

The Dawn of Tomorrow

THE NATIONAL NEGRO WEEKLY
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE DARKER RACES

VOL. V—NO. 24.

LONDON, CANADA APRIL, 1954

Price 5 Cents

The New Negro Minister

By Dr. Robert H. Fitzpatrick

Some seasons ago the Courier carried an article headed "New Type Pastor Needed!"

We almost shouted in hearty assent because the statements quoting Professor Felton were substantially our own contention.

The report came from Madison, N.J., asserting that on the basis of a survey made by the students of Drew Theological Seminary—Negro churches are on the decrease because of the need for a new type race pastor.

"The training of a new-type Negro minister," says Professor Felton, "who will aid his people not only in church services but in their needs on the farm, in education, in their everyday work, is one of the biggest tasks before the American church today."

We quite agree!

The same week the survey was revealed the "Courier Forum of Public Opinion," printed the statement of a Chicago reader who said: "We have too many ignorant clergymen as leaders."

This horrendous fact is borne out by some other results of the survey, viz. nearly half the pastors of Negro churches had never gone beyond the eighth grade and 58 per cent had never gone beyond high school. According to the study, the educational mien was ninth grade.

We cannot discourage the truth of these findings simply because it reflects the apathy that has accrued; it is rather an indictment of our unfortunate position in this area.

"The heart of the prudent getteth knowledge . . . and the ear of the wise seeketh knowledge. For in much knowledge is much grief . . . and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." Nevertheless it is more satisfying to know, for God makes his revelations inasmuch as we are prepared to receive them. Those of us who fear knowledge; fear responsibility . . . there's the grief . . . for in proportion to our awareness our responsibilities increase. Those who have more, can and must give more. We cannot bury our talents, thus to escape our obligation. The law of love makes us our brother's keeper.

If we are not exercising our fullest potential—well—listen to Dr. Alfred North Whitehead's definition of a Religious Education:

"A religious education is an education which inculcates duty and reverence. Duty arises from our potential control over the course of events. Where attainable knowledge could have changed the issue, ignorance has the guilt of vice! And the foundation of reverence in this perception—that the present holds within itself the complete sum of existence, backwards and forward—that whole amplitude of time which is Eternity."

Sounds a little like a combination of Jean Paul Sartre's "Existentialism" and "Modernism" doesn't it?

Please remember that Christianity began as a religion of radicals (the analogues of our so-called Liberals and Modernists); originality its adherents were rebels against the decaying litualism of the priestcraft. Since Christianity is dynamic, living, vital, surely the Christian Bas-

EVERY AGE IS GRAND

We have always said that each age has its advantages, its joys, its pleasures . . . and this week, our favorite writer Earl L. Douglass touched on our thought in his daily column. Said he, those who yearn for lost youth are usually the folks who haven't made much of a success of living or of anything else. Is youth glorious? Young people seethe with frustration, he goes on.

Unrequited love besets them . . . they look forward to life with apprehension . . . and fears. Those of us who can remember our youth, may remember the nights we cried ourselves to sleep, sure our little world was the most bitter dose in the bottle of life. Now, with that behind us, we come into a fairly snug little harbour, where our emotions are not quite as intense . . . where we can reason more clearly and approach life with a different set of values.

Yes, each period in our lives has its compensations. Each day brings to us the wonderful sense of being alive and so glad we are! Gray hair wrinkles . . . stiff knees and a general slowing down may be our lot today, but we're living, and that's the thing that counts.

DR. BURTON HEADS NEGRO FUND DRIVE

Dr. DeWitt T. Burton, superintendent and founder of the Wayne Diagnostic Hospital, will be vice-chairman of the 1954 United Negro College Fund campaign. The fund supports 32 Negro colleges.

Dr. Burton, a graduate of Fisk University, one of those supported, is also superintendent and founder of the Wayne Psychiatric Hospital and the Resthaven Hospital.

He will serve with John W. Hanes vice-president of Olin Industries and Daniel E. Koshland, vice-president of Levi Strauss & Co.

ics are not incompatible with the newer knowledge and developments.

Whatever there is to choose from these three: religious education, highflown or abysmal ignorance, in like manner we have less to fear from a well-informed leader than from a fanatic, superstitious charlatan, who having zeal aplenty (gall we should call it) but not according to knowledge.

