

Now it is no trivial advantage to call "Scots worthies" our forbears; it is something for us in the present to be hereditarily identified with them in the past; and if though dead they yet speak, let us be mindful of that country from whence we came out by fostering fittest admiration for the men of old. To live with such men in their biographies is to mix with the choicest of company. To sneer at antiquity is the badge of a flip-pant society, the mockers rob themselves of the surest shield against future decay. But sober respect for what has been, nerves for serious effort after what should be, and situated where or as we are, let us manifest our esteem for bequeathed benefits by resembling "the children of Issachar that had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do." Ought to do—what? Shun imitation of any faults which the predecessors in our country committed. Stains there are on its annals; nor would we shut our eyes to foul blots that deface the register. Let them be called to mind, however, not for the sake of ridicule but in a frame of regret. He is no patriot who, to make an oratorical hit, or raise an uproarious laugh with his audience spurts out coarse jests at the expense of even the follies that strew the land of his birth. "Show me the man," says an American Writer, "who looks down on the land of his birth, and I will show you a man who should be looked after in the land of his adoption." But we are not enemies when avowing the truth, we lament palpable blemishes, and while dealing blows against evils with a hand of steel we have our hand clad as in a glove of velvet. Especially when remote from habitation where such errors or vices seem rooted, let us beware of transplanting hither the poisonous thorns, and if we cannot clear the ground *there* of hurtful customs we should at least try *here* to hinder their inroad as we would escape