

Cedar Bluff College
for Young Ladies
CHARTERED IN 1864.
Woodburn, Ky.

Every thing is for the best
in this best of possible worlds.
Joyfully, fearfully the seasons come and go,
the storms and convulsions of nature
do not affect them in their cycle. Spring
comes her fresh bright robes only to lay them
at the feet of Summer and Summer
leads herself to the melancholy days and they
again hide their misery under the white
fais of winter's snow. Thus the same
changed come again, there is no measure
of day or night or bloom - no time for
weeping only time for work - no time for
loitering by the wayside dreaming beautiful
visions of the sunset were once only time
to push on and strive best of possible worlds.

where all things are for the best. The
brilliant diamond could
never have improved the sunlight in
its heart if back in the ages it had
rebelled against the darkness and gloom
through which it had to pass before it could
flash its rainbow hues above beauty's brow.
The little pearl in the oyster shell long
listened to the murmuring sea before it was
perfected into the pure & polished beauty that
is as sweet as dove notes or the fragrance
of the violet. Down in the bowels of old earth
away from the rush of feet or ~~sound of feet~~
or the sound of the river or the beautiful
panorama of light and shadow or streams
of waters cool and clear as air lacked the
thought of many travelers. Still for what? We
know not save it is in obedience to some nice

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everywhere the seeds of hope and faith will
bear beautiful fruits that will
be grateful to life long hungered & fair to
eye tired of the tempest glare. Nature
and revelation alike teach us to bear meekly
the cross that come to us remembering that
all for the best in this best of possible
worlds. The petty trials that daily knock
at our hearts — the little disappointments
that break the bloom from our enjoyment
cannot be ignored and forgotten. They have
their appointed place — their special
duties. They are the grains of sand whose
constant beating wear away the rock.
The friends around us do not see how
they fret & chafe the spirit — but each
heart knoweth its own bitterness &
each heart may learn its own position.

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beacon and by it be enabled to gladden
the feet of the weary, and
again after all the troubled story is
done, & no sun on twenty, or thirty, or sixty
or eighty years - how short the span - a
speck upon the great ocean of eternity - only a
birth into the joy it may hold for us
when standing among the redeemed
we may look back upon this world
& realize that it was indeed the best of
worlds & given to us for a well
purpose.

Thine Julius Odoris Essay.
Cedar Bluff College.
May 16. 1891.

