5th Annual
P-R-Y-P-S
Convention
Aug. 29-30
EDITORIAL STAFF

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Young People’s Convention

FIFTH ANNUAL P. R. Y. P. CONVENTION
SOUTH HOLLAND, ILLINOIS

Theme: “STEADFASTNESS”

Proposed Special Features:—

Inspirational Mass Meeting — Bus Excursion — Banquet

Special Announcement: — Due to government regulations conventions are limited to fifty delegates. The Host Committee, therefore, assumes responsibility for housing delegates. However, every effort will be expended to procure lodging for other visitors.

We assure you of two inspiring convention days
Good Speakers . . . . Christian Fellowship

Plan Now To Attend!
Perhaps some of you young people will be rather surprised to find an article in our Beacon Lights under the heading: Our Synod. There are several reasons for this, reasons which I need not enumerate at present. However, one of the main reasons is that I just attended our Synodical meeting, and finding no time before to write a requested article, I decided to write about our Synod. This is at least a timely topic as far as our churches is concerned, and it will do you no harm to become a little better acquainted with our Synodical work. I know that there are a good many young people, and older ones, too, who know little or next to nothing about the purpose and functioning of a Synod. Still, you have a greater interest in our Synod than most of you think. And I feel confident that you will agree with me after having read this article.

To begin with, a number of years ago we adopted a Church Order. I can even hear some one ask the question: ‘What is a church order?’ Perhaps by quoting article 1 of our church order you will get a rather clear idea as to what it is and what is its purpose. This article reads as follows: “For the maintenance of good order in the Church of Jesus Christ it is necessary that there should be: offices, assemblies, supervision of doctrine, sacraments and ceremonies, and Christian discipline; of which matters the following articles treat in due order:” In other words we have a church order to maintain good order in our churches. We might call our church order the Constitutional Law governing the life of our Protestant Reformed Churches.

I would like to tell you a little more about our church order in general, its main divisions etc., but my space is limited. Let it suffice to state that our Church Order contains a total of 86 articles. Added to these 86 articles are a number of by-laws, decisions, usages etc., which have been adopted by our churches and deal with the execution of various articles and the
common custom and practice in our churches. Next year, perhaps, our churches will publish a little booklet containing the church order proper, the various decisions and usages guiding the policy of our churches, a number of constitutions and some other related material. When this booklet comes out you would do well to buy a copy and peruse its contents. It will contain a lot of valuable information as far as the proper order is concerned which governs church life, both locally and as a denomination.

But I was to say a little about the Synod. Before I can do this I must answer the question: “But what is a Synod?” It is the broadest gathering of our churches, representing the Classes. We are of course but a small denomination and you know undoubtedly that we have but two Classes: Classes East and West. These two Classes elect four ministers and four elders to represent their Classis at Synod. In other words our Synod is composed of 16 delegates in all. It meets annually in the month of June and its regular sessions are open to the public, although usually there are very few visitors. Synod regulates primarily the matters that are of interest to our churches in general. That's why at every synodical meeting there is quite a little routine work as e.g.

matters pertaining to the welfare and interest of our Theological School, Missions, examining students that have finished their theological course at our Seminary, deciding the assessments for the various denominational funds as: Needy Churches, Student Fund, Mission Fund etc. etc. All this routine work which comes annually was also dealt with at our last Synod.

And now let me tell you a little about our Synodical meeting of this year. The first session of Synod was held on Wednesday morning, June 6, in one of the rooms of the Fuller Ave. Church. Although, as is always the custom, so also this year there was a presynodical service held in our Fuller Church. At this service, which is valuable as a fitting preparation and as the key-note for the Synodical work proper (it is an hour of prayer and instruction) the president of the previous Synod preaches the sermon. This year that was the task of the Rev. A. Cammenga, who preached on I Cor. 3:9: “For we are laborers together with God: ye are God’s husbandry, ye are God’s building.” Rev. Cammenga had a fitting and appropriate sermon for the occasion.

When the first session of Synod was held the officers were selected. Rev. R. Veldman was elected as president, and Rev. C. Hanko as
secretary. It is not at all my purpose to enter into details with respect to the various matters discussed at the Synod. You would not expect this of me, there is no space for it, you are not interested in it, and besides all the material of Synod will be published in the Acts of the Synod of 1945. However, let me mention some of the highlights.

A couple of years ago our churches decided to have the Psalter reprinted at some future date. At the same time the Psalter will be somewhat revised, other tunes will be added etc. We had a report of this work at our Synod. From this report it became plain that some real progress has been made. However, there is a lot more work to be done before the Psalter is ready for re-printing in its revised form. The Committee for this work was continued and will report again at our next Synod. More definite steps were also taken toward publishing our Church Order with all decisions etc., pertaining thereto. I have already referred to this matter. A committee was appointed to report next year and have all the material ready for publication. Finally, if you read our church papers faithfully you must have read several times about a group of Reformed people, mostly in South Dakota, with whom we have established some unofficial contact. Well, these people, mostly German, have recently organized under the name “Reformed Church of the U. S.” Some time ago one of their leaders, Rev. W. Korn wrote an article in Beacon Lights. It may interest you to know that we had two ministers of the above mentioned group at our Synod. One of the ministers, Rev. W. Krieger, briefly addressed the delegates of Synod, and the group also came to our Synod seeking closer ecclesiastical intercourse. Our Synod took steps in that direction. We do not know what will grow out of this but from both sides we like to become better acquainted. The Synod also granted the request of these Reformed brethren to send young men to our Seminary to study the ministry in their denomination. And that’s about all I can tell you at this time and in the allotted space. I am happy to report that a spirit of brotherly love, mutual esteem and good will prevailed at our Synodical meetings. The final session was held on Friday afternoon, June 8.

Synodical meetings are of course no ‘picnics’. There is something ‘dry’ about them due to the nature of the meetings and the matters that have to be discussed. (You can perhaps gain that much from this article). On the other hand they are valuable. If all is well they strengthen the tie that binds
us together as churches. They are necessary for the welfare and the proper government of our churches. Synod is not the 'highest judicial' court but the 'broadest gathering' of our Churches. Naturally, the foregoing does not mean that Synod has no authority whatever. As churches we are bound to the decisions and regulations of the Synod by mutual agreement. And as a local consistory looks after the welfare of the congregation, so a Synod looks after the welfare of the churches at large, the churches as they form a denomination.

