

correlations, leads us to no hope; we find in it only stern, relentless law; it has no feeling, and its end is certain death.

And what does it profit unless we keep alive those religious functions which conduct us to that other world of religious belief? As Mr. Howells has so perfectly said:

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt  
The blessed field of heaven where once my faith  
Possessed itself serenely safe from death;  
If I deny the things past finding out;  
Or if I orphan my own soul of One  
That seemed a Father, and make void the place  
Within me where he dwelt in power and grace,  
What do I gain, that am myself undone?

*H. S. Williams.*



## THE GIPSY TRAIL.

THE white moth to the closing bine,  
The bee to the opened clover,  
And the gipsy blood to the gipsy blood  
Ever the wide world over.

Ever the wide world over, lass,  
Ever the trail held true,  
Over the world and under the world,  
And back at the last to you.

Out of the dark of the gorgio camp,  
Out of the grime and the gray  
(Morning waits at the end of the world),  
Gipsy, come away!

The wild boar to the sun-dried swamp,  
The red crane to her reed,  
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad  
By the tie of a roving breed.

Morning waits at the end of the world,  
Where winds unhaltered play,  
Nipping the flanks of their plunging ranks  
Till the white sea-horses neigh.

The pied snake to the rifted rock,  
The buck to the stony plain,  
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad,  
And both to the road again.

Both to the road again, again!  
Out on a clean sea-track —  
Follow the cross of the gipsy trail  
Over the world and back!

Follow the Romany patteran  
North where the blue bergs sail,  
And the bows are gray with the frozen spray,  
And the masts are shod with mail.

Follow the Romany patteran  
Sheer to the Austral Light,  
Where the besom of God is the wild west wind,  
Sweeping the sea-floors white.

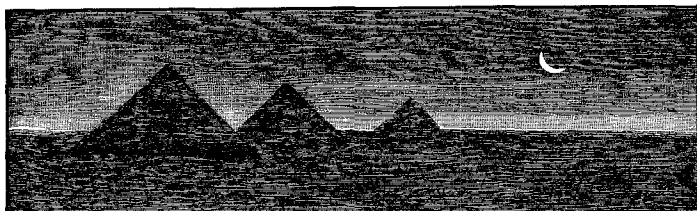
Follow the Romany patteran  
West to the sinking sun,  
Till the junk-sails lift through the houseless drift,  
And the east and the west are one.

Follow the Romany patteran  
East where the silence broods  
By a purple wave on an opal beach  
In the hush of the Mahim woods.

The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,  
The deer to the wholesome wold,  
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,  
As it was in the days of old.

The heart of a man to the heart of a maid —  
Light of my tents, be fleet!  
Morning waits at the end of the world,  
And the world is all at our feet!

*Rudyard Kipling.*



## BALCONY STORIES.

### THE BALCONY.



HERE is much of life passed on the balcony in a country where the summer unrolls in six moon-lengths, and where the nights have to come with a double endowment of vastness and splendor to compensate for the tedious, sun-parched days.

And in that country the women love to sit and talk together of summer nights, on balconies, in their vague, loose, white garments,—men are not balcony sitters,—with their sleeping children within easy hearing, the stars breaking the cool darkness, or the moon making a show of light—oh, such a discreet show of light!—through the vines. And the children inside, waking to go from one sleep into another, hear the low, soft mother-voices on the balcony, talking about this person and that, old times, old friends, old experiences; and it seems to them, hovering a moment in wakefulness, that there is no end of the world or time, or of the mother-knowledge; but illimitable as it is, the mother-voices and the mother-love and protection fill it all,—with their mother's hand in theirs, children are not afraid even of God,—and they drift into slumber again, their little dreams taking all kinds of pretty reflections

from the great unknown horizon outside, as their fragile soap-bubbles take on reflections from the sun and clouds.

Experiences, reminiscences, episodes, picked up as only women know how to pick them up from other women's lives,—or other women's destinies, as they prefer to call them,—and told as only women know how to relate them; what God has done or is doing with some other woman whom they have known—that is what interests women once embarked on their own lives,—the embarkation takes place at marriage, or after the marriageable time,—or, rather, that is what interests the women who sit of summer nights on balconies. For in those long-moon countries, life is open and accessible, and romances seem to be furnished real and gratis, in order to save, in a languor-breeding climate, the ennui of reading and writing books. Each woman has a different way of picking up and relating her stories, as each one selects different pieces, and has a personal way of playing them on the piano.

Each story *is* different, or appears so to her; each has some unique and peculiar pathos in it. And so she dramatizes and inflects it, trying to make the point visible to her apparent also to her hearers. Sometimes the pathos and interest to the hearers lie only in this—that the relater has observed it, and gathered it, and finds it worth telling. For do we not gather what we