

The Vale of Avalon

CHRISTIANITY was born at Bethlehem, a tiny hamlet in Judea, near Jerusalem. British Christianity, if legend supported by a good deal of evidence can be trusted, was born at Glastonbury, a little town in Somerset, the position of which is marked by a tower called Chalice Hill, and the legend of the stone which can be seen for miles.

This tor rises like an island from the plain below; there can be doubt that at one time it was an island, none other than the Isle of Avalon of the "Idylls of the King," to which the ancient British King Arthur was borne in a barge and there subsequently buried.

Standing on the top of Glastonbury Tor we can see the way Arthur came down that long water opening on the deep," only we are standing at the landing place and not at the starting point. This part of Somerset is called the Vale of Avalon to this day. It is quite easy to see, either from the Tor or from some vantage ground on the nearby Mendips, that this vale was once an arm of the Bristol Channel which, under a westerly sun, can be seen gleaming in that direction.

If legend speaks truly, Arthur was the first notable man to sail up this "long water" to the Isle of Avalon. We have to remember that the Acts of the Apostles are a mere series of excerpts from the epic of the Twelve. It is inevitable that where a biblical account is not available a legendary one steps in to supply the lack, and legend says that the Apostle Philip laboured in Gaul (modern France)

Drank at the last sad supper with his own...

The good saint Arimathea, journeying brought To Glastonbury, where the winter thorns Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of Our Lord.

To this day a small eminence near the Tor is called Chalice Hill, and the legend of the chalice which issues from it is called the Blood Stream.

In the fifteenth century the place of the



Harvey Fuller's illustration of a winter scene with people and a sign that says 'MERRIE CHRISTMAS'.

avered, landed first on the coast of South Wales, but, being ill-used there, crossed the Bristol Channel and entered the quiet waters of what is now the Vale of Avalon, and steeled for the distant but prominent island which is now Glastonbury Tor. They landed on Weary-all Hill, where Joseph, seeking a sign, struck his staff into the soil, where it budded and became the parent of the famous Glastonbury thorn which flowers at Christmas.

From our old books I know That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury, And there the heathen prince, Arviragus, Gave him an isle of marsh wherewith to build; And there he built with wattle from the marsh The cup, the cup itself, from which Our Lord

Christmas Fare of Old

WHENEVER Christmas fare is mentioned, the turkey comes to mind; which is strange, for the bird was unknown in England in the sixteenth century and did not attain popularity until 1700. Nevertheless, in spite of this deficiency, our forefathers regarded themselves as a variety of eccentric diners, of which we know nothing.

Christmas pudding is an old dish, being made originally in Germany. The real name was plum-squash (plum-cake-grutzel), a soft, squasy mess resulting from the extraction of the juices from fresh plums, and on the Danish borderland it is still made like that. It was mixed with fine-grained barley or oats and boiled in a cloth. Later, the plums gave way to raisins, but the name still remained.

Later, white flour was substituted for oats, and butter gave way, naturally, to a land of beefsteaks, to suit. The custom of pouring spirit over the pudding and setting it alight is a relic of fire-worship and can be traced to our pagan ancestors. For many years it was known as "plumb-porridge."

No Christmas would be complete without mince pies, and our forefathers ate them in vast quantities. They were richer than our own and originally contained minced flesh, generally beef or veal. The Puritans, incidentally, regarded them with holy aversion, because they were so succulent. Then there were larger pies with meat as plums.

turkey was taken by the bustard, a large bird which congregated in immense flocks on the wolds and heaths, being specially prolific in East Anglia. The swan was eaten by the nobility, being classed as a royal bird even to-day, while those who could afford neither bustard nor swan were content with heron. The peacock figured prominently at very important banquets, when as many as a hundred were served! The long trail of dishes was headed by an embezzled bird in full feather, its head packed in cotton wool soaked in spirit and ignited.

Boar and venison, too, were necessary adjuncts to a complete festive board, and up to the seventeenth century there was never any difficulty in obtaining a "bear's ham." The bear's head was always carried in on a platter, usually to musical honours. Then there was the badger, which to-day is seldom seen on the table. Actually, the flesh is exceedingly toothsome.

