

Let come what may, sickness, sorrow, misfortune, poverty, pain. Say to them I am master, not you—you shall be my servants. I will sing songs in the night, smile through tears be generous and helpful with little, make my poverty a crown instead of a cross. This is my only chance to be victor, and I will be a conqueror in the field where I am placed, and saying this you shall be victor, and to be master of circumstances is to win the highest joy we can ever know.—
Rev. L. M. Powers.