

IN HER QUIET HOME LIFE

PASTOR FELIX TELLS MORE OF ENGLAND'S GREAT POETESS.

Felicia Hemans in the latter years of her life—Impressions of Books and of Nature Blend Happily—Life in England—The Cottage at Wavertree.

Why may not a book,—that imperishable organ of a gracious personality,—go anywhere with you? My reader, has a book become a passion, a habit, and will you anywhere exclude it? I hear my friend say: When I go to the fields, they are my books; under the stars, they are my poems; an old pine-wood, or a grove of beeches, is library enough for me. When I go there I leave my books behind. He is doubtless the possessor of an uninvited mental appetite, and perhaps there is a little taint of must in mine. I hear me, I do not half decipher the runic inscriptions on the mossy settlers I rove amongst, for I persist in seeing all through the green spectacles. The pearly text that drops among the grasses of the wayside, gives them a lustre, and also borrows. The leaves are greener, waving over the open page of Keats or Herrick; and the shadows of them, falling there, have around them a more snowy radiance. A fit book—a book loved and familiar—detracts not from the charm of nature; its presence heightens the enchantment of the scene, no matter where you go. Nature's barest tract becomes the soul's eminent domain; when he, whose mortal body is a handful of dust, laughs and carols in your ear, or drops before you know it, a crystal tear upon your palm. What a wonderful, mystic thing is a book! What a tireless friend, unobtrusive and content! I will not make my favorite author stay at home when I go abroad. There is not a book I greatly care for, whose living soul I clasp and shake hands with, but I have identified its first acquaintance with some familiar scene, or group of friends, or single companion, or peculiarity of circumstance. And this was very much the inclination of the sweet singer of household melodies we here commemorate; who, with delicate fingers clasping interlaved some treasured tome, walked the groves of Rhyllon, as beauteous and chaste a vision as the white lady in "Comus"; who drew inward and diffused upon the air her perilous music,—

Such divine enchanting ravishment as could beget
A sacred and home-felt delight,
A sober certainty of waking bliss.

And well we can remember the summer days, when, with our youth upon us, we trod the hills of Summerhill,—greeting new friends to whose homes and fields we had often looked from the hither shore of Avon,—and bore as our companion the little drab-colored book, wherefrom came our first delight in the verse of Felicia Hemans. And well we can hear even as we heard in still earlier days, the maternal voice that sang "The graves of a household," "The better land," and "The breaking waves dashed high," feeling, as still we do, the rare spirit that inspired songs of such tenderness:

Some something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.

In the hope of congenial literary association and educational advantage for her children, Mrs. Hemans rented a cottage at Wavertree, a suburb of Liverpool. In this movement she was partially disappointed, having but few associates; but among the number were Henry F. Charley and Mrs. Lawrence, of Wavertree Hall, her future biographers. She considered the people of Liverpool dull and provincial, while they retorted by thinking her reserved and eccentric. Her thirty years of life in beautiful Wales were over, and often she sighed to remember the walks in which her feet were to go no more. The house at Wavertree was small and plain, and the country she had left a marked contrast to the dreary monotony of the flat lands about Liverpool. The cottage in which she lived, according to the author of "Pen and Ink Sketches," was one of a row, or terrace, as it was called, situated on the high road, from which it was separated only by the foot-way, and a little flower garden, surrounded by a white thorn hedge. I noticed that all the other houses on either side of it were unadorned with flowers; they had either grass lawns or a plain gravel surface; some of them even grew cabbages and French beans, hers alone had flowers. I was shown into a very small apartment, but everything about it indicated that it was the home of genius and taste. Over the mantle-piece hung a fine engraving of William Roscoe, author of the "Lives of the De Medici," with a presentation line or two in his own handwriting. The walls were decorated with prints and pictures, and on the mantel-shelf were some models in terra cotta, of Italian groups. On the table lay casts, and medallions, and a portfolio of choice prints and water-color drawings.

