

Dawn of Tomorrow

Published in the interests of and for the Advancement of the colored people of Canada.

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THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE

"For unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given."

From across the ages, yet as fresh and as beautiful today as ever, it was, comes the story of the magi and their gifts to the infant which was called Jesus. They brought Him gold and frankincense and myrrh. There was a meaning, a great significance in the offerings which the three wise men brought, and this significance should be the symbol of all true giving in the world today. They brought gold, the most treasured of all their worldly possessions. In the giving of service to the Master and to our fellow-men we should emulate the spirit and the example of the three wise men and give the best there is in us, for the great pleasure of giving. And along with every gift, each sacrifice and each service should go the best wishes of our hearts. There is a great joy experienced in giving and the bigger the gift the greater the sacrifice, the greater the example of Christ and the Wise Men should stand out in bold relief during the coming Yuletide. For he never tired of giving to the world His best, His very best. The raising of the dead, healing of the sick, the giving of the sight to the blind, the comforting of the distressed, the sympathizing with the unfortunate, even the laying down of His life for all were His gifts to the world. Should we then, be satisfied to give grudgingly?

In the days before His coming frankincense typified sacrifice, sacrament and the best qualities one possessed. Myrrh meant that sorrows and bitterness had been suffered and that resentment had been forgone, sacrificed for the sake of peace and goodwill here on earth. And so the wise men brought frankincense and myrrh. Shall we then of endeavour to give to the world the best that there is in us to give. Should we not be willing to sacrifice bitterness and strife for His sake and for our brother's sake too? One of the greatest lessons we can learn from the life of Christ is the placing of values in their proper places. Material, wealth, principalities, kingdom, fame, earthly power, and influence — all these had a value in His estimation, but these values were placed in their proper places and the greatest value with Him was the value of service to His Heavenly Father and service to humanity. Nothing gave him more pleasure than doing a kind deed for a little child. No act was more holy in His sight than relieving the suffering, and comforting the sorrowing heart. In this country of North America where in Negroes equipped and prepared repeatedly "knock unheeded at an iron gate," it is a good thing for us to remember that Christ's life was a life of service; service to an ungrateful world and that, although He knew of Judas' traitorous intentions and actions: "Christ washed the feet of Judas!"

Christ washed the feet of Judas' soul! The dark and evil passion of his soul, His secret plot and sordidness complete

His hate, his purposing, Christ knew the whole, And still in love, He washed his feet. Christ washed the feet of Judas— Yet all his lurking sin was bare to Him

His bargain with the priest, and more than this In Olivet beneath the moonlight dim A forehead knew and felt his treacherous kiss.

Christ washed the feet of Judas! And so ineffable His love 'twas meet That pity filled His great forgiving heart

And tenderly to wash the traitor's feet

Who in his Lord had basely sold his part.

Christ washed the feet of Judas! And thus a girded servant, self-abased.

Taught that wrong this side of heaven

Was never too great to wholly be faced.

And though unasked, in spirit be forgiven.

And so if we have ever felt the wrong Of trampled rights, of caste, it matters not.

Whate'er the soul has suffered long, O heart! this one thing should not be forgot

Christ washed the feet of Judas.

(By George Marion McClellan, Negro Poet)

LONDON NOTES

To Mr. and Mrs. Lorry Johnson, a beautiful baby boy. The baby is doing nicely but the mother is not too well.

Mr. Roy Anderson is in Victoria Hospital. His condition is fair.

Mrs. Battie Berry is reported doing nicely at this time although still confined to her home.

Mrs. M. Harris and Miss Elinor Groat spent the American Thanksgiving visiting friends and relatives in Detroit, Mich.

Miss Marion Jenkins will spend Christmas Day with her family.

On Sunday, Nov. 30th Bethemanuel Church Young People paid a return visit to Dundas Street Centre United Church under the leadership of Mr. C. Walls and Mr. J. Brooks. All reported an enjoyable evening.

Mrs. J. Anderson spent a few days visiting in Toronto.

Mrs. A. Moxley reported her brother Charlie Smith and her son Kenneth Moxley in Toronto who have been quite ill are both doing nicely.

Mr. F. Howson is still confined to his home under the doctor's care.

The marriage of Miss Dorothy Fountaine to Mr. Henry Carter took place in Toronto Saturday, December 13th. We wish them every happiness.

WHITE GIFT SUNDAY

On Sunday, December 21 the Missionary Society of Bethemanuel Church are asking you to bring or send a White Gift to assist in making up baskets to be sent to the shut-ins this Christmas. It is the first attempt of the Missionary Society to do this type of missionary work. If you are a member or not your gift will be greatly appreciated.

On December 2nd, Mr. and Mrs. James Hill celebrated their 50th anniversary. The groom presented his wife with a purse of money. A quiet evening was spent with friends and wellwishers.

A NEW SONG

I speak in the name of the black millions.

Let all others keep silent a moment.

I have this word to bring,

This thing to say,

This song to sing:
Bitter was the day
When I bowed my back
Beneath the slaver's whip.

That day is past.
Bitter was the day
When I saw my children unschooled
My young men without a voice in the world,
My women taken as the body-toys
Of a thieving people.

That day is past.
Bitter was the day, I say.
When the lyncher's rope
Hung about my neck
And the fire scorched my feet,
And the white world had no pity.

And only in the sorrow songs
Relief was found—
Yet not relief,
But merely humble life and silent death
Eased by a Name
That hypnotized the pain away—
O, precious Name of Jesus in that day!

That day is past.
I know full well now
Jesus could not die for me—
That only my own hands,
Black as the earth,
Can make my earth-dark body free
O, world,
No longer shall you say
With arrogant eyes and tall white head:
"You are my servant,
In the fire."

That day is past—
For now.
In many mouths—
Dark mouths where red tongues burn

And white teeth gleam—
New words are formed,
Bitter
With the past
And sweet
With the dream.
Tense, silent, without a sound,
They fall unuttered—
Yet heard everywhere:

Take care!
Black world
Against the wall,
Open your eyes—

The long white snake will strike to kill!
Be wary—
And be wise,
Before the wisdom
Of the darker world
The future lies.

By Langston Hughes,

Negro Poet

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