

Ref. youth must be warned of lurking heresies and threatening temptations which so easily beset them.

The young men of today are the leaders of tomorrow. The young women stand on the threshold of womanhood. Soon your place will be appointed you, wherever God may have planned to use you. And you must be ready. Whether that be in the home, or in the church, or even in the midst of the wicked world, equipped you must be, thoroughly furnished unto every good work!

Prot. Ref. young men and young women have an especially high calling. To them is entrusted the maintenance of their Reformed heritage, the truth of God's Sovereign Grace, so commonly denied and consistently undermined in our time. That Truth cannot and may not perish from the earth, but must be carried on to the generations to come, even until the end.

May this periodical make its own contribution toward that high calling. May it actually be Beacon Lights for young Protestants.

Beacon lights comes to you with no false pretenses. No one imagines that this is a finished product in the sense that the height of attainment has been reached. We would rather consider this the first efforts in *Criticism*. *Invited*. "striving for the development of a Federation paper". Practically all those contributing toward this paper, with the exception of Rev. Hoeksema are fledglings in the work and must still profit by their mistakes. Besides, we anticipate expanding the paper with more and better departments as time goes on. Therefore we invite your criticisms. The publication committee cannot receive a better token of appreciation for its untiring efforts than a large "come back" of remarks and criticisms from all of our readers. Who knows but that we may soon be able to introduce the department of "Youth Speaks" in the succeeding issues.

Although these introductory remarks are intended for the youth of our Churches who have called this periodical into existence, I am nevertheless certain that many parents would turn away from scanning these pages with a look of disappointment if no single word were addressed to them. Parents are vitally interested in the welfare of their children and believing parents are especially interested in their spiritual welfare. They want to know and have a right to know what their children are reading. Therefore, in the conviction that parents too will examine these pages I want to enlist your services. We need your support in this new undertaking. Not your financial support; in fact, we prefer that young people find ways and means to take care of their own financial obligations as much as possible and that they thereby develop a sense of responsibility. They will appreciate this paper far more if they realize that it has cost them

some sacrifice. But we do need your moral support and your prayers. You can cooperate by maintaining an interest yourself and by fanning the flames of youthful enthusiasm. Discuss the contents with your children; remind them, if need be, to read and make use of it in their preparation for the society; give it your wholehearted support.

Finally, we would urge all our readers to receive this periodical as your own. Read it and reread it, ponder upon its contents, turning them over in your mind to formulate your own opinions. Do not fail to use it before attending society in order that you may be prepared for the discussion. Discuss it with your friends and get them interested. Learn to use it to your best advantage. And, last but not least, make arrangements to preserve it for years to come.

And may God cause His blessings to rest upon these efforts for years to come and forevermore.

C. Hanko.

---

## HE LEADETH ME

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes He  
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me  
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.  
Out of the sunshine into darkest night;  
I oft would faint with terror and with fright,  
Only for this—I know He holds my hand;  
So, whether in the green or desert land,  
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;  
Oftimes the heavy tempests 'round me blow,  
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.  
But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry  
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,  
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!"  
Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,  
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,  
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops, high and fair,  
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys, where  
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.  
And more than this, where'er the pathway lead,  
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,  
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.  
So, where He leads me I can safely go;  
And in the blest hereafter I shall know,  
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

—Anonymous.