

impounds the city's water supply. There was a climb up a curving road to the summit of Mount Stromlo, site of the observatory and incidentally vantage ground for a comprehensive view of the far-flung Federal Territory. And lastly there was a visit to the nursery where were being nurtured thousands of trees and shrubs for the beautification of the city's streets and parks.

As we were whirled back in the evening to dinner and our waiting train, across the whole semi-circle of the western sky there radiated a glorious sunset, shot with blue and gold, a revelation of nature's beauty, viewed to the fullest advantage from the open rolling country traversed by our road. It was a fitting climax to the day's events, an augury of the splendid future which awaits this unique new city now emerging into a position of prominence among world capitals.

Night fell, and with it the chill of early spring descended on the valley of the Molonglo. In the darkness, our farewells taken, we made our way back to the railway station. Its tiny platform was well-nigh deserted. A few lights flickered feebly. Quietly as we had come, as quietly we departed. Canberra, a name, had become to us Canberra, a reality.

HATH HOPE KEPT VIGIL?

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Frail lilies that beneath the dust so long
Have lain in cerements of musk and slumber,
While over you hath fled the viewless throng
Of hours and winds and voices out of number.

Pulseless and dead in that enswathing dark
Hath hope kept vigil at your core of being?
Did the germ know what unextinguished spark
Held these white blooms within its heart unseeing?

Once more into the dark when I go down,
And deep and deaf the black clay seals my prison,
Will the numbed soul foreknow how light shall crown
With strong young ecstasy its life new risen?