

Dawn of Tomorrow

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J. F. JENKINS—Editor

95 Glenwood Ave., London
Phone 6783 W

F. O. Stewart, Business Manager,
424 Gray St., Phone 2822 M

E. C. Jenkins, Advertising Manager.

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Editorial

A THOUGHT FOR EASTER

By F. O. Stewart, Toronto

In this season of the year, when the thought of the Christian is centered upon the glorious fact of the resurrection, it is fitting that we give a prominent place in our prayers to those whose hearts are burdened with loneliness and sadness. Many a home is under the shadow of bereavement. There is a vacant place at the fireside and the faces of those that remain are stained with tears. The anguish of separation and the gloom of death are there. Nothing but the Gospel of the resurrection can meet the needs of the sorrowing ones. No one but Christ can answer the deep heart questions of those who stand weeping at the grave. Just imagine how great would be the darkness were it not for the light that streams from His face! The resurrection of Christ is the highest inspiration to a separated life. To those who are sad and dejected in heart we offer the great apostle's words, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."

The Bible puts the matter into a small compass: to further give us hope the apostle exclaims, "If after the manner of men, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantage it me if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die? It is not too much to say that not only true Christian faith but a true Christian morality rests upon the doctrine of the bodily resurrection of Jesus. High and manifold temptations that are in the world is impossible save upon the great assurance of Jesus, "I am with you always," and that assurance can be given only by Him who was dead and is alive. He is an enemy of the true faith and of the Church of the living God, an enemy of Christian hope and the slayer of all inspiration God-ward, who denies the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let us not be uncertain, let us never waver, in our full, clear, intelligent, glad acceptance of the marvellous truth of Christ's complete conquest over sin, over Satan, and over death. May this Easter Day give each one of His children more of His resurrection life and brighten the hope of His coming.

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Committee of District Council Convenes in London B.M.E. Church

At the call of the General Superintendent, Rev. S. R. Drake, the District Council Committee convened in Grey Street B.M.E. Church on Thursday, March 26th at 2.30 p.m. One half hour was given to devotional exercises, the presiding officer then outlined the purpose of the meeting and requested that each member of the council, enter into the meeting with a desire to accomplish something for the advance of the work before the committee. Rev. Drake pointed out to the Council that the main object of the meeting was to discuss general plans for the annual and general conference and the celebration of the 70th anniversary of the church as an organization in Canada. At a session of the General Conference Special Committee the date for the opening of the annual conference was confirmed and it was set for Monday, Sept. 13th, to continue for one week. This of course will include the sessions of the general conference, the Missionary Society and the Sunday School Convention on Sunday, Sept. 19th. Special anniversary services will be held during the entire day at which time it is expected special representatives from the United States will be present. Among the visitors expected are the following: Bishop W. T. Vernon, representing the African Methodist Episcopal Church; Bishop G. Clement, Bishop Kyle and Rev. R. R. Ball, representing the A.M.E. Zion Church. A special Memorial service will be held at Queen's Park on Monday, Sept. 20th, at which time a wreath will be placed on the tablet in honor of the No. 2 Construction Battalion. The general public will be invited to participate in this public affair. Special souvenir programs were suggested containing the history of the connexion and a program of the anniversary services. This suggestion was adopted by the Council. The Committee on Church Federation reported progress and recommended further negotiations with the commission in order to obtain all information possible. The state of the church was also reported and revealed an alarming condition in the ranks of our church. It was said that something must be done in the interest of the work. It was also stated that further information should be given to any congregation desiring it and this was agreed in general.

Special tribute was paid to the decease of Rev. R. A. Ball, who departed this life in December of last year. The favourite hymn, "Guide Me Oh Thou Great Jehovah," was sung, and prayer offered by Rev. E. A. Richardson in behalf of his widow. A special recommendation was presented calling for anniversary services in all our churches to be held sometime prior to the Annual Conference commemorating the 70 years of existence of the church. Representatives who were present are the following: Windsor, Rev. J. T. Dawson, F. Edmonds, Jennie Bowles, Evelyn Perkins; St. Catharines, Rev. H. F. Logan; Brantford, Rev. H. D. Wright; Toronto, Rev. F. O. Stewart; Guelph, Mrs. C. A. Johnson, Miss R. Wilson, M. Monteur, of Sandwich, Ont. and C. H. Brown of London. Rev. S. R. Drake

of London Presided and Rev. E. A. Richardson of Owen Sound was Secretary of the committee. A vote of thanks was extended to the pastor, Rev. Woodcock, and the members of his church for the cordial entertainment during the sessions and also to those who opened their homes to accommodate the visiting delegates. The slogan "On to Toronto" is the clarion call of the delegates and all are looking forward to this conference with much joy and anxiety.
F.O.S.—Reporter

Balaam and the Other Ass

I would admonish you, friend to curb thy tongue in my household, lest a false impression of that encounter with the fox be given, women as well known to you, being somewhat prone to emphasize slight differences of detail in versions of a tale, me having already recounted this matter in the incident I am about to relate in her ears. A similar discretion would also be to our advantage.