"It was not long before the poetess entered the room. She held out her hand and welcomed me in the kindest manner and then sat down opposite to me, first introducing Miss Jewsbury (her literary friend, then with her). I cannot well conceive a more exquisitely beautiful creature than Mrs. Hemans was; none of the portraits or busts I have ever seen do her justice, nor is it possible for words to convey to the reader any idea of the matchless, yet serene beauty of her expression. Her glossy, waving hair was parted on her forehead, and terminated on the sides in rich and luxuriant auburn curls. There was a dove-like look in her eyes, and yet a chastened sadness in their expression. Her complexion was remarkably clear, and her high forehead looked as pure and spotless as Parian marble. A calm repose, not unmingled with melancholy, was the charac-

teristic expression of her face; but when she smiled, all traces of sorrow were lost, and she seemed to be but a little lower than the angels,—a fitting shrine for so pure a mind!"

Visiting Wavertree, sometime after the poetess had left it, the same author writes: "I stood before the well-remembered house. The flower-garden was no more—but rank grass and weeds sprang up luxuriously; the windows were, many of them, broken; the entrance gate was off its hinges; the vine in front of the house trailed along the ground, and a board, with 'This House to Let' upon it, was nailed on the door. I entered the deserted garden, and looked into the little parlour—once so full of taste and elegance; it was gloomy and cheerless. The paper was spotted and damp, and spiders had built their webs in the corners. Involuntarily I turned away; and during my homeward walk mused upon the probable home and enjoyments of the two gifted creatures I had formerly seen there. Both were now beyond the stars; and as I mused on the uncertainty of human life, I exclaimed, with the eloquent Burke,—'What shadows we are, and what shadows, alas, do we pursue!'"

But Liverpool, if it was the scene of her nativity, was not the place of her heart. A few congenial friends could not atone for the tameness of the life and landscape around her, and the loss of that indescribably wild and lovely scenery which had been her habitat from childhood. Disappointment and annoyance—where do they not come?—here crept in to an unusual degree. It was not so fit for her children's education as she had hoped; and curious Mrs. Grundy had heard that she had written poetry, and came so frequently to see if it were so, and if she was as interesting a spectacle as rumor said, that her studies and necessary retirement were much disturbed. She was inclined to fly these evils, for a time, and to regain the tone of her spirit which was fast sinking; and this she did to a considerable degree, in the midst of that glorious society which Scotland then could boast, and those haunted hills and valleys, which seemed to her then, as to us now, the favorite seat and birth-place of Romance.

This is the brightest and proudest, if not the happiest episode of her life. Her immediate visiting place was with her friends, the Hamiltons, of Chiffchaff; and their residence was in the neighborhood of Abbotford, and she was often in the society of Scott—seeing him almost every day. With what gallantry Sir Walter received her at Abbotford, and exercised himself for her delight, with princely entertainment. With even unwonted ardor he led her around that famous region of the Tweed-valley,—to Melrose, to Carter-haugh, and elsewhere,—with reminiscence, and sage remark, and jovial discourse, bidding her to lose all weariness, and to forget that dullness and care are in the world. How her wan beauty began to freshen, and her faded heart to revive! The great minstrel seemed to enjoy it as well as she did; and in parting paid her no hollow compliment. With regret in tone and expression, Scott said to her: "There are some whom we meet and like ever after to claim as kith and kin; you are one of those."

From Chiffchaff and Abbotford she repaired to Edinburgh, where she meditated taking residence, but afterward found the air, fresh from the Forth, rather too bracing. This city, famous for the heartiness of its hospitality, in her case more than vindicated its reputation; for there her name was a magic talisman. Many doors were open, and their inmates were eager. More delighted days flew past. With Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, Lord Jeffrey, Baron Hume, Sir Robert Liston, Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Capt. Basil Hall and others. She found an especial welcome at the tables of Jeffrey and Sir David Wedderburn; she went to hear Allison preach, and clasped hands with the man who was then the veteran and patriarch of the place.—Henry Mackenzie, the essayist and "Man of Feeling," who welcomed Burns thither, and, in his day introduced him to the elite of the city. An article, lavish in praise, from the somewhat fastidious pen of Jeffrey greeted her, while there from the pages of the "Edinburgh Review" and Angus Fletcher modelled a bust from her person.

