

sacrifice of personal inclination, and unceasing resistance to evil without and within. The best men are they who have made the greatest effort for truth and right, and drawn wisdom out of the sorest trials. Our nature will not bear a softer treatment in this life. Unbroken ease with exemption from disappointment and trial, and immediate command of all the sources of enjoyment — relaxes the springs of virtuous activity, nourishes the taint of selfishness, and makes life a tasteless experience. The soul is nursed for heaven by the discipline of a sacred sorrow. The look that is fixed on immortality, wears not a perpetual smile; and eyes through which shine the light of other worlds, are often dimmed with tears. And yet when the countenance is earnest and sad, unutterably blessed — not to be bartered for any earthly good — may be the peace within. What could we take in exchange for pure and noble principles — for faith unfailing — for love unquenchable — for that spirit of prayer which goes up unceasing to the Father, and brings down his silent blessing on the heart? Child of affliction, bewail not thy lot. Seek out the wisdom that is hidden in it. Pursue with firm step and steadfast aim, the immortal issue to which it leads. Cherish the peace thou wilt ever find in a pure and loving heart. Thy Master was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, yet the peace of God filled his spirit in the agony of Gethsemane and the death-struggle of the Cross.

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WAR is a great evil in the world, but want of temper is a greater. I intend no paradox; soberly I believe the fretfulness of human life is a greater evil, and destroys more happiness, than all the trappings of invasion and conquest. — *Bartol.*