Our ancestors, living outdoor lives, consumed far more at a single meal than the average modern would eat in a whole day, so in addition to the above fare there were always geese, capons, pheasants dressed in ambergris—which was not considered precious then—and pies of carp's tongue.

But there was one dish—neither fish, fowl, flesh nor good red herring—which was held indispensable. This was furety (or frumenty), composed of bulled wheat, boiled in milk and seasoned. It was a dish introduced into England by the Roman soldiers, and even to-day one finds it served occasionally in the North Country.

Pagan Customs Incidentally, partridge was never eaten, and to make him into a cheery, benevolent old man, instead of a disagreeable miser.

For those of us who have always understood the spirit of Christmas the "spirit of Christmas Present" seems to be of special significance this year.

We are all talking about an "economy Christmas." Most of us, indeed, will have to cut down some of our usual expenses. We shall be forced to spend less on our dinner than at any other Christmas, on our goodies and on our gifts to each other. But we must remember that there are many who are likely to miss Christmas altogether. There are people who are out of work, with no prospects of getting any festivity at all. There are old people whose tiny pensions or savings are of less value than ever.

If each one of us would make up our minds to help just one case of hardship, we would find our own enjoyment magnified a hundredfold. If one of our spare Christmas puddings could find its way for instance, to a home where there would not be one otherwise, how much more we should enjoy our taste of the festive dish. We might, perhaps, send a few slices of turkey or roast beef to an old couple who might otherwise not taste such festive fare on Christmas Day. We might make up a little basketful of goodies, just make up a day in a real family circle.

Or, we may know a lonely person almost at our own gate whom we could invite in to share our day of happiness. There are so many lonely girls living in one room, old ladies who have been left behind by life, or old men living in solitude on "now-to-nothing." How they would enjoy a day in a real family circle.

For sick and orphaned children in homes and hospitals, where charities have fallen off because of the "economy" necessities, our own children would gladly make up collect toys, sweaters, picture books. Suggest that yours do just a little to make Christmas happy for some other children, this year. They will love doing it, and, if the doing of it involves a little self-sacrifice, they will be learning the true Spirit of Christmas Past, Present, and To Come.

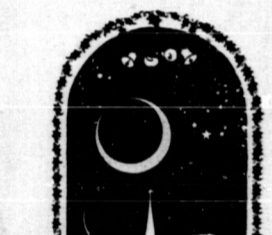


Illustration of a winter scene with a house and people.

The Spirit of Christmas

Help Others to Happiness and it will Find Its Way to You.

YOU will remember that in Dickens' Christmas Carol Scrooge was visited, in his dream, by the ghosts of Christmas Past, Christmas Present, and Christmas to Come. All three visitors helped to change his attitude to Christmas.



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Yuletide Greetings

ACCEPT THE SEASONS SALUTATIONS OFFERED WITH HIGH RESPECT AND GOOD CHEER FROM THE MANAGEMENT AND STAFF OF

The Marshall Dairy Ltd.

PHONE 82 -- JARVIS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYBODY

is what we wish to be accepted from this greeting

R. A. McCARTER

Phone 87

BEST WISHES

For a very MERRY CHRISTMAS and a happy and prosperous NEW YEAR

GERTRUDE BEAUTY SHOPPE

Phone 800

Season's Greetings

WE WISH TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO EXTEND TO OUR CUSTOMERS OUR SINCERE APPRECIATION OF THEIR PATRONAGE AND TO WISH FOR THEIR EVERY HAPPINESS FOR A "VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS"

W. J. Bailey

PHONE 482 -- JARVIS

GREETINGS

With kindest thoughts we extend a very MERRY CHRISTMAS

J. B. McMILLAN

"Tonsorial Artist"

GREETINGS

We are happy to extend at this season Best Wishes for a HAPPY CHRISTMAS

MRS. J. PORTER

"Variety Shoppe"

"A Merry Christmas"

EXTENDED WITH DEEP SINCERITY, EXPRESSES OUR SENTIMENTS TO A PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE IN A PROGRESSIVE COMMUNITY

Geo. L. Miller

Conveyancer & Insurance

PHONE 53 -- JARVIS

Greetings

THE MANAGEMENT AND STAFF OF LEATHERDALE MOTORS TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF WISHING EVERYONE A REAL OLD FASHIONED "MERRY CHRISTMAS"

