

Dawn of Tomorrow

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Editorial

CHARACTER

A man's character is like unto his soul. The seed of both are planted in his body by his Creator and form the immortal parts of his being.

Some insist that the soul alone is immortal, but what argument can you give to prove the immortality of the soul that will not also prove the immortality of character? Not one. If the soul of the righteous man shall outlive the grave, so shall his character. If the soul of the good man is a delight to the Giver of Life, so is his character. If the soul of the wicked man is accursed, so is his character. If an unclean soul brings sorrow and disappointment to its Creator, so does a stained character.

The soul, that admitted immortal spark within man which lifts him to that high estate he occupies in life, and places him so far above the other creations of the same Master Builder, is simply man's innermost life, while the character of man is the reflection of the development of his soul. The two are inseparable. One cannot live without the other. A man without a soul would also be without a character, and a man without a character would be soulless. There can be no such thing as a soulless man or a characterless man, unless the whole structure of Christian faith is to be denied. Every human being must have both a soul and a character, the nature and development of which are determined by that being alone, otherwise we would of no higher order than the brute. As we grow and expand with the passing years, so does our soul develop with the character upon which we feed it.

If our lives are pure and upright, our character is stainless and our soul as white as the driven snow. If our lives are impure and ignoble, our character is soiled and our soul is blackened accordingly. Reputation and character are often so confounded in the minds of unthinking ones that no distinction is drawn between them, yet there is as great a difference as between darkness and light, between the mortal and the immortal. A man's reputation is the opinion in which he is held by those about him, a mortal factor, while his character is his life as seen by the eye of the All-knowing One, an immortal factor. By the circulation of false reports a man's reputation may be seriously injured, while only by

his own actions can his character be stained. Through vicious and malicious representations a man may bear a most unsavory reputation among other men, yet his character be as pure as a child. Others may create for us a reputation, but we alone are builders of our character. Let us then lead such lives as will give to our countenances the certainty of a good character.

F. O. STEWART

N.B.—The Editor being sick has necessitated our substituting for him this week as an editorial writer.

THINK RIGHT

Think smiles, and smiles shall be;
 Think doubt, and hope will flee,
 Think love, and love will grow;
 Think hate, and hate you'll know.
 Think good, and good is here;
 Think vice—its jaws appear!
 Think joy, and joy ne'er ends;
 Think gloom, and dusk descends.
 Think faith, and faith's at hand;
 Think ill—it stalks the land.
 Think peace, sublime and sweet,
 And you that peace will meet;
 Think fear, with brooding mind,
 And failure's close behind.
 Think this: "I'm going to win!"
 Think not on what has been.
 Think "Vict'ry:" think "I can!"
 Then you're a "winning man!"
 —by David V. Bush

Edmund Dede was a composer and violinist. He was born of slave parents in 1829 in New Orleans. He took up the violin and was regarded as a virtuoso at twenty-one. He was of African blood, and spoke the French language. He established himself in Paris and became a teacher of the violin and a composer of note. He was a close friend of Alexander Dumas.

THE MEANEST MAN

The meanest man I ever knew
 Was not old Kaiser Bill.
 He only sought to rule the world
 To fight; to crush, to kill.

'Twas not old Nero, no not he
 He merely loved a chase.
 He'd turn a couple of Christians loose—
 —The lions won the race.

Nor was it Slippery Pete the "dip"
 Who stole the blind man's cash.
 He simply took what others gave
 —And calmly took the lash.

'Twas not the rich man long ago,
 Who copped the poor man's sheep;
 He only took a little lamb
 When wool was selling cheap.

'Tis not the party down the street
 Who tunes in on the phone
 When you are whispering foolish things,
 Just meant for "Her" alone.

Nor is it he who robs you blind
 With aces five, or more,
 He merely takes your bank account
 —And crowds you out the door.

The meanest man on mundane sphere
 It is—alas! alack!!
 The one who says he is your friend
 Then stabs you in the back.
 REX

"I understand young Briefless is about to marry the daughter of old Bonds, the millionaire."

"Yes, so I am told."

"Will he give up the law business?"

"Yes he will give up the law business and go into the son-in-law business."

This Week

The United Welfare Fund

will make its 6th annual call upon London citizens in behalf of the orphaned and the aged, the sick, the neglected, the homeless and the babies.



A wonderful, good work that goes on quietly day by day and meets every need that city life knows is done effectively and economically by the fourteen institutions supported by the

United Welfare Fund

CAMPAIGN APRIL 27 to MAY 3