

Dawn of Tomorrow

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J. F. JENKINS—Editor
95 Glenwood Ave., London
Phone Fairmont 357-W
F. O. Stewart, Business Manager
219 Augusta Ave., Toronto
Phone Trinity 0213
E. C. Jenkins, Advertising Manager.
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Editorial

OUR HOPE

A few months ago we were all jubilant in celebrating the birth of the Christ of Nazareth; joyous were our hearts as the acclamation was resounded, (He came to save His people from their sins: . . . and to bring peace on earth good will towards men). Three months are passed and come to commemorate the Crucifixion of this Christ of Nazareth. But we are not saddened, rather we are happy because Christ said in no uncertain terms "for this cause came I into the world." A question comes to us with ever increasing emphasis: "What will ye do with Jesus?"

For if his gifts I use in pride and scorn,
My lesser selfish self to glorify,
To Him I give another crown of thorns,
Him do I crucify

Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up again, were the definite words of Jesus. Easter is the happiest time of the year. A time of inspiration. Nature takes on a newness, as the buds take form, the blade of grass becomes green, the streams are filled, the river speeds up its current, the birds sing their song of the new day which is dawning. It is resurrection time; it is Easter. This is one, if not the greatest event in human history. Christ breathed out His life and gave up His spirit.

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, it is finished; and He bowed His head and gave up the ghost."

Something had happened. Not a few months only, but thirty years of deprivation, and misunderstanding on the part of the people. A life of incessant preaching by example and precept has come to a close by a voluntary yielding of His life. It is the Son of God and nature is affected the earth is shaken, and the vale is rent in two.

But this is not all, the empty tomb confirms the word of the lowly Nazarene, "In three days I shall raise it up again." He is not here but is risen; He lives,—the world cannot bury Christ, the earth is not deep enough for a permanent tomb. He ascends into heaven but the heavens cannot contain Him. He still lives and is with us alway. The whole of Christendom rejoices in that Christ not only brought peace and good will to men but He has conquered death

and hell. . . . I am Alpha and Omega . . . and am alive for evermore. O death, where is thy sting, O grave, thy victory.

E. ALPH RICHARDSON,
Pastor, Bethemanuel B.M.E. Church,
London, Ont.

The Need for a New Method in Negro Education

"What different method of approach or what sort of appeal would you make to the Negro child that cannot be made just as well by a white teacher? some one asked me the other day," says Dr. Carter G. Woodson. "I replied that there is no particular body of facts that Negro teachers can impart to children of their own race that may not be just as easily presented by persons of another race if they have the same attitude as Negro teachers; but tradition, race hate, segregation, and terrorism make such a thing impossible. I am not an advocate of segregation. I do not believe in separate schools. I am merely emphasizing the necessity for common sense schools and teachers who understand and continue in sympathy with those whom they instruct. Those who take the position to the contrary have the idea that education is merely a process of imparting information. One who can give out these things or devise an easy plan for so doing, then, is an educator. In a sense this is true, but it accounts for most of the troubles of the Negro. For me, education means to inspire people to live more abundantly, to learn to begin with life as they find it and make it better. The instruction so far given Negroes in colleges and universities has worked to the contrary. In most cases such graduates have merely increased the number of malcontents who offer no program for changing the undesirable conditions about which they complain. I believe in protest only when it is supported by a constructive program.

"What Negroes are now being taught does not bring their minds into harmony with life as they must face it. When a Negro student works his way through college by shining shoes he does not think of making a special study of the science underlying the production and distribution of leather and its products, that he may some day figure in this sphere. The Negro boy sent to college by a mechanic, seldom dreams of learning mechanical engineering to build upon the foundation his father has laid, that in years to come he may figure as a contractor or a consulting engineer. The Negro girl who goes to college hardly wants to return to her mother if she is a washerwoman, but this girl should come back with sufficient knowledge of physics and chemistry and business administration to use her mother's work as a nucleus for a modern steam laundry. A professor of Tulane University recently resigned his position to get rich by running a laundry for Negroes in New Orleans. A Negro college instructor would have considered such a suggestion an insult. The so-called education of Negro college graduates leads them to throw away opportunities which

they have and go in quest of those which they do not find. A school system which thus handicaps people for life by setting them adrift is not worthy of public support.

"In the case of the white youth in this country, they can choose their courses more at random and still succeed because of numerous opportunities offered by their people, but even they show so much more wisdom than do Negroes. For example, a year or two after I left Harvard I found out West a schoolmate who was studying wool. 'How did you happen to go into this sort of thing?' I enquired. His people, he replied, had had some experience in wool and in college he prepared for his work. When I was at Harvard I studied Aristotle, Plato, Marsiglio of Padua, and Pascasius Rathbertus. My friend who studied wool, however, is now independently rich and has sufficient leisure to enjoy the cultural side of life which his knowledge of the science underlying his business developed, but I have to make my living by begging for a struggling cause.

"During my life I have seen striking examples of how people should and should not be taught. Some of these are worth relating. Probably the most interesting was that of missionary work in China. In 1903 I crossed the Pacific Ocean with twenty-six missionaries who were going to take China by storm. One, Todd, from North Carolina, was orating and preaching almost every day to stimulate his coworkers to go boldly to the task before them. Dr. DeForest, long a missionary to Japan, informed them that the work required more than enthusiasm; that they could not rush into the homes of the natives saying, 'Peace be to this house;' for it might turn out the other way and give somebody the opportunity to say, 'Peace be to his ashes.' Dr. Dr Forest explained how he chose a decidedly different course, preferring first to study the history, the language, the manners and the customs of the people, to approach them intelligently; and not until he had been in the country four years did he undertake to exhort, but since that time he has had great success and has been invited to preach before the Mikado himself. Now Todd did not take this advice, and he had not been in China five months before he and his wife had been poisoned by their native cook who became incensed at the way they interfered with the institutions of his people.

"Another striking illustration was the education of the Filipinos. Not long after the close of the Spanish-American War the United States Government started out to educate the Filipinos over night. Numbers of highly trained Americans were carried there to do the work. They entered upon the task by teaching the Filipinos just as they had taught American children who were otherwise circumstanced. The result was failure. Men trained at institutions like Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Chicago could not teach these people, and some of these scholarly Americans had to be maintained by the subscription of friends until they could be returned to this country on Government transportation.

"In the meantime, however, there came along an insurance man, who went to the Philippines to engage in

business. He had never taught at all; and he had never studied authorities like Bagley, Judd and Thorndike; but he understood people. Seeing that others had failed, he went into the work himself. He filled the schoolroom with thousands of objects from the pupil's environment. In the beginning he did not use books very much, because the books supplied were not adapted to the needs of the children. He talked about the objects around them. Everything was presented objectively. When he took up the habits of the snake he brought the reptile to the school for a demonstration. When he taught the crocodile he had one there. In teaching the Filipinos music he did not sing, 'Come shake the Apple Tree.' They had never seen such an object. He taught them to sing, 'Come shake the Lomboy Tree,' something which they had actually done. In reading he did not concentrate on the story of how George Washington always told the truth. They had never heard of him and could not have appreciated that lie if some one had told them about it. He taught them about their own hero, Jose Rizal, who gave his life as martyr for the freedom of his country. By and by they got rid of all books based on the life of American people and worked out an entirely new series dealing with the life of Filipinos. The result, then, was that this man and others who saw the situation as he did, succeeded and the work of the public schools in the Philippines is today the outstanding achievement of the Americans in that country."

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