

## COMING.

It may be in the evening,  
When the work of the day is done,  
And you have time to sit in the twilight,  
And watch the sinking sun.  
While the long, bright day dies slowly  
Over the sea,  
And the hours grow quiet and holy  
With thoughts of me,  
While you hear the village children  
Passing along the street,  
Among those thronging footsteps  
May come the sound of my feet:  
Therefore I tell you watch!  
By the light of the evening star,  
When the room is growing dusky  
As the clouds afar;  
Let the door be on the latch  
In your home,  
For it may be in the gloaming  
I will come.

"It may be when the midnight  
Is heavy upon the land,  
And the black waves lying dumbly  
Along the sand;  
When the moonless night draws close,  
When the fires burn low and red,  
And the watch is ticking loudly  
Beside the bed.  
Though you sleep tired out, on your couch  
Still your heart must wake and watch  
In the dark room,  
For it may be that at midnight  
I will come.

"It may be at the cock-crow,  
When the night is dying slowly  
In the sky,  
And the sea looks calm and holy  
Waiting for the dawn of the golden day,  
Which draweth nigh—dawning, fading  
When the sun is up.

Behold I say unto you watch!  
Let the door be on the latch  
In your home.  
In the chill before the dawning  
Between the night and the morning,  
I may come.

"It may be in the morning,  
When the sun is bright and strong,  
And the dew is glittering sharply  
Over the little lawn;  
When the waves are laughing loudly  
Along the shore,  
And the little birds are singing sweetly  
About the door.  
With the long day's work before you  
You rise up with the sun  
And the neighbors come in to talk a little  
Of all that must be done:  
But remember that I may be the next  
To come in at the door,  
To call you from your busy work  
For evermore:  
As you work, your heart must watch,  
For the door is on the latch  
In your room,  
And it may be in the morning  
I will come."

So He passed down my cottage garden,  
By the path that leads to the sea,  
Till He came to the turn of the little road,  
Where the birch and laburnum tree  
Lean over and arch the way:  
There I saw Him a moment stay,  
And turn once more to me,  
As I wept at the cottage door,  
And lift up His hands in blessing,  
Then I saw his face no more.  
And I stood still in the doorway  
Lening against the wall,  
Not heeding the fair white roses,  
Tho' I crushed them and let them fall.  
Only looking down the pathway,  
And looking towards the sea,  
And wondering, and wondering  
When he would come back for me  
Till I was aware of an angel  
Who was going swiftly by,  
With the gladness of one who goeth  
In the light of God most high.  
He passed the end of the cottage  
Towards the garden gate—  
(I suppose he was come down  
At the setting of the sun,  
To comfort some one in the village  
Whose dwelling was desolate).  
And he passed before the door  
Beside my place,  
And the likeness of a smile  
Was on his face!  
"Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given  
To watch for the coming of his feet  
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven;  
The work and watching will be very sweet  
Even in an earthly home,  
And in such an hour as ye think not  
He will come."

So I am watching quietly  
Every day:  
Whenever the sun shines brightly  
I rise and say—  
Sunlight is the shining of his feet!  
And look unto the gates of his high place  
Beyond the sea,  
For I know he is coming shortly  
To summons me.  
And when a shadow falls across the window  
Of my room,  
Where I am working my appointed task  
I lift my head to watch the door and ask  
If he is come.  
And the angel answers sweetly  
In my home—  
"Only a few more shadows  
And he will come."

## HIS PROPER TITLE.

HE IS SIMPLY "THE PRESIDENT"—HE  
IS NOT "HIS EXCELLENCY" AND  
NOT EVEN AN "HONORABLE."

It is scarcely credible in this land of human freedom and intelligence that hardly one person in a hundred writing to the President employs his proper form of address. Of the thirty-five millions of people in the United States who know how to write, it is safe to say that not one in a thousand can superscribe a letter to their chief executive correctly. "His Excellency" is the favorite title used among educated and cultivated persons and politicians. This title is authorized in some States as applicable to the chief executive of the subordinate sovereignties of the nation, and is always a safe form of address to a diplomatic minister, irrespective of nationality.

Another improper form commonly used is "Honorable." The title "Honorable" is a subordinate one, and is the lowest in the scale of titles of rank in foreign countries. In the United States it is applied to elective officers, Senators and Representatives, below that of Vice-President, or to officials holding office by appointment from the President and confirmation by the Senate. It also applies to Governors of States, Judges of courts and Mayors of cities. Its abuse is its promiscuous application to State legislators and others not in national office or chief office in States. Still another improper address is "President" with the name of the incumbent.

