

Aug. 30-31
Convention
P R Y P S
4th Annual

VOLUME IV. AUGUST, 1944 NUMBER 10

For Protestant Reformed Youth

BEACON LIGHTS

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Subscriptions may be sent to Miss Alice Reitsma, 706 Franklin St., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich. All subscriptions will be continued unless notified to the contrary.

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1944 P-R-Y-P-F CONVENTION

OUTLINE OF PROGRAM

WEDNESDAY

10:00 A. M.—Registration

12:00 noon —Lunch, served in Church.

2:00 P. M.—First Business Session; Minutes of last Convention; Roll-call; Treasurer's-Secretary's Report.

8:15 P. M.—Inspirational Mass Meeting.
Song Service. — Welcome by Federation Pres.
Group of numbers by Radio Choir.
Lecture by Rev. Hoeksema, "Christian Liberty".

THURSDAY

7:00 A. M.—Breakfast at John Ball Park.

9:00 A. M.—Games or opportunity to visit places of interest.

1:15 P. M.—Business Meeting. Election of Officers, Proposals, Activities of Federation for coming year.

3:15 P. M.—Speech by Rev. A. Petter.
Refreshments.

6:30 P. M.—Banquet — Oakdale Christian School.
Speech by Rev. G. Vos.
Pictures of last Convention. Display of denomination service flag. Introduction of new officers.

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For Protestant Reformed Youth

VOLUME IV

AUGUST, 1944

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Faithful From The Outset

By Rev. P. De Boer — Redlands, Calif.

But Daniel purposed in his heart, that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank: therefore he requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself. Daniel 1:8.

An immediate temptation! An immediate temptation faced Daniel and his three friends in Babylon, the land of captivity to which these boys of not over sixteen or seventeen were carried away.

Already the mere fact that they were among those of the royal seed chosen to enter the king's college-implied circumstances that would bring repeated temptation. For it was the worldly monarch's purpose to make of these young men thorough-going Babylonians who in the future as tools of the state would devotedly serve the monarch and his purpose. In the three-year training course they were to receive a Babylonian training that intended to draw them

away from allegiance to their native land and religion. Hence the lads received Babylonian names, names that had reference to idol gods and idol worship. It therefore took grace, daily grace, for these lads in the midst of it all to remember their God, the God whom they had learned from early childhood. Some might call theirs a great opportunity, since it opened the way to future prominence in world-affairs; really it was a daily temptation, better avoided had this been possible. The latter was not possible, nor was it God's purpose, for they were captives and treated as such.

But Daniel and his friends purposed in their hearts not to defile themselves. From the very beginning. The temptation concentrated itself at the outset about their food. Undoubtedly the food of the king's table was food connected with idol worship, and to partake of it meant to have part in idol-worship. Whatever the case

was, it is plain that Daniel and his friends faced a definite temptation. As the young man in the service finds the temptation of his environment concentrate itself about drinking and gambling, etc., so Daniel and his friends met it at once in the food and drink that was set before them. It was a severe temptation. They were young, others of the royal seed partook, and if they refused what hope of mercy could they expect from the despot?

A bold faith!

Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself. At once it is evident that Daniel belongs to the line of election, the faithful remnant. Not only Daniel, the leader, but also his friends loved God and His precepts. They were a foursome of those that loved God; a friendship of God that meant so much to them, that helped them on. Especially in youth our friends mean so much. Daniel is the leader, though they do not passively follow. Notice, Daniel *purposed*, he determined, he decided that he would not defile himself, cost what it might. He purposed it *in his heart*: such purposes are not born in the mind, in the will, much less in the flesh, nor in expediency and convenience — they are born in the *heart*, the heart from which are the issues of life. As a man's heart is

so is he. The decisions of faith always arise from the regenerated heart. And so he went to the eunuch, submitting himself as far as possible, and *requested* pulse and water, i.e. a simple vegetable diet. For God's sake they must not defile themselves, for God's sake they would not. No matter what jaunts and jibes, what punishment would have to be borne.

Surely youth, youth that by God's grace purposes in its heart can be faithful. Even when it regards food and drink, something for which people are so easily tempted to defile themselves. For the bounty of the king's table men who claim to love God will bear the mark of the beast rather than eat the bread of affliction. Dare to be a Daniel. Dare to stand alone. With God.

Divinely prospered!

Such was Daniel's experience. For God caused Daniel to find favor with the master of eunuchs, and he was willing to try them ten days. God was with them, for they thrived upon their simple though complete diet, thrived more than those that partook of the king's bounty, of winebibbing and carousing. And they were allowed daily to eat their simple fare and maintain their spiritual identity. Daily they manifested when they sat down to their frugal meal that though in the world they were not of the world.

The faithful always are divinely prospered. Not always in this way. With Daniel and his friends in Babylonia God had a very special purpose. But even in respect to daily bread God does remember His people: He will feed and clothe them, be it with a frugal diet, as long as He calls them to walk as

strangers and pilgrims on earth. Without defiling themselves. And in the end life eternal, for God blesseth the righteous while the way of the wicked perisheth.

Young man, young woman, dare to be a Daniel. By the grace of God. Purpose in your hearts not to defile yourselves.



EDITORIAL

CONVENTION

By Rev. C. Hanko — Oak Lawn, Ill.

There is at present only one that can properly be called *the* Convention. Only one that we have in mind when we constantly speak of it in that way. There have been many conventions of various groups. There have been other conventions of the FPRYPS. But the one that now stands in the limelights as the center of all our attention is the 1944 Convention, or "The Fourth Annual Convention of the Federation of the Protestant Young People's Societies."

Fuller Avenue Talitha and the Young Men's will be the host societies for this convention on the last two days of August. For

months plans have been laid by the host societies to make this convention live in the memories of all who attend. For months our young people have been arranging to come from far and wide to get in on this all-important event. Soon their paths will converge at that one point, the meeting place in the First Protestant Reformed Church of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

In many ways this convention will be different from the former ones. The main difference will be that this is a "war" convention. It will be held at a time when the nations are still locked in bloody conflict, when most of our young

men are far from home and unable to attend, when the thought of war and all its implications is never completely out of our minds. It will be evident in speech, in conversation, and in every activity.

This is bound to affect the convention in every way. No one anticipates, nor does anyone intend that it should be otherwise. The intention is not to cast all care to the wind, or to shut the realities of life from our sight by losing ourselves in frivolities. But it is the intention to meet in Christian

fellowship to strengthen the bond that unites us in the faith. To discuss together the common problems of the day as faced by our covenant youth. To be inspired together to renewed faithfulness and zeal in maintaining our "home front." And to keep everything "as was" for our boys returning home after the conflict is over.