I would like to continue discussing these matters with you for a little while and broaden out on many things I mentioned, but space does not permit. If this short article has aroused your interest in our churches as a denomination and if it has impressed you with the value and significance of our synodical meetings, I have reached my purpose. And if you want to know more about these things your local pastor will gladly give you all the desired information. As young people we are members of a local church but that local church belongs to the Protestant Reformed denomination. And because we have a denominational life we can have our Beacon Lights, our Federation, our Conferences, etc.

May God bless the work which Synod performed, may His blessing rest upon our churches. The true, spiritual prosperity of the cause of our Protestant Reformed Youth is very closely related to the true wellbeing of our churches.

* * * * *

PREPARED

With a one and a two and a three and a four
I see them march along
These men of strength and vigorous youth,
On lips a victor's song.

They know squads right and know squads left
And meaning of on the double;
They've passed their every army test —
Prepared for any trouble.

They're taught to love their land and flag
And hold its honor high;
They've learned to kill and conquer foe —
I hope they've learned to die!

For war is cruel and war is hard,
It's fought with gun and sword;
Prepare then as in fray you go —
To also meet your Lord!

G.T.E.

Termites and trouble-makers have this in common — both do their deadliest work in secret.
Alright, fellows and girls, you’ve donned your caps and gowns and you’ve gathered in the auditorium of the school for the last time as students of that institution. Mother and dad were there and a host of friends and well-wishers. You have listened to a fine address by a talented speaker. Solemnly, one by one, you marched across the platform and uttered a low “thank-you” as you were presented your diplomas and such other awards as you may have received by your outstanding achievements.

Now what? It is the morning after the night before and with an almost fearful apprehension you suddenly realize that that phase of your life has come to a close. You almost feel as though you were standing alone in the world and the realization that you are entering a world which is troubled, distressed and perplexed does not help to alleviate the nameless fear which gnaws at your heart.

Let’s pause a moment, shall we, before we go our several ways and see if we can help each other over that to us is unchartered terrain?

After all, that’s one of the things which is so nice about friendship. Sometimes just a firm handclasp and a warm sunny smile makes all the difference in the world.

I’m very glad you have come this far and will appreciate so much if you’ll let me take a few minutes of your time to tell you what I’ve been thinking about. And I can’t help but feel that I must tell you something which, at first glance, may seem very strange indeed. For, I must tell you that you didn’t graduate last night! No, don’t bother to wave that diploma before me to prove I’m wrong. Yes, yes, I know that you have that piece of paper which states that you have successfully completed a prescribed course of study. The point is, that you didn’t graduate last night if by graduation you mean that your school days are over and you can coast along for the rest of your life on your academic achievements. Your school days are never over. True it is that you may never again, in the formal sense, attend an institution of learning. True it is that you may never again fol-
low a certain prescribed course of study. But graduate from school—never!

Perhaps during your recently completed course of study you were required to learn things which you felt were of little value. Maybe, the girls, especially thought it useless to learn that the sum of the squares of the sides of a right-angled triangle is equal to the square of the hypotenuse. Or you fellows thought it a bit silly to memorize Portia’s mercy speech in “The Merchant of Venice.” And it may be true that you will never use these things (but don’t be too sure about that) and you may even have forgotten them after the “finals” were over. Neither is it true that your instructor labored under the delusion that you would retain every bit of information which you gleaned from your textbooks. Your education was not primarily for the purpose of committing to memory a host of miscellaneous facts. If your education is meant for one thing it should be this, namely, that you were taught to think!

You can never amass all the wisdom and knowledge which is contained in the world, and no man would ever dare claim that he has. But, if you have learned to think and to study and investigate, you will happily discover that your formal education was not in vain. You will find, too, that your school days will then never be over and every experience and problem of life will be a challenge, and you will be called upon to find a solution. Sometimes your solution will be based upon sound thinking and judgment and you will see a joyful fruit. But, if you seek a solution which is based upon and motivated by dishonorable objectives, you may not expect to escape the consequences.

As Christian young people you must understand that every action has its result and those inflexible laws of God are as true for you as they are for the world. Be honest with yourselves and always ready to ask for advice and to heed the good counsel of others. It is no disgrace not to know; the disgrace lies in an unwillingness to learn. Remember those lines: “It’s nothing against you to fall down flat; but to lie there—that’s disgrace!”

Within certain limits, it does not greatly matter what vocation you have chosen to make as your life’s work. Your ability to think and willingness to learn will be appreciated and rewarded by any employer who is worthy of the name. No one, and especially those for whom and with whom you work, appreciates a “smart alec” or one who thinks he knows it all.

But, I would not have you to believe that you must be a spineless creature or one who “yes, yes’es”
everyone or everything. Remember that a dog who wags his tail regardless of who strokes his head may be a suitable pet but is worthless if you would trust him with anything of value. If you have an idea, whether it be a solution to a problem or a conclusion at which you have arrived, after careful consideration and investigation, or a simple question, which you would like answered, do not be afraid to raise your voice either in protest or honest inquiry and let no one hush you with a few time-worn generalities which by a bit of stretching might somehow convey the remote impression that they are an answer which fits the question. Let no man regardless of his rank or station ruthlessly step on your neck or put a tourniquet on your pen. It's good to be a little skeptical about some things and it is not good to believe all things. Prove all things in the laboratory of your heart and mind. Truth will not suffer from analysis and dissection and in the process you will be able to detect and separate the error. And, incidentally, at the same time you will exercise and strengthen your own mental faculties.

Do not fear criticism but rather welcome it. Appreciate the fact that those who may differ have enough courage and honesty to stand up and slug it out toe to toe. Those for whom you should have contempt are those nameless little creatures who will knife you in the back and ascribe to your every word or deed a motive which is quite foreign to the thought and intent of your heart.

But, is that all that we have to say about graduation? Indeed no! As a matter of fact, as far as we are concerned we would not feel that this subject were treated very properly if we do not understand that in and through all these general truths there lies the truth concerning graduation. For, if in your years of scholastic endeavor, you have not also been graduating spiritually you must know that your life has been empty indeed. If, in your search for knowledge and wisdom you have neglected or forgotten the only Source of wisdom and knowledge, you are an educated fool! And if on your high hopes and ambitions you have not reckoned with Him Who is the Great Director of your life's pathway then it must not be said that you have missed something. Christian friend, you have missed everything! If your textbook has not been the Holy Scriptures you will never acquire wisdom. And from them only will you learn to answer the question concerning what is the hope that is in you. From that textbook you will never graduate in this life.
Amid the many days which are observed in this nation one which does not enjoy an excessive or notable amount of attention is "Father's Day". I am not acquainted with its origin nor greatly concerned about its purpose. It rather appears that it owes its continued existence and observance to the haberdashery shops and places which sell things which are of special interest to men. It seems to afford a good excuse and reason for the loving daughter or wife to bestow upon the head of the family a goodly supply of such, shirts, ties and various other accessories. It is not without reason that our church scarcely notices this and many other such "days" for the primary reason for their existence is altogether too evident. Neither is it our intention to use this means to popularize this day. However, I do believe that there are some things which may be mentioned and a poignant observation which may be made and it is an observation which will afford but scant comfort and popularity to the propagators of this day.

