

fesses to long for an opportunity to gain these things which men know are good, but when the opportunity comes, with what bitterness it is regarded! No man is expected to enthuse over illness, or even to welcome it, but what cannot be cured must be endured, and he who can find in misfortune treasures which, when the wreck is cleared away, will enable him to meet the world on a higher plane than that on which he left it, may live to bless the blow that felled him. Thus we find Dr. Trudeau writing: "The struggle with tuberculosis has brought me experiences and left me recollections which I never could have known otherwise, and which I would not exchange for the wealth of the Indies!"²

Fine as are those spoils of war which are found by diligent search, they are not to be compared to the wealth of treasure which lies strewn along the road of renunciation. Not one man in a thousand would travel that road from choice. Christ is probably the only man who has travelled it absolutely, and so far have men strayed from the teachings of Christ that, in the eyes of the world, achievement is everything, and renunciation is—well, it is all right for a sick man. Yes, it is all right for a sick man, and if during illness the sick man can learn some of the lessons renunciation teaches, his battle will not have been fought in vain. "In this world," as Henry Ward Beecher says, "It is not what we take up but what we give up, that makes us rich." This being so, surely the man with tuber-

²"An Autobiography," by E. L. Trudeau, page 317.