This Convention sets itself to a weighty task. You cannot afford to miss it. Once more the by-word is:

"We'll see you at the Convention!"

A Few Changes

THIS issue completes another volume of Beacon Lights. What is even more important is the fact that Beacon Lights has once more had the opportunity to serve our Protestant youth both at home and in foreign fields. It has travelled to every part of the world wherever our young men and women are located. It has made more contacts than ever before, and has served to knit its readers together in their common bond of faith and confession.

From the many letters of appreciation that are constantly coming in, it becomes increasingly evident that Beacon Lights is serving its own God-given purpose for

the youth of our Churches in the peculiar circumstances in which they find themselves today. Never has youth experienced more serious problems, both at home and abroad. Never has a young people's periodical had a more weighty service to perform.

The Federation Board is always on the alert to make certain changes and improvements in order to make this paper more profitable and appealing to those whom it must serve.

The next issue, opening a new season, will also bring certain new changes in our paper, particularly in the editorial staff. From the very outset the Board intended to

introduce less ministers and more laymen as writers of the various departments. People who are engaged in various activities of life in order to give its readers a broader perspective of Christian life from its rich variety of aspects. According to this plan the Board has obtained the services of some new men for the next season. Mr. George Ten Elshof of our Roosevelt Park Church has willingly consented to act as Editor-in-chief. Mr. Jack Boelema, instructor in the Grand Rapids High School, will write the current events. And various fathers who have sons in service will be asked to contribute a monthly letter.

We are sure that this change will cause all of our readers to look forward in anticipation to a new season with Beacon Lights.

The editorial staff and the Board avail themselves of this opportunity to thank all those who have given their services toward our young people's periodical. We also express our appreciation to the young men in service who added spice to the paper with their interesting letters. We hope they will keep it up.

Those who were privileged to watch the progress of Beacon Lights even from the time it set out on its maiden voyage until now, and have been able to serve in a greater or lesser degree, feel

that this is a sufficient reward in itself.

In taking leave of this department, it is my sincerest prayer that my successor, Mr. George Ten Elshof, as well as all other contributors may experience the Lord's guidance in their labors for our Covenant youth. May God continue to bless Beacon Lights and use it for the spiritual welfare of all our young people. May His blessings abound unto the praise of His glory.

C. H.

1944 YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONVENTION
by Jean Howerzyl

Our Young People's Convention is coming;

Of course we'll all try to be there;
We'll plan our vacations accordingly,
And start saving our dimes for the fare.

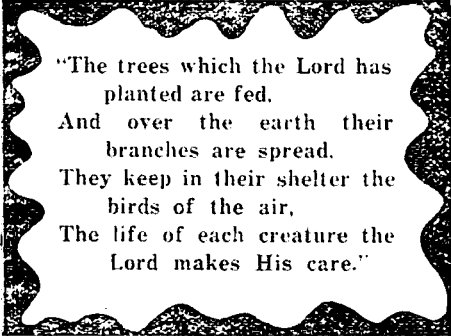
To make this the best of Conventions:
Both in numbers and spiritually
Is our aim, our ambition, endeavor;
For this we will work, hope and pray.

We'll miss all those now absent from us,
Who are fighting on land, air or sea,
Dear Lord grant they soon may rejoin us,
In the land of the brave and the free.

To join in our future conventions
Together to pray, sing and praise;
Lord, give us rich spiritual favors,
Oh, bless our Convention Days.

An Insect Soloist

By Mr. C. De Boer — Kalamazoo, Mich.



"The trees which the Lord has
planted are fed,
And over the earth their
branches are spread.
They keep in their shelter the
birds of the air,
The life of each creature the
Lord makes His care."

Rasping and vibrating is the song of the world's noisiest insect—the cicada, frequently known as the Harvest Fly, a member of the Locust Family. Are you familiar with its note? If not, listen attentively any warm day in July or August, and you will, undoubtedly, hear the audible strains proceeding from the hidden insect on some near-by tree. The song is almost one continuous harsh shrill rasp, varying in intensity rather than quality.

How is this music produced? Unlike the cricket, whose chirp is caused by the rubbing together of the wings, the cicada, is equipped with a special sound cavity occupying most of its body and containing several vibrating membranes. Only the males can be accused of disturbing the neighborhood serenity, for as Zenarchus tersely states:

*"Happy the cicada's lives,
For they have voiceless wives."*

Virgil remarks that, "They burst-ed the very shrubs with their noise." However, Thoreau mildly terms it "slumberous breathing" and Hawthorne calls it "audible stillness." In ancient Greece it was a practice to place them in cages (as we do canaries). Even today it is customary in Africa and Japan to encage them as household pets.

The song is uninterrupted, even while this insect is in motion. However, the cicada itself has no auditory organ, and thus no foreign sound can penetrate its consciousness. Thus, he is unaware of his own volume. According to some the purpose of the song is to attract a mate; but observations have shown that this is not entirely true, for the male may be close to his partner for hours, but still continue his solo.

Although it lacks organs of hearing, the cicada's vision is unsurpassed; it possesses five eyes which enable it to see in all directions.

According to La Fontaine's fable concerning the cicada and the ant, the latter is portrayed as a prudent provider while the cicada is

a mere songster, who wastes his time in church work and fails to provide for the winter and thus must beg the ant for food when famine approaches. However, this is not the case in reality, for the cicada does not depend on other insects for food, as it has been marvelously created to sustain itself during the dry season in which it lives. It possesses a sharp beak-like structure called a rostrum by means of which it bores through the bark of a tree and taps the source of its food supply — sap. Soon neighboring insects, especially ants, hasten to this well for nourishment. The tiny intruders crawl under and around the cicada to quench their thirst. Larger insects as wasps and flies sneak a sip at the fount and fly away, only to return for more later. At times the colony of ants become so violent, due to thirst, that they molest the original source-giver by biting the host's wings and legs. Finally, this combined attack drives the cicada away to drill a new well elsewhere.

With her rostrum, the female pricks a series of thirty to forty holes into the bark of tiny twigs, a couple inches apart. In each of these she lays ten eggs. The large number of eggs indicate that some danger threatens their development, for according to general observations in nature, the number

of eggs is proportioned to the rate of mortality. In this case of the cicada, a tiny gnat which also is provided with a similar boring tool, hovers about and then drills a hole just above the cicada's eggs, and in it lays one of her own eggs. Since the gnat's egg develops more quickly the emerging grub finds a bounteous supply of food close at hand—a feast of cicada eggs. In spite of the good vision which enables it to see the gnat's presence, and the fact of its ability to destroy the culprit, the cicada makes no effort to attack the tiny enemy. Instinctively, she goes on laying her eggs, rather than defending her family from future prey. Hence her guide is instinct rather than reasoning forethought.