Father's Day? Yes, and for many it has been especially significant. Many are the fathers who in the past few weeks have had their hearts gladdened by the news that their sons have been liberated from the prison camps of a foreign land. Some have already embraced them and enjoyed the reunion as only a father can. Banished have been their fears and anxieties and the disquieting doubts when the weeks dragged by without word concerning their beloved sons. For them it has been a joyous and thrilling day.

Father's Day? Yes, indeed! For sons, who were not only sons but also young fathers, have returned and been united with wife and family and have gazed upon children, their sons and daughters, some for the very first time! Awkwardly, perhaps, they have for the first time held their children in their arms and proudly noticed a reflection of their image in the face of that babe. Daily they are learning the mysteries of baby care and its related subjects. For them, too, it has been a father's day in a very special way.

Father's day? No, not in the same sense for some. It is also well for those who rejoice in these pleasant reunions to pause and soberly reflect upon the lot of those fathers who cannot look forward to that joyous reunion with their sons. Fathers whose hearts have been made heavy by the most dread-
ed of all governmental notification. For them the proclamation of a “father’s day” is only a reopening of the painful wound which they have suffered and a sorrowful reflection upon memories of laughing boys at play, sturdy sons who in the vigor of youth marched off to war and have been slain in mortal combat.

Father’s day? Not for sons who are also young fathers but who have not been able to be reunited with that young wife and babe. Some have been transferred to another area of activity to aid their comrades in their march toward another capital city of the world. And, to them the sound of the words “father’s day” is a bitter mockery, a frustration of dreams which they dreamed during those seemingly endless days of toil, sweat, blood and tears. Father’s day? A nameless fear gnaws at their vitals and they wonder if they shall live to see that day when the awful business is ended.

Father’s day? There it is, my friends, in its practical reality as we live and see it from day to day. There it is as we experience it as creatures of time. There it is with all its hopes and fears. There it is in its joy and sorrow. And yet is that it? That? That finite, that paradoxical, that seemingly inconsistent happy and unhappy observation?

Father’s day? Yes, indeed. It is Father’s Day completely, so surely and so absolutely that he who can observe it and understand it will marvel and stand in awe. For this is Father’s Day! And not this day alone but yesterday and all the yesterdays and tomorrow, and all the tomorrow’s are Father’s Day. Our Father’s Day! Our Father’s Day in that lonely mound marked by a tin hat and identification tag. Father’s Day in those days of screaming shells and whine of sniper’s bullet. Father’s Day in that day when stealthy torpedo contacts the side of the mighty vessel and spills her crew upon the breast of the mighty ocean, Father’s Day in the roar of multi-motored aircraft as they speed on their errand of destruction. Father’s Day in the frustration of those dreams of young fathers. These are Father’s Days. Know it, understand it well and believe or you shall surely be drowned in grief and sorrow and you will become embittered and cynical and will surely miss the meaning and purpose of life itself. For this, too, is a part of Father’s Day of finity. And with a wisdom and way which is inscrutable and past finding out, we are living in Father’s Day and living and moving toward that final Father’s Day when all shall be made plain.

G. T. E.
Steadfastness.

Always to do the will of God, to turn neither to the right nor to the left, to be immoveable, to maintain the right and denounce the wrong, to fight without faltering, to shine as a light in the midst of darkness, to speak the truth in love but fearlessly, to follow without flinching, to suffer and never be overcome:

Always to do the will of God without regard to the consequences. . . .

That is steadfastness!

There seems to be so little of that in the life of the Christian in our day and age. Perhaps that has always been the case. We are inclined to think it was when we remember the history of Israel in the Old Dispensation, as well as some examples in the New. Still, it seems to us as if it is worse in our day than it was in the past. And undoubtedly it is. For Scripture teaches us that there is a development in sin. And especially does the Word of God declare to us that in the last days the love of many will wax cold and many shall depart from the way of truth, so much so in fact that our Lord Himself raises the significant question whether, when the Son of Man shall come again, He will yet find faith?

We are living in those last days.

The signs of the times are becoming more and more manifest. We clearly behold them. Not the least among these is the conspicuous absence of true steadfastness. The unrest and instability, which characterizes the whole world today in almost every sphere, makes itself felt also in the church. Also spiritually we experience the repercussions.

How apparently simple it is today to leave the church in which we have been indoctrinated for almost any carnal reason!

When the way becomes too narrow because of the obstacles of sin and the oppression of the power of darkness, it is but a simple matter to build another bridge that links it with the broad way of the world! And how easy it is, when we circumvent the difficulty and walk on
the broad way, to tell ourselves that is well and to ease our conscience with the carnally satisfying but false excuse that necessity demanded it! “We have to live, don’t we? We have to eat, so what else could we do?”

You could die!

Yes, of course, that is the extreme. But not the impossible.

Perhaps some day it will actually be a question whether we shall eat and live in the earth or whether we shall starve and die! And then, as now, it shall be a question of steadfastness.

And then, as now, there shall be so many reasons why we should not be steadfast. But they shall all be carnal! And if now we are so soon moved by reasons of carnal interest, what can we expect if and when God casts us into the midst of the fire of trial? If now the slightest wind of opposition makes us fear and tremble and we falter in the way, what shall we do when the storm comes? If now the lust for carnal things can so easily turn us out of the way, what shall we do when it becomes a matter of necessity? If now our desire for “butter” results in such a lack of steadfastness, what will we do when it becomes a question of “bread”?

Always to do the will of God, regardless of the results!

Easy? Yes, when the way is smooth, when the sky is without a cloud, when opposition is unknown, when scorn and reproach are not experienced and we pass unnoticed through the world. Easy it is then because it requires no suffering, no denial, no blood. Easy because there is no experience of a need for steadfastness.

Always to do the will of God!

No, my friend, that is not easy. Nay, it is impossible! Fire and storm will prove that to be so. For we ourselves are weak and carnal. In us there is no steadfastness, no power to accomplish it. That we must realize first of all. We must not seek it in ourselves it is not there.

Steadfastness!

It makes me think of only one, Jesus Christ, my Lord!

Yes, He was steadfast, steadfast unto death!

And looking unto Him by faith, it is and shall be realized by His grace in us.

