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Hats, Bags, Blouses

R. J. Young & Co.
Limited
142 Dundas St, London

"GREEN PASTURES"

(Continued from page 1)

faltering faith to lay hold upon the great personal Reality of a Father who is in heaven.

In challenge of this, of course, the superior and sophisticated will say that "The Green Pastures" gives no theologically acceptable conception of the Supreme Father of us all; and there are not lacking those who scoff at, and who even affect to have their religious sensibilities outraged by the representation of God as talking colloquially with His people, as familiarly eating with them, even as accepting and offering "a ten-cent cigar" as one of the amenities of his relation to the children of His hands among whom He moves.

Now, to make oneself clear, there is no disposition, in this present analysis, to defend such obviously rather grotesque representation. Except thus far—that it should ever be borne in mind, without which mental reserve this play can be neither properly enjoyed nor fittingly appraised, that "The Green Pastures" purports only to show forth, by and large, the Negro's conception of heaven, of its pursuits and joys, and especially of its eternal King.

Which brings me to my main point and purpose in this article: viz., the shallow right we superior folks have to smile disdainfully at our colored brothers' rather grotesque imaginings as to what our Maker is like, so long as we defend, and even adopt, the far grotesquer views that highly educated Christians have cherished for themselves, and have arrogantly thrust upon others, of the one common Father of us all.

For many of the cultured Christians white and glistening, have through the centuries represented God as dwelling in marble indifference far apart, living only for His own glory, demanding homage and praise and interminable, hallelujahs and hosannas from His children. A mighty section, and they the most intellectual of all, commonly known as the Calvinists, have insisted—and Calvin sent at least one man to the stake for his heresy—that the Judge of all the earth would eternally punish countless souls for an unbelief to which they were fore-ordained from before the foundation of the world. And eloquent and intellectual white preachers, right up to your day and mine, have taught that part of the joy of the saints in glory would be their accessibility to witness far beneath them the writhings of the damned.

And who among us, if fifty or sixty years of age, has not sat and listened in the good old days of "missionary meetings," to Evangelical advocates of their cause who have stood, watch in hand, and cried: "Do you know that, since I began to speak to you, this number or that of thousands of heathen have passed down to eternal torment?"—because they had not believed in One of whom they had never heard.

And the same cultured lips, not of poor untutored people but of thoughtful and reflective theologians who were the pride of university and seminary, have taught us again and again that He with whom we have to do has

King of Kings at Patricia

Greatest Production of Passion Play

Cecil B. DeMille's magnificent production of "The King of Kings" comes to the Patricia today Tuesday and Wednesday. With H. B. Warner in the role of Christ; with twelve noted players and thousands of others in the cast, it is truly the spectacle of the age. The drama opens with the Redemption of Mary of Magdalene and sweeps on through the Raising of Lazarus, the driving of the money-lenders from the Temple, the betrayal of Judas, the agony of Gethsemane, the trial of Jesus, the way of the cross, the crucifixion and concluding with a remarkable scene of the resurrection. Appropriately the picture is presented at this time of year and every effort should be made to let the children see this great drama. The picture is synchronized with a musical score by a symphony orchestra of one hundred, and a choir of fifty together with sound effects. In keeping with the reverential and awe inspiring theme there is of course no talking. Prices are the regular Patricia low prices and the performances are as usual continuous from 1.30 to 11 every day.

nothing but contempt for all goodness all morality, all honesty and purity and heart-kindness, however akin to that of the Great Shepherd Himself, if these virtues existed apart from "faith" in a fixed dogma, a "plan" of salvation, an acceptance of a Person and a dogma, by whose meditation alone a Father's mercy and forgiveness could be assured, said forgiveness impossible until a debt was paid, until "justice" should be "satisfied." Until such fixed process was believed, all mere morality of life and goodness of living were but as "filthy rags", to use the favorite term of the orthodox who so stoutly contended—men who could forgive their own children out of hand and of heart—that a certain technique was indispensable before a prodigal could dare to throw himself into his father's arms.

On these matters, my whole life-thought was changed by reading one paragraph from John Stuart Mill. This philosopher believed this, at least—that man is created in the image of His Creator. And this is what he wrote: "I will concede nothing to be a virtue in God that I would not esteem a virtue in man. And I will acknowledge nothing to be a blemish in man that I would not appraise a blemish in God. If for that I must go to hell, then to hell I must go!" If the builders of creeds would but make this manifesto their own, what a pillar of cloud by day, what a pillar of fire by night, would it not be to their stumbling feet!

This, from seeing "The Green Pastures," has been my abiding gain—viz., the duty of the humble heart and of the charitable mind. It is so easy to come away and say: "Poor untutored children of nature—and so that is their conception of the Eternal One!" How chastened must be the complacency of our superior selves if we but honestly look into the face of our own long-surviving orthodox misrepresentations, more grotesque and more fatal far.

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