

# Highland Park News

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## OPPORTUNITIES.

BY MR. JOHN E. BREWER.

(Contributed to the Highland Park News.)

Empires have risen and kingdoms have fallen;  
Nations have come, and the nations have gone;  
Still whirls the globe on its space holden axis,  
Through the gloom of the night, through the rose of the dawn.

Mountains and meadows, and oceans and rivers,  
Bathe in the light of the same lustrous sun,  
That colored the flowers, that perfumed the garden  
Where death was a stranger, e'er sinning begun.

The nights and the days, the years and the decades  
Have festooned the earth with the cobwebs of time,  
And the age which now lives soon will drop into shadow,  
And be but a sound rung by memory's chime.

And your life and mine is borne on by the current  
That gathers us into death's ocean at last—  
Let us stop for a moment, and draw back the curtain,  
The life of the present drops over the past.

And what shall we find but a life spent in waiting  
For never found hopes and unrealized fears;  
An ever scorned present; a never reached future,  
Makes up for us all the whole tale of the years.

Our life is made up of the trials and sorrows,  
The hopes and the joys each day brings to pass,  
And we come and we go as the peaches both said it,  
Like the fast fading flower—the summer parched grass.

We could do so much, and we do but so little;  
We live but to die and we die as we live,  
Oh, shall we not have in the year just unfolding,  
Less thought for ourselves, more to others to give.

What we have been or done in the years that have flown,  
Let us leave to our Lord for his pardon or praise,  
And now do what we can: 'E'en a cup of cold water  
May save one from fainting on life's weary ways.

## A NEW YEARS WISH.

I ask one little boon  
Of the New Year,  
May I through all its days  
Carry some cheer  
To those who sit in gloom,  
Weeping for loss;  
To hearts that slowly break  
Under a cross.

I who have left my dead,  
With none to care;  
I who have wept alone  
Facing despair—  
Would gladly sweeten lives  
And make them dear—  
This little boon I ask  
Of the New Year.

They best can serve the gods,  
Their errands run,  
Who call no lover their own  
Under the sun.  
Let me bear help to want  
And hope to fear;  
I ask no other boon  
Of the New Year.—Mrs. M. F. Butts in "Aldine."

## ICE CROWNED.

(Selected for the Highland Park News.)

The naked woods at eventide  
Stood shivering in a freezing rain,  
And all night long, from side to side,  
Held up their burdened arms in vain.  
But with the morning still and fair  
They stood transfixed in the sun;  
The weights, at night so hard to bear  
Had turned to diamonds, every one.

The voice of God is in the trees;  
Oh, burdened soul and sorely tried,  
The weights that drag thee to thy knees  
To-morrow shall be gloried;  
Shall shine forever in the light  
Which hath no need of moon or sun.  
Then trust His grace, who through the night  
Shall keep his children every one.

At the Annual Communication of A. O. Fay, Lodge 676, A. E. and A. M. of Highland Park, Tuesday evening, Dec. 15th, A. D. 1874, the following officers were duly elected to officiate for the ensuing Masonic year: Mr. E. R. P. Shurly, W. M.; Mr. Harry Obee, S. W.; Mr. Albert Dixon, J. W.; Mr. V. E. Rusco, Treasurer; Mr. Henry Coles, Secretary; Mr. M. L. Bardick, S. D.; Mr. John Austin, J. D.; Mr. John Brooks, Tyler.

Hon. Jesse O. Norton has sold his cottage recently purchased of the H. P. B. Co., and a large number of lots, to Mr. Stedman, of Kenwood. Several other important negotiations are on the point of consummation, and the indications are that business will be active in the Spring.

## CHRISTMAS STORY.

"How long ago, papa, was the first Christmas?"  
"Almost two thousand years, Johnnie, since Christ was a little baby."

"Whose 'ittle stockings are those, papa, on the table; I never saw such 'ittle stockings before; who are they for, papa?"

"Those 'ittle stockings, my darling little Ethel, must belong to some stranger."

"How long is two thousand years, papa?"

"Whose 'ittle stockings are these, papa?"

One at a time, Johnnie and Ethel, you have each asked a question that it takes time to answer.

"Papa, will these 'ittle stockings be hung up for Santa Claus. He can't get anything into them 'cept 'ittle bits o' things."

"Two thousand years must be a long time, papa; is it as far as New York is from Highland Park?"

"Tell me, papa, who are the stockings for?"

"Johnnie asked his question first, little Ethel, so I will try and see if I can tell him how long two thousand years are; then I will tell you what I think about the little stockings on the table; don't soil them, for mamma must have left them out by mistake; they are so pretty and white that it would be too bad to soil them."