You can’t grow spiritual food by planting yourself in a beer garden.

Masters of malice did not obtain their degree by graduating from the school of loving-kindness.
The Subtle Serpent (cont.)

By MR. C. DE BOER — Kalamazoo, Mich.

In a South African Zoo a freak two-headed snake was born which drew much attention, particularly when it was eating. On one occasion it was fed two frogs. Unfortunately, the second head had to wait for the first to finish its meal, as both frogs were destined for the same digestive tract. After the completion of its prey the first head noticed the second head devouring its food, and so the first seized the other end of the slowly disappearing creature, and both heads proceeded to enjoy the last frog. As you, perhaps, recall from the previous article, the snakes' teeth are curved posteriorly so that when once the captive is caught it is practically impossible to get away. The hooked teeth did not permit either to let go, and consequently, the first commenced to swallow the second head. When called to the caretaker's attention, the procedure was arrested, and he managed to extricate the partially swallowed second head. According to the account, from then on the two heads were unable to tolerate each other. Later, the snake was found dead — the one head was severely bitten and bruised by the other.

Occasionally, the question arises, "Do snakes have a voice?" Altho several snakes make strange noises, as the blow-snake which produces a loud "hiss" by expelling air from the lungs, and others by rubbing the scales on the side of their bodies, only two species are known to have a true voice — the North American Bull snake whose belows sound like distant thunder, and the Indian Rat snake whose sound resembles the gentle tapping of a tuning fork.

If you were to remove the limbs of a cat or dog, what a helpless creature you would have. Imagine such an unfortunate animal making its livelihood and protecting itself against its enemies. However, the serpent is forced to do both! How is this possible? Primarily, by the rapidity of its movement. Not by the up and down motion as many pictures illustrate it, but by what is called the lateral undulatory movement (a series of side wise motions), have you observed how the parts of its body follow the same winding track—just like an ever-flowing stream winding down its course. Also, notice, if you have the opportunity, the snake inclined sandbanks left behind which are absolutely essential to the serpent's progress, for they
serve as pivots in pushing itself forward. Place the creature on a smooth surface, as glass, and you will discover that it wriggles helplessly. However, as soon as one glues small pegs to the glass, the snake will progress normally. The earth naturally furnishes abundant support for this type of movement.

The reason for this lowly form of movement is, of course, found in Scripture. — "And the Lord God said unto the serpent, 'Because thou hast done this, cursed art thou above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go," etc. Pythons, boas, and cylinder snakes still show vestigial traces of a pair of hind legs externally represented by a spear-like growth on either side at the base of the tail. Vestigial hip bones of the posterior legs are also found in certain species.

Another question which constantly arises is, "Do snakes swallow their young when in danger?" Before answering this, let us briefly consider the methods of reproduction. The majority of species are oviporous; that is, they lay eggs as in the case of the king, bull, coral, pin, and hog-nosed reptiles. The minority are ovoviviporous, meaning that the eggs hatch within their bodies, and hence, they produce living young as the copperhead, rattlesnake, water moccasin, and garter snakes. The elongate eggs are nearly always white; they are elastic and extremely tough.

Now returning to the original question — "Do snakes swallow their young when in danger?" — let us bear in mind that there is no scientific evidence pro and con, merely individual testimonies which may have been affected by superstition and hearsay (they saw what they expected to see!)

In the first place, it is doubtful if they would swallow them in order to protect them because serpents have very little interest in their progeny at any time. No zoo attendants have ever reported such an occurrence. Further, some have the habit of eating other snakes or even young of their own species. This may have misled some observers. However, the most plausible explanation, it seems to me, is the fact that the ovoviviporous serpents produce their young over a period of time. It is entirely possible that in the pursuit of the mother, the young escaped unnoticed while the mother was killed. The force used in killing the snake may easily have set free the remaining living young.

Some maintain that snakes have the power to hypnotize birds. The truth of this matter, however, is that birds voluntarily "freeze" to avoid detection. Certain people are so frightened by snakes that they
BEACON LIGHTS

come ill; this disease is termed ophidiaphobia.

Approximately 30,000 people die annually in India as a result of snake bites, but this death rate could be greatly reduced if the people wore shoes. By far the majority of snakes are non-poisonous. Rarely will a snake attack an individual unless it is molested.

Are snakes beneficial in any way? Yes, indeed, for they are active in destroying rodents and insects. The practice of most farmers has been to destroy the reptile under the shocks of grain or in the fields, but where there's a snake there are no mice, and snakes never eat the grain.

Nearly five million serpent skins were exported from India to the Dutch East Indies in 1932 to be used for shoes, bags, and hats. These skins are easy to dye and are very durable and hence very useful.

Our Own Youth Center

Amusement is secondary. That is a fact which we all must recognize. And amusement must remain secondary. We cannot allow ourselves to be carried away by the tide of wild frivolity that is so characteristic of worldly youth of the present day. To divide our time between church activities and the daily tasks to which God has called us is to achieve a well-balanced life.

Yet, there is a need for recreation, too, both mental and physical. Our bodies were not made to be busy all the time. Especially nowadays, when life moves at such a fast pace, many of us are under a strain from morning until evening. When evening comes, we feel the need for relaxation; we want to forget temporarily the problems, the worries, the unfinished work of the day. We must have a certain amount of pleasure.

And we are young. It is only natural that in our youth we have a desire to go out with our friends to be happy, to be gay for a while. That in itself is not wrong. We were not made to mope.

Where and how are we to get such recreation, such fellowship?

True, we have our church activities: our young people’s societies, choirs, and the like. This occupies our time to a considerable extent. But usually a person does not spend more than three evenings a week in such meetings.

Where, then, are we to go? Supposing you have a “date”
How are you to spend your evening? At this time of the year, in the summer time, it is much less of a problem. You can go swimming, boating, biking, or engage yourselves in any one of several similar sports. But what can you do in the winter? Once a month there is a symphony, which you can attend, if you like good music. You can go bowling, but how often can you find a place where you can get an alley without waiting an hour or more? Occasionally there is a basketball game.

And so, the question of how to spend our leisure time confronts us. Inevitably the temptations to worldly amusements become more and more intense, and more and more attractive. It becomes ever more difficult to remember that we are in the world, but not of it.

Is there a solution to the growing problem? I believe that there is.

Why could we not make our own fun? Let us have our own recreation hall, a place where our young people can meet with their friends for an evening of pleasure, of song, of sports, of good fellowship.

