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 closely linked with it.
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 toothpick 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...
On the night of some fruits 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. Then 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 natural handiwork, or comforted by retiring to some quiet shady nook where nature talked so kindly and lovelingly 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 must 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 Sophie's spread,
You seize the flower in its bloom is shed
Or like the snow fall in the river;
A moment while then last forever."

But this is not true of mental pleasures; it is increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.
and some one has said that pale pleasures are the doors and windows by which the universe enters into the soul. And the difference between them is this, for the true the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the pale 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 east and sorrowful.

The pleasures and vices of the city are many and the youth who is they all the week may appropriate the Sabbath to pleasures and amusement which are hundred 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 last spirits and found them busily engaged in some frivolous pursuit in which they had been for days.
some of his old acquaintances he wanted them to show him the wonder of the place. But they could not stop they must go on this through all eternity. This was one of the most horrible visions that ever pleased 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 renewal 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 with out 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 overlooked 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 with out 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 world's 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 seaward, how lonely soever its course, but some land is gladdened. To all an ever rose And set with our influence somewhere. No Life Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife And all life not be purer and stronger there by."

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