PASTOR FELIX.

How the Soothsayer Got Left.

"The decline in the credit and honor of sooth-saying dates in a considerable measure, perhaps, from a certain performance of John Gales, Duke of Milan. He, had a soothsayer. One day the reader of the stars came to him and said:

"My lord, make haste to arrange your earthly affairs."

"And why shall I do that?" asked the duke.

"Because the stars tell me that you have not long to live."

"Indeed! And what did the stars tell you about your own lease of life?" asked Duke John.

"They promise me many years more of life."

"They do?"

"So I have read them, my lord."

"Well, then," said the duke, "it appears that the stars know very little about these things, for you will be hanged within half an hour!"

He promptly sent the soothsayer to the gallows, and lived many years afterwards himself. Henceforth star reading fell into disuse in Milan.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The man who would pay his debts if he could doesn't get along nearly as well as the man who could pay his debts if he would.

I was Cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT
Sydney, C. B. C. I. LAGUE.

I was Cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Yarmouth. CHARLES PLUMMER.

I was Cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
BURN, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

Honour tells us not to hit a man when he's down, and discretion warns us to be careful about hitting him when he isn't down.

Mrs. L. E. Snow, Matron Infants' Home, Halifax, writes: "Putnam's Emulsion has proved valuable in all cases of pulmonary Complaints, for building up the system of our little ones. They often ask for it."

For an example of pure and unalloyed contempt, take a barber's opinion of the young man who is growing a full beard.

AUTHORS KNOWN TO ALL.

SMALL BEGINNINGS THAT LED TO RECOGNITION AT LAST.

They seem to have had special luck in some instances, but Pluck and Perseverance have done the work—some of the Cases of Rejected Addresses.

Pretty nearly every body knows that Rudyard Kipling drifted into public recognition from the sub-editorial desk of an Indian journal. He crossed the line of demarcation between the twin professions, journalism and authorship, on a collection of verses done up in brown paper cover tied with red tape, printed on the office plant and published by himself. The little official-looking fledgling made a hit, and there is every probability that Kipling has, to use a slangy but expressive phrase, "come to stay."

J. M. Barrie, too, made journalism a stepping-stone to literary greatness. Fresh from Edinburgh University, he obtained the post of leader-writer to a Midland newspaper, and during the years he was on the staff of that provincial journal he found time, in spite of the almost incredible amount of "copy" he turned out more or less "to order," to contribute to the London Press. Backed up by the "St. James's Gazette," and in the face of the solemn warning of at least one of the greatest writers of to-day, he abandoned his post and made a bid for fame. Eventually his "Auld Licht Idylls" caught the eye of the public. Since then his career has been almost an unbroken chain of successes, and if he were now questioned on the possibility of his returning to leader-writing for a country paper, his reply would probably be "Walker!"

David Christie Murray had a varied experience of newspaper work before he won his way to that class of fiction of which he is a past-master. Twenty years ago, while acting as special correspondent to the Birmingham Morning News, he wrote his first novel, "Grace Forbeck," which, although it was printed in serial form in that journal, never got into book form. Later he commenced a new book, entitled "A Life's Atonement," the idea for which was suggested by the earlier work. The progress of this new venture was interrupted by the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war. Murray being sent out to the East as a war correspondent. Upon his return he was driven by sheer necessity to contribute miscellaneous articles and short stories to the periodicals. One of these stories, published in the Gentleman's Magazine, caught the eye of Robert Chambers, who communicated with the needy journalist, with the result that the earlier part of "A Life's Atonement" was re-written. The novel was completed, and appeared as a serial in Chambers' Journal. Eventually it was published in book form.