When the surviving eggs hatch, the grub resembles a tiny fish with large black eyes and an imitation fin under its body, which is formed by the union of the two forelegs and enables it to work its way out of the shell. Soon after this it sheds its skin and drops to the ground — a mere flea in size. In haste it searches for soft soil in which to burrow and spend nearly all its existence. An underground creature, indeed, for some species live beneath the soil for four years, while others from thirteen to seventeen years before they develop into an adult. In the meantime they exist on tender roots of

shrubs, trees, and plants. Rather a drab and dull existence, is it not? No wonder they break forth into a deafening chorus when finally this subterranean life ceases and they come forth into the light. When the pupa emerges from the soil it seeks a tree or shrub to which it clings, while the skin on its back splits open, allowing the adult to escape. It requires about three hours for the wings to expand and the body to harden. Now it is able to spend its five weeks in strenuous living and song.

“Four years of hard work in the darkness, and a month of delight in the sun — such is the cicada’s life. We must not blame him for the noisy triumph of his song. For four years he has dug the earth with his feet, and then suddenly he is dressed in exquisite raiment, provided with wings that rival the bird’s and bathed in heat and light! What cymbals can be loud enough to celebrate his happiness, so hard-ly earned, and so very, very short?” —Fabre.



Book Review

By Mrs. L. Doezema

Bellflower, California

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK

by Zofia Kossak.

This is an historical novel which restores one of the critical periods of Christian history. It has as its background the history of the end of the twelfth and the beginnings of the thirteenth centuries. Francis of Assisi is the hero of the story, but Jean de Brienne takes an important part in the plot, while Francis appears every now and then in important scenes to show himself as the meek man, as he is portrayed through out this novel. After Pope Innocent III failed to move adults to form a crusade once more to attempt to regain the Holy City, villains inveigled their children to band together in a vast crusade only to sell them all as slaves to some Venetian ship owners who sold those who survived a great storm to the Moslems. Thereupon, Jean de Brienne was chosen by the pope to become the titular king of Jerusalem and lead a crusade to regain the city. But Jean de Brienne became involved in a love affair with Blanche of Champagne, who had left her husband and home on



a pretended pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, to be with her lover. Jean neglected his mission to rescue the Holy City and when the Pope died, his successor appointed Cardinal Pelagius to lead the crusade. Pelagius knew nothing about war and was too conceited to listen to advice from Jean. After the spectacular flooding of the Nile the Holy Land, which could have been had if the cardinal had not been quite so greedy, was lost. The story ends with Jean a disappointed man in war and in love. Francis of Assisi is described as a meek man, devoid of any selfishness, always seeking the good of his fellowman, really the only loveable character in the book. In the beginning of the story he had gathered but a few followers around him, men who with him pledged themselves to self-denial. His band of followers grew, however, and by the time Francis left Italy to follow the army of crusaders, his principles were not being carried

out as well as they first had been for his followers began to seek honor and recognition. When Francis returned it is evident that he had not been successful at all and still he was not disappointed for he felt that something abiding would remain from his work and teaching. Zofia Kossak portrays Francis as the bit of good left in the Roman Catholic Church at that time when she points out the corruption and decay of the Christianity of that day.

A wealth of historical knowledge must have been necessary to write this novel. There are some brilliant scenes portrayed. Vivid is the scene of Francis before the Sultan of Egypt at Cairo when the crusaders are fighting the Egyptians. Even the Sultan is impres-

sed by the meekness and honesty of Francis and desires to hear more of his Christianity.

The story and plot, however are rather slow in places and if one is not sufficiently interested in the mere historic background, the story will not be attractive enough to hold his attention. The book is worth reading for its historic interest.

The doctrine of salvation by works is outstandingly taught in the main character, Francis of Assisi, who does nothing but good works and whose very meekness seems to be featured as something which will save not only himself but many of his fellowmen, while we know that "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God."

Report of Meetings held by the Executive Board during 1941 - 1944

At the first meeting of the Executive Board, after our 1941 Convention, the minutes of this Convention were read by the Secretary and approved by the Board.

During the years 1941 to 1944, meetings were called from time to time as found necessary.

At a meeting held in March, 1942, the

Roosevelt Young People's Society, hosts for that year's Convention, presented their plans to the Board. However, at the Board meeting held in July, 1942, objections were raised to holding a Convention. Several Michigan societies were doubtful about being able to attend and Sioux Center and Oskaloosa wrote that they were not coming. There was no

response at all from our other Western Churches to the letter written by the Board regarding our Convention for that year. Also, there were very few young men left at the Host Church to help with arrangements. In the face of these objections, the Host Society asked that they be relieved of their obligations and the Board moved that the Convention be postponed indefinitely.

A mass meeting of local societies was held in October, 1942 at Roosevelt Park Church.

The major work of the Board during the non-convention years was in connection with the publishing of our Young People's Magazine, Beacon Lights, sched-

uling and planning the various departments, appointing Editors, and building up our mailing list. Sending Beacon Lights to all our Boys in Service has been adopted by the Board as a Federation Project.

At our meeting held April 5, 1944, the Board decided to call a Convention this summer. This decision was based on enthusiastic letters received from several Young People's Societies regarding the possibilities of a 1944 Convention.

On April 20, the Board accepted the invitation of the Talitha and Young Men's Societies of Fuller Ave. Church, to act as Hosts for our 1944 Convention to be held August 30-31.

* * * * *

Proposal by the Federation Board: -

Subject: Election of Officers:

The Board wishes to propose that elections be held for all five Federation offices, and that the newly elected President and the Secretary serve their full two years while the Vice-president, the Treasurer and the Ass't-Sec'y-Treas., serve only one year terms so that the board may again alternate the election of its officers.

The Grounds for this Proposal:

1. All present board members have served several years longer than they were elected to serve.

2. New Board members will have new

ideas and will help to stimulate new interest in Federation affairs.

3. Federation projects will not suffer in any way even though all its present board members retire because:

Beacons Lights, the chief project of our Federation at this time, will be taken care of by the present Business Manager, and Managing Editors, who have consented to continue their work on our magazine under the supervision of the new Board. Also the Editorial Staff for the coming year has already been appointed.

THE BOARD.

To Our Boys In Service

Dear Friends:

Things have also been changing on the home front for here at Fuller Ave. Rev. Veldman received and accepted the call of our Fourth Church and on July 23 preached his farewell sermon, at which time we also had a letter of Rev. De Wolf that he accepted the call of our Fuller Ave. congregation. Rev. Veldman bade the congregation a hearty farewell using the words of Rev. 22:21 "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." I was thinking how beautiful it is when one can part with such words as these, and to say this is not just a mere wish but a statement of fact that cannot be changed. For I know that it is alone this grace that can keep you amidst the trials and temptations and can enable you to endure the absence from home and dear ones. for this grace is sufficient.