"No matter about those socks, they don't belong to any body here. I want to know how long two thousand years are."

"Well, Johnnie, two thousand years is a good long time and I think you have puzzled me to make it clear to you, when it is not very clear to me, except in figures. How many pennies have you in your bank, Johnnie?"

"Fifty pennies."

"Well, if you had forty times as many pennies as you have it would make two thousand."

"Oh, I know how many pennies make a thousand. Ten hundred make a thousand and twenty hundred make two thousand, I guess I know that, my teacher told me that, but I want to know how long it takes to make two thousand years."

"All right, Johnnie, just wait a bit. It takes a little while to go over so long a time. Now you have fifty pennies in your bank."

"Yes, sir, just fifty."

"How long is it since last Christmas, Johnnie?"

"All summer from last winter to this winter."

"All right, Johnnie, that is one year; now your papa has lived fifty years, just as many years as you have pennies in the bank. Fifty years ago I was a little baby and nearly two thousand years ago Christ was a baby, too. Two thousand winters between his Christmas and this one. Now, Johnnie, suppose he had lived to be as old as I am, fifty years, and then gone to heaven and another little baby took his place and when he had lived fifty years he followed Christ home, and then another little baby started in his place and lived fifty years, and on and on until forty little babies had taken their places and grown to be men. If each lived fifty years, or lived until fifty Christmases has come and gone, it would take forty to make the two thousand years, or it takes about thirty-seven to reach to these little stockings lying on the table, which puzzle little Ethel so much on this Christmas Eve. Every Christmas Eve since the baby Christ lay in the manger, little socks have been waiting for little feet to fill them, then the little feet have pattered about into childhood, jumped and frolicked in to manhood, stalked bravely on through toil and labor, and then ceased to be heard forever."

"You gave me a hard question, Johnnie, and little Ethel, I won't try to answer yours, but we will put the little socks beside your stockings where they hang for Santa Claus and see what will happen. Now off to bed, off and dream of Christmas and Santa Claus. I hope he will have something to please you."

"Dood night, papa, dood right. I don't know how long two thousand years is yet, but I hope I'll get a pair of skates, anyhow. I'm glad I haven't got those little stockings to take my presents in, they wouldn't hold a cup of peanuts. Good night."

For a time the customary noise and excitement of children retiring on a Christmas Eve kept the whole house lively, but quiet reigned after a while and then mysterious movements about the house occurred, doors opened and shut and old Santa Claus or somebody else made a great commotion; evidently some great surprise was being gotten up, then all was quiet again.

With the first dawn of morning little feet and merry voices made the house gay and merry, well filled stockings delighted the eye and made little hearts throb with pleasure, but the little socks were missing. Little Ethel did not forget them and when her papa appeared she cried:

"Papa, where are the 'ittle stockings? Did Santa Claus carry them off?"

"Come, Johnnie, I will show you and Ethel what old Santa Claus put into the little stockings, a beautiful present for papa and mamma, and it was all we got, but you'll think it is nice I know; come with me darlings and see if you don't think so. Nurse, oh, nurse! show the children what Santa Claus put into the little socks."

"Here they are, children, all full to the top and more too, see."

"Oh, papa, papa, a dear little baby's feet. Oh, oh how sweet, how sweet, let me kiss it."

"Is he one of the forty that it takes to make two thousand years with? I like my skates best anyhow."

"Yes, Johnnie, he is one of the forty."

"Did Santa Claus bring baby with Johnnie's skates and my doll and the jumping jack and all the things papa?"

"I guess he did, Ethel, they were all in the stockings this morning; now scamper off and have a Merry Christmas all day long with your pretty toys."

## JOHN C. CUSHMAN.

We find the following item in a Plymouth (Indiana) paper:

"J. C. Cushman, Esq., has sold his elegant residence on Walnut street. We shall regret very much if Mr. Cushman makes up his mind to remove from Plymouth; but as he does not contemplate going soon he will have ample opportunity to change his mind."

What the loss is to Plymouth will be gain to Highland Park; we have tears for them, also joy for ourselves in this case, as we are most happy to learn that Mr. Cushman has purchased the residence now occupied by Mr. George Leslie, and will next May remove his family here.

Mr. Cushman is a partner of our former fellow-citizen Mr. Cameron, and is a gentleman who will make a most agreeable and valuable acquisition to our city. We shall bid him and his family welcome with great pleasure.

"If you would be healthy, be good; and if you would be good, be wise; and if you would be wise, be devout and reverent, for the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom."—Blackie.