditions and associations were passing. Christmasse House had disappeared. On its site, a White Hart Inn destined to be celebrated had arisen. The White Hart was a favourite symbol with the king and he had adopted it as his badge, and the inn name was chosen as a token of loyalty. Thereafter, and for many years down to the days of Charles the Second, this inn enjoyed royal patronage. It was the scene of revelries and parties. They would have shot what Christianity sees in it. Saint John, describing the coming of Christ, gives the Divine picture. "In the Beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God." Here are the lofty mountains of eternity, and here is the roll of the ocean of the Divine purpose, the sunlit waves of Divine life driven by the waves of the spirit to break on the shores of human experience.

(Copyright: N. F. L.)



Bethlehem

(By Rt. Rev. R. J. Renison in the Globe and Mail)

Bethlehem! What a beautiful word! It is lovely for its associations, but it also has a glorious sound in any language. Just as the name "Avila" would be beautiful even if one had never heard of St. Theresa; just as the word "dawn" or the word "splendor" would be beautiful even if they had never been associated with the sun. It means "the house of bread," and the word is peculiarly fitted to carry the Christmas message of grandeur, loneliness and romance, and it speaks of the Eternal. It suggests the intimacy of the cradle and the granite eternity of Divine life. It sounds like the love of Christ.

Rachel, the wife of Jacob, was buried there nearly four thousand years ago. It was from there that Naomi went out into exile at Moab and came again with Ruth, who has cast her spell over its golden fields for more than two thousand years. "When, sick for home, she stood in tears amid the alien corn."

David was born in Bethlehem. It was the water from its well that he longed for when he went among the hills like a hunted partridge before he came to the throne, and it was of this village that Micah, the Prophet, 730 years before the coming of Christ, foretold the birth of the Saviour. "Thou Bethlehem of the land of Judah out of thee shall He come forth to be the Ruler of Israel."

When we sing "O Little Town of Bethlehem," we are not singing of a mythical place like Atlantis but a spot on the present map, a town of today with a history. It is only seven miles from Jerusalem; there is a sign-post at the foot of the hill; Drive Slowly. There are homes and people. You will still find shepherds in the fields. There is a church built by Constantine the Great, as a thank-offering, and a very low door in a wall where you enter. People worship there, but you must go down below the level of the ground on stairs which are symbols of the Incarnation which brings us to our knees in the Creed, until in the cave beneath we see a star set in the floor and we read in Latin: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." You will find a Greek priest with a black beard curled like that of an Assyrian king, and little children come, silently down to kiss the Star in the candlelight, and whisper a prayer.

Human nature is very prosaic. It is a comfort to us to remember that the Saviour of the world was born in a place which every one knows. If we want to see Christ, we have to get up and go there; the Wise Men were the first to discover that. When people say that God is everywhere, of course it is true; we can find Him in the sky over any land. We can find Him in our hearts, but somehow the Christmas story tells us that there is a certain value in going to Bethlehem, which every one of us can do in spirit. Every one must find the Saviour for himself. When He was in Galilee, when he died on Calvary and the veil of the Temple was rent as if the mysterious Presence had swept out to redeem the world, it is this very principle that carries on today—we may all go as the shepherds went, to meet Jesus Christ.

Among many famous buildings in London which were destroyed or damaged by bombs in 1940 was the George Inn in the Strand. In the 18th century it was a famous coffee house, and its most illustrious patrons were Dr. Johnson, James Boswell and Oliver Goldsmith. The inn has now been restored and Christmas fare will again be served this year at "The Old George", as it is fondly called.

FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON

CHOICE

TURKEYS
GEESE
DUCKS
CAPON CHICKENS

BUY QUALITY — BE SATISFIED

J. M.'s MEATS

Market Building Phone 1810 - 1811

"And the Word was made Flesh" — God made flesh, a God who cuts sharply through our smugness, our

Evergreen Message

Christmas card styles have changed greatly over half-century.

Postmen are weary this month, their bags heavy with envelopes of all shapes and sizes. And almost every envelope carries the same friendly message expressed in a thousand ways.

There is an eight-inch square of cardboard bearing a furry rabbit "For Baby's First Christmas". A black, varnish-slick piece of paper with gold leaf stamping brings the season's greetings to the sophisticated. And Canadians are finding in their mail-boxes Christmas cards painted by the world's best-known amateur painter—Winston Churchill.

The flood which sweeps the postal system each year at this time began as a trickle less than 100 years ago. Like our gay Christmas tree, the Christmas card was a product of the Victorian revival of Christmas festivities, once forbidden by Puritan laws. The first Christmas card is believed to have been designed early in the 1840's, but not until 20 years later did the exchange of greeting cards catch the popular fancy.

A predecessor of the Christmas card was the garish Valentine, the fad during the crinolined 50's. At the time the crinoline began to lose favor, people began sending each other cards at Christmas as well as on Valentine's Day. These commercial greetings became extremely popular about the same time as bustles—in the late 60's. Designs were unoriginal—genial old gentlemen, enormous plum puddings, the simplest of humor—but people liked them. Many Christmas cards were sold by Valentine manufacturers who made no attempt to produce Christmas cards in keeping with the wintry season.

