

HIGHLAND PARK NEWS

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., JULY, 1874.

"O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE."

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent slaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air;
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever.

This is life to come
Which martyred men have made more glorious,
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused;
And in diffusion ever more intense,
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

"GO SLOW."

The phrase is obsolete; antiquated. The order of the day is: "Go it my brave boy. Whiz!" These are Steam-engine, Railroad and Telegraph times. Were not the American mind proverbially so open to conviction, so unbiased and ready to hear from any one on all sides of a question, such peculiarly old fogy advice as to "go slow" would be hooted. Young America, you are a noble boy. I like you. I pride myself on being akin to you. My countenance glows from the radiated heat of your blood. I like your brave impatience and dissatisfaction with any affair, person or thing that is tame. Your ideal is higher than perfect fiction. Your imagination pictures air castles as numerous as the stars of heaven, as luminous as light. In all this I rejoice. You are a destined hero. At the beginning of a path leading up the mountain of a world's struggle, you stand, warmly impulsive, as you bear aloft the banner "Excelsior." Hold, fair and worthy youth; we too are going to ascend this hill, and would like your company. But it is evident we are looking to a journey in different directions. Let's see if we can't conclude to travel together. Let us reason together. One moment for deliberation before a life struggle. The glittering city where you, in impatience, are about to direct your journey, is plainly seen. At first sight we agree it is alluringly glorious. It is but a short distance we also agree. Just a little way on, a beautiful niche in the side mountain. There is wealth there; immense wealth. See those stately structures; those fine equipages. From the display of gold, it is mined from the mountains for aught I know, or perhaps it grows on trees.

But of the journey thither: I've heard it is ruinous. Mind! not my own wisdom. But what I've heard from sources so authentic, that I believe it to be *Truth*. The city appears near, but it is farther than it seems. The road begins broad and promising, and many a heated and confused multitude—rush thereon. The way, however, soon breaks up into uncertain by-paths, so as to create great anxiety as to the right course. These paths,

besides, are slippery, so that it is a mere chance if a person don't make more back than headway. Farther on the way there are lofty, abrupt cliffs to mount, and sudden, deep, precipitous descents to jump down. And furthermore, that side of the mountain is volcanic. From the deep gulleys issue warm, moist and poisonous vapors. Vegetation is luxuriant, but its rapid decay makes the air miasmatic. 'Tis said of the travelers thither, that you can find many actually deranged, wandering to and fro in the uncertain by-paths. At the foot of the slippery paths there are thousands cursing in disappointment. At the ascent and descent of the precipitous cliffs there are a great number of suicides, and a multitude who have broken their necks in the scramble. But let us take one more look at the city, at first sight so glorious. Upon closer scrutiny we can observe the inhabitants; yes, even their countenances. Strange! but the glare lights up those faces so as to be seen even in the distance. What an irregular motley group! Crippled, diseased, sallow, anxious multitude. See the hosts of youths with gray hairs. What a preponderance of nabobs, also. These latter, no doubt, gained the city by some fortuitous circumstance. Perhaps some lucky boost over the cliffs, or some lucky, fool-hardy jump. How many villainous countenances also appear in the group. These have gained the city, doubtless, on the downfall of others. Yes, you are very right in exclaiming that the wealthy city with such associations is far from desirable. Besides, if we travel over the same way we are to be like degenerated.

One more word as to the city itself. If you notice closely those palatial piles you will see they have been hastily built; the foundations are poor. Also from the situation of the city, the elements around sometimes become furious. Earthquakes and raging storms appear at frequent intervals, sweeping away vast fortunes in a day.

Now my dear friend, we've spent so much time on the city of your proposed journey that there is but little left for the description of another route, journey and city, whence to travel. There have been many sober, yet vigorous appeals to young men. The end of this journey is in the dim distance. The road is lengthy, yet it is even and firm, and after a short distance the scenery surrounding is beautiful, the air delightful. To travel successfully this route requires a firm, undaunted purpose and powers of endurance. Speed is made according to capabilities. The journey with the happy surroundings develops the powers for steady onward movement. The travelers on this road are rewarded from true merit; nothing of chance. As they toil on from day to day, having a sure footing and a well-defined way, with minds perfectly free from undue anxiety, the journey is made easy by sweet converse, by mind appealing to mind. You might almost speak of them as men of leisure, for they have time on their way to tarry, wonder at, admire and study surrounding nature in all her varied beauty, with here and there traces of art from the relics of four thousand years to the useful and beauteous works of man of the present age, with books of history, suggestion or investigation; all landmarks which former travelers have erected and left as indices on the road to true excellence.