The world will try its utmost to deprive you of this grace that there is in Him, for it would have nothing of Christ through whom this grace is given to all God's children. The words spoken by the wife of Pontius Pilate "have thou nothing to do with this righteous man." is also the prevailing spirit around about you in whatever branch of service you may be in. Oh, I know, this same evil tendency is present in civilian life also, but when one thinks of you young men alone in the service and separated from home, church, and friends it is

certain that you must feel it even more keenly.

But just at a time like this the evil advice of the world must be ignored, for in the measure that you listen and give in to such advice in that measure will you lose the very ground of your steadfastness in Him. Oh, I know, it would be so easy to follow the world and ignore the Christ but, I know also that we can depend upon this Lord for help and guidance and therefore I surely urge you not to listen to the world when it says "Have nothing to do with this righteous man."

After all this advice is so very foolish. Just stop and think! Have nothing to do with this righteous man? Then with whom must we have dealings, if I must shun Him sent from God?

The world will answer "Deal with us and set your heart on things of this earth, see all the pleasures and joys you can have in her service, and alas, how many a young person is won by this siren song of the world. For they say "If you listen to that righteous man, you can have no part with us."

So boys, you must take a stand for the Christ of the scriptures for after all He is your only hope also during your period of service in the time of war. Surely, we will have everything to do with Him because he is the fairest among ten thousand. He is altogether lovely.

Sincerely yours, Mr. A. Van Tuinen.



Letters From Our Boys



Dear Friends:

For some time I have intended to write this letter, especially to show my thankfulness in receiving my copies of "Beacon Lights." Sometimes they come irregularly but are always welcome.

In one edition we boys in the service were urged to write about our doings, etc., but at times we have all we can do in a days time to write to our friends and dear ones, and to be able to spend an hour or so with the precious literature we receive in the Beacon Lights and other of our Church papers. Now and then we do get a lull in our daily duties which allows us a few moments in which to gather in our minds the things the folks at home like to hear about.

As for me, I would like to let you know how the Churches here in England, with few exceptions, care for the boys in the service.

I have been overseas now for six months and it has been a privilege to be able to attend service each Sunday in a nearby town. Where I am at present the church makes a lot of work out of making sure that the boys in this area may find the fellowship that is so necessary for Christian fellows away from home. Of course we miss our own church.

This particular church, a Methodist Church has two services daily, the even-

ing one usually meant to be the most beneficial to the spiritual life of the soldier, and an hour of fellowship afterwards during which time an interesting program of hymn singing, song, and musical numbers are rendered, most of the numbers being rendered by members of the various services represented. After the program a light lunch is served and that again is followed by a half-hour of hymn singing.

On Thursday evenings they entertain the service men and service women with tours "(rambles") of the countryside which is usually very interesting. I have not been able to attend many of these but one which will live in my memory was to the home of an elderly lady who had a beautiful garden about her home, which was on a hillside overlooking the country for miles around.

On Friday evenings they have discussion, or meeting of service men similar to our Society meetings. I have attended these meetings on several occasions and enjoy them to the fullest extent. In these meetings you find English, Canadians, Australians and U.S. service men and service women.

The kindness of the people that help in this way, by making these things possible to us is something to be thankful for. It is a blessing to be stationed in an area as this where such fellowship can be enjoyed even though so far from home.

But great benefits are also derived from the Beacon Lights, always keeping us in contact with our own church and especially our pure doctrine. I guess I can speak for all those that are not privileged with a church like this in their area, who depend so much on the Beacon Lights.

To those whose efforts are put forth in its publication and management we in the service must thank again and again, praying that it be the Lord's will to keep up this good work, through them.

In closing I must mention that I enjoy my Beacon Lights and after I read it I pass it on to a friend of mine, he also enjoys it very much.

As ever,

S/Sgt. Ralph Baas.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

* * * * *

Camp Van Dorn, Miss.

June 18, 1944

Dear Friends:

I wish to inform you of my new address at Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi. Will you please send the Beacon Lights and our other Church papers to me at this address.

My pal in civilian life, Gerrit Hoeksema, is in this camp also. I met him two evenings ago and that was the first time I had seen him in 17 months. It was the first time he had ever seen me in uniform. Isn't it strange how God has things planned out in our lives.

Theodore Boelema.
(4th Church, Grand Rapids.)

Dear Friends:

It has been a long time since I last wrote and I feel it my duty as a society member to write all of you a few lines to express my thanks and appreciation to all who are making it possible for us to receive Beacon Lights thru the summer months. Word cannot express how much our Beacon Lights and Standard Bearer are appreciated and enjoyed. One longs to receive Christian literature such as our Church magazines supply us with.

I want to take this opportunity to thank all of you who have written me from our Michigan, Oak Lawn and So. Holland societies.

I am now stationed in the jungle and mud of New Guinea. the weather gets very hot and it sometimes rains three or four days continually day and night.

Now a few words about the natives. Their way of living is so much different than ours. They live mainly from the jungle with its many fruits and coconuts. Their dress doesn't consist of very much, the women wear grass skirts and the men wear a cloth wrapped around their waist and some have it fixed so that it forms a baggy trousers. The men are very friendly, we don't see many of the women as they are very shy; when they see a soldier approaching they will hide until he has gone by their village. The natives sure like to smoke; they come around the company area and ask for cigarettes, and I guess it doesn't make any difference how old they are for they smoke them anyway. The little fellows of nine years old smoke and they aren't

a bit backward at it, they smoke just like a grown person inhaling every puff. The American soldiers are well liked by the natives but they sure don't have any use for the Japs.

Well, I will close my letter for this time. May the God of our salvation bless and keep each one of you.

In Christian Love,

Ray L. Bruisma,
c/o P.M. San Francisco, Calif.

* * * * *

Dear Friends:

I have finally realized that I have been receiving Beacon Lights for almost a year now and haven't as much as thanked you for them. But I do want to express my appreciation for them. They are like a light shining in the darkness to us fellows in the service.

I have been in the navy for almost a year and although I was in the States most of that time in training, I wasn't near any of our churches except for a short time when I was located near Bellflower where I enjoyed hearing Rev. Doezema as well as their hospitality.

I am now in New Guinea, for how long I can't say, but I do know that down here in a place like this, the Beacon Lights is as I said, like a light shining in a dark place.

I sincerely hope that you may continue sending them in the future to us who are away from home and church. And may God shower His blessings on your work.

