

## Comment by the Editor

### DEVELOPING THE COUNTRY

Hope is the power that runs the world. It is the stuff that conscious dreams are made of—"the nurse of young desire." The plans and work and prayers of men are but expressions of their hopes. Of all the motives that mortals feel, the most vital is hope of achievement. Aspiration, not fulfillment, is the "lifeblood of the soul"—the alchemy which converts the dross of dull reality into the purest gold of future bliss. "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings." In times of distress, hope is the balm that eases the pain of sorrow and privation. As the Count of Arnheim sings at the loss of his daughter Arline:

The heart bowed down by weight of woe  
To weakest hope will cling.

Thus forever eternal hope buoys up the sinking fortunes of the human race.

For three centuries Americans devoted their energy to the task of winning a continent, with the expectation of bettering their condition. The continual struggle to wrest a living from reluctant soil, to establish means of transportation, and to build cities tried the courage, endurance, and faith of the people severely. It was a stupendous enterprise the



like of which had never been undertaken before, and never can be done again. At what cost in pain and treasure men and women from generation to generation forged westward in the work of making homes and developing the country! The wars of the nation are insignificant in comparison. It was a great adventure and the chance of success was high. Allured by the vision of boundless acres and hustling commerce and encouraged by the experience of their fathers, men were willing to pile their all into a covered wagon and risk everything on their hopes of the future. The stake was high, but so also were the profits.

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