

without the things we could not have, and the really big things of life took up so much of our time and thoughts that we could afford to do without the rest." But all too soon those joyous days of youth came to an end, and, with his removal to a new house in Kensington, the stress of life seemed to begin. In 1867, when the painter had entered on his thirty-fifth year—*nel mezzo, del cammin*—he settled at the Grange, Fulham, which was to remain his home during the last thirty years of his life. Here he worked happily for "seven more blessed years," untroubled by exhibitions and hanging committees, by critics and interviewers, painting great pictures for the few patrons who were wise enough to see the beauty of his art. Chief among them was one of rare gifts and noble character, who became an intimate friend of the artist—Mr. William Graham—for whom *The Days of Creation*, *Chant d'Amour*, *Laus Veneris*, and many more of Burne-Jones's finest works, were painted. So great was his enthusiasm for his friend's work that one day he went up to a picture in the studio, which had been lately finished, and kissed it. There was one little drawing of a blessed soul stooping down to welcome her lover on the golden floor of heaven, which he always begged the artist to paint on a larger scale. The work was never done, but when Mr. Graham died, in 1885, Burne-Jones made a lovely little picture of the subject and dropped it in his friend's grave without saying a word to any one.

After the first exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, the painter suddenly awoke to find himself famous, and the stream of visitors which flowed to the Grange increased every year. Strangers of distinction from all parts of the world, French artists and critics, German and Belgian authors, writers from the remote provinces of Finland and Russia, came to see the artist whose romantic fancy had for them so great a fascination. Many more were attracted by the charm of the man and the glamour of his presence. He gave more to his friends than most people—in sympathy, understanding and affection—and no man was ever loved more deeply and enduringly in