The World is as We Make it

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THE WORLD IS AS WE MAKE IT.

We often hear it said that it is a sad thing to go out into such a world as this around us. Not that youth is prone to such reflections, for it is the crowning glory of our early days, that all their joys come up to the eye of youthful fancy, as though touched by the wand of immortality. But there are instructors, who, standing by us and looking out upon the world, can see nothing but danger and distress. They see the great machines of human contrivance for aggrandizement, riches, power lying scattered and broken, amidst abortive schemes, blasted hopes, and ruined enterprises. They see youth go forth, as they tell us, with all the courage of inexperience, to meet a world, where his bright hopes will all perish in their beginning; where his bounding heart will be chilled in the cold tide of misfortune; where he must sink under treachery and wrong, or if he survive the wasting journey, indifference itself must weep for the change.

"When rest of all you widowed sire appears,
A lonely hermit in the vale of years."

They look with a pitying eye upon the misfortunes of humanity, they lift the warning voice; and as year after year the ties that bind them to us are severed, they fail not to caution and to warn each adventurer that goes out from college walls. And there are many in the world who think that life must be endured and not enjoyed, that there is a fixed fatality of evil overshadowing all who enter it, which may be fought against, but never counteracted.

It may be hazardous to differ so widely with many who are good and great, but we believe that each man makes his own world. We see that there is no fatality of evil so fixed that a man may not make it worse, or any ordained happiness so great but that it may be made greater. And we think that the reward is not assigned to the man but to the labor. The idle man may by his own negligence be compelled to make his bed in wretchedness, while the poor by frugality may secure the comforts of life. And we do not think it to be the world's fault, that the doer of the wrong does not, like the good

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man, tread a path of happiness and joy, but that he has overarched himself with a frowning sky, and planted with his own hand the thorns that vex and annoy him.

Bonaparte made his way to power. When he stood amidst the gorgeous scenes in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, though the Pope was there to consecrate the day, no Pope must make him Emperor; he placed the crown on his own head. Glory had not been laid up for him, he made the mountain upon which he sat, mined the gold of his throne with his own hand, and his only sceptre was the gleaming sword, with which he carved out his sovereignty.

There are some who work out for themselves a darker destiny, who shut up the fountains of the heart and make it their life to despair and to hate. What an awful world such a man makes for himself! It will return his hate as heartily as it is given, and measure scorn for scorn. He may fight on for years, but at last when every spring of hope is dried, every fond affection perished, every light gone down in dreadful gloom, he will be found by the wayside of life, with quenched spirit and shattered frame, a suicide.

Such spirits man may conjure up, but they will not down at his bidding. It may be well to reflect upon the ills of life, but it cannot be well to brood over them. The seasons of the mind, like those of earth, must not all be winter. As well might there be all decay with no renewed supply for it to act upon. Soon there would be no flower to be chilled by the frost, and no leaf to grow scar. So would the mind, without the light of hope, consume its very essence in repining, and sink into a dark mornless night. For it is possible to dwell upon dark scenes and fancies till the whole soul is dark and the light of hope extinguished. Thus "all that we enjoy and much that we suffer, is placed under our own control." Let man have the eye that never quails, and the heart that never wavers. When clouds and darkness are about us, let a good conscience make a sunshine in the heart, it will cheer us there, and radiate in joy and gladness to life's remotest destiny: the world will seem to be lit up with a new brilliancy, and our fellow men appear not half as bad as we thought them to be.

REFLECTIONS ON THE COATS-OF-ARMS OF THE STATES.

A few days ago, whilst looking upon the coats-of-arms of the different States, the question arose in my mind, what gave each its peculiar charm, and the whole their harmony? This at once suggested a series of reflections, which were alternately pleasing and displeasing—these terms are too tame to express the intensity of them: the distance would be so slight that we would pass from one to the other almost unconsciously. Not so with our reflections: so great is the difference between them, that, secure on one side, I tremble