

experiences the integration of his life. He becomes deeply assured that what he is striving for in his little world is suddenly a part of the larger whole. He is no longer alone in his striving. If he be religious, what he strives for at his best, what he seeks where he is, when he is most himself, is what God is seeking in the great ends that guide ultimately the destiny of all of life. Such a man finds a place which is uniquely his place and most naturally seeks the strength of God to stabilize him in his most commonplace striving.

15. Keep Alive the Dream in the Heart

AS LONG as a man has a dream in his heart, he cannot lose the significance of living. It is a part of the pretensions of modern life to traffic in what is generally called "realism." There is much insistence upon being practical, down to earth. Such things as dreams are wont to be regarded as romantic or as a badge of immaturity, or as escape hatches for the human spirit. When such a mood or attitude is carefully scrutinized, it is found to be made up largely of pretensions, in short, of bluff. Men cannot continue long to live if the dream in the heart has perished. It is then that they stop hoping, stop looking, and the last embers of their anticipations fade away.

The dream in the heart is the outlet. It is one with the living water welling up from the very springs of Being, nourishing and sustaining all of life. Where there is no dream, the life becomes a swamp, a dreary dead place and, deep within, a man's heart begins to rot. The dream need

not be some great and overwhelming plan; it need not be a dramatic picture of what might or must be someday; it need not be a concrete outpouring of a world-shaking possibility of sure fulfillment. Such may be important for some; such may be crucial for a particular moment of human history. But it is not in these grand ways that the dream nourishes life. The dream is the quiet persistence in the heart that enables a man to ride out the storms of his churning experiences. It is the exciting whisper moving through the aisles of his spirit answering the monotony of limitless days of dull routine. It is the ever-recurring melody in the midst of the broken harmony and harsh discords of human conflict. It is the touch of significance which highlights the ordinary experience, the common event. The dream is no outward thing. It does not take its rise from the environment in which one moves or functions. It lives in the inward parts, it is deep within, where the issues of life and death are ultimately determined. Keep alive the dream; for as long as a man has a dream in his heart, he cannot lose the significance of living.

16. Judgment Belongs to God

It is a very subtle temptation to decide that the negative deeds which flow from one's life to others are not expressive of one's real intent. There seems ever available some extra or extenuating circumstance that gives a ready alibi for such deeds. How easily the excuses come: "I have had a very bad day," or "For some reason I got up on the wrong side of the

idea of the best and the highest. Then quiet changes begin to take place. Somewhere along the way, one's idea of the best and the highest takes on a transcendent character and one begins to commune, to communicate with one's idea of the best and the highest—only a man does not talk to, or with, an idea. When the awareness of God comes in—how He entered, one does not know—one is certain that He has been there all the time. This assurance is categorical and becomes the very core of one's faith; indeed, it becomes more and more one's faith. Suppose you begin now, this day, with the use of the quiet time in some such fashion as suggested.

9. How Good to Center Down!

How good it is to center down!
 To sit quietly and see one's self pass by!
 The streets of our minds seethe with endless traffic;
 Our spirits resound with clashings, with noisy silences,
 While something deep within hungers and thirsts for the still
 moment and the resting lull.
 With full intensity we seek, ere the quiet passes, a fresh sense
 of order in our living;
 A direction, a strong sure purpose that will structure our con-
 fusion and bring meaning in our chaos.
 We look at ourselves in this waiting moment—the kinds of
 people we are.
 The questions persist: what are we doing with our lives?—
 what are the motives that order our days?

What is the end of our doings? Where are we trying to go?
 Where do we put the emphasis and where are our values
 focused?

For what end do we make sacrifices? Where is my treasure
 and what do I love most in life?

What do I hate most in life and to what am I true?

Over and over the questions beat in upon the waiting moment.

As we listen, floating up through all the jangling echoes of
 our turbulence, there is a sound of another kind—

A deeper note which only the stillness of the heart makes
 clear.

It moves directly to the core of our being. Our questions are
 answered,

Our spirits refreshed, and we move back into the traffic of
 our daily round

With the peace of the Eternal in our step.

How good it is to center down!

10. In the Moment of Pause, the Vision of God

It is good to make an end of movement, to come to a point
 of rest, a place of pause. There is some strange magic in
 activity, in keeping at it, in continuing to be involved in
 many things that excite the mind and keep the hours swiftly
 passing. But it is a deadly magic; one is not wise to trust it
 with too much confidence.

The moment of pause, the point of rest, has its own magic.
 A man comes to such a moment with all the confusion of his