

### Memory.

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In the creation of man the greatest gift bestowed on him by his creator was memory, for from it comes all the development of the human race; all science, all knowledge, and all the wisdom of man are dependent upon it. Upon memory's tablet are written conceptions of the mind, and it is by it that the faculties of the mind are developed. Blot memory from the human mind and the past to the very moment of our existence would be as one dark chasm. We can imagine that at the time when thought first sprang into the human mind there lies out before us a great unwritten sheet upon which is to be stamped indelibly every thought, word, act, and deed of our lives. Day by day we are making our individual history, filling up that great sheet spread before us; day by day we read that which we have written and then the recollection of the past begins to loom up before us. In the great whirl of time which grows faster each recurring year, that sheet is unfolded daily before us, and we read as no other can, with joy or pain the history which we have made either in honor or in shame. As each day's history is written recollections increase and then more fully should we realize the importance of the personal history we make. Were this diary written by ourselves, and confined alone to our personal inspection, great might be the blessing to us, and we should never forget that that which has been good in us is too often never read, that which is evil, the world often uncharitably reads and condemns us, and as the poet has well said "Our evil deeds are written in brass and our good ones in water." Could we only realize the importance of what we write upon that sheet! When once written nothing can erase it; it is there written indelibly as a recollection of the past, either to give joy to us in future years and lend honor to our names and posterity, or to give grief and pain or possibly ruin forever. Today many of these recollections haunt me, today there are many acts