RICHARD JEFFRIES.

A hapless Greek, loathing Art's usurpature
Of beauty in the world; who loved the lure
Of fields and hills and seas, with eyes too pure.
To bear our hideous mask, flat in inflature
Of folly and filth. His was the candidature
For the old life, when the world's heart beat sure
Against the sunny sky, in the mature
Worship of Beauty, soul and veil of Nature.

Bitter our world was to him, who saved still
The Golden World of eld, the mystic Hill
Of Olympus, navel of the Ægean Sea.
What was his portion in our baser part?
Death. And what slew him? This: he broke his heart
Against the eternal rock of Ecstasy.