

triumph to his artist friend. Still more memorable was the day when Burne-Jones first saw Rossetti's water-colour of *Dante drawing Beatrice*, in Mr. Combe's house at Oxford. Here he felt was a man who did all that he longed to do, and who was actually living at the present time. From that moment Burne-Jones resolved to be a painter, and thought only how soon he could escape from Oxford and begin to draw. A tour which he took with Morris, in the summer of 1855, among the cities and cathedrals of Northern France, confirmed this resolution, and early in the following year he settled in town with the fixed intention of devoting his life to art. In January 1856 the first number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, a periodical which owed its existence to Morris and his set, appeared, and contained a brilliant essay on Thackeray's "Newcomes," from the pen of Burne-Jones. The writer spoke with "deepest thankfulness and reverence of such great men as Tennyson and Holman Hunt, of Ruskin and Carlyle and Kingsley, who have led on this most godly crusade against falsehood, doubts and wretched failures, against hypocrisy and mammon and lack of earnestness," and wound up his stirring appeal with an eloquent allusion to the poet-painter, Rossetti. "Why," he asked, "is his name so seldom on the lips of men? If only we could hear him oftener, live in the light of his power a little longer!" A week or two later the young enthusiast met Rossetti at the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street, and the next day paid a visit to the artist's studio in Blackfriars.

Burne-Jones always loved to recall that first meeting with the god of his adoration and to dwell on the joy and wonder of those days when he and Morris literally sat at the feet of their great leader.

Then Rossetti came, and took me away to paint. How we worshipped him! For he was truly an inspirer of others, a finder of hidden things, a revealer of light and discoverer of beauty, who fired hundreds with the same enthusiasm and kindled the divine spark in every breast. He it was who first taught me not to be afraid of my own ideas, but always be myself and do