An army, a Christian Army is needed to reclaim the personalities that have been crippled by ignorance masquerading as religion. One wonders at the seeming popularity of these charlatans, if we are being deliberately exploited and subjected to a process of deterioration in things religious. These men and women are doing our children a disservice with their extreme commercialism and three-ring-circus type religion. This type of religious exploitation is neither exemplary nor is its concomitant evil: the numbers-selling, fortune-telling preacher-representative.

Can it be, we are no longer able to endure sound doctrine.

Come To Church



This Easter Time

"FAMILY COURT" FOR LONDON SEEN LIKELY

A "family court" for London—a move urged by welfare agencies locally for many years—may become a reality in the next few months.

Daniel Coughlin, director of probation in the Attorney General's Department of the Provincial Government, said in London today that legislation was at present before the House which would make all juvenile courts in the province family courts.

Act Change

The legislation is actually a re-writing of the Family Courts' Act and, if passed, would become effective around June 1, said Mr. Coughlin, who was addressing London Rotary Club.

An attempt to establish a family court in London was made in 1947. It was turned down chiefly on the grounds of the additional costs that would be involved and because it was felt that existing court facilities were adequate.

London's Family Service Bureau has frequently advocated the setting up of a family court, contending it would lead to greater success in solving domestic problems and saving taxpayers money in the bargain.

The family court would be able to take domestic cases out of the police court and deal with them in camera, putting the emphasis on prevention and rehabilitation, rather

PERLUDE

By Lillian Grant

Some patches shrink upon the thawing ground
As maple trees light tiny lamps of red
And stand like watchful sentinels around
The meadows slinking winter forfeited.
From knobby shrubs the timid pussy willow
Lifts a Maltese nose into the sun,
Uncurls and stretches from a hollowed pillow
Convinced that inactivity is done.

The flurried seeds from cottonwood and birches,
Emulating winter's white design.
Sift beneath the caves of steeppled churches
Or drift along the reaching arm of pine.
Waiting builders fur their nests with these
Exultant bearers of spring promises.

than punishment.

The Provincial Government has laid down maximum amounts which a municipality may appropriate to run a family court. In the case of London the cost would not be allowed to exceed \$50,000.

In 1947 it was estimated that the cost of operating a family court in London, including the judge's salary would amount to about \$15,000.

God's Invitation

Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.

This is the invitation of the open-armed Christ, words all men remember at Easter-time.

Labor has been placed upon us all, for work, as well as rest, can be the blessing of life. Christ has decreed that each of us who asks His help will have joy in his daily tasks. With God, work is humanity's best playmate—useful, honest, satisfying.

Christ's word has always had its strongest appeal for the working man and woman, for those who carry heaven burdens. In every generation, the poor, the exploited people who suffered injustice and were denied a fair chance at life—these were the ones who joyously believed that Christ and His Gospel were on their side. For them, for them, for those whom the world has tried to hold down, Christ's invitation means consolation, a lifting up.

Our Saviour also has in mind those who labor under heavy burdens, under hard conditions, against handicaps that never seem to lift. To these, His invitation means help, means Someone to share the load.

The weary, the disappointed, the thwarted, the crippled, even the despairing—to these He will give joy and patience and peace, if only they will come to Him. Whatever is troubling mankind, Christ's help can cure.

Our Saviour doesn't command—He asks. The Lord leaves us free. He merely invites us, "Come unto Me . . . Take My yoke upon you . . . And I will give you rest." The words He uses are come, take, I will give.

We do not deserve it; we cannot earn it. But we have only to come to Christ, and He will give the spiritual peace that passes understanding.

THE QUEEN AND A CHILD

Elizabeth II still was every inch a Queen last week in the face of as strenuous a swing through Australia as any whistle-stopper ever staged in the United States. One close associate said she had lost as much as 7 pounds during the sultry summer Down Under. But she looked to be the coolest person in semi-tropical (88 degree) Brisbane as a shirt-sleeved mob of 75,000 greeted her in that capital of Queens land (named for her great-great-grandmother Victoria.)

Her composure wasn't even ruffled when 4-year-old Narelle Dick, a school-teacher's daughter, climbed into the royal lap, flung her arms around the royal neck, and tried to kiss the Queen. The crowd gasped. Elizabeth looked surprised but kept smiling until a police inspector lifted the tot away and carried her, kicking, to her mother. "I just wanted to see the Queen, Mummy," Narelle explained.