

Reflections for Christmas

The Real Peace on Earth

FOR two thousand years—so we are told—the word "Christmas" has been associated in human minds with "peace." The joys of the Christmas Season are aptly expressed in the adapted phrase: "Peace on earth, goodwill towards all." One forgives one's enemy, as at Christmas time the spirit of good fellowship fills the air.

WE can well afford to accept the great fact that peace on earth lies not in the hands of kings and princes, but in each individual heart, and so long as that endures peace cannot be destroyed.

IF peace reigns in the home, the troubles of the outside world can at least temporarily be forgotten whilst the spirit of Christmas prevails.

EVERY mother in New Zealand who has a home, with others around her, has the opportunity to establish and maintain in that home a peace colony of infinite importance to the happiness of those she loves, as well as a definite centre of influence in her community.

PEACE, the dictionary tell us, is: "A state of quiet or tranquility; calm; repose; harmony or concord." To reach this state is the first aspiration of the normal soul, and the first essential of individual achievement.

IN the ordinary course of life a woman may unconsciously make of her domestic life an interminable petty warfare, as demoralising for herself as it is difficult for her family. Trifles irritate her, disappointments embitter her, disillusionments harden her. She grumbles, she fault-finds, she nags. The children "worry her to death"; the



neighbours "drive her mad"; even her husband is selfishly absorbed in his business affairs or his work, and fails to share her burdens.

ALL the philosophy of the ages teaches her, however, that she is the captain of her soul, and the serenity and the happiness of those at home are dependent, to an amazing extent, upon her. The realisation of this knowledge enables a woman to build and live up to her ideals. Therefore she does not pass her petty daily cares on to those she loves. They have their own. Neither is she impatient nor supercritical, nor intolerant. She is sympathetic and understanding. Then each morning her family goes forth strengthened for the work of the day.

TO us all, in the final analysis, home is the place to which we turn most hopefully in our eternal quest for happiness. With the maker of the home, first of all, and then with each individual in it, lies the duty of maintaining there—because it is there that one has the love and the power—tranquility and concord. And this not for a season, but for every day every year.

IT rests with each woman of this fair young land to begin on her own hearthstone her work for peace and happiness. Such work lies close to her hand and heart and brain. It is at once her nearest duty and her greatest.

NOW as we approach the Lenten Season let us all cherish the ideals that are the heritage of all New Zealanders and turn to our homes to find that love and tranquility which should call for our special thanksgiving at Christmas time.

Christmas Greetings to Readers of THE MIRROR

MAY your heart be merry, and your spirit glad; may nothing mar your Christmas Day; may nothing make you sad. May many signs of friendship kindle your Christmas Joy; may Sweet Content and Cheerfulness bring you your heart's desire.

May you have many tokens, proving that Love is true; that they whom you hold dearest are thinking now of you. May lovely memories return, sweet guests of Christmas cheer; and Hope and Courage visit you to last throughout next year.

And may a heartfelt jollity be yours on Christmas Day; and when the shadows gently fall—may Peace and Goodwill stay!