

What Shall Our Pleasures
Be.

Lucy Ellis.

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Pleasure does not consist in doing just what one likes or pleases, that is a mere determination of the will. But it is rather a kind of feeling which stimulates the will to action tending to sustain or produce it, to sustain it if actually present and produce it if represented in idea. It is that which is pleasing to the intellect or the senses. It cannot be obtained by simply making it the only end and aim for performing some act, as the pleasures of merely animal life are obtained only on condition of not being sought directly and so it is with the pleasures of thought and study they can be enjoyed only in the highest degree by those who have an ardor of curiosity so as to carry the mind temporarily away from self and its sensations. In art we must forget the creative faculty if we want the intense and exquisite pleasure of imagination.

When those we love are pleased we ourselves feel sympathetic pleasure and love or kindly feeling is its self

benevolence is much to be commended and it may be cultivated (just as a person may cultivate his appetite), but it cannot be produced at will but is subservient to other things.

It has been said that the more man knows the more he exists, and the pleasanter his knowledge and the happier his existence. This is well shown in the case of the uneducated rich man, his fine mansion, furniture, lawns, gardens and all his books containing such a wealth of knowledge and pleasure are simply nothing to him only as they contribute to his personal comfort or selfish ambitions. But contrast with this man the one with the active imaginative brain and to him even so small a thing as a wooden tooth pick may suggest the tranquil forest where as a part of some noble tree it grew and spread its green branches by the side of some soft murmuring brook. With the birds singing among its waving branches, flowers blooming and some happy children

Or the sight of some fruit may carry his thoughts back to the old orchard where his childish feet have so often trod and amid scenes so dear to his boyish heart. When his life was one of uninterrupted happiness; one long summer day without a cloud to its beauty. I think that many of us do not realize the real pleasures that nature gives, she is never cross and petulant with us but is ever ready to comfort, soothe or inspire. All of us have been inspired with new life and vigor by gazing on some majestic piece of nature's handiwork, or comforted by retiring to some quiet shady nook where nature talked so kindly and lovingly to us.

The physical pleasures in which we indulge should be those that do not in any way injure the body but give enough exercise and variety so as to strengthen us for life's work. These are the pleasures most enjoyed by the laughing merry hearted child

playing. His pleasures are very different from those of the man especially of the aged one who finds his in recalling memories of the past. He also delights in the children and with Longfellow says:-

"Come to me, O ye children!

And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere".

The middle aged man finds his pleasure in active work and in the thought of duty well performed.

The pleasures of the senses are those enjoyed by many thoughtless young men who have no definite object in life. And Burns refers to these when he says -

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower its bloom is shed
Or like the snow fall in the river,
A moment white then lost forever."

But this is not true of mental pleasure it is increased by repetition, approved of by reflection and strengthened by enjoyment.

and some one has said that false pleasures are the doors and windows by which iniquity enter into the soul. And the difference between them is this, for the true the price is paid before you enjoy it, for the false after you enjoy it. The young man who gives himself up entirely to pleasure leaving no time for any good work in life does not know the joy he loses. Pleasure as she approaches him has nothing but warm wishes, gay looks, and graceful motion, but she leaves him down cast and sorrowful.

The pleasures and vices of the city are many and the youth who is busy all the week may appropriate the Sabbath to pleasures and amusements which are kindred to vice.

The following is a dream of the future world of a man who lived simply for pleasure. He was taken into the abode of the lost spirits and found them busily engaged in some frivolous pursuit in which they had

some of his old acquaintances he wanted them to show him the wonders of the place. But they could not stop they must go on thus through all eternity. This was one of the most horrible visions that ever gleamed across the brain of mortal. How terrible the thought, doomed forever to keep up the recollections of worn out pleasures by observing their empty forms. But even worse is the prospect of the man of sensual pleasure, before him is a dread pall of darkness which the eye cannot pierce and through which no ray of hope can ever struggle.

That we are sent into the world simply to enjoy life is not true for the real aim in life is never attained unless the major part of life is devoted to something useful and good. We do not say that one should not be happy and enjoy life but it should not be the sole end and aim of our existence.

Do you ask what are the elements

drink, to dress, to visit, to game, to ride, to read the news, to keep good horses, etc. Think of this as the sum of the occupation of an intelligent and immortal life. The following are said to be the effects of such a life. The person becomes poor in property, poor in health, poor in friends, poor in character, and poor in his immortal interests. All such weary the body and cannot be kept up.

The pleasure of pursuit constitutes quite an item in the pleasures of life and we are told that we get more pleasure in anticipation than in attainment. We see this exemplified in many cases. We all know the thing or object that we have toiled and worked for perhaps for years did not seem near so fascinating when obtained.

The pleasure of imagination is one of the simple pleasures and may be indulged in without causing trouble or weariness to the body and soul as do the pleasures of the

joy are those of reason and discretion, the ones that teach us to command ourselves.

A healthy body is a pleasure often over looked by many of us until we cease to have it.

But the real true pleasures and the ones that we long remember are the quiet unassuming pleasures of home and we scarcely realize how great they are until gone from them forever.

The pleasure of reading must not be over looked for without it our lives would be narrow and dwarfed.

The last of which we will speak, the most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasure consists in promoting the pleasures of others. In lifting up and helping to make light the burdens of toiling and suffering humanity. And although that which we accomplish seems so small and insignificant let us remember that it is possible (though

of the worlds great work and when
 our time comes to leave this world
 we may feel that some life has
 been made more bright and pleasant
 by our having lived. And when
 discouraging thoughts come to us to
 remember that

"No stream from its source
 flows sea ward, how lonely soever its course,
 But some land is gladdened. No star
 ever rose

And set with out influence somewhere.
 No Life

Can be pure in its purpose and strong
 in its strife

And all life not be purer and stronger
 or there by."

Lucy Ellis