The title of the President, which establishes the official and social precedents which were coincident with the setting in motion of the machinery of the new government. In the Constitutional Convention the subject was elaborately discussed. A strong party, charged with monarchical tendencies, favored some style of additional title for the chief executive officer of the nation, on the ground of international as well as ceremonial considerations. The majority, however, favored cutting entirely loose from every appearance of imitation of the forms of the nations of the Old World. This gave rise to the provision in the Constitution that "no title of nobility shall be granted by the United States."

The struggles over the fixing of the title of the President are unique in the light of modern views on such subjects. But two days after the organization of John Adams as Vice-President and President of the Senate, that functionary gave that body a vigorous lecture on the necessity and propriety of titles. Mr. Adams having passed a long time at the most brilliant courts of Europe as diplomatic minister, had completely outgrown his Puritanic instincts of lack of reverence for established customs and practices, political and religious among nations and men. Having stirred up the Republican sentiments of the Senate in making his interest in titles known he became involved in a preliminary skirmish with the House of Representatives on a question of the proper title for him to use in addressing an official communication to their Speaker. Having asked whether he should apply the prefix "Honorable" the House administered a prompt and decided negative, preferring the simple, unembellished official title of their presiding officer, viz.: "The Speaker of the House of Representatives."

A committee on the title of the President at the instigation of the Democratic party of the Senate, having been appointed in both Houses, the subject gave rise to a parliamentary battle, which sometimes grew rather too threatening to be interesting. The New England States, Virginia and South Carolina Senators were the most active champions of a high-sounding title. Ellsworth, of Connecticut, claimed that all the world, civilized and savage, called for titles ever since society was organized. The simple title, "The President," he thought, sounded too much like the presiding officer of a cricket club or fire company. "His Excellency" was proposed, but withdrawn and "Highness" substituted, with some prefatory word like "Elective," as "His Elective Highness George Washington, President of the United States," claiming that such a dignified title would add weight and authority to the office, at home and abroad. The champions of titles went over the whole list of the princes and potentates of the whole earth in support of the title "Highness." This was antagonized as beneath the dignity of the elective ruler of the United States, on the ground that the Grand Turk had it, that all the princess of Germany and sons and daughters of crowned heads had it; therefore it was degrading to the President of the United States to place him on a par with princes of any blood in Europe. The committee finally reported to the Senate as the title of the President: "His Highness the President of the United States of America and Protector of the Rights of the Same."

When this high-flown official designation reached the House the contending champions became so heated in their remarks that a rupture was threatened. The anti-title advocates insisted that the Constitution called him "The President of the United States," and therefore, that was his title. The ways of the two Houses nagged their opponents by addressing

them "Your Highness of the Senate," "His Highness of the Lower House."

This extraordinary discussion consumed three weeks of the opening deliberations of the first Congress of the United States, on the floor and in committee. At length the ebullience of the House, in support of Republican simplicity and popular sovereignty in titles, as in governmental forms, compelled the Conference Committee, to which the matter was finally referred, to report their inability to agree. The Senate Committee having decided not to address the President as "His Excellency," made a final recommendation of title as "His Highness, the President of the United States of America and Protector of their Liberties." The Senate, seeing that their efforts to make the President a titled personage in violation of the Constitution was getting too serious, voted to postpone the further consideration of the question. The following report, which gave expression to the views of the Senate was then agreed to:

"From a decent respect for the opinion and practice of civilized nations, whether under monarchical or republican forms of government, whose custom is to annex titles of respectability to the office of their chief magistrate, and that in intercourse with foreign nations a due respect for the majesty of the people of the United States may not be hazarded by an appearance of singularity, the Senate have been induced to be of opinion that it is proper to be proper to annex titles, where the title is actually observed in presenting an address to the President was without the addition of title, think it proper for the present to act in conformity with the practice of the House."

"Therefore, resolved, that the present address be 'To the President of the United States,' without any addition of title."

For ninety-seven years the country has grown in dignity, wealth and power under the simple constitutional title of the Chief Executive of the American Republic, until it eclipses all the high-sounding designations of rank known to the vocabulary of monarchical institutions. All official communications, or from strangers, should, therefore, be addressed: "To the President, Washington, D. C." A letter from a personal friend should be addressed: "Grover Cleveland, Washington, D. C.," without title.

