

fortune. His father was dead; and, though his mother had cherished the hope that he would become a bishop, she suffered her disappointment quietly. He began at once to practise several arts, and satisfied both himself and the public in his practice of them. So he had no quarrel with the world so far as his own well-being was concerned; indeed he can be compared, for universal good fortune, only with his famous contemporary Leo Tolstoy. And he was like Tolstoy too in this, that his private happiness could neither enervate nor satisfy him. Some men rebel against society because they are unhappy; but Tolstoy and Morris put away their happiness to rebel. Each of them in his own earthly Paradise heard the voice of unhappiness outside it; each saw evil in the world which made his own good intolerable to him.

They rebelled for different reasons; and to many they have both seemed irrational in their rebellion, for they were both drawn from work for which they had genius to work for which they had none. Tolstoy was not born to be a saint, nor was Morris born to be a revolutionary, and the world has lamented the perverse waste of natural powers