Sincerely

Harold Knott, Sm 3/c
c/o P.M. San Francisco, Calif.

Banana River, Fla.

April 24, 1944

Dear Friends:

I wish to thank you for the Church Papers and also inform you of my new address. There are lots of things to read around here but Christian Papers are few and far between, and I think most all of us fellows enjoy the Standard Bearer and Beacon Lights.

So I hope you can follow me around in the future.

Your friend,

Henry Wiersma.
(South Holland, Ill.)

* * * * *

— W A R N E W S —

WOUNDED

Marine Pvt. Charles Sikkema, Grand Rapids, Mich., was wounded on Saipan.

Pfc. Bernard Miedema, Grand Rapids, Michigan was wounded in action.

PRISONER

Sgt. Charles De Jong, Grand Rapids, Michigan, has been reported a prisoner in Germany since February, 1943.

MISSING IN ACTION

Lt. Lawrence Kooima, Rock Valley, Iowa, pilot of a Flying Fortress, has been reported missing in action since Oct. 8, 1943, while he was on his 23rd mission over Bremen, Germany.

In Memoriam



Pfc. Bernard Holstege, member of the Hudsonville Prot. Ref. Church, Hudsonville, Michigan, was killed in France on June 9. Pfc. Holstege was a paratrooper and went overseas in September, 1943.



Sgt. Howard Van Solkema, member of the Roosevelt Park Prot. Ref. Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan, died, July 11, in a hospital on the Isle of Wight, of injuries suffered when an army bomber on which he was nose gunner crashed into the English Channel returning from a mission over Europe.



Pvt. John M. Swart, member of Fuller Ave. Protestant Reformed Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan, was killed in Italy on July 13, 1944. Pvt. Swart went overseas in March, 1944 and according to last reports was driving an ammunition truck.

Contest Winners

This essay was written by Miss Marian Haveman, 14 year old member of the Protestant Reformed Young People's Society, Holland, Michigan, and was awarded a prize of \$5.00 in our Essay Contest.

WHO WAS TO BLAME

It was on a hot Sunday evening, June 20, 1943, that thousands of people were gathered in Belle Isle Park. They were eagerly watching a fist fight between a white sailor and a negro boy. It was then, too, that many false rumors were being spread about such as the one overheard in a negro night club, that a gang of whites had killed a black woman and her baby in Belle Isle Park. And a rumor overheard by the whites was that a mob of blacks had killed a white lady on the park bridge. All night long stores and buildings were being looted by both black and white. Finally, Mayor Jeffries requested Federal Troops to quiet the mobs. It even took the United States Army to protect 27 negro graduates returning home from graduation exercises.

But let us get to the real question: Who really is to blame for all this hatred between the black and the white? Most of the white people would put all the blame on the negroes. But let us first see where all this started. It was first when the slaves were brought into our country. Then in 1917, and again

in 1943. And let us see how some of these negroes had to live. Most of them had to live in dirty, crowded tenements, the dirtiest places in Detroit. And when the negroes did try to move into the white districts, they were told to get out only because the whites thought they should have nothing to do with the blacks.

And then some of the citizens of Michigan dare to say that we had nothing to do with all this hatred between the blacks and the whites. And then we as Christian friends, dare to treat one another as enemies and not as brothers, only because there is a distinction between color and race. But we must stop and think that we all have been created equal in the sight of God.

Now I think that most of you will clearly understand that we cannot put all the blame on the negroes, but that we must share this equally and that we must treat one another as brothers and not as enemies. Haven't we all been taught that we are all created equal in the sight of God.

BEACON LIGHTS

This poem was written by Miss Janet Wassink, member of the Pella Young People's Society, Pella, Iowa, and was awarded first prize in our Poetry Contest. Prize — \$5.00.

STRONG IN THE LORD

Sometimes our way seems hard,
The future lies before us dark and gray;
Mists veil the path ahead,
Unknown the trials to come, unknown
the way.
Faint-hearted then we fear
The coming hours today, we fear the
morrow,
And we so fain would know
What lies in store for us of joy or sorrow.

We murmur to our God
Within our hearts rebelliously we pray;
And oft would our weak hands
Reach out in vain, to tear the veil away.
Oh weak and foolish man!
By changing scenes and future fears dis-
mayed,
Oh we of little faith!
We need not doubt, we need not be
afraid.

For us in this dark place,
The Word of light is shining bright and
clear.
The "lamp before our feet"
Shines through the mists to banish doubt
and fear.
Thus doth He lead us on,
And wisdom's holy paths to us doth show
For therein is revealed
The goal to be attained, the Way to go.
Then follow wisdom's way,
In times when life is sweet, in deaths

dark hour,
Therein lies victory,
For Christ doth reign, all things are in
His power.
In Him our Risen Lord
Above the surging sea of earths vain strife
We have a refuge safe
From sands of death, upon the Rock of
life.

Give us the victory Lord,
That neither height, nor depth, nor earth-
ly powers;
Nor things to come or past;
Shall move us from the peace that here
is ours.
Whatever lies in store,
Cause us, Thy Church, upon this Rock
to stand:
For Thou dost hold the Book,
And all our way Thou holdest in Thy
hand.

'Tis Thy eternal plan,
And time from out Thy Counsel doth
unfold;
The reins of history,
Thou Lord in Thy Almighty hand doth
hold.
"Thy sovereign will be done,"
In fearless childlike trust teach us to say
"Thy glorious kingdom come",
Teach us by faith throughout the years
to pray.

BEACON LIGHTS

This poem was written by Miss Marilyn Vos, member of the Protestant Reformed Young People's Society, Edgerton, Minnesota, and was awarded second prize in our poetry Contest. Prize — \$2.50.

BLESSED ARE PEACEMAKERS

Man seeks for wise and gifted men,
To rid the world of war.
For great men filled with courage
To bring peace for evermore.

Man only sees external war,
In the air, on land, on sea,
Of ruined cities and dying men
Man wants the victory.

Man wants peace upon this earth
And wants all wars to cease;
But without God, they want to make
A perfect world and peace.

By nature we do war and strive
And find no perfect peace;
For without our righteous God
Wars will never cease.

In God is peace and harmony
The peace that's rooted in love;
Peace that is made in Jesus Christ
Peace of our God above.

God gives this to His children,
Makes them humble within,
Poor in spirit and meekly
Bow in sorrow o'er sin.

And with God's peace within us
We make peace in love;
Peace unto our fellow men
Peace with God above.