The President, to all communications, whether official or personal, simply signs his name, without the usual complimentary closing, as "yours truly," or closing of respect, as "very respectfully," used by all officials.

The discussion of the subject of titles was commenced in Congress before the arrival of Washington in New York. In a letter of July, 1789, to a friend in Virginia, the first President expressed his opposition to additional title. It was urged that "His Highness," the title of the Stadtholders of Holland, was his choice, but there is nothing to show that he ever expressed such an opinion. Pending this controversy about the President's title, Vice-President Adams became involved in a contest of his own with the members of the Senate over which he presided as to his proper official designation. In his first message to the House of Representatives he signed himself John Adams, Vice-President. The Senators declared that such a signature indicated the idea of the absence of the President of the Senate; that they only knew him as President of the Senate, and as such only could he sign or authenticate any act of that body. It took Mr. Adams several days to recover from this overhauling. He then declared to the Senate: "I have since examined the Constitution. I am placed here by the people. To part with the style given me is a dereliction of my right. Vice-President is my title, and I shall make it a point to assert it." As a compromise, however, he adopted the rule of signing all bills or official documents of the Senate as "Vice-President of the United States and President of the Senate."—Philadelphia Times.

## CONCERNING ACTORS.

EARLY LIVES OF SOME OF EDWIN BOOTH'S PRINCIPAL SUPPORTERS.

A goodly number of Mr. Booth's company, like many others, were not to the buskin born, thereby differing from their leader, who seemed destined for his present position by force of ancestry. There is Barron, Charles Barron, a Boston boy, whose father was engaged in mercantile business and who never had an ancestor upon the stage. He seemed cut out for a life at the desk or counter. And yet here he is now sharing the honors with Mr. Booth. People who attended the Boston theatre this week have probably noted that Barron appeared in only two plays. They wondered why he does not play De Mauprat to Booth's Richelieu or roles of similar importance in the other casts. But no, he appears only as the Ghost in Hamlet, a part that Salvini played with Booth, or as Othello in Othello, a part equal in importance to the Iago of Mr. Booth. He certainly has star parts and star parts only.

But regarding the early professions. John Malone, the leading man next to Barron was a lawyer in early life, with brilliant prospects before him at the bar. John T. Sullivan, another prominent member of the company, who has

played Laertes, Dell Agolia and kindred other roles, drifted upon the stage, so to speak. One day a friend of his, who was to make his debut in a star part, found himself suddenly bereft of a prominent support and in the emergency asked Mr. Sullivan if he would not read the lines of the part to him. The young man did so and his pleasing voice and enunciation—these who have heard him this week have noted these points—carried away his friend. He declared that Sullivan must commit the part and play it the next night, and he did so. That was the first step.

In other companies as well as in Booth's there are hosts of actors who in early life supposed they were destined for other duties. Joe Jefferson used to paint scenes instead of act in front of them, and he keeps up his practice with the brush though pictures are now his forte. He says his heart is in his painting rather than in his acting. Lester Wallack used to be an officer in the English army in India. Joe Emmett was a painter in his early days; he painted sign-boards and houses in St. Louis. Frank Mayo, who is coming to the Park next week with his "Nordeck," once used that name as a restaurant where he served a dinner. James E. Murdoch was a printer. Some have come from the stage and histories than the print. Edwin Booth does not possess the knack of ready use of the pen. When he was asked, a short time ago, to write something for publication, he replied: "I endeavor to use other men's words as well as I can, but I have no command of original language."

On the other hand, Boucicault and Irving have the gift of easy writing and can put their ideas on paper with little difficulty. Fanny Davenport, too, is another graceful writer, as her many contributions to periodicals testify, while a recent novel, "A Plucky One," shows the literary ability of a former member of Mr. Daly's company, May Nunez, now known as Mrs. George E. Spencer and one of the Boston family of Lorines.—Boston Journal.

## How Millions of Money can be Locked Up.

Gen. H. T. Collis, of the Stock Exchange, in a letter to his customers, makes the following remarkable statement.

"An expenditure of \$7,000 will lock up ten millions for five days. The process is simply to arrange with the financial institutions to each loan you two millions for five days at 5 per cent. on Government bonds as collateral, then to pay the interest in advance and fail to send in the collateral. The whole amount is thus tied up for five days, and remains in the vault of the bank subject to your order, and can be used for no other purpose."

