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## Why Should Our Hearts be Sorrowful?

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Why should our hearts

be sorrowful?

"Though man was born to trouble, though in the human heart is implanted a feeling of despondency and repining, yet in the same nature there is energy sufficient, there is a current of opposing passions strong enough to counteract this innate, mournful influence. True, it requires great philosophy of mind, great forbearance, and a spirit of generosity and charity to accomplish this task, so Herculean.

And 'tis almost equally as true, that these victorious weapons, these sterling qualities are seldom found combined in one nature; that is, are not perceived

as having power and exercising it; and the effort to arouse these dormant energies (possessed by everyone) is almost as great task as to conquer this baneful influence to which reference has been made.

Indeed, when these counteracting energies or emotions are fully awakened, brought into action, immediately their power is acknowledged and the real nature of the former tyrant (tyrant made so, by our own weakness and imagination) is seen, as it lies writhing beneath the conqueror's feet. Why did we yield to this tyrant? Why heed its voice when it whispered only of sorrow and anguish?



Why stay its breath, when  
each breath was a poison-  
ous blast, withering, crushing  
every earthly hope and  
pleasure? Why not seek  
the aid of reason - from  
ourselves philosophers?

Philosophers, not such, per-  
haps, as those who fathom  
deep mysteries, and present  
to the world's gaze a chain  
of reasoning, whose strength  
and length requires ages  
of study. And yet to us  
a victory as great, a tri-  
umph as glorious. Who doubts  
triumph, or will dare assert  
that our philosophy will  
fail? How can it but suc-  
ceed, when too, it has such  
allies as those inestimable  
virtues, Fortitude, Charity  
and Love? A trio that can

bid defiance to Despair,  
come as it may.

Why more such powers given  
man, if not to brighten his  
life, guard his happiness?

Why can other passions  
be governed, their existence  
almost forgotten, and this  
one, this yielding to mel-  
ancholy and sorrow, always  
reign supreme and in its  
supremacy bury our noble  
virtues. Who that reflects  
a moment will recognize  
it as the predominant  
principle of a true nature?

Thus far we have only  
regarded human power;  
our own capacity for sub-  
duing one of our greatest  
enemies. But should all  
our philosophy fail, our  
efforts prove unavailing;



does there not yet remain  
 one hope of victory to us?  
 Will God, who formed  
 man in His own image,  
 and endow'd him with  
 principles and virtues,  
 the preservation and culture  
 of which, will render  
 him happy, or will  
 He forsake his creatures in  
 the hour of trial, when  
 the cunning serpent would  
 coil itself around their  
 hearts and at each pul-  
 sation sink deeper its deadly  
 poison? True, man may  
 forget his Maker; may  
 yield to the wiles of the Tempter  
 and thus allow his noble traits  
 and virtues to sink into ob-  
 scurity. And then what  
 does he reap? The reward  
 of his own actions.

Then is his peace gone - his  
 happiness lost. Then do  
 sorrow's billows rise and  
 with each ebb and flow  
 seem to carry some of life,  
 all of hope. Then does grim  
 Despair hold high Carnival.  
 What can be done? Is there  
 no return to purity, no  
 balm for the bleeding  
 wound? Ah! yes, there is.  
 Then must the troubled  
 heart, whose frail barge  
 is shattered, fast sinking  
 beneath the boisterous wave  
 turn in repentance and  
 humility to an offended,  
 but gracious God. And does  
 it turn in vain? Who will  
 say it does? For soon again  
 the sea is calm, the storm  
 is gone and once more  
 true nature is triumphant.



'Tis but natural for every one to magnify his sorrows and deem his own paramount to those of all others. Here, Imagination has great sway; then why not let bright images appear, rather than the dark pictures of sorrow's dream?

Our lives are what we make them. The earth is full of beauty, if we would but see it; would turn from gazing on the angry clouds and look beyond to see the "silver lining". "Night brings out the stars", So, in sorrow's deepest gloom may arise the brightest, holiest thoughts leading us on to happiness that may

never have been ours, but for the darkness that revealed it to us.

When there is so much of joy and Love to glean - so many flowers to cull among life's thorns, why not let them all be ours, forgetting that our hearts could ever be sorrowful?

Par ma cousine.