

stammer or become muddled, it is because at times they do not find the proper word to define the inner tragedy that tortures them. Let us not enquire whether they are at first masks, and then throwing aside the mask they reveal their own true features and become men. This distinction would lead to ambiguity and, in any case, would not fail to be arbitrary. Let us rather regard these tormented and tormenting characters of Pirandello's as A. Franci thinks they ought to be regarded, namely, as men who have their part with us, sharing in our sorrows; as beings dwelling in an atmosphere normally artificial, and seeking to express what is so far inarticulate in them. As yet they have not succeeded in doing so; hence it is that they run, stumble, get up again, and fall, in ways that lead men to regard them as mere puppets controlled by the wires of a clever showman. But it cannot therefore be said that they will not succeed.

THE WINDS OF NAZARETH

ETHEL H. BUTLER

Blow, blow, O winds of Nazareth;
 O Galilean sea;
 O little winds of Nazareth
 Bring to my heart, to me,
 A love of all the lowly things,
 A vast simplicity.

Blow, blow, O Galilean winds;
 Blow with your gentle breath;
 The world's wild winds have vanquished me,
 And life is lost in death!
 And I would feel the little winds—
 The winds of Nazareth.