

There is inspiration in the past. We see good deeds and bad deeds, we see successes and failures, gladness and sorrow. We also see the causes that underlie these, and unconsciously the pattern of our life begins to change. We are inspired to choose the right, to avoid the wrong; we resolve and sometimes act as we are inspired; and perhaps these resolutions and actions of ours may inspire others—when the far future shall have become the present, and the present shall have receded into the mists of long ago.

There is a fascination about the past. Memory loves to linger there, and to look upon things with a kindly eye. In her vision, school-days with their many tasks and ill-borne restraints are remembered as the brightest and happiest period of life, while the old home farm is transformed into a paradise of green hills, rippling water and blue skies. Memory brings back men and women long since gone; we watch their movements, hear their footsteps, listen for their voices, and see them visiting their old haunts, living as in the days of old.

And it must be confessed that we delve into the past, not because we seek wisdom