

## Dawn of Tomorrow

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## Editorial

### CHRISTMAS AND OUR CHILDREN

As the Christmas season approaches and when our thoughts and our efforts are centered upon peace on earth and good will to all men, it is mostly our children on whom these thoughts react. And this is as it should be, for in the treatment of our children we foreshadow our own future and faith. That the kingdom of heaven belongs to our children was made clear when the Master said "Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the Kingdom of heaven." That the kingdom of the earth belongs to the children was made clear when He said: "And whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged around his neck and he were cast into the sea." And the greatest offense against these little ones is the neglect to give them the opportunity to develop into the broadest of manhood and womanhood.

If today we should ask the Sphinx for which nation or race or people was the future brightest, it would point, not to the nation with the greatest pomp and splendour, nor to the race possessing the greatest amount of material wealth, nor yet to the people who are arrayed in the finest of linen. On the other hand, it would point to that nation or race which is making the greatest sacrifice for its children. Recently the world spent, in five years, billions of dollars upon a war that murdered and maimed; in the wake of this war there followed plagues, famines and untold suffering, and why? Simply because before the war, the world was unwilling to spend just a few more millions of dollars in order that children might be properly educated. In order that they might be educated out of selfishness and brought into the broader light of God's eternal truth. Today we are still groaning in misery and groping in darkness because the world of the past was unwilling to incur the expense, to take the time and pains to teach children of the things that are worth while and to teach them the meaning of life.

So much for the children of the world. And now as to the children of our own people. We shall speak of them as separate and apart from the children of the world only in so far as their peculiar conditions demand it. Shall we give our children

an education. We shall. Shall we teach them Latin, Greek, higher mathematics? If such training leads to a higher, broader life; if it has made great minds among other races, then let us give our children a double portion of it. Shall we send our children to college? We certainly shall. For how can we tell how many Douglasses, or Washingtons, or Du Boises, or Dunbars, or Tanners, or Pushkins, or Brownings there are among our children if we fail to give them the kind of education which brings out the best there is in them? Would it not have been an unpardonable sin to have denied any of these men the chance to develop their God given talents? And who knows, who can tell how many such talents we are sending to drive dump carts, when, for the sake of a few dollars, we take our children out of school before they have really begun their school career? Who knows but that this is the unpardonable sin our Lord and Master referred to when He said: "And whosoever shall offend one of these?" I often hear that soul trying excuse: "There is no need of educating our children since there is no place for the talented colored children." Then by all that is sacred in the heavens above, in the earth beneath and in the water under the earth, let us make places for them. Again the spirit of true brotherhood is slowly, but surely entering the hearts of men throughout the world. In some distant future day all men shall be judged by individual worth and merit and not by such false standards as caste or class or color. And if, when this day comes, our children are not able, because of their lack of training, to measure arms with the other children of the world, the blame and the shame will be, not our childrens, but ours.

Turning to our children we would advise them, first of all to love God and keep His commandments, for in His sight there are neither white nor black nor yellow children, but to Him and with Him all children are the children of His kingdom. Remember it is neither a disgrace nor a disfigurement to be black, but rather to be black is to be beautiful. Remember too, that the ancient race to which you belong, has contributed much to the world's stock of useful information. As the Roman protocol proclaimed: "Africa is always giving us something new," for nearly every Roman empire that has risen in the world, material and spiritual, has found some of its great crisis in Africa. Worm tells us: "It was through Africa that Christianity became the religion of the world."

This message may seem strange, and far fetched as a Christmas greeting, but if through what has been said, some mother or some father may be encouraged to sacrifice for their childrens' sake: if the lamp of inspiration may be lighted within the breast of some boy or girl, we shall feel that our yuletide message has been well blessed.

### EDITORIAL NOTE

Last week we received a letter in answer to an inquiry concerning a place to stay over night while in St. Catharines. The answer which we received was so full of wit that we decided to publish it. The signa-

### MY CHRISTMAS LIST

By Robert Paris Edwards

I've just been listing Christmas gifts. (You know 'tis nearly time) For Santa Claus will soon be here, And he will give me mine. I'll read them to you one by one, (Of course you must not tell) What I am going to give my friends, For then they'll know full well) To Father I'll give handkerchiefs, To Mother, nice warm gloves, To brother I'll give candy-canes, For those he dearly loves; To cousin Jack, I'll give a drum; To cousin Bell, a doll; A pair of slippers for Grand-pa, To Grandma give a shawl; A pair of socks for uncle John; A hat-pin for aunt Grae; And to my friend who plays with me, I'll give a pretty vase; A basket for some poor people, I would of them abhor; I think that quite enough. Don't you? 'Twill help out Santa Claus. O, I forgot, there is a friend I read of yesterday. I read of Him in Sunday School, His name is God, they say. He watches o'er me at my play, He guards me through the night. To not give him a present, would, In my mind, not seem right. He doesn't care for handkerchiefs, Nor hat-pins, gloves, or socks, He does not care for candy canes, Nor dolls, nor shawls, nor clocks. He doesn't care for slippers, or for Baskets, vase or drum, Of all the earthly presents, I I have thought of not a one.

I know what I will give him; With it he'd never part, I'll put His name first on my list. To God I'll give my heart.

### TO THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT

An Unknown Knight challenges the race  
For a progressive move along.  
With him, we'll try to keep apace,  
To urge an earnest battle on.

A battle of progress to higher plains,  
And keep praying for success,  
That with race knowledge and brains,  
We'll win our own race press.

Let us come together in one race band,  
Bring God, the race to bless,  
With some real progressive plan,  
That will bring Canada a race press.

500 subscribers—why certainly yes:  
We'll be sure of a thousand or two  
If we have our own race press  
We'll carry all subscribers through.

Awake ye Canadian boosters!  
Equip yourselves like noble men.  
Stop crowing like game roosters.  
Own your press; and crow louder then.

To The Unknown Knight our wishes best,  
You please write your thirty lines.  
Challenge every booster for this race press.

Hold him up, to the present times.  
Feminine Race Lifter

ture of the writer, however, was inadvertently omitted. The letter was written by our old friend and master of wit, H. F. Logan.

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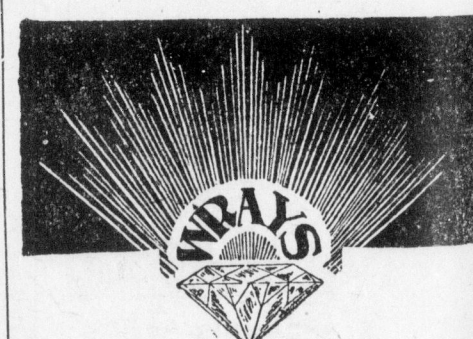
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