

## FRANCIS THOMPSON

of human, for he was too early in his career marked for martyr. There is the note of cricket-time in his earlier life, and how long this attached to the physical delights of his being cannot be told here. His eyes were lodged too far in heaven to have kept the delights for long, to have comprehended all that clogged his impatiently mercurial feet.

“The abashless inquisition of each star” was the scrutiny that obsessed his ways, the impertinence that he suffered most; for he had the magnitude of soul that hungered for placement, and the plague of two masters was on him. Huntress and “Hound” he had to choose between, beauty and the insatiable Prince; harsh and determined lovers, both of them, too much craving altogether for an artistic nature. The earth had no room for him and he did not want heaven so soon. He was not saint, even though his name followed him even, for recognition.

“Stood bound and helplessly, for Time to shoot his barbed minutes at me, suffered the trampling hoof of every hour,” etc., all this confided to some childish innocent in “The child’s kiss”. Whom else should he tell but a child? Where is the man or woman with understanding but has the “child” lodged somewhere for sympathy, for recognition? The clearest listener he could find, and the least commiserative, happily. “The heart of childhood, so divine for me”, is but typical of a being so dragged, and emaciate with the tortures of the body,