In Appreciation

Beacon Lights will soon begin its fifth year of publication. During this time it has grown steadily, both in volume and circulation. At the present time, plans are being laid to increase its circulation to the number of 1,000 paid subscriptions; exclusive of approximately 350 copies which are sent out each month free of charge to servicemen, exchanges etc. We are confident that with the support of all our young people as well as that of all those interested in Beacon Lights, this number will easily be reached—to make Beacon Lights the most widely read publication of our denomination. During the course of its history Beacon Lights has maintained and fostered the true Reformed position, as we represent it. It has become an important factor in the training of our covenant youth in the historical line of Reformed thought and has been of value to the edification of all of its readers. We believe that Beacon Lights has found, maintained, and must continue to hold, an essential place in the hearts and lives of us all — old as well as young.

Much of the credit for the initial and continued success of Beacon Lights belongs to its faithful Editor-in-Chief, the Rev. C. Hanko. Since its inception, four years ago,

he has been at the helm guiding it in the straight course of progress and truth. Every issue, since the very beginning — with one or two exceptions — has contained one or two and often three articles, written by him. We, who are connected with the publication of the magazine, realize the tremendous amount of effort, time and work that this represents. We take this opportunity, therefore, to extend to him our sincere appreciation for his untiring labors.

This, however, does not exhaust the cause of our appreciation nor fully explain why much credit for the success of our venture should go to the Rev. Hanko. His careful guidance in matters of policy, his splendid suggestions for improvements, his willing cooperation, and above all, his distinctive editorials, have been of inestimable value to our cause and publication. For all these we graciously thank him.

Even now the Rev. Hanko has not "quit" but would be quite willing to continue. That's the spirit that we as young people so greatly esteem! His departure from our editorial staff is due to an action of the Board. His last editorials, as Editor-in-Chief, appear in this issue. This does not mean, of course, that he will no longer write

for us. We confidently hope and expect to hear from him often. His material will always be welcome.

Undoubtedly, you are asking why the Board should relieve a man from duty to whom they owe so much. In the first place, we feel that we should not appropriate the time and efforts of anyone to the extent of imposition. We also believe that it is well to relieve our ministers from those tasks that can be adequately handled by lay members of our Churches. For that reason, the Board decided to appoint lay men to the editorial staff of Beacon Lights to fill the positions which do not require special theological training. Among these are the posts of Editor-in-Chief, Editor of the Current Events column, and writer of Letter to our Boys in Service. We hope, in taking this step, to uncover some of the latent talent among the members of our denomination and to testify that the Reformed truth and its exposition is not limited to the clergy of our denomination. At the same time, this change will bring forth a new viewpoint from the traditional cleric-dogmatic slant which prevails in all the publications of our Churches.

We welcome the following new editors to the staff of Beacon Lights: as Editor-in-Chief — Mr. George Ten Elshof; until recently a member of the Holland Protest-

ant Reformed Church and now a member at Roosevelt Park. He will begin his duties with the October issue and will henceforth speak for himself. He has assured us that he welcomes criticism, comment, or reflection on anything he may write. By the way — the Open Forum is still a department in our magazine; let's hear from you! As writer of Current Events — Mr. Jack Boelema, Instructor of History in the Grand Rapids Christian High School and a member of Fuller Ave. The Letters to our Boys will be written by various well-known men of our denomination having sons in the service. This last change was inaugurated with our summer issues. Mr. A. Van Tuinen of Fuller Ave. was our first contributor. In this department each one will be asked to write a letter for two successive issues.

We also take this opportunity to publicly thank the Revs. H. Hoeksema and J. A. Heys for their contributions during the past year. We sincerely appreciate the work and efforts put forth by all writers and regular contributors, and all those who are responsible for the publication of Beacon Lights, also the printer. With the continued cooperation and support of ALL our people, we shall, by the Grace of God, remain as a potent influence among our Churches and

in the extension and proclamation of the TRUTH.

W. Hofman.

NOTE: As President of the Executive Board of the Young People's Federation, I felt that it was my duty and privilege to write these few lines of appreciation. As many of you know, the Board has the mandate from our Young People to publish and direct the affairs of our magazine: Beacon Lights. I feel only too well that this article yet inadequately and incompletely expresses all that could and

should be said in this connection. As is so often the case with work of this nature, so also here, the "unsung heroes" are those who remain in the background faithfully and willingly doing the *work*; as for example, our Business Manager and Managing Editors. Sometime it might be interesting and appropriate to write an article telling in detail the process through which our publication goes from "idea" to "easy chair" stage, and at the same time to give credit where credit is due. W. H.

C O N V E N T I O N — H I G H L I G H T S

1. *Inspiration Mass Meeting.*

On Wednesday evening. — Public Lecture by Rev. H. Hoeksema. — Keknote on Convention Theme: "Christian Liberty". — Music by Radio Choir. — Memorial to Boys in Service.

2. *Early Outdoor Breakfast at John Ball Park.*

Menu—Pancakes, maple syrup, pineapple juice, sausages. Games at the Park after breakfast under direction of Rev. Wally Hofman.

Mail reservation to: Miss H. Doezema, 1000 Watkins St. S. E., Grand Rapids 7, Michigan. Tickets 25c.

3. *Banquet — Oakdale Christian School.*

Speech by our Western Ministerial representative, Rev. G. Vos on Convention Theme. Pictures of last Convention. Introduction of new officers.

Note.—Convention will occupy two days instead of one as originally planned. Be sure to be present for the first business meeting on Wednesday afternoon.

P L A N N O W T O A T T E N D !

Christian Living



By Rev. H. De Wolf — Manhattan, Montana.

For or Against

Jim was a nice young man. Bill and Bob were also nice fellows. And the three of them had been friends for many years. They lived in the same neighborhood and were the same age. And since they had gone through School together and were always in the same classes, it might be expected that their friendship would continue also after their school days. Apparently it did.

Now it happened that, through no fault of his own, Jim became the object of a very uncomplimentary rumor. In fact some very mean things were being said about him and he was being accused of some evil practices. And all unjustly. For, as we said, Jim was a nice young man: what is more, he was a christian and endeavored to live a christian life. The things that were being said about him were entirely untrue. Just how these evil rumors started and why they were being spread was a mystery, as those things usually are. The fact is however that they had no

basis in truth. Of this fact both Bill and Bob were convinced and therefore, although others began to shun him and refused to associate with him, they apparently remained loyal to him. We say "apparently" because the fact is that one of these, was, in spite of his professed friendship and continued association with him, not truly Jim's friend. Bob was neither *for* nor *against*, at least so he assumed. And therefore, when upon a certain occasion Jim was being analyzed under the critical eye of hypocrites in the presence of Bill and Bob, the latter, even though he knew the remarks to be untrue, said nothing. Bill, on the other hand, stoutly defended his friend and maintained his integrity. And when later Bill questioned Bob as to his silence, he was told, "It isn't any of my business. Jim is my friend, sure, but I don't see any reason for losing the friendship of the other fellows."

