RICHARD JEFFRIES.



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.