

unanimously given the vote to every man and woman over 25 years of age, and have also given women full equality before the law, and the right of holding every office in the State.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

DIVIDING WATERS.*

"Ich habe dich so endlos lieb," he repeated. "Kannst du mich auch lieb haben?"

"I love you!" she answered, fearlessly, and kissed him.

Such was Norah Ingestre's brief courtship and betrothal.

But the question put and answered each in its native tongue, is typical of the dividing waters of nationality which penetrated, alas, far more deeply than mere surface speech. Norah Ingestre, the daughter of a tiresome country parson, fretted with the narrow confines of her life, informs the man who loves her, and whom it was a thousand pities she would not marry:—

"I am going away to Karlsburg in Germany—as a companion."

"To Germany! Why do you want to go there?"

"Because I do not want to vegetate here."

"Norah, you will hate it. You will hate their manners and customs, their ways, and they will treat you like a servant."

But Norah on her arrival at the house of Frau von Arnim writes to her mother:

"I never realised before how true it is that all men are brothers; I used to believe that we English were the only people who counted the only nice people."

This fraternal feeling with the race, culminated in the question and answer given above. The questioner being Captain von Arnim of the Artillery.

The news of her engagement, which she hurries home to announce, is not received with any favour in the country parsonage.

The Rev. John rose with dignity:

"Norah—you—you are talking nonsense," he jerked out. "I cannot believe you know what you are saying. A—a—foreigner—a—a man of whom I know nothing."

"Frau von Arnim, his mother, is the best woman I have ever known except mother," Norah broke in. "As to Wolff —"

"Wolff!" her brother laughed loudly. "Just think of it, people! 'Wolff,' for my brother-in-law. A German boulder in the family. Many thanks!"

Norah in spite of everything marries the man she has chosen, and finds herself established in a stuffy little flat in Karlsburg, and felt that the cheap little suite of plush furniture gave no hope of looking better even with the most careful

arrangement, and she was sure that fact was patent to all.

This was the first wave of the dividing waters. Seven months after she assures him that she could not live without him.

He lifted his face searching hers with keen hungry eyes, in which she read doubt and dawning fear.

"Is that true, Norah?"

"Yes; it is true."

"Be honest with me. Am I so much to you that you can be happy with me—with my people, and in my home and country?"

The hint of war between England and Germany brings about the climax of their estrangement, and Norah torn between conflicting claims, in a moment of impulse, flies back to the country parsonage.

Her freedom of action misunderstood by her husband's friends caused a scandal to be circulated about her perfectly innocent relations with Captain Arnold, and Wolff defends his wife's honour in a duel, in which he is fatally wounded. Torn with remorse Norah returns to his dying bed.

He tried to lift her hand as if he would have kissed it, but his strength failed him and he lay still, with his head resting peacefully against her breast. Love had pronounced the last triumphant word, and the sea between them had rolled away for ever.

H. H.

THE THREE RULERS.

I saw a ruler take his stand
And trample on a mighty land;
The People crouched before his beck,
His iron heel was on their neck.
His name shone bright through blood and pain,
His sword flashed back their praise again.

I saw another Ruler rise—
His words were noble, good and wise;
With the calm sceptre of his pen
He ruled the minds and thoughts of men:
Some scoffed, some praised—while many heard,
Only a few obeyed his word.

Another Ruler then I saw—
Love and sweet Pity were his law:
The greatest and the least had part
(Yet most the unhappy) in his heart—
The People in a mighty band,
Rose up, and drove him from the land!

ADELAIDE ANN PROCTER.

COMING EVENT:

August 30th.—Irish Nurses' Association. Weekly meeting of Standing Committee on National Insurance Bill. 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. 8 p.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning, but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing.—George Eliot.

* By I. A. R. Wylie. (Mills & Boon, London, W.)

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