

All his happier dreams came true—
 A small old house, wife, daughter, son,
 Grounds where plum and cabbage grew,
 Poets and Wits about him drew;
'What then?' sang Plato's ghost. 'When then?'

'The work is done;' grown old he thought,
 'According to my boyish plan;
 Let the fools rage, I swerved in naught,
 Something to perfection brought';
But louder sang the ghost, 'What then?'

To sum up, as is proved by this and the other poems that have been quoted or alluded to, Yeats' attitude towards children was not rationalistic, or Puritan, or romantic, but profoundly humanistic and realistic. Aware of human strength, he was also aware of human weaknesses; aware of our reach for perfection, he was also aware of the limitations of our grasp of perfection when seen *sub specie aeternitatis*. He saw the child not as a species apart, but as one who shared the constant vulnerability and the occasional splendour of the whole human race.

THE FALL

Diane McLaren

Slicing in from an east wind
 The knife edge of snow pared days
 From a late March calendar.
 Winter held its yearly wrestling match
 With spring, nearly routing her
 In his frigid holds until the fall;
 The count acknowledged crocuses to come.