It would be quite superfluous here to more than glance at the circumstances which changed Conan Doyle from a comparatively obscure medico to, perhaps, the most-read author of today. When a very young man he wrote a short story, which was accepted by the editor of "Chambers' Journal." Then for years he struggled hard in the intervals of a busy though not particularly lucrative practice to make a name for himself by writing short stories for the magazines, but after ten years of such work, finding himself apparently no nearer the goal of his ambition, he wrote a book which, fortunately or unfortunately—fortunately, I believe, Mr. Doyle thinks—was a second book, with which the publishers refused to have anything to do. Later, a third work, "Micah Clarke," emanated from the brain and pen of the busy doctor. This was sent from publisher to publisher, and hope deferred was already making the author's heart sick, when the MS. fell into the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang, literary adviser to Messrs. Longman, who recognized its merits and published it. "Micah Clarke" brought its author before the favorable notice of the reading public, but it remained for the exploits of his marvellous creation, "Sherlock Holmes" to bring Conan Doyle to the full application which he enjoys today.

Half Caine has not only been the architect of his own fortunes, but was actually at one time an architect by profession at Liverpool. At eighteen he wrote a poem. Two years later he wrote an autobiography—not his own, but another man's, which sounds rather funny—and received £10 for it. Some years afterwards he came up to London with a critical work, which was declined with the usual thanks, but which has since then seen the light of publicity. A few more years elapsed, and he set himself to write "The Shadow of a Crime," the germ for which sprang from a tale told by his grandfather. The seed took root in his brain, and grew and grew, slowly but surely, until after many years it developed into the finished work, and was published by Chatto and Windus.

Clark Russell, was of course, blown into the world of letters from the sea, and a wholesome, refreshing shift of sea-breezes he brought with him. His first great success was the direct outcome of a magisterial inquiry into the conduct of a ship's crew who had mutinied on account of the atrocious character of the ship's toilet stores. The gross injustice done to these men, who demanded nothing but eatable food—and got a taste of prison life—fired Russell to show us the true conditions of life under the red ensign, and the "Wreck of the Grosvenor" was the immediate result. The MS. was first offered to a publisher who employed a lady reader, and she pronounced the work simply a "catalogue of ship's turniture." It was next offered to Sampson, Low & Co., who promptly purchased all rights.

The law gave us H. Rider Haggard, which is proof positive that there is occasionally something good to be gotten out of the law. While in the staff of the governor of Natal he contributed an article to the "Gentleman's Magazine" and another to "Macmillan's"; but it was not until after the Boers had rebelled in 1881, and he had returned to England in disgust, that he wrote his first book, "Cetewayo and His White Neighbors." The MS. passed through the hands of several houses before being published by Messrs. Trubner. It proved a success eventually, although it did not set the Thames on fire. His first work of fiction, "Dawn," was inspired by the accidental light of a beautiful face in a church in Norwood. "Dawn," like its predecessor, was favorably received, but it

made no great stir. Still, it encouraged the writer and paved the way for other and better known works.

Grant Allen persists that he is a fiction writer by accident. Once he was a school master in charge of a government college in Jamaica, but his post was abolished, and the Oxford graduate was thrown upon his own resources. Being of a psychological turn of mind, he wrote "Physiological Esthetics," the title of which, however, did not frighten Messrs. H. S. King & Co. from publishing it on commission. Financially it did not pay, but it, perhaps, had some influence in inducing editors to accept the struggling philosopher's "copy." A scientific article, put, for the sake of convenience, in narrative form, brought an editorial demand for more "stories" of a like nature, and this caused Grant Allen to turn his attention seriously to fiction. His first novel "Philistia," ran through the Gentleman's Magazine, and was afterwards produced in book form.

F. W. Robinson almost decided to adopt the career of the professional chess player. Jerome K. Jerome and Morley Roberts tried profession after profession before they dipped their pens into "ile." R. M. Ballantyne wrote his first book in one of the outposts of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, in "The Great Lone Land," solely to please his mother. Marie Corelli's "Romance of Two Worlds" was published by George Bentley only after it had been condemned by his "readers"—Hall Caine, amongst others. G. R. Sims won his way to fame from a desk in the city. With few exceptions, the story is always the same—pluck and perseverance—English Paper.

A Costly Clerk.

There are two sides to every question. Young men can talk very glibly about how much the master makes out of their labor, but very rarely do they consider how much he sometimes loses.

