

“MADE PERFECT THROUGH
SUFFERING.”



BE mute, O marble, under the master's hand, if thou would'st not be mute for ever. Let the chisel and mallet work his will now: so shalt thou one day become a breathing shape, and take thy place in halls of light, telling of Justice, Victory, or, it may be, Peace and Plenty, to admiring crowds.

It is rough treatment, but thine is a rough nature: the blows fall hard and sharp, but soft ones would not shape thee. It is weary work to bear, but if thy master weary not, do not thou. Thou art but one of many, and hast but one burden to bear. He would have all made perfect, and must mould and temper all. Rejoice in the strokes