

Highland Park News

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RELIGION AND DOCTRINE.

BY JOHN HAY.

He stood before the Sanhedrim;
The scowling rabbis gazed at him.
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame,
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise.
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear,
To let him waste his new-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
What hast thou been? what art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Saf here and begged beside the way;
For he was blind.

—“And I am he;
For I was blind, but now I see.”

He told the story o'er and o'er;
It was his full heart's only lore;
A prophet on the Sabbath-day
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls, but can not shock
The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride,
Their sneers at Jesus and his band,
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

“I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint; but as for me,
One thing I know, that I am he
Who once was blind, and now I see.”

They were all doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad and wise,
Beneath their wide phylacteries;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silver hairs.
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humble born;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath-day,
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew, and now the Sanhedrim.

ON ANOTHER “TOO FAMILIAR SUBJECT.”

False to tradition, and bringing disappointment and sadness in its train, came the first day of the current month, with a mantle of snow for the struggling earth, and a discouraging burden of rheumatism, influenza, and divers other ills which frail humanity in its over credulousness thought to have escaped—rebuking our too sanguine reliance upon blue birds—forcing expletives more expressive than eloquent from the lips of the thousand migratory denizens of the city—bringing grief to the hearts and tears to the eyes of so many little darlings, not to speak of the young men and maidens who had planned bright festivals of May-day happiness—chilling the blood, dampening the ardor and altogether producing a mental hypochondria from which recovery is not yet complete, for, alas! as yet unfulfilled are our hopes and unrealized our dreams of the warmth, the freshness, and the verdure which the month is popularly supposed to bring.

Even as we write, a glance from our window calls to mind Charles Dickens' description of a certain morning a century ago when important events

were transpiring at the “Maypole Inn” at Chigwell. “It was one of those mornings, common in early spring, when the year, fickle and changeable in its youth like all other created beings, is undecided whether to step backward into winter or forward into summer, and in its uncertainty inclines now to the one and now to the other, and now to both at once—wooing summer in the sunshine, and lingering still with winter in the shade—it was, in short, one of those mornings when it is hot and cold, wet and dry, bright and lowering, sad and cheerful, withering and genial, in the compass of one short hour.”

We forbear philosophizing, or, what is so much easier, moralizing, and, without studying the lunar phases or consulting “General Probabilities” or calculating the equinoxes of the planets, timidly venture to predict that the solitary blue-bird's intimation will yet prove true and that we shall yet have the violets, the roses, the green fruits, the cholera-morbus, the cow-bells, and all the other “delicacies of the season”—mosquitoes, and possibly grasshoppers, included.

DR. JAMES C. DEAN.

We learn with unfeigned regret that our old friend, Dr. Dean has decided to leave Highland Park for a home and business connections in the beautiful State of Florida.

Dr. Dean has done a great deal toward the growth and advancement of Highland Park, and it will be a misfortune for us all to lose him and his family, so long identified with us; but we wish him good fortune and success, even to his heart's content (and a large heart it is) in the sunny land he is going to.

One of the most popular writers of sensational books fifteen years ago was Professor J. H. Ingraham, whose so-called religious novel, “The Prince of the House of David,” reached the enormous sale of one hundred thousand copies. One day Carleton was looking over the proof sheets of Richard Grant White's little book, “The National Hymns of America,” when Professor Ingraham called upon him with a singular proposition. He offered Carleton a new book at a pretty high price, something like ten thousand dollars, one-third of which must be paid then, in advance, and the remainder at intervals after the book was published. Upon inquiry as to the nature of the book, it appeared that not one word of it had been written, but that the author proposed to set about it at once, or as soon as he should arrive home in Louisiana, where he was the pastor of an Episcopal church. The \$3,333, then, was demanded for a mere promise to write. “But suppose you don't live to complete the work,” said Carleton, “what about my my \$3,333?” “Oh!” answered Ingraham, “that is hardly worth anticipating!” Under the circumstances, the proposition was rejected, and it is not known whether any other publisher accepted it. Now for the sequel. Professor Ingraham returned home and within three days after his arrival, one afternoon while he was changing his coat, a pistol dropped from his pocket and exploded, shooting him dead upon the spot. Not one word of the “new book” had been put upon paper.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

We have been informed, and have also seen complimentary notices in reference thereto, that Mr. H. W. S. Cleveland, of Messrs. Cleveland & French, landscape architects, of Chicago, (and the parties who so successfully treated the lands of the Highland Park Building Company,) is delivering lectures in various places on the subject of landscape gardening and matters pertaining to the art. In a conversation with Mr. Cleveland, he made a very liberal and characteristic proposition. He said he had heard that a new depot and a new arrangement of our depot grounds was contemplated, and that, as he had done so much in Highland Park, he felt a deep interest in all such improvements and would if desired, prepare plans for the grounds, as his contribution to the general improvement. We think it would be an excellent idea for the citizens of Highland Park to extend to Mr. Cleveland an invitation to deliver his lecture, above spoken of, at an early day. The attractiveness of a suburban town depends largely on the knowledge and taste of its citizens in respect to a proper treatment of their grounds; and, while individual enterprise is so essential, it is also necessary that the city itself in its corporate capacity should keep the public streets and walks in equally tasteful and substantial condition, and we think Mr. Cleveland's lecture would be of great general as well as individual interest and advantage, and while on the subject of landscaping we hope he may impress upon our minds the demoralizing effect of a constant familiarity with filth and general shabbiness as exemplified by our present most disgraceful depot accommodations. It is disreputable to the railroad, whose patrons we are, and a daily humiliation to every respectable citizen. It is time some action was taken on the depot question, and we hope the spring and summer will not pass and find us still with the present dilapidated and inadequate depot arrangements.

MASONIC.

A. O. Fay, Lodge, No. 676, A. F. & A. M., hold their regular communications on the 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each month, at their hall, on St. John's Avenue, Highland Park. Visiting brethren always welcome.

By order of the W. M.

HENRY COLES, Secretary.

We congratulate our friends of the Waukegan Gazette upon the evidences of prosperity betokened in the neat and fresh attire which it has lately put on. It is a fitting garment to the sound social, moral and political principles which that paper so faithfully and consistently advocates.

The Northwestern Methodist Camp Meeting Association have recently purchased about 230 acres of fine grove land on the lake shore, near Rockland, in this county, and will, we understand, erect its buildings and prepare the grounds in time for their next annual meeting in September.

This conundrum is respectfully submitted to the best speller.—If s-i-o-u-x spells su, and eye spells i, and s-i-g-h-e-d spells side, why doesn't s-i-o-u-x-e-y-e-s-i-g-h-e-d spell suicide?