Such a project could be begun on a small scale. Perhaps we could rent a place at first. There would be no danger that the cost would divert funds from more important and worthy causes, for, apart from the initial cost, a recreation building would pay for itself. Eventually it could be equipped with bowling alleys, ping-pong tables, billiard tables, a piano, facilities for refreshments, and perhaps even a gymnasium. Although this prospect seems remote now, an enterprise of this sort, if put in the proper hands, would grow to large proportions in a short time.

Of course, a certain amount of control by proper authorities would have to be exercised over a thing of this sort, so that it would not get out of hand. But that is one of the details that could be worked out later.

Is it not worthwhile to give our youth a weapon with which to fight against the world? Let us consider this cause, and take action. We must have our own youth center.

Lois Hoeksema.
To Our Boys In Service

I called on Alice R. one day,
Who is business manager, by the way,
Of Beacon Lights, as you may know;
Now there's a girl that makes things go,
For 'ere my message I could say,
She called on me, just right away
To pen a message to our boys,
Who sadly miss their homes, and joys
Of fellowship with friends and kin;
For it's the army that they're in;
Or else the navy claims their time,
And sends them forth to every clime.

So to our boys in camps near home,
And to our boys where'er they roam;
On sea or land or in the air,
So to our boys no matter where
We wish to send a word or two;
A message that will say to you,
To all our boys where'er you are,
To all our boys both near and far,
That you are ever in our thought;
Your needs before God's throne are brought.
We pray that His abundant grace
May follow you from place to place.

We'd like to have you all relate,
Not only what has been your fate
In fighting Germans and the Japs;
But may we know if you perhaps
In higher warfare did contend;
And fought the fight unto the end.
If you this warfare have begun,
Then, when your earthly course is run,
You'll have a home in heaven above;
You'll bask forever in the love
Of Him Who died on Calvary,
That you from death might be set free.

Your friend and brother,
Rev. D. Jonker.
Dear Friends:

I wish to express my thanks to all those who make it possible for me to receive the Beacon Lights and our other Church papers since these papers and magazines are the only spiritual food I receive, besides my Testament.

Since the 13th day of March, 1945, when we started our last and final drive, we did not have an opportunity to attend any services because we once got the “Jerrys” on the run, we kept ‘em going. We have gone through some terrible things and have seen plenty, but knowing that God is always present they could harm my body but not my soul—which is a great comfort in these days of suffering on the battlefronts. I thank God that He has blessed me with Christian parents, and that they have given me Christian instruction.

We have gone through France, Germany, Austria and now in Czechoslovakia but there are very few religious families. It is not only amongst these people, but our own soldiers who have fox-hole religion when times become hot, they pray, but when the worst is over they begin to curse and swear again and mock about the heavenly things.

For a long time we haven’t eaten with our kitchen, and had “K” rations, sometimes eating them while walking or riding tanks, but always had plenty to eat. Sometimes we slept in wet fox-holes and sometimes on mattresses in houses. Most of the German civilians treated us very well. I find the S.S. German soldiers and the snipers very brutal and bloodthirsty, but as for the Volkstrum soldiers, they are not as bad, you find a lot of good men amongst them. But you can tell those who belong to the Nazi party are always ready to trick you or, if possible, poison you.

It’s a blessing that this terrible war has ceased in this country, by the Will of our God, so that we may again return to our dear ones at home. It’s my sincere hope and prayer that the Lord’s blessing will rest upon the labor of these educational papers and magazines. Once more thanking you for the Beacon Lights I’m receiving.

Pfc. Joe De Koekkoek
Edgerton, Minn.

* * * * *

Dear Folks:

Well, today it is Sunday and it is a beautiful day. I’m in the service-club. There is a light breeze blowing through the building, it feels wonderful. I went to chapel this morning and the chaplin had a pretty good sermon. Nothing like our church though. I haven’t heard anything that could beat our own ministers in preaching.

The field is kind of quiet today and
there are just a few planes in the air soaring around like giant silver eagles. Out on the field the planes are lined up row by row, wing tip to wing tip; you would never think to look at them that they can fly and maneuver around as grace fully as a bird. On the other side of the field is a big B-25 Bomber in its new fresh war-paint. Its large body looks like a big cigar and it sets on the ground with its body on a straight line with the ground and its tail in the air. Tomorrow this peaceful looking piece of steel will be winging its way to some theatre of action and will become a great instrument of destruction, killing, destroying man and all that man has made, with its load of bombs. Some day this instrument of destruction will return to its base and become a means of transportation to better man's way of living. It will throw off its clothing of dull war paint and once again become a silver bird of peace.

On a square piece of lawn in front of the hangar there sets another B-25. This bomber has already seen its action and has fulfilled its purpose that it was built for. This one has returned from its missions and has come back to the states a very different kind than when it left here. Its sides are punctured with bullet holes and its belly is smashed in from a forced landing. Its bomb bay doors will never again be opened to release its load of destruction upon the human race. Its gun turrets are empty and its motors are gone, and its wings seem to hang dejected and weak now that its heart has been removed. It stands there as a symbol of war, hate and destruction.

I hope you don't mind my writing this way but that's just the way I feel today. There are a few clouds in the sky and they hang like pieces of cotton against a pale blue sky. Sure looks pretty. We didn't have any mail-call today and so I didn't receive any letters today. I ought to have a bunch tomorrow. We had a good dinner today. The menu consisted of chicken, peas, mashed potatoes, ice cream, corn, bread, salad and coffee. Tasted good but not like your Sunday dinner. Well this is about all I know now so I'll say so-long.

P a/c Ben Rietema,
(Fuller Ave.)

____________________________

NAMES OF SERVICEMEN
whose pictures appear on opposite page.

1. Harry Veldkamp, S 2/c — Fuller Ave.
2. Elwin Kamminga, A/S — 2nd Church, Grand Rapids.
Once Rejected — Now Accepted


I was once a poor civilian
And contented as could be,
Living in a country
Of the brave and of the free.

Then in nineteen hundred
forty one,
On the seventh of December
Was the attack of Pearl
Harbor —
A day we all remember.

We knew that we were then at war,
Which all could plainly see;
We knew that now the time had come
To save democracy.

Then, at the age of twenty-one,
I could hear the draft-board call
"Andy, you're going to be a soldier;
So just get 'on the ball'."

And, sure enough, the time had come —
My number, it was due;
The notice in the mail box said,
"A 'physical' for you'.

I then felt kind of shaky,
(I'll say it in this poem)
For I would soon be going
To a place that's not like home.

The doctor looked me over,
From my head down to my toes,
I could see that there was something
The way he pulled his nose. [wrong,
He then said something to
himself. I asked,
"Would you please repeat?
"My boy, I hate to tell you,
But that heart of yours
does leak."

