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 MFADDEN

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.