

Comment by the Editor

THE MILLS OF HISTORY

Men yearn for continuity. Living to-day, we are ever glancing wistfully back at yesterday or gazing eagerly toward tomorrow. There is no pause, no hurrying of time. It is an endless chain geared to the universe, moving steadily forever. The universe itself is limitless. I wonder if the cadence of the eons is everywhere the same, or does it vary with the orbits of the stars and the species of living things. If so, time is only a mental conception — evidence of human dread of endings. Persons die, but their children live to beget another generation. Only the hope of salvation in heaven makes the thought of a universal judgment endurable.

Streams are the counterpart of life itself, flowing, continually flowing. Nature abhors a lake, for it is temporary in the process of erosion. But in the living rivers there is purpose, permanence, and power. They move, yet follow the course they carve in fulfillment of their destiny. The object of life, as of streams, is achievement.

While life meanders down the valley of time, accomplishing the work of progress, the embellish-

ments and scars of human events proclaim the trend and character of history. The energy of men is consumed in transforming the materials of nature into more useful things. Like a mill beside the racing water, society grinds out the flour of culture from the wheat of experience. Hope, ambition, and necessity provide the power that turns the wheel of action. Between the close-set, deep-grooved stones of social discipline passes the grist of events, myriad grains of particular incident and circumstance that constitute the substance of history. Crushing, sifting, refining, continually, inexorably, purposefully, the mills of history grind.

J. E. B.