I didn't know what to say,
I was a little nervous,
He said, "You are unfit to be
In military service!"

So out I went, upon my way,
But I couldn't understand
Why my heart just would not harmonize
With the wrist watch on his hand.

For two long years I roamed around
And worked hard every day,
With a 4-F card in my pocket
But a 1-A card on the way.

I could hear the army calling —
This was too good to last,
The 4-F card getting rusty
And my heart getting better fast.

So, Camp Roberts, "Here I come,
My civilian days are o'er,
And I must now adjust myself
To army life and war."

It wasn't an easy thing to do,
But this one thing we know —
We must protect the U. S. A.
From Hitler and To-jo.
Each day we walked those rugged hills,
    The going, it was rough.
At times I thought my heart gave out,
    But instead, I was getting tough.

And when my training days were through
    I passed it by a fraction;
I'll never forget the words they said,
    "My boy, you're ready now for action!"

Just before we left our shores
    For a land many miles away,
I was granted a nine-day furlough,
    For which I was thankful, I'll say.

Those nine days I'll ne'er forget,
    To see the folks at last;
But, here's the tragedy of it all,
    It went by far too fast.

And when we left our golden shores
    There wasn't much to say;
Only hoping and praying
    For a safe return some day.

We know that God is with us
    And will guide us on our way;
May He bring us safely home again
    At His appointed day!

Society News

HULL, IOWA

Our society season has drawn to a close. We have again enjoyed another year of Christian fellowship.

Forty-eight meetings were held during the past year. Of these, forty-three were led by our president, Rev. A. Cammenga. The remaining five were conducted by various members of the society and visiting pastors.

Our meetings are conducted as follows: — Opening (prayer and Psalter singing led by various society members); Bible discussion and offering. The minutes are then read and a program consisting of essays, recitations, improvisos, and music is rendered, followed by a closing prayer.

Since January 1, 1944 we have been discussing the book of Acts. We follow the outlines found in the Beacon Lights.

On April 9, Easter Sunday, the ex-members of our society were invited to meet with us. A very large group attended. A special program was arranged which proved to be very interesting and inspiring.

In August our society met in Rock Valley as a member of the Western League for a social gathering and in interest of our Sovereign Grace Hour.

Our Church library is becoming larger. Much enjoyment and bene-
fit is derived from the reading of good literature.

Our annual business meeting was held in the church basement on January 12. After the meeting various games were played and a delicious luncheon was served.

We have decided that the vice-president this year should be one of our own society members. William H. Kooiker was voted into this office. He has had the opportunity to conduct one meeting thus far and has certainly proved his adaptability for this position.

Every week several members of the society are appointed to write to our boys in service. In this way each serviceman should receive a letter weekly. They are far from their homes and church and we feel that a friendly letter helps to keep them feeling that we have not forgotten them and keeps them in contact with the current happening back home and at the church.

Three members have been welcomed to our society this year and four members have been granted resignation. We now number fifty seven members. During this year six of our members left for the armed forces, making a total of twenty-one of our members in service.

The Lord has been gracious in the sparing of our servicemen thus far. The sympathy of the society is extended to one of our members, Albert Karsemeyer, in recognition of word received from the government stating that his brother, Henry, was killed in a mid-air collision while serving with the Naval Air Force.

Several of our servicemen have returned from overseas and have given us interesting talks concerning their work and experiences. We are thankful to have had these boys in our midst and pray for God’s protective arm and loving care over all our servicemen in whatever circumstances they may find themselves.

We hope and pray that it may be the Lord’s will to bring an end to this cruel, devastating war during this year. In the meantime, whether we are joyed by the return of our loved ones or we are weighed down by the saddening news of their death, let us keep looking up, remaining ever mindful of the fact that “all things work together for good to those who love God”.

The Reporter,

TALITHA — Fuller Ave.

Talitha is a name that is very well known among the societies of the First Church of Grand Rapids. It is a society for young women; it has been in existence since Sep-
tember, 1924 and truly can speak of an alumnae.

In the season that has recently been completed, we had an active membership of thirty-five members; also a number of associates who were very faithful in meeting with us.

The first half of our meetings were devoted to the study of Scripture. We followed the outlines written by Rev. Lubbers, which proved to be very helpful. Our method of study was the assignment of portions of the lesson to three or four members, thus assuring an active participation in the Bible discussion by every member of the society and the girls were very cooperative in taking their turn.

Our after-recess sessions featured programs and our sewing project. We have had special treats during the season in the way of league meetings held at our Hope and Creston Churches with our neighboring societies. We were strengthened in the knowledge of "How pleasant and how good it is When brethren in the Lord In one another's joy delight And dwell in sweet accord."

Our big project was a "Pea Soup Supper" to which our families and friends responded liberally, one-hundred and eighty guests being present, and the proceeds of which were given to the Protestant Re-

formed Hour.

A yearly event is a program rendered by the society at the Holland Home for the benefit of the folks living there. On this occasion refreshments are served and after the program we have an opportunity to visit with the friends and see their rooms.

The season is finished with the annual Mother - Daughter Social.

We are abundantly blessed by God in providing us with so many opportunities for the search of the Scriptures and fellowship one with another. Society life has proven to be very beneficial to the members who earnestly put forth effort to take part in the study of God's Word and in the life of the society—in fostering Christian fellowship and love. We have been provided with these many means—are we taking advantage of them?

Reporter.

HOPE

We have fourteen members in our society. Three of our members are in the service two of whom are overseas, and one in the states, which makes a total of seventeen members. We meet every Sunday night, and during the months of June, July and August we have vacation. Rev. Heys is our capable
leader and Mr. D. Engelsma is Vice president. Our after-recess program consists of duets, recitations, readings and instrumental numbers. Hudsonville Society met with us during the season. This was a very inspirational meeting. Our society has enjoyed the Book of Acts very much. Our society was host to delegates from our various churches when we gave a wiener-roast. About fifty were present. An enjoyable evening was spent. We as a society are very thankful to God for what He has done for us in the past season. To Him be praise and glory forever.

Sybil Engelsma, Sec'y.

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**Who Am I**

1. Three of our ministers came from the Protestant Reformed Church of Hull, Iowa. I am one of them. Born near Hull, I lost my mother soon after birth, so that my aunt assumed the responsibility of caring for me until my father married again and could once more make a home for me. In those days I was distinguished from my cousin who was also the oldest in the family and had the same name as I had, by being called “Peter W.”, and he was referred to as “Peter J”.

