

## THE PLEASURE OF MEMORY.

We are living in an age of unrest, an age in which man is continually crying out for excitement and seeking for a change. This unrest is in nothing more clearly seen than in the manner in which he amuses himself. To satisfy this craving for excitement, new forms of amusement are being constantly introduced. For a time these give man the excitement that he craves, but in a little while he becomes accustomed to them; they lose their novelty and he begins to look for other forms of pastime.

In the midst of this mad hunt for excitement there is one form of amusement which has stood the test of time and which man has not discarded, one from which man derives as much pleasure now as he did in ages past. The form of amusement to which I refer is the recalling of happy memories.

Memory is one of the greatest sources of pleasure we have, for do we not very often get more enjoyment out of the remembrance of some incidents, than we got out of the incidents themselves? After all, would not man lose most of his pleasure in life if he could not live over again in his memory those happy incidents that took place in his childhood days? And although he may not get as much gratification out of thinking about them as he did in taking part in them, yet the memory of these incidents certainly enables him to pass very pleasantly many hours which otherwise would not have been so enjoyable. Think of the many happy hours that we spend sitting before the fire in the winter nights, or walking alone through the woods in the summer, while we live over again in our memories those happy days of long ago, when we were children; of the happy hours spent playing with our brothers and sisters around the hearth stone. Perhaps it is a picture of Christmas eve that our memory presents to us, when our hearts were filled with gladness at the expectation of Santa Claus. With what joy did we hang up our stockings and picture them as they would be in the morning, brimming over with good things. Then we scampered off to bed, lest Santa Claus should come around early, and seeing us up, would not call. How hard we tried to go to sleep, so that the time would pass quickly till morning, but we would find ourselves picturing in our minds the good things we might get—then in the midst of those speculations we drifted off to dreamland. We awoke and looked around us and saw that it was breaking day. Then we realized that the great hour to which we were looking forward for weeks had come. It was Christmas morning. How quickly we jumped out of bed



and into our clothes, and ran downstairs to see if we could not get there first; and then—— But what pen can describe adequately the happiness of those Christmas mornings? It is sufficient to say that our expectations were realized. They live in the memory, and the recollection of them which is brought forth when we watch the happy children on Christmas morning, helps to make that day so happy for us all. It is thus with all those scenes of Childhood, the mere thoughts of them make the amusements that we take part in now seem empty and devoid of pleasure in comparison.

Would not our amusements lose most of their value if they lasted only while we were taking part in them, and if we could not look back and think over them afterwards? When we see a good game of hockey or baseball, or take part in any of the other present day sports, we enjoy them; but do we not get nearly as much pleasure out of discussing them with our friends, as we got out of the amusements themselves? Thus we see that the memory helps us to get pleasure out of even our present day amusements.

Perhaps the most important advantage that this gift of memory has, is that it is a great source of pleasure to man when he is alone. For it is when a person is by himself that he gets the most enjoyment out of memory. It is then, when there is no one to bother him, that he can live over again old scenes and incidents; and it is then, and only then, that he realizes the value of memory as a source of pleasure.

Another advantage that memory has which few of our other pleasures possess is that it is always with us. No matter what is the time or circumstances in which we are placed, the memory is ever present waiting the opportunity to serve us, whether as a source of pleasure, or as a help in our daily occupations.

Thus if we give the matter a few serious thoughts, I am sure that most of us will admit that we derive a great deal of pleasure from memory, and it is one of the greatest sources of amusement that we have.

J.G. '30.

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Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

—Shakespeare.