How would you like to have a friend like that?

You wouldn't, neither would I.

A fellow like Bob, who wants to be everyone's friend, is actually no one's friend and his brand of friendship is not worth fostering.

And why?

All because Bob wasn't *for* or *against*. His friendship was without a *pro* or *con*, without a *plus* or *minus*. Bob was neutral! At least, so *he thought!* The fact is that his neutrality was an *illusion!* He was only half right. He was not *for* but he was *against*.

And suppose now that you were in Jim's place, would you blame him for refusing the friendship of Bob? Wouldn't you detest such a hypocrite?

Well, now listen to this word of Jesus, "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." Think about this for a moment and then apply it in the light of the case we mentioned above. Do you realize, my dear friend, that when you are not with Christ you are against Him? Isn't it true that when you find your pleasure in the company of those who speak evil of Him and profane His name, that you are against Him even though you might privately profess to be for Him? And may the Lord Jesus not justly assume when He finds you in such company that your profession of friendship is a lie and that you are actually against Him? And would it be un-

just of Him to detest your hypocritical friendship and have nothing to do with you? I ask you, wouldn't you do the same in respect to anyone who should attempt to maintain such a friendship with you?

This in indeed a serious thing.

We ought to realize that we cannot be either for or against. We cannot be a friend of the world and a friend of Christ. We cannot walk in the way of the wicked and enjoy their sinful pleasures and still profess to be a follower of Christ. Our very walk marks our profession as a lie.

And don't say: but I am still young and I must have my fling.

Believe me, you are treading on very dangerous ground. You are assuming a great deal if you think that you are going to change your ways later. You cannot escape that law of God, that you shall reap what you sow. And surely you must know that as the twig is bent, so the tree grows.

Let us then refrain from deceiving ourselves as though we could be neither for or against. Let us rather implore that grace of God whereby we may be faithful. That so we may, even while we are young, fight the good fight of faith. And let it then become manifest in all our life, no matter what the circumstances may be, that by His grace we are with Christ.

Like a Drop of Rain

CONTRIBUTED

Even though it was a day in June, it was damp and chilly. Earlier in the morning, threatening clouds had gathered in the sky like a dark ceiling, which had broken loose into a furious down-pour of huge drops, and had now settled into a fine, all afternoon rain.

It was two o'clock that afternoon when Smith walked down the street, bare-headed, with both hands in his pockets and his briefcase under his arm, making his calls on business associates. He hadn't taken an umbrella because it hardly seemed necessary. Anyway, he rather enjoyed feeling the soft wet drops of rain in his face. He was thinking as he walked along, perhaps brooding. And it seemed as if his thoughts craved the moisture as much as did the thirsty earth. A strange mood had taken hold of him, a feeling that resembled sadness as the mist resembled the rain. A feeling of gloom and discontent. Why he felt this way, he could not explain. Everything was going along all right—his work, and at home, but everything seemed so routine. A longing for something, like a hand stretching out for something it cannot reach, had seized him. He hated to make his next call, he would have to do a lot of talking and be pleasant and smile and shake hands, and he didn't feel like it at all. He felt more like frowning and grumbling.

As he walked along he passed a park

where a small pool of water lazily rippled to its muddy banks. He left the sidewalk and going to the edge of the pool, watched the rain drops as they hit the water and disappeared. Silently he stood there watching each drop as it buried itself in the waters, each drop finding its own place and quietly becoming part of the whole. He sighed and went on his way, cheerlessly.

On reaching home that evening he sat down heavily in a living room chair and reached for the paper. "Tired?" his wife asked, gently. "Oh, not especially," he answered briefly as if he hoped the conversation would end with that. Mrs. Smith went back into the kitchen and in a few moments called, "Dinner's ready." The family gathered around the table.

Smith's family was not large, only two girls and a boy, and then of course, Cousin Tom, who was considered part of the family. Tom was almost eighteen and was about to graduate from High School.

Smith leaned his elbows on the table and shading his eyes with both his hands, said, "Let's pray." He knew that wasn't the right way to sit during prayer and he had scolded the children for it often, but tonight it didn't seem to matter much with him. His spirits were low. He prayed the Lord's prayer, because it seemed easiest and he couldn't think

of anything else to say. He knew that wasn't right either.

The meal was never eaten in silence, the children always had so many things to talk about. The girls wanted to know if it wasn't about time to start looking for a cottage for their vacation. Mrs. Smith tried to reassure them that there was plenty of time.

"Are you going along to the cottage this year, Tom?" asked the girls. "In August? Hmmm, the army will have me by that time." Tom answered, lightly; but no one knew how often he lay awake at night thinking about it. Dreading it.

"Army going to get Tom." piped up three year old Billy, with a serious look on his little round face. Billy was the pride and joy of the Smith family. He listened to everything that was said, and repeated everything he heard, and sometimes not at the most convenient moments. His big brown eyes seemed to search out and swallow everything within their scope, giving one the impression that he not only saw with them but that he heard and understood with them as well. "Army going to get Billy, too. Mama. Someday, won't it, Mom?" he asked, looking up into his mother's face. Mrs. Smith hugged him tightly for a mement and answered, "I hope not, Billy.

"I have to be back at the office at seven tonight." Mr. Smith broke in, "Some kind of a meeting."

"You do," replied his wife. She thought he looked troubled, but wisely said noth-

ing about it. After dinner, Smith went back to the living room to finish reading his paper. More boys being drafted, more men receiving their "wings", more war casualties. Smith told himself, how could a man help feeling blue, the papers were full of war, the world was full of misery, but somehow tonight, Smith failed to see the cheerfulness of his own home. He threw the paper down, lit his pipe and prepared to leave. The girls were sitting at the table studying their geography together and Tom had gone to his room to prepare for an exam.

"Will you be home early?" asked Mrs. Smith. "I don't know," he answered. "Shouldn't last longer than an hour." Billy was sitting on the floor coloring his book, singing, Onward, Christian Soldiers, while he colored. The harder he sang the worse he did his coloring, till the room was filled with song and the book was filled with red crayon.

Smith went out and closed the door behind him, separating himself from his happy little family. He went to the garage on a neighboring lot to get his car, but before he had time to back out of the driveway, Tom came running towards him with a look on his face as if something terrible had just happened.

"Uncle Joe, wait!" he shouted. Smith stepped the car and opened the door. "What's wrong?" he asked. "It's Billy, he fell down the stairs. He hurt his head," Tom replied, excitedly.