2. Besides attending the Hull Christian School, I spent my early years on the farm. As I grew older I often accompanied my father during the winter months when he went out butchering. In this work I became quite proficient, so that I can still enjoy going out occasionally to ply my former trade. This often proves to be as much recreation for me as an excursion of hunting or fishing.

3. But my aspirations never lay in that direction. Being of a serious disposition, I attended the Protestant Reformed Church of Hull, even before our family were members there. I took great interest in the doctrine as taught there, and the conviction grew upon me that this is the Truth of Scripture which I, too, was called to maintain. My desire grew stronger to enter the ministry, until finally I saw my way clear to take up my studies in our Theological School.

4. During my student years I became acquainted with Miss Esther Pals of our Orange City Church, who became my wife upon graduation, which was in 1939. I received and accepted a call from the Rock Valley Protestant Reformed Church, where I am still serving. You also must have met my department in Concordia.
Reformation In Creston

The preliminaries of organizing the Creston Protestant Reformed Church were started in the Fall of 1931. Some of the new members of the First Protestant Reformed Church, which had joined from the Coldbrook Christian Reformed Church, together with those from the north-east and north-west section of the city had asked the Classical Mission Committee for lectures. The result was that the Rev. H. Hoeksema spoke on three different occasions to goodly numbers. Our expectations of organizing a church with many families were high. Organization would eliminate much traveling to Fuller Ave., and we wished to have the truth of God's Sovereign Grace proclaimed to others. To that end a meeting was called in Stryker's Hall in Creston's business district, to find out how many would meet and worship with us. But, alas, our hopes for a big reformation in the Coldbrook area were shattered but our spirits were not quenched. Through the Classical Committee we rented one half of a dry-goods store, located on Coit and Quimby Avenues. The owner presented us with an old showcase which we made into a speakers' platform. An umbrella case was transformed into a pulpit, and those well known Fuller Ave., ribbed chairs were used as seats. Presto! there was our first meeting place. Those first meetings of worship conducted by various students and ministers of our denomination we will never forget. It was that zeal and enthusiasm which we had experienced a few years before, but then on a larger scale, when we were separated from the Christian Reformed Church, that led us on. After a few months of worship in this manner under the jurisdiction of our Fuller Ave. consistory, we felt the need of organizing.

On the evening of February 1, 1932, we assembled for that purpose. The late Rev. W. Verhil opened the meeting with prayer. After singing Psalm 68:8, Rev. H. Hoeksema preached an inspiring sermon from Isaiah 21:11-12: "Watchman, what of the Night?" after which we were organized as the Creston Protestant Reformed Church. There were 16 families, 38 confessing members, 69 souls. Of these, 15 families came from Fuller Church and one from Coldbrook Christian Reformed Church. After approximately six months in the store building, the congregation decided to acquire their own church building. Two lots were bought on Leonard St. and com-
mittees were appointed to realize that project. What zeal and energy is shown when changes are made! I remember how that when building the basement of the church some of the members were trying to level off a big oak stump so that it would be below the floor proper. Many drops of sweat were shed and who would think that that stump would cause us trouble eleven years later. That stump harbored termitis which found their way into the church basement, through sleepers embedded in the concrete floor, which held the wooden floor. Indeed a true picture of how false doctrines creep into the church unawares.

Soon the church basement was completed and the congregation could meet there, although under difficulty.

We were without a minister about eight months, although we had an able "consultant", Rev. H. Hoeksema and ministers and students to bring us the Word of God. Our hearts were gladdened when we received our first pastor, the Rev. J. Vander Breggen, who was installed August 5, 1932. He labored among us for three years. Then Rev. H. Veldman shepherdized us for four years, under whose labor the congregation grew spiritually stronger.

Our present minister is the Rev. J. D. De Jong who from sabbath to sabbath brings us the unadulterated milk of the Word of God and takes an active interest in society life as well as in each individual member.

Our growth since the beginning has been from 16 families and 69 souls to 31 families, 140 souls and 76 confessing members. We have six boys in the service, five overseas. In societies of a small congregation it is noticeable if one is absent, so also with our Young People's Society. It made quite a hole when our boys left but they carry on their weekly meetings faithfully.

We've had our difficulties and hardships as church. Some members left us, others came. Our love for the true preaching of God's Word should be strong enough, so that petty interference of our person by other members must not be able to shipwreck or forsake our love for the purest manifestation of the Word.

Our church-debt is gradually diminishing, especially in the last two years we could materially reduce it. A suitable parsonage was also bought a few blocks from the church.

May God grant that we as church continue to proclaim the glorious Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to the extension of His Kingdom.

Dirk Bloem.
Some news from Netherlands!
Your editor has received a letter from a close relative who lives in Kampen. It was entirely uncensored, four closely written pages, reached us in a manner which I shall not disclose and contained some highly interesting facts some of which I thought might be of interest to our readers.

Concerning Professors Schilder and Greydanus, he informs us that they have been deposed but have taken seventy percent of the people with them while thirty percent are in agreement with the Synod. He writes that now that the Netherlands has been liberated it will become possible to have more activity especially since heretofore Schilder has been in hiding from the Germans. We understand, although he is not too specific, that this figure applies to the city of Kampen.

We have several more items in connection with the costs various commodities and events connected with the occupation and liberation but we shall have to hold this for another issue.

The Executive Board of our Young People's Federation has decided to send Beacon Lights to our Servicemen overseas by First Class Mail so that they may receive this mail as promptly as possible. We all know that Beacon Lights means a great deal to our boys who are far from home. However, in order that this additional expense may not prove to be too great a drain on our limited treasury, we are asking you to do two things.

In the first place, continue to give us the financial support we have enjoyed in the past. Whether or not we are able to carry on this work — sending Beacon Lights to almost 400 servicemen free of charge — depends entirely upon your donations. Also if your subscription to Beacon Lights is past due, bring it up-to-date by mailing $1.25 to the business manager today.

In the second place, help us keep our list of servicemen's addresses accurate by mailing new addresses in at once. We are especially eager to have correct overseas addresses since the postage rate on this will be 6c per copy. Mail all new and corrected addresses to Beacon Lights, 706 Franklin St., S. E. Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The Executive Board of our Young People's Federation has decided to send Beacon Lights to our Servicemen overseas by First Class Mail so that they may receive this

The "WHO AM I?" appearing on page 26, is the Rev. P. Vis, pastor of our Prot. Ref. Church at Rock Valley, Iowa.
The Works of Father Chiniquy

(A translation and condensation by G. T. E.)

The above title will no doubt give a clue to the fact that Father Chiniquy was a Roman Catholic priest. That is correct. For many years he served the Catholic church but was converted to Protestantism. We trust that the following account of his life and work as well as exposé of certain grave errors will be a source of enjoyment and instruction to our readers and cause them to marvel with us at the mighty works which our God performs also through this man.