It came to my knowledge that neighbour Whitford had in process of dickering (a pursuit in which he is accounted expert) become possessed of a specimen of the common ass or donkey, which, being desirous of seeing, and also willing to hear the details of the bartering, which I had heard were highly diverting, I proceeded to his place with that laudable intent. To approach his barn I must needs circuit to the eastward to avoid his animal yard, which, following the recent thaw resembling Bunyan's Slough of Despond, with sundry cows, laboriously pulling their legs out of the muck, being all to be seen.

Now on coming round the corner of the barn, I came suddenly on the very beast, of which I was in quest whereupon he let fly a pair of heels full at me, while at the moment seemingly intent only on nibbling at a whisp of clover set down for him.

"Have a care beast," I exclaimed, having much ado to avoid his feet, "or I will fetch thee a buffet with my staff." On this the donkey lifted up a pair of ears, in my judgement much overgrown, let forth a most distressing "Hee Haw," and made as if to repeat his rash act.

"Sir of the big stomach," he said. (a most unjust remark, for, indeed, I have an excellent figure for my years.) "Our tribe are careful for nothing. We are of a proud and ancient lineage, the associates of princes, and were familiars of kings, when your ancestors gnawed bones in a cave, we have made possible man's wanderings on the earth from the dawn of history. Ford with his gasoline donkey has given us our first respite from our burdens. We know all about men, Yes, Yes, we know them, and again that harsh voice was spread on the air in a ribald "Hee Haw." Now being somewhat nettled by this, I sharp replied. "To be sure you are of ancient lineage, but time has done little for you. You are to-day but an ass as were your fathers." "It would seem" he said, "that time has dealt in a more kindly manner with you, for whereas your father Adam was but a simpleton, you today are a much more perfect ass. Now we," he continued after a pause, me disdaining to comment on

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this ignorant remark. "We being asses born, are asses by compulsion. Man being an ass by choice and habit, is the greater ass of the two."

"Of course," I said somewhat contemptuously, "Balaam held converse with an ass, but"—

"I know her well," he interrupted, "she was of Barbary blood, and probably stolen in some raid by the Phoenicians." "Who? Balaam?" I said in some astonishment, "Of course not," he snorted, "the donkey, very old strain, my dam was of the same blood." "She was a wise donkey," I admitted.

"She was the biggest fool of a family of asses," he retorted, "Who but an ass would try to convince a man he was wrong." "But she did convince him," I cried triumphantly, "Which does show him to be the bigger ass to let a donkey change his mind," he said sourly.

Now at this moment my neighbor's dog, a sneaking brute of no precise origin, crept up behind me and laying hold of my heel gave me a tremendous start, which movement the donkey interpreting as a threat, promptly wheeled and planted a pair of dirty hoofs on my waistcoat (that part being nearest to him,) upon which, I, thus rudely handled, stumbled backward over the dog, and was most distressfully mired in the softness of the yard. This untoward event gave me some hours of waiting at the cleaners (not being desirous of approaching my household in this plight,) also much coin of the realm besides giving me to suffer the sly comments of the cleaning man. "It would appear," he said, "that the fickle dame misfortune hath accompanied you both coming and returning."

"In a manner of speaking" I said, "one might say, Yes."

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IN MEMORIAM

Our dear Viola E. Smith, dearly beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Smith, who was taken from us six years ago, March 19th, 1926.

An angel came with tenderest care
And left with us a lily fair
A lily fair with heart of gold
Each day we watched our bud unfold
Into a beautiful lily rare
Until one day an angel came
And took away our bud again,
Came for our darling and took her home
To bloom in heaven for God alone.
O God ease the pain of the parents' heart
When with their darling they have to part.
Suffer little children, we hear you say
O Saviour kindly teach us the way.
Sadly missed by parents, sister
Beulah and brothers.