

# Side By Side

Side by side with Jesus, I walked slowly down the aisle,  
And when I felt uncertain, Christ looked at me and smiled.  
My fears were then all lifted—my heart was filled with love,  
For I was walking side by side with that King of heaven above.

Side by side with Jesus, I humbly knelt before the altar;  
I bowed in reverence and prayed that I might not falter.  
I asked the Lord to pardon me and help His cross to bear,  
And felt close beside me Christ too was kneeling there.

Side by side with Jesus I knelt at the altar still,  
My mind went back to the lonely day he spent on Calvary's hill.  
I fancied I felt the scars in His wounded hands that had bled.  
And in vision saw a crown of thorns placed upon His sacred head.

Side by side with Jesus, the tears ran down my face—  
To think of how He'd suffered—this King of love and grace.  
Christ knew that I was burdened at recalling how he died,  
And as He saw my teardrops fall, He drew closer to my side.

Side by side with Jesus, I found deep peace that day,  
Hearing His gentle whisper, "I'll go with you all the way."  
I know not nor can I tell why Jesus cared for me;  
But side by side with Jesus, I'll walk eternally.

DELOIS HARRIS

## TREASURE

(Cont. from p. 4)

It seemed to Joan that she could actually feel the silence of the others. Her face burned, and the tears were very near the surface as she replied stiffly, trying desperately to stop the swift uprush of anger and fierce, tender loyalty for Bill within her. "Bill has his own sense of values. And I'm afraid they don't include trips and new homes."

Their soothing murmurs of assent hurt rather than soothed her. "Of course — Bill's sweet — poor dear boy —." It was their pity she could not take. She thought indignantly that Bill had more brains than all the rest put together.

She had come away from the party feeling tired and discouraged, now that her anger was spent. It had never before occurred to her that these friends had looked upon Bill as a failure, but now she was seeing him through their eyes. When you thought about it, they were right, for trips, new cars, and new homes

were in reality symbols—symbols of a man's success or failure. She tried to remember Frieda's exact word—"Me, I have to feel I'm getting somewhere." Had it been a deliberate thrust at Bill? Or was she abnormally sensitive? Or only tired?

Joan shut off those unhappy thoughts as Bill came in the back door, all asweat from mowing the lawn. "Hi, sweet," he said, and planted a warm, moist kiss on her cheek, to which she responded absent-mindedly. The tall, thin figure, the dark head with the receding hairline, the humorous eyes, was a familiar picture to Joan, like the house and the furniture.

"Carried out Martha Greene's cans that have been accumulating so long," said Bill conversationally, washing his hands vigorously at the sink and ripping a paper towel from the roller. "And helped Clyde get his garage door up. Wanted to get things in shape, since I'll be in San Diego tomorrow night."

Joan made  
"On business?"

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Bill's corny jo

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ments.

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up to the boss  
(Cont.