The range of material used by the Victorians is astounding. Cardboard was the most common base but the ingenious manufacturers also used pleated silk, looking-glass, imitation tortoiseshell, imitation mother-of-pearl and ivory silk fringe, lace chenille, velvet, sachets, dried flowers, seaweed and moss celluloid of violent color and extraordinary design.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring—
For so the holy angels once did sing—
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty
Wherewith He went at heavens high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity.
He laid aside; and here with us to be
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse! shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to this His new abode?
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright!

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet!
O run! prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet:
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel choir,
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

—John Milton.

LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN AT "THE OLD GEORGE"

Among many famous buildings in London which were destroyed or damaged by bombs in 1940 was the George Inn in the Strand. In the 18th century it was a famous coffee house, and its most illustrious patrons were Dr. Johnson, James Boswell and Oliver Goldsmith. The inn has now been restored and Christmas fare will again be served this year at "The Old George", as it is fondly called.



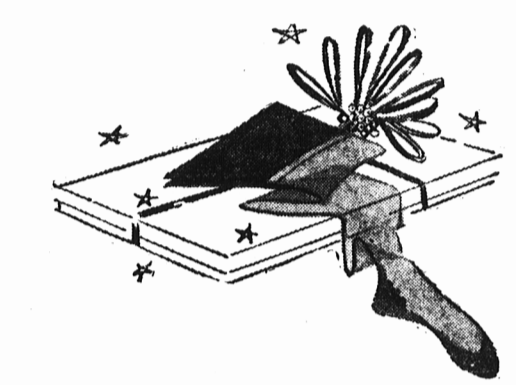
Hosiery

AN ALWAYS WELCOME GIFT!

Lovely Gift Nylons

- Ladies' Nylon Hose, 51 gauge 30 denier. Colors Evening Magic, Cigarette, Tobacco, Surrender, Jamaica, Bermuda, Harmony. Price pr. \$1.65
- Ladies' Nylon Hose, 51 gauge, 15 denier. Same shades as above. Price pr. \$1.50
- Ladies' Nylon Hose, 45 gauge, 30 denier. Newest Fall shades. Price pr. \$1.35
- Ladies' Nylon Hose, 42 gauge, 30 denier. Popular Fall shades. Price pr. \$1.25
- Ladies' Rayon and Silk, also Lisle Hose. Good Fall shades. Prices pr. \$1.25 and \$1.50
- Ladies' Rayon and Crepe Hose. Colors, Forbidden and Serenade. Price pr. \$1.50
- Ladies' Rayon and Wool Hose. Colors, Dusk, Dawn and Black. Price pr. \$1.50

Don't Delay — Buy Early



Prowse Bros. Limited

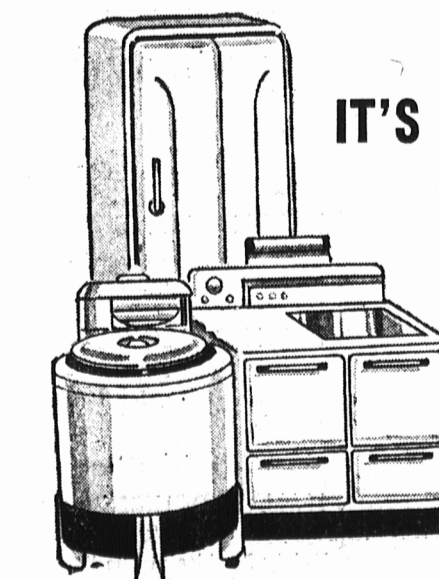
We're Loaded!
WITH ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES FOR LAST-MINUTE SELECTIONS

WE'LL DELIVER UP TO AND INCLUDING CHRISTMAS EVE —



IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO BUY IMPORTANT GIFTS, NOW!

If you planned to buy "that certain important woman" in your life, an important appliance gift that means more leisure, extra pleasure—come in and choose from our large selection of famous-make refrigerators, ranges, washers, and the many ever-welcome electrical kitchen helpers. We'll make deliveries on Christmas Day! Convenient credit terms are available here to make your shopping easier, too. Don't delay any longer, come in today!



See The New INGLIS Automatic Washer With The Suds-Miser and Seven Rinses.

Now you can enjoy washing too! The INGLIS Automatic Washer frees you from heavy work, steaming tubs, and chapped hands. It washes clothes cleaner, whiter, brighter than ever with exclusive Agiflow Action. Seven rinses carry off every trace of soap and dirt. And only INGLIS gives you Suds-Miser economy—it re-uses the

same hot, sudsy water for several loads. Only INGLIS floods your clothes with ultra-violet light to keep them fresher and more sanitary. And only INGLIS, with its Cycle-Tone, calls you when your wash is finished. A demonstration will show you why it's most wanted by most women!

Phone 3001 Douglas Bros. & Jones Ltd. 155 Kent St.