

splendid venture, which he knew