

that beauty belonged to Time the Enemy as well as to eternity. But the monument endures and can still convey to us the poet's faith. The Urn remains to speak to the sons of time in our own generation a message that points beyond the temporal to the world of values that do not age.

NEVER WITH SUCH SPLENDID MUSIC

By ISOBEL McFADDEN

They do not know that they are young.
 They feel quite old—
 Poised and brisk,
 Boarding the trams and the puffing busses
 To a first job or an embryo career—
 Or walking under the leaves to lectures,
 Nonchalant and colourful,
 Among the grey buildings in the October suns.
 They feel quite old,
 With Scouts and Guides and family errands
 Leagues behind them in another era;
 With maturity
 Pressing a thin line above their eyes.

Not on any tomorrow will they feel so sure,
 Nor yet so frightened;
 So able to measure
 And put the sheep and the goats
 Into their proper pastures.
 Never again will the presumption be so wholly forgiven them.
 They do not look at the men and women about them,
 Nor listen to voices nor any sounds.
 Yet they will remember the faces and inflections
 When the books are shabby
 And the jobs done.
 Recall them as indelible backdrops of vision
 And find in remembering their solace or distress.
 They will taste richer moments
 And truer visions may startle them.
 But never with such splendid music!

Put forth no hand
 To halt the running of their joy
 Under the glad leaves
 In the October sun.