S. R. Leatherdale

PHONE 95 -- JARVIS

THE JARVIS RECORD

Derry Christmas

A Song - A Star - And A Gift

WISHING YOU ALL THE SEASON'S GREETINGS "A HAPPY CHRISTMAS"

The coming of Jesus into the world is the greatest event in its history. We divide into the Christian era and the era before Christ by that Birthday which we celebrate with such joy, for we are once again we are preparing to keep this happy season; there is a sound of music in the air, there is a glow of many feet busy in securing gifts for others and there is a sense of expectancy especially among the younger generation and I suspect in the hearts of the older ones too, for Christmas is the time of "A Song, A Star, and a Gift."

The lowest level ever known No monarch ever proudly wore; But in the midnight skies it shone, To guide the eyes Of the kindly way to a stable door.

Star of Bethlehem pointed the Wise Men to the manger cradle of Him who was born King. He is the solution of their problem, following its gleam they reached their goal. That Star of Bethlehem has known no setting, it still shines to guide the weary feet of men and women to the place where they will find the answers which they seek.

Star that shines my steps to guide! My paths are steep and days are long, My way is long and my days complete.



IN the hearts of all people the idea of Christmas brings thoughts — perhaps to some unconsciously — of peace and goodwill; it is an echo of the words spoken by the Heavenly Host on that first Christmas morning. The mere thought of Christmas brings a paramount expression from within us of the importance of the occasion. In homes in all Christian countries, Christmas is a day of household festivities, family reunions and joys for the children. The widespread practice of presenting gifts to loved ones and to those in less fortunate circumstances has possibly some connection with the gifts presented to the child Jesus by the Three Wise Men. It is an established custom that has come down through the years carrying with it a medium of goodwill between men.

The Christmas Message

"And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger." — St. Luke II. 16.

CHRISTMAS and Easter and Ascension come round year by year with the most profound lesson that mankind has ever learned or can learn. They teach us of the two worlds to which we belong and of their proper relation. There is this world, the spirit world which we very truly belong and there is the true world of this world, but He came from the latter only world, and He returned to it, to let us know forever that His world finds its only glory in the knowledge and light of that spiritual world. That is the profound lesson, that is the great treasure of knowledge revealed, finally, by our Saviour.

The whole earthly life of the Saviour continued as it began. It was so humble and commonplace that only a few came slowly to understand who He was. How simple was His village life; in the carpenter's shop were yoked and measured and roiled crosses were made; in a cottage where leaven was mixed with meal where a crude broom hung for a broom out of the corner to sweep the floor for a bed; in the village where children played in the market place and women carried their water jugs in a country where many a son wanted to get his penny from the family goods and be off to a strange land. Mary was pondering over those things that had occurred and she saw a glory about this Son of hers, called the Son of God. Then out into life, walking into the small villages, paying visits to Jerusalem, resting among the hills, talking folk. It was a simple life, that which we have heard which we have seen with our eyes, which we have written said that this was "the World of Life," and they all knew sooner or later that they had beheld His Glory, the Glory of the only begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth. It was nothing more than the glory of heaven which had burst forth in those gracious words, in those acts of love and deeds of saving power.

The Christmas message, that we would always remember that, what a difference it would make for life and living. Heaven may be our home, but so that are about us in our infancy are intended to be with us all our years and to brighten life and add to ease the load of every day's work. And it can be so, so strong a light as a beautiful in unity so bright in sadness, that we look about for its secret. And invariably it is found in the simple, quiet faith, developed generally through every day of the life, of the light of heaven, of the brightness of God's angels. That is still the surest inspiration of life. Not the knowledge of man, though that is a revelation from God, but the faith in the Unseen and heaven, of the shepherds and the angels, of Mary and Joseph and of God, of a little babe, the Son of God, gives us that message in a practical, concrete way. Remember it every day. Live by it every day.

Wishing you all the blessings of this Christmas-tide and every happiness in the New Year. MALCOLM BERRY, Rector St. Paul's, Jarvis and Christ Church, Nanticoke.

At Christmas-tide

A POOR, pale, pinched child stood in the dreary street, with the sleet and snow driving against her, singing for coppers — singing her favourite hymn, "Jesus loves me, this I know, For the Bible tells me so."