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**MUSIC I HEARD**  
 By Conrad Aiken

Music I heard with you was more than music,  
 And bread I broke with you was more  
 than bread;  
 Now that I am without you, all is desolate;  
 All that was once so beautiful is dead.

Your hands once touched this table and  
 this silver,  
 And I have seen your fingers hold this glass.  
 These things do not remember you, beloved,  
 And yet your touch upon them will not pass.

For it was in my heart you moved among  
 them,  
 And blessed them with your hands and with  
 your eyes;  
 And in my heart they will remember always—  
 They knew you once, O beautiful and wise.

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consuming joe-jobs of cataloguing, pasting in book-pockets and plates, patching up old volumes. These routine tasks will be done at headquarters more efficiently and economically. The book purchasing will go through the central office, for books, like others things, are "cheaper by the dozen."

With a larger budget the librarian is going to find that better-bound books last longer; that cheap editions are often unreadable; that most cut-rate books aren't worth even that price. She will still choose titles and accept borrowers' requests. Book buying and technical book purchases beyond her scope will channel through headquarters and she'll get her books on the library shelves in double quick time.

You see, a centralized library has all the oft-debated virtues of the consolidated school without its chief drawback of distance. Here the books take bus to your crossroads.

Unfortunately, too many libraries try to build on too small a base. A population of 10,000 is an economic figure. These libraries take in a village, say, when a far more efficient unit would be one or more townships, the entire county. Or a whole region.

That's the newest trend in Ontario. The Provincial Library Service has pencilled in eleven regions, including those large districts in northern Ontario. (Many of these are bigger than any European country.) The larger unit whittles costs and increases the mileage on every book.

Who's to explain all the details?

The Provincial Library Service, 278 Davenport Road, Toronto, has the answers. Director William A. Roedde has had wide experience in rural library service, with Fort William as his base. Or there's Barbara Smith who specializes in children's library work. Or June Munro, recently appointed Supervisor of Ex-

tension Service after several years with the Canadian Library Association in Ottawa.

Miss Munro has had a variety of library experience in Ontario, beginning as a high school Page in the Sault Ste. Marie Public Library. She attended Library School, later worked with children in the London Public Library and Leaside. On loan from London, Miss Munro set up the Ajax Public Library and that's the sort of work she's doing now, on a provincial scale.

It takes a lot of letter writing and travelling around, a lot of reading, to keep abreast of her subject. It calls for tact and patience to deal with trustees who fear their autonomy is slipping, and with local librarians who suspect that progress will push them out into the cold.

It's to help the librarians in small Ontario libraries that short courses in library service are held in various parts of the Province. That, too, is part of Miss Munro's new job. But you have to ask for them. Like County Libraries, like increased grants, no one is forcing them on you.

Impetus for any increase in library facilities must come from the people who will foot the bill. Women's Institutes have had enough experience in co-operatives to know that co-operation doesn't always come about peaceably.

Larger library units do make sense and the returns are happily far out of proportion to the investment. Reading is still the key to information and entertainment, to increased awareness, and to new friends both in and out of books.

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**TWILIGHT**

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The twilight is sad and cloudy,  
 The wind blows wild and free,  
 And like the wings of sea-birds  
 Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage  
 There shines a ruddier light,  
 And a little face at the window  
 Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,  
 As if those childish eyes  
 Were looking into the darkness,  
 To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow  
 Is passing to and fro,  
 Now rising to the ceiling,  
 Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,  
 And the night-wind, bleak and wild,  
 As they beat at the crazy casement,  
 Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,  
 And the night-wind, wild and bleak,  
 As they beat at the heart of the mother,  
 Drive the colour from her cheek?

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