Mr. Richard Tangye, in an article written by him, incidentally illustrates this. An American invented the "special" steam pump—a pump now used in almost every part of the world. He came to England to get it manufactured. Manchester was the nearest place to which he bore a letter of introduction.

He found the works he wanted, and went into the office. A youth there seemed to be in no hurry to notice him, but at length turning round he said:—

"Well?"

"I guess I want Mr. A."

"Mr. A—" said he, with a sneer. "I guess Mr. A—has been dead these ten years!"

The American, thinking doubtless, that no sensible master would tolerate such a boor, left and carried his scheme to Messrs. Tangye, who reaped a big harvest from the manufacture themselves, after paying the pleasure of paying the inventor £3,000 in royalties.

In one direction that clerk did a very effective day's work when he vented that sneer.

Russia's Teeming Millions.

The population of Russia at the beginning of this year numbers about 124,000,000 souls. These are distributed in the following manner: In the fifty governments of Russia in Europe there are about 89,000,000 inhabitants; in the Vistula country, 8,900,000; in the Caucasus, 8,000,000; in Siberia, 4,750,000; in Asia, 6,100,000, and in Finland, 2,380,000.

These figures are worthy of note. The Russian army in time of peace numbers about 820,000 men, which, compared to the population, is but a small number. Other countries, such as Germany and France, have already more than 1 per cent. of their populations permanently with the colors. Should the Czar one day, by the single stroke of the pen, choose to follow the example of other European powers, he would be in command of by far the largest number of men under one sovereign in the world.

The Laws Do Change.

A man, was up for stealing a horse. "Yours is a very serious offence," said the judge to him, very sternly; "fifty years ago it was a hanging matter."

"Well," replied the prisoner, with a certain logical reasonableness, "fifty years hence it mayn't be a crime at all."

A Good Many Will Try.

"I'm afraid there will be a great many people out of work this winter," said the philanthropist.

"Yes," answered the editor, as gloom swept over his face, "and every one of them will undertake to write spring poetry."

He Dispatches the Trains

That Connect Two Great Oceans.

Though a Man of Advanced Years, Paine's Celery Compound Maintains Him at the Post of Duty.

Mr. G. Swain, Station Master at Winnipeg for the Canadian Pacific Railway, is Made a New Man—The Doctors Failed—Scores of Medicinal Preparations Were Tried and Proved Useless—Paine's Celery Compound Works a Wonderful Cure.



STATION MASTER G. SWAIN.

Mr. G. Swain, the veteran Station Master at Winnipeg, is one of the old and tried officials of the great Canadian Pacific Railway. He left England in 1853, and settled in Montreal, where he entered the service of the Grand Trunk Railway Co., spending over twenty years of his life with Canada's pioneer railway corporation. In 1880 Mr. Swain went to the Northwest and settled in Winnipeg, where his experience in railroading secured for him his present position.

Mr. Swain, though a man of extraordinary physique and giant strength, was some time ago made as helpless as a child, from the sufferings and agonies of rheumatism, to which terrible disease he had been a slave for fifteen years.

After utter failures with doctors and medicine, he was induced by Capt. Douglas, the genial proprietor of the Leland House, to try Paine's Celery Compound.

The trial proved wonderful; the results and cure perfect.

Mr. Swain, although sixty-seven years of age, is now as smart as any man of forty, and can do more work in a day than the majority of younger men. All this new life, renewed strength, younger looks, perfect sleep, and good digestive vigor, is the direct result of using Paine's Celery Compound, the great medicine that makes people well.

Mr. Swain, in a very recent letter, says:—"Last winter I was in bed suffering from rheumatism. Having tried scores of prescriptions from doctors and neighbors, I was at last induced to try your Paine's Celery Compound. I was immediately relieved of my pains which, I am glad to say, have not returned since. Having been a slave to rheumatism for fifteen years, I am now able to do as big a day's work as any man. I recommend this wonderful remedy to all suffering humanity. I attribute my present condition to a careful use of your Compound. It saved much money and gave me much comfort."

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