

young colleague, sent Curt's mother a frequent and detailed account of the patient's state, which, somehow, seemed to make no progress.

A complete apathy had followed upon the brain-fever, and Curt seemed incapable of clear thought about anything. He never complained of pain, he alluded in no way to the past, named no one, and seemed to be completely calm—perhaps too calm. There was only one feeling which he expressed with energy, and that was a decided objection to receiving any news from home.

The most able doctors of the place had been called into consultation, and they had declared a change of air necessary. But his great weakness prevented the possibility of such a thing for a long time. It seemed as if all spirit of resistance, either mentally or bodily, was broken.

"He has evidently been unable to support the climate," said those who, as soon as Curt's illness was heard of, came to express their sympathy to the countess. The latter read upon every face how much they would have liked to ask her what on earth could have induced her to expose her only son to such useless danger. She received the expressed sympathy and the secret reproach with the same outward calm, and no one knew what she suffered the while. But her stately figure lost much of its roundness, and her brilliant black hair suddenly turned grey.

The summer was once more blooming out in all its fragrantcy, when at last the news came that Curt would soon be well enough to leave Constantinople. The mother's heart naturally longed for her son, but not a word came from him.

It was again the kind and amiable Frenchman who wrote to her, as soothingly as he could, and announced to her that her son was not yet able to write himself. Moreover, he had made up his mind to undertake a long journey, to visit the countries which the doctors considered advisable that he should visit, and he hoped this change of objects, as well as of air, would contribute to his complete recovery.

At first he would go to Greece, then to Sicily, and would probably spend the winter in Spain and in the south of France; "*Se rapprochant pourtant toujours de sa patrie et du cœur de sa mère.*" Thus concluded the Frenchman with a gracefully-turned phrase.

As the countess read this letter, a scalding tear stole down her cheek, and a silent agony came over the mother's heart, knowing as she did that her whole life's tenderness had rested upon this one head, and that, after all, she had done what she had thought was for the best. Gently, as an echo, did her soul hear again the words the nun had once spoken to her, "You might lose a son, instead of gaining a daughter."

But the countess was not one of those natures who give themselves up for a long time to self-reproach. She had acted according to what she considered her better judgment, and she looked upon all this as the necessary consequences of a painful duty—she had lived through the one, she would live through the other. "He will get over it," she said to herself, and to others she

explained: "It is necessary for his health that he should remain in southern climes for the present"; thus nipping off in the bud every expression of compassionate wonder.

She spoke to no one about it, not even to her true and kind friend, the chaplain. She had told him, in a few words, the change which had come over Nora's destiny and when, to his sorrow and surprise, he had found that, indeed, she had entered upon this new course of life, he had submitted to facts without being able to solve the problem.

About the same time a letter from the Superior arrived.

"I owe it to Nora to give you a word of explanation," she wrote, "as to the reasons which led the poor child to enter upon so sad, and to her, so terrible a path. She offered up a beautiful act of sacrifice upon the altar of filial love, for which, may God take her mercifully under His protection! Do not judge her too harshly! I tell you this for justice' sake, and beg you also to tell it your son. I am certain that if he be con-

vinced his love was not given unworthily, and that he has not been deceived, it will help to soothe the pain of the wound which this sad event has certainly inflicted upon him. God's wisdom has led it thus; but the two young hearts have a bitter cup to drink."

The countess threw the letter impatiently down.

"The good creature must have lost her senses in her blind affection for the girl. Just at this moment, when he is on the point of getting well, it would be folly to bring his mind back to all these things! It is wonderful to see how unpractical even clever people can be, when they live completely away from the world, alone with their own thoughts. Poor Sybil! she is certainly very ridiculous with her romantic ideas."

The countess was so practical that the letter was at once thrown into the fire, the letter which might have contributed to the fulfilment of her dearest wish, that of once more finding the road to her son's heart.

(To be continued.)

The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By William O'Brien)

CHAPTER XXVII.—A PEACE ORDER THAT WAS SPURNED.

We have now seen the two successive modes of aggression upon Sinn Féin—that of pin-pricks under Mr. Shortt and Mr. Macpherson, and that of uncontrolled ferocity under Sir Hamar Greenwood—in operation. While his faith in the virtues of the Black-and-Tans was still strong, Mr. Lloyd George resolved to extract one permanent result from the White Terror, and to make his old project for the division of Ireland into two provinces an accomplished fact. This he achieved by his Government of Ireland Act of 1920. It was carried without the support of a single vote from any section of representatives of the country of which it was to be the Act of Liberation stipulated for in President Wilson's Fourteen Points. The Act was equally detestable to North and South and was imposed upon both by main force. But to Sir Edward Carson it gave the satisfaction of a legislative acknowledgment once for all of the Two-Nations theory and to the Parliamentarians of the old Hibernian school it was enough to answer that the Act did precisely what they had themselves covenanted to do by their Headings of Agreement in 1916—namely, to separate the Six Counties from Nationalist Ireland.

The six Hibernian members of Parliament saved by the Northern Bishops from the wreckage of the General Election did everything that feeble inefficiency could do in the new Parliament to justify the Irish revolt against Parliamentary action. Their first master-stroke, having just been ruined by their enslavement to one English Party, was formally to enslave themselves to another—the English Labor Party, and to throw over the remnant of the unfortunate Liberals, because they were only a remnant. But under a leader of capacity, they might still have mustered a formidable opposition of Laborites, "Wee Frees," gallant democratic

friends of freedom like Commander Kenworthy and Captain Wedgwood Benn, and young Conservatives such as Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Aubrey Herbert, Mr. Moseley, and in a growing degree Lord Robert Cecil, who might have kept the House of Commons ringing with the atrocities in Ireland and obstructed, if not finally baffled, the Bill for the Partition of their nation. Parnell did such things as one of a group as small and without the support of half a dozen Englishmen. It was not merely that a Parnell of the first rate or of the fifth rate was missing. The trouble was that the sins of their days of power were haunting the Hibernians. What was Mr. Devlin to say in serious protest against a Bill which enacted that very surrender of the Six Counties to which his Party had solemnly consented, and which he in person, at the Belfast Convention, had thrust down the throats of the hypnotised Nationalists of the Six Counties themselves? That feat of inconsistency, however, would not have in itself overtasked his powers. He took a course in reference to the Bill as fatal to his reputation as a tactician as to his loyalty to principle. He withdrew himself and his Labor and Liberal friends from the Committee stage of the Bill, where they might have had their best chance of thwarting it, and only returned for the harmless formality of the Third Reading to declare in a speech of threadbare high heroics—he, the high priest of the Belfast Convention—that "they were face to face with a grave attempt to destroy the unity of their motherland, but they would meet that danger with courage and with incomparable resolution. They stood for freedom for Ireland, undivided and indivisible." "Partition," he finally described as "midsummer madness—rotten before it was born." In the meantime he was to find that in his absence and that of

Simson's

GIFTS FOR MEN AND BOYS. LARGEST SELECTION—LATEST STYLES—
LOWEST PRICES. THE LEADING OUTFITTERS

Feilding