It will be necessary to place this material in installments as space permits.

Chiniquy was born July 30, 1809 in Kamowraska, Canada, which is near Quebec. His father, Karel Chiniquy was born in Quebec and attended the Catholic Seminary there and intended to be a priest. However, he witnessed a great sin committed by one of the leaders of the church and thereafter changed his plans and went to a law school and became a notary. Kamowraska, where Father Chiniquy was born, was at that time still a pioneer outpost. There was no school there so Chiniquy’s mother had to be his teacher. His father possessed a French and Latin Bible which had been given him by his instructors and it was from this book that Chiniquy learned to read. By the time he was eight or nine years old he had already learned by heart: The story of creation and the fall of man, the flood, the offering of Isaac, the history of Moses, the plagues of Egypt, Moses’ song of praise to God after their passage thru the Red Sea, the story of Samson, the most important happenings in the life of David, various Psalms, the sermons and parables of Christ, and the entire story of the suffering and death of our Saviour according to the Book of St. John.

Oftentimes his parents would discuss the S. with him to see if he understood what he read. Their eyes would be filled with tears and they would tenderly embrace and kiss him when he revealed by his answers that he understood very well that which he had read. And many a time when he and his mother together read of the suffering and death of our Lord, they would be so filled with emotion that they would weep in one another’s arms.

They lived a considerable distance from the church and oftentimes, when it was impossible to attend, the neighbors would gather at Chiniquy’s house. Young Chiniquy was then placed on a table and in his clear young voice would read to them portions of the S.

One beautiful Lenten day in 1818 the priest came to their house. He was not an attractive man. He was heavy-set and broad-shouldered. He never combed his hair and had a double chin and puffed cheeks. They were very excited when
they saw him because this was his first visit to their house. For the first fifteen minutes he spoke rather friendly and they enjoyed meeting him. However, his tone of voice soon changed. Addressing Mr. Chiniquy he said, "Mr. Chiniquy is it true that you read the Bible with your child?" "Yes sir," was the speedy answer, "my little boy and I read the Bible and what is more, he has learned many of the most important chapters by heart. If you like, sir, he can recite a few for you."

"I have not come for that," answered the priest, "but you know that it has been forbidden for you, by the council of Trent, to read the French Bible."

"It makes little difference to me," answered Chiniquy, whether I read the Bible in French, Greek or Latin, because I have equally mastered all these languages."

"But don't you know that you may not let your child read the Bible," asked the priest?

"My wife" answered Chiniquy, "helps her own child read the Bible and I cannot see any harm in continuing in that practice."

"Well, Chiniquy," said the priest, "you have received a good theological training so you know that it is my painful duty to take the Bible from you and to burn it."

Upon hearing these words Chiniquy became very angry. He compressed his lips and began pacing back and forth. The priest took a firmer grip on his heavy walking stick. Fortunately, for the priest, Chiniquy got himself under control. Turning to the priest he said, "Is that all you have to say, sir?" "Yes sir" answered the trembling priest, "Well sir, you know thru which door you entered my house. Please leave thru that same door as fast as you can!"

Young Chiniquy was happy. Their precious Bible had been saved. He was then nine years old and in his boyish mind this incident reminded him of the fight between David and Goliath.

In order to further young Chiniquy's schooling his parents in June 1818 sent him to school in St. Thomas. He lived there with an aunt and uncle. He made good progress in school but conditions arose which made him want very much to leave the town, so his parents called for him and he went with them. They arrived home in the afternoon and he spent much time talking with his parents until late that night. About four o'clock next morning he was suddenly awakened by a shrill cry from his mother. He quickly arose and ran to her. She was weeping pitifully and between sobs told him that he no longer had a father, for he had suddenly died. This left his mother alone with Chiniquy and his two younger brothers.

Some days after the funeral they again saw the priest approaching their door. Young Chiniquy immediately became frightened for fear that he would now destroy his precious Bible. His mother however thought that he had probably come to sympathize with them in their bereavement and to speak words of com-
fort to their sorrowful hearts. However, that was not his purpose. He had come for money. For money? Yes. "You see," he explained to Madame Chiniquy, "your husband died very suddenly and even the last sacrament could not be administered. Certainly he is now suffering the pangs of purgatory and you must not weep for yourself or pity yourself so much since his suffering is indeed greater than that of your own. Masses must be read for him and they must be paid for." "But I have no money," she protested, "Our little farm isn't even half paid for and there are also other debts." But the priest was insistent. At last she said, "We have one cow in yonder pasture. From her we get a little milk to sell and churn for butter. If you must have something then take her for that is all we possess." The priest then left and instead of going back home went to the pasture, unlatched the gate and drove the cow home before him!

His mother then turned to Chiniquy and with tears streaming down her cheeks said, "My dear child, if you ever become a priest I beg of you that you will never be so hard-hearted towards poor widows as are our present day priests." Chiniquy never forgot these words of his mother and without a trace of boasting or self-glorification tells us that during his priesthood he unhesitatingly took money from the wealthy for masses and distributed it together with his own to those who were in need.

However, in their distress, they received letters from two relatives each asking them to come to live with them. Chiniquy went to the one and his mother and two brothers to the other. He now lived in the town of Kamowraska with an aunt and uncle named Dionne. Having told them that he desired to become a priest they arranged for him to study Latin under tutorship of the Honorable Morin who was vicar of Kamowraska. Soon Chiniquy was asked to read a piece in honor of the priest's birthday. They held a birthday party each year for Father Varin the priest of Kamowraska. It turned out to be a drunken orgy and Chiniquy was much disturbed and disgusted at what he saw and heard.

(to be continued)

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DONATIONS

To our Beacon Lights Servicemen's Fund
Priscilla Girls Soc., Sioux Center...$ 5.00
Pvt. and Mrs. Andrew Voss, G.R....  5.00
Chris Visser, Montana ............  1.75
Collection at Program sponsored by Creston Y. P. Society ............ 13.06
Sgt. Richard Visser, Hull, Iowa ...  2.50
Prayer Day Col. at Hope Church.... 12.26
Grace Helmus, Grand Rapids .....  7.50
Redlands Y. P. Society .......... 15.00
Grand Haven Prot. Ref. Church ...  5.00
Adult Bible Class, Grand Haven ... 5.00
Mr. D. Bloemhof, Calif. ........ 8.75
A Friend, Iowa ................  2.00
A Friend, Grand Rapids ....... 1.25
A Friend, Grand Rapids ....... 1.25