

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

Friday is the fateful day on which the Conciliation Bill (Women's Suffrage) is down for second reading in the House of Commons. Whips will be sent out by supporters and opponerts, and immense interest is being taken in the prospect of the Bill.

We wrote that paragraph in good faith. Alas! dear reader, pardon our credulity. On Wednesday, "very reluctantly" the Prime Minister "found it very difficult to resist the appeal" of the Leader of the Opposition, for one more day in which to discuss the Miners' Wage Bill—so the Suffrage Bill is postponed "to another Friday."

In a most touching and spiritual letter to the *Times*, Miss Elizabeth Robins points out the deep religious element in women's demand for the suffrage, and on Monday another great writer, Miss Beatrice Harraden, supports the contention that the ideal for which woman suffrage stands has come, through suffering, to be a religion. "It is" she adds, "the *Weltschmerz* of the women. It is the accumulated sense of bitter wrong and injustice, borne patiently, too patiently, for centuries, and now in England finding expression in deeds of disorder which would never have been perpetrated but for the deliberate policy of provocation persisted in by this Liberal Government during these last six years.

Side by side with the spiritual, we have the brute force argument put forth by Dr. Leonard Williams, of Harley Street. Writing under the heading of "Insurgent Hysteria" this most unsympathetic physician—like the panic-stricken magistrates—has only the remedy of the lunatic asylum to suggest for those women who claim the power of the vote to protect their souls and bodies from the ruthless control of such men.

The annual business meeting of the Women's Local Government Society took place at the Caxton Hall, S.W., on the 15th inst., delegates from 23 of the affiliated societies attended. On the motion of the Chairman, Mrs. W. N. Shard, who presided in the place of Lady Strachey, a resolution was adopted representing the urgency of the need for the Local Government Qualification Bill. The following resolution was referred to a committee for further consideration: "That, with a view to increasing the share of women in the administration of local government, a woman's 'approved society' for England, under the National Insurance Act be formed as a separate section of the Women's Local Government Society, financially independent."

We are pleased to note that many classes of women are alive to the desirability of managing the finances of their own approved societies—and hope trained nurses will not "like sheep be led astray."

THE SEVENTH
MARCHIONESS OF RIVIÈRE.

(Continued from page 196.)

BOUNDLESS AND BEAUTIFUL.

O Heavens!—O beautiful and boundless sky!
Upon whose breast stars and pale planets lie,
Unnumbered and innumerable, ever
Mocking with bright'ning eyes man's vain
endeavour!—

Thou radiant wilderness, through which the moon
Moves like a spirit, without voice or tune,
Accompanied, or song or choral shout,
Save what the universal spheres send out
For ages,—inaudible, though vast and deep,—
Thou world of worlds; within whose arms the sun
Awakens; and, when his bright task is done,
Like a reposing child, lies down to sleep,
Amongst thy golden bowers! —

— O gentle Heaven!
Art thou indeed the home,—the happy shore
Where creatures wearied of the earth are driven,—
Where Hate is not,—where Envy cannot soar,
And nought save unimaginable Love,
And tenderest peace (a white and winged dove),
And beauty and perennial bloom are seen,
And angels breathing in Elysian air
Divinest music, and young shapes more fair
Than Hours pacing soft through pathways ever
green!

* * * * *

Andrea closed the book and her eyelids, and slipped in search of Heaven, through the portal of dreams. Long had the moon moved like a radiant spirit through the cobalt of the boundless and beautiful, her lustre paling as the sun awaked, heralded by light, "Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure—Sprung from the deep." As she passed she wondered if "tenderest peace, that white and winged dove," was what she sought.—The night was far spent, yet through her open casement the ceaseless sounds of life "like a wind that charges the flood" lashed her spirit. The echo of tired feet, the last shudder of a woman's soul descending into hell, the cry of the weak to the strong, the clinging of trembling hands, the pitiful heart-broken gasps of little motherless children.—She would go quickly at the dawn—Love would be waiting—but *she would return.*

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She stepped out of the shadow, the fragrance of woodbine, of wild roses, of meadowsweet—drawn out by the dewy dawn, cast a veil about her. The scent of flowers, how celestial a garment! Her winged feet kissed the glistening dews of the silvered pastures, and through the gates of night and morning she came to where the cowslips grew.

Rivière was there.

Of what account the realms of earth in comparison with this Garden of Gold?—God was

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