

Poor Langham, with the prize fairly within his grasp, found that he lacked the courage to retain it. And so the next morning, instead of the pleasantly anticipated call from her accepted lover, the unfortunate Rose was shocked to receive a pessimistic letter announcing that the engagement had not survived the night. To the casual reader it would seem that such a man as Langham would be impossible. But that Amiel was just such a person his elaborate Journal fully reveals. And Professor Mark Pattison has given his testimony that Amiel was not alone in his experiences, for six months after the Journal was published he wrote, "I can vouch that there is in existence at least one other soul which has lived through the same struggles mental and moral as Amiel."

Among the very large number of persons who come upon the stage in the action of this very remarkable book several besides the Squire, Grey, and Langham may have been suggested by persons whom the author knew. But the prototypes of these three are the only ones which really enter, in a vital way,

into the actual construction of the novel. "But who was the real Elsmere?" one naturally asks. Many attempts have been made to identify this good preacher or that worthy reformer with the famous character, much to the annoyance of the author, who really created Elsmere out of the influences already described. The real Elsmere would be obviously one whose religious views were molded by Mark Pattison and Thomas H. Green, and one who was profoundly interested in, if not influenced by, the strange self-distrust of Amiel. The real Elsmere would be also one whose religious convictions led inevitably to the desire to perform some practical service to mankind. Such an Elsmere exists in the person of Mrs. Ward herself, who is to-day regarded by the workers and associates of the Passmore Edwards Settlement, in Tavistock Place, London, with very much the same love and gratitude as Elsmere won from the people of Elgood Street. For this beneficent institution was a direct result of the novel, and owes its existence to Mrs. Ward's energetic and influential efforts.

A SONG IN EXILE

BY

MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

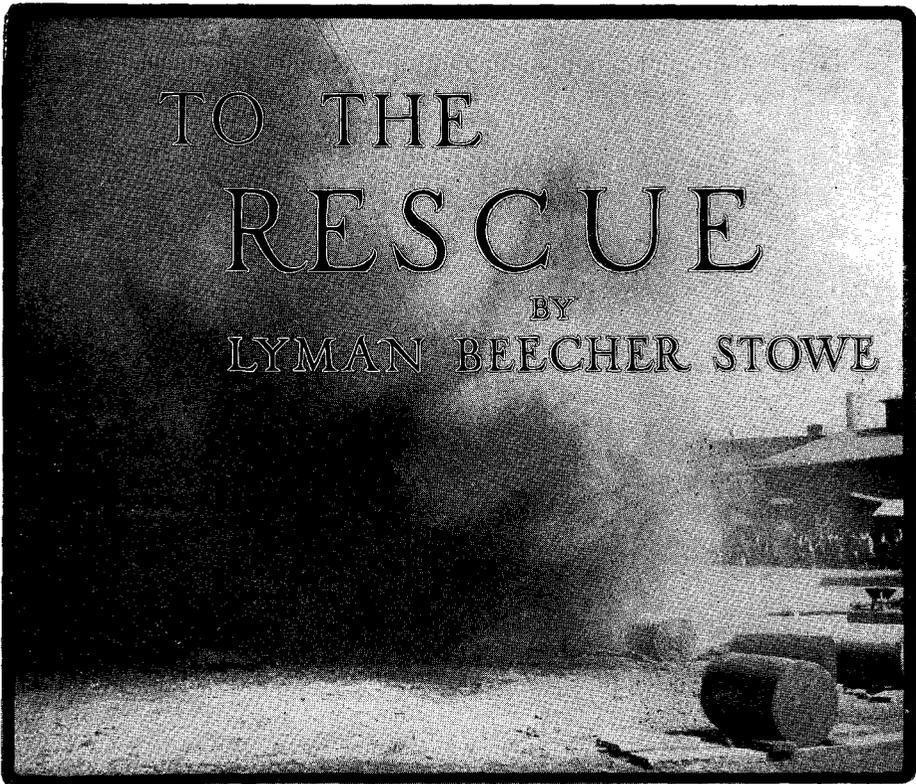
Oh, they that leave their fathers' land, new friends and homes to find them,
They turn their faces to the sea, but leave their hearts behind them.
Their hearts lie buried in the fields, along the blackthorn hedges,
Beside the brooks where rushes cool crowd close about the edges.
They're rooted in the holy soil, the green soil, of the sireland.
Who turn their faces to the West must leave their hearts in Ireland.

The West is wide and rich and free, a grand land—but a cold land.
I hunger for the warmth of love that's found but in the old land.
I hunger for the linnet's song across the sunlit spaces,
I want the sights and sounds of home, the dear familiar faces.
At twilight how the heart stirs—when the angelus is calling,
And on the misty Irish fields the silver dew is falling!

Ashore machree! The sea's between, and foreign skies are o'er me,
But in the night I feel my heart throb in the land that bore me.
I feel it beating strong beneath the shamrocks and the mosses,
It clings about my people's bones beneath the Irish crosses.
It calls and calls across the sea, to come home to the sireland,
The haunted hills, the singing winds, the smiling skies of Ireland.

TO THE RESCUE

BY
LYMAN BEECHER STOWE



NOT long ago I mentioned the great unnecessary loss of life in our coal mines to a man who holds a responsible position in a large corporation. He replied: "Yes; but, after all, it's not so serious, because most of the men killed are ignorant foreigners who can be easily replaced." That this man is a kind husband and father and an honest man of business I have every reason to believe. It is not heart he lacks so much as imagination. If every one had the same lack, much of what I have here to say might as well be left unsaid. Mr. Robert Watchorn, a man at the opposite pole from this man, some months ago, in an article entitled "The Cost of Coal in Human Life," presented to Outlook readers a graphic picture of the extent of this unnecessary loss of life and its effect in sorrow and privation upon thousands of women and children—the widows and orphans of those miners who "can be easily replaced." Unless it be the man quoted above and his ilk, no one could have read Mr. Watchorn's article without asking himself, "Is nothing

being done to remedy these inhuman conditions?" Something is being done, as it is my purpose here to show. The Federal Government has at last come to the rescue of the miners.

We have heard much of late of the conservation of our natural resources. By natural resources we commonly mean coal and iron, silver and gold, water and trees, and the like. That human life is not only a natural resource, but the fundamental resource without which all others would be useless, is not generally realized. To save natural resources without saving human lives is like feeding the horse and starving the man who drives him. To save coal and waste the lives of the men who mine it would be indeed an anomaly in modern civilization. Fortunately, it would be not only an anomaly but an impossibility. Just in proportion as we waste coal we waste the lives of the miners. Just in proportion as we save coal we save the lives of the men who mine it. In this great work the commercial economists and the humanitarians meet on common ground.