

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change nor falter nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory.

The concluding lines of "Prometheus Unbound" by Percy Bysshe Shelley. Written out by Rosemary Ratcliffe, Jan. 1956.

Miss Rosemary Ratcliffe, London.

BEAUTY
is the quality
which makes
to endure

Percy J. Smith, London.