Smith had heard enough. Jumping out of the car, he ordered, "Tom, get in and drive the car out in front of the

house." With that he cut across the back yard and sped into the house.

Billy lay limp and lifeless in his mother's arms. A deep gash in his forehead was bleeding freely. The girls were doing their best with cold towels to be placed on the wound. Mrs. Smith looked up at her husband, fear written on her face.

"Let me take him," Smith stated. "The car's out in front." Without further words, Tom drove them to the hospital. Smith didn't ask how it had happened. That was of minor importance right now. As he looked down at Billy's face, so ghastly white and lifeless, he prayed. Now it seemed so easy to pray, he had so much to ask of God. In fact, all his thoughts were a prayer. His discontent and restlessness fled from him and his one concern was for the unconscious child in his arms. He leaned over and put his face close to Billy's. He was still breathing.

On entering the hospital, Billy was quickly taken in hand by the nurses and examined by the doctor. The doctor shook his head, and the hearts of the parents were filled with fear. Fear? Yes, fear and grief and pain and prayer. Smith's heart and mind were also filled with humbleness and remorse as he recalled what his attitude toward life in general had been all through that day. He had not reckoned with the ways of the Lord, and although the thought was bitter, he could not help feeling that this was just what he deserved and needed. Smith tried to calm himself by saying, way

down deep in his heart, "Thy ways are always good, Lord. Thy will be done."

* * *

It was about a week later, on a Sunday afternoon, that Billy was sitting up in his bed in front of the living room window. His father was sitting beside him. It was raining outside. "Look, Billy," exclaimed Mr. Smith, "Look at those raindrops fall into that puddle. Where do they go, do you know?" Billy studied the situation carefully before he replied.

"They go into the puddle," he answered simply. To Billy it was a very simple matter but to Smith it was a revelation.

"You see, Billy, just as that puddle is made up of little raindrops, so the world is made up of people. And just as each little raindrop finds its own place in that puddle, so every person in this world has his own particular place and calling in life. And we must walk in that way cheerfully, in obedience and contentment."

Billy said "hmmm, hmmm" but of course, he didn't understand. His father didn't expect him to, either. Smith was really talking to himself.

Have you read the Convention Program printed on the front inside cover? Sounds interesting, doesn't it! You're coming, aren't you? Delegates, Society members, Visitors, everyone is invited to attend any or all of our meetings!

The Reformed Witness Hour

On Sunday, August 6, the Reformed Witness Hour entered upon its fourth season of broadcasting the Reformed Truth over the air. It was the first time the broadcast had ever been heard during the summer months, and also marked the first occasion on which another speaker than the Rev. H. Hoeksema was featured. Many of you readers may be wondering why we returned to the air so early this season. The main reason is that it would have been almost impossible to secure any time at all if we had not taken this step. So many religious programs are now heard over the air that the stations are not very eager to sell time to any religious organization. And we certainly were willing to do anything in order to insure our being able to continue our distinctively reformed radio program.

For the first ten weeks of this season we expect to have as speakers various of our ministers from our churches in Michigan and Illinois. Beginning the third week in October the Rev. Hoeksema again expects to be the regular speaker.

At first we will also be broadcasting over only two stations, those in Muskegon and Grand Rapids, but we hope that God will soon open the way that we may add other stations. It will be im-

possible to broadcast our program over W J J D at present because of their carrying the baseball games.

So watch for any future announcements concerning the addition of a station in your locality, and if you live within the range of our present stations in Western Michigan be sure to listen in and tell your friends to do the same. And after hearing the program, write in and let us have your reactions. Remember it is your program, and we want to know what you think we can do to improve it. Just write to the Reformed Witness Hour, Box 8, Grand Rapids 1, Michigan.

NOTICE to our Subscribers

You will receive your next copy of BEACON LIGHTS October 5. If your subscription expires with this issue, kindly renew your subscription by mailing \$1.25 to Miss A. Reitsma, 7-6 Franklin St., S. E., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

* * * * *

Recent donations have been received from

Manhattan Y. P. Society.....	\$10.00
Sioux Center Y. P. Society.....	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. Ed Groenhout, (G. R.)	2.50
Mr. & Mrs. G. Koster (G.R.).....	5.00
Hudsonville Y. P. Society.....	20.00
Bellflower Prot. Ref. Church.....	11.00
Miss E. Den Besten, Doon, Iowa....	5.00
Esther Girls' Society, Fuller Ave.	10.00
Priscilla Society, (Oak Lawn).....	5.00

TO OUR SAILOR BROTHER

The night was dark, some nineteen hundred years ago,
 'Twas on the sea of Galilee;
When men of God across the murky deep did row,
 Their hands accustomed to the sea.

Yet when the billows tossed and fell,
 Their hearts began to sink in fright;
They thought their hour of death did knell,
 When Jesus came to change their plight.

They called to Him to save their souls,
 So He arose their need to fill:
He looked upon the crested rolls,
 And calmly said, 'Peace be still'.

The heaving stopped and calm the sea became.
 The waters silent lay:
What great One this, most blessed is His Name,
 Whom wind and sea obey!

Learn much from this our sailor brother dear,
 As you upon the sea must go!
Be sure, the mighty Jesus you have near;
 He'll keep you safe, you know.

The day is dark in which we sail,
 The sea of life is rough,
With trust in Him, you cannot fail;
 Though be the going tough.

His promise you'll be sure to find,
 His Word is ever true,
Lo, I am with you, do not mind;
 To sail the ocean blue.

BEACON LIGHTS

I GO ALONE

I go alone
Upon the narrow way that leads
Through shadowed valleys, over rocky heights,
To glorious plains beyond;
And sometimes when the way is very lone
I cry out for companionship, and long
For fellow-travelers on the toilsome path,
Until a Voice of sweetest music whispers.
"My grace sufficient is, no other guide thou needest
But Me." And then the path grows brighter as
I go alone.

My Saviour knows
The way I take, Himself has trod
The selfsame road. He knows each stone.
Temptations, pitfalls hid by blossoms fair.
The hour of darkness that my life must share,
The wilderness of sorrow, doubt and fear,
Renunciation's agony, and every pang
Of loneliness and labor's wear; enough for me
That He had known it all, that now He stays
To strengthen, guide and help me, I am glad
My Saviour knows.

Thy will be done
Whether on pleasant paths I walk along,
Or crouch amid the lightnings of the storm,
Whether for me the larks of springtime sing,
Or winter's icy blasts my being sting;
Whatever Thou dost send is best for me,
With joyful heart I take it all from Thee,
Rejoicing in Thy sovereignty, and pray
That Thou wilt lead me on my upward way;
The road grows smoother as I travel on.
Thy will be done.

Erma Kortering,
Holland, Michigan.