

## OUTSIDE THE GATES.

## WOMEN.

We have had several letters from nurses, thanking us for bringing to their notice the new departure of the *Standard*, which now grants free press rights to women, by the daily publication of "The Woman's Platform." We are pleased to know that they now take the paper, and greatly value the free discussions on the Woman's Movement.

Mrs. Fawcett has an inspiring article on "1912" in *The Englishwoman*. She writes:—"It will be a momentous year in the history of Women's Suffrage. It offers the best chance of success in the House of Commons that Suffragists have ever had.

"It is, therefore, with feelings almost of awe that the great host of women who have worked so many decades earnestly and persistently for women's enfranchisement, come within sight of their goal. The forces that are working with us are stronger than they have ever been before. The conviction is growing to overpowering strength that women's suffrage is bound to come, and come soon, and this in itself unnerves our opponents and puts new strength and courage into suffrage ranks.

"England has the credit of having invented modern representative institutions; may she also have the credit of being the first of the Great Powers to extend their benefits to women. The women suffragists all over the world are watching. One, a Scandinavian, writes to me:

In this moment you fight for all of us: we all—far away and close by—are depending on your success. We all ought to be on our knees to ask that you have your best strength in these moments. I think on you and England almost from morning to night.

Another writes:

We all hope for your getting the suffrage almost as much as we hope for ourselves. Your suffrage is won for all the world. The women of every country shall profit by it.

How happy those of us who have worked, and paid, and suffered for this great human question! It has made fine stuff for future electorates.

Dr. Elizabeth Thompson Fraser, assistant bacteriologist at the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, has been awarded a Beit Memorial Fellowship of the value of £250, tenable for three years.

From the 24th February to the 24th March, 1912, an exhibition, embracing all women's work, will be held in the exhibition rooms of the Zoological Gardens, at Berlin. The space devoted to nursing exhibits is small, but will undoubtedly, from what we know of our German sisters, be well filled. The exhibition should be well worth a visit from anyone who is fortunate enough to be in Berlin at the time.

THE SEVENTH  
MARCHIONESS OF RIVIÈRE.

"A VERY PARFITE GENTLE KNIGHT."

(Continued from page 538.)

Andrea stood expectant within the grove, her left elbow on the gate bar, her cheek on her hand, and watched the horseman approach. The bridle path by which he must pass through the pastures was within a yard of her, and here was a gate which he must unlatch before he could go on his way.

As the rider came nearer she noticed that he wore the pink of the Beauvais hunt, and that man and beast had had a good day. You could not live in a fine sporting district without knowing blood stock when you saw it, in either man or beast, and the fastidious stepping over heavy ground of the horse, and the seat of its master, pleased Andrea.

Devoid of sentiment, she was impregnated with romance. Romance was associated in her mind with so many fine things—with courage—patience—idealism—fantasy. To adventure for the weak—to fight for losing causes—to live in outer darkness for them—and if needs be to die—tortured for them—and yet always to be conqueror in life, and in death!

Here in imagination came riding "a very parfite gentle knight"—pale and pensive he was—chivalrous and gallant he must also be.

The "belovèd beast" and her master came to a standstill before the gate.

Why yet awhile withdraw the latch—although one must inevitably ride on into the night?

Here through the leafless twigs of overhanging trees, the tender grey of a dying day suffused an atmosphere of elemental calm.

Rest here awhile.

All the here and the hereafter know not rest.

Thus met casually two human beings—to meet once in this life only. Without speech both realised the deathless force of an impassioned hour.

"This is *the* Belovèd—this woman with the face of a star," sang the heart of the man—yet smiling down at her he asked simply, "How far am I from Beauvais?"

"Seven miles."

Then he dismounted.

"Come out of the shadow," he said, "come—and light me a little distance on my way."

The woman stepped into the open. "So far as the mill I will go," said she.

Then they laughed joyfully, knowing full well to the end of all worlds would they go—and a wild bird scenting the coming of spring added blithe notes in harmony.

An enchanted hour? May be.

Few words passed between them.

By the old mill they were alone at the top of the world.

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