"No legislative enactments will cure this state of things; the astute Wall Street man will drive a coach-and-four through a statute at a gallop, while a Philadelphia lawyer will balk at it. We must depend solely upon the publicity and sagacity of those whose fiduciary relations to the public and their deposits ought to make them above suspicion."

This statement was shown to the manager of the Bank Clearing House, but he begged to be excused from saying whether he thought such a transaction possible.

President Parker, of the Produce Exchange Bank, said: "If anybody wants to lock up money, there is more than one way of doing it. He can borrow from a number of banks, and after depositing his collateral take the loans in the shape of cashiers' checks, which he can lock up in his safe and never use, but the banks will keep the money in their vaults required to meet their checks when presented. The money is not used, but it is effectually locked up."—N. Y. World.

## LIFE.

Born of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted foam, blue veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed by shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day—laughed by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes—lured by light and flame and charmed by color's wondrous robes—learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbied and curious marks on soiled and battered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade, until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of the birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle-song, drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

And then ambition with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed—knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold and honor bought from those who charge the usury of self-respect—of power that only bends a coward's knees and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thought, and holding high above all other things—high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

Then locks of gray, and growing love of other days, and half-remembered things—then holding what was theirs those who first held—then vows his dim and lowering eyes, and crossing others as downy waves of peace, with daughter's babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for the night—sitting by the holy hearth of home, as the last embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshipped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss.—New York Mirror.

## Celebrated Trees.

The chestnut tree at Mount Etna is one hundred and ninety-six feet in circumference, and its branches are like trees. For ages have pilgrims delighted to linger in its shadows. There is also a great chestnut tree at Tamworth, England, and when Stephen was king, in 1135, it formed a boundary, called the "Great Chestnut Tree." I have also heard of one called the "Manna Tree," which grows in Italy and Sicily. The bark of it is cut in August, and the manna flows like water. It was used for medicine. It is unlike the manna mentioned in the Bible, called "Bread of Heaven," upon which the Children of Israel were fed. That was a small grain, and fell early in the morning. It was made into paste, and baked.

The Bamboo is used mostly in making houses, in Sumatra, and when the great and good Dr. Judson was a missionary, his lovely wife, Anne Haseltine, made with him a bamboo cottage. The India Rubber tree is also very useful. It grows in South America and India. In Quito it is made into cloth. The Cocoa tree gives the poor Indians bread, water, milk, honey, oil, sugar, needles, clothes, thread, cups, baskets, cordage, nails, roof, etc. The Bread tree of the Pacific Islands yields fruit for eight months of the year. Two or three trees supply one person with sufficient food. It is very nourishing.—The Pansy.

## Those Good Old Days.

We often hear of the "good old days of yore." Why deprive our children of the enjoyment of those old days? Why not pass a law forbidding steamboats from plowing the waters, railroads from running on land, telegraphs from sending messages, telephones from bawling used, all furnaces, steam-heaters, etc., to be taken out of houses and other buildings, all stoves for burning coal to be taken out, all stoves to be melted for old iron, all water works in cities to be left empty; the use of all gas and other illuminators, except tallow candles, to be dispensed, and really go back to the "good old times," say for five years. Then, if at midnight on a cold, stormy night, a doctor is wanted, he must be sent for instead of telephoning for him. If one wished to send a message to a distance, instead of telegraphing he must write a letter and send it by stage to its distant place, and wait patiently for days or weeks for the answer. When one goes home on a freezing night he can sit by a wood fire, roasting on one side while freezing on the other, and reading by the dim light of tallow dip instead of the blaze of a gaslight or the more agreeable light of kerosene. If he undertakes a journey, instead of getting into the cars and going where he wishes, the best he can do is to take the stage, at four times the cost and ten times the discomfort of the cars. Let these and other improvements be forbidden and "good old days" be brought back, how long would it be before an extra session of the legislature would be demanded to knock "the good old days" into splinters, and to restore the much better modern days which we now enjoy, and for which we ought to be most devoutly thankful?—Bridgeport Sentinel.

Mr. Winks—I wish, Mrs. Winks, you would read this article on the duties of wives.

Mrs. Winks—I haven't time now. What does it say?

"Well, it says for one thing, that it is the duty of a wife to cultivate assimilation, and as far as possible, have the same tastes as her husband."

"I never thought of that."

"I suppose not."

"No; but if you'll bring home a bottle of whisky with you, I'll try."