"All through life there are wayside inns
Where man may refresh his soul with love:
Even the lowest can quench his thirst
At rivulets fed by springs from above."

By these happy surroundings and good use of good company, these travelers are developed miraculously, to be finally fit citizens for the city which they are facing. There are some brethren on this road who, even though on the right road and in good company, still they are so weak, vacillating or unfortunate, as never to reach the objective city. Even if they are imprudent, wasting time on littleness, greater talkers than walkers, over-anxious to enjoy, constitutionally opposed to toil, too easy, free and open hearted, with tendency to prodigality, still they are on a good road, in good company, and though they never reach the city of their destination, they enjoy the journey immensely as far as they go, and travel as far as the good Lord intended they should.

Thus we moralize. Why this intense satanic anxiety for rapid wealth. Wealth is intensely desirable, but not worth the peril of both body and soul. Why this heated will of young men to rush into stations which their fathers obtained only through the merit of toil, care and anxiety of years. 'Tis not required to begin where the fathers began, nor should young men expect to begin where their fathers ended. We are told this is an age of action, of life, of progress, of miracles. We too rejoice in this active and emphatically living age, this age of modern man, a descendent of fallen Adam, but a far greater than Eden Adam, modern man in moral merit, in intelligence, in power, the infinitely supreme supra-Adamite, this representative being, with intelligence not only to name the beasts of the field, but with knowledge to name in varied detail, and classify, according to the oneness of plan, all living things, vegetable and animal, on dry land, in the air and in the seas, this being, not content to be a searcher out of all things earthly, but who pierces the heavens with his wisdom, and approximates in his knowledge of them close on to the secret counsels of the Omniscient, this age, not satisfied with synthetic knowledge, but in its analytic moods, looks out, discerns and intelligently names the very elementary forces, the magic clays of the Almighty by whose plastic hand worlds, *universes* in all their grandeur, have been moulded into existence, this man, not content with all this, but a searcher and a partial knower of his mysterious self, this man, not mere Adam of elysian Eden, with power over the beasts, but with power to tame and use to his liking the winds, the furies and the violent forces ethereal or elementary, to speak, and the fierce lightning as his humble servant flashes to bear his words to the uttermost parts of the world, to reach forth his hand, combine other dread powers, light his fiery chariot, anticipate time and annihilate space, to call upon the very inanimate rocks, and they arouse and speak out pre-historic volumes of God's tracing since time immemorial. But as the mills of God grind slowly, so all this perfection of man has come by more or less plodding. *Tarde et secure*—work and study—should be our motto. The invincible army moves to battle in solid, steady battalions. "Make haste slowly." "He that runs fast will not run long." There is nothing incompatible between slow deliberation, sure progress and prompt execution. The pursuit of wealth is desirable for the "glorious privilege of being independent." The erratic desire for rapid wealth is damnable, in that it is harbored at the sacrifice of all peace of mind and conscience, causes sleepless nights and ruins health. Wealth rapidly obtained, is the purple coat of a foolish youth who vainly struts in imagination of his royalty, while sensible men look on and laugh to scorn the pigmy. Development should be the aim. Development comes by plodding toil. If wealth comes indirectly, God grant it. If not, let not Satan worry us about it, for without true excellence the possessors of wealth are only respected by a cheap, cringing multitude. Genius is nothing more than the flash of a meteor, brilliant at one look, but gone in a moment. There is a growth of vegetation that arrives at full development in one night. But it is mushroom. So are many of our would-be geniuses.

AMERICUS BUNYAN.

Slightly sarcastic was the clergyman who paused and addressed a man coming into church after the sermon had begun with the remark: "Glad to see you sir, come in; always glad to see those here late who can't come early;" and decidedly self-possessed was the man thus addressed in the presence of an astonished congregation as he responded: "Thank you, sir, would you favor me with the text?"

Clergymen and the choirs ought to make sure in advance that their hymns chime in with the occasion. For example: Not far from the city of Bangor there was recently a baptism, and among the converts was a black girl of great size. All went on smoothly until the colored woman was immersed. Just as the minister was putting her under the water, the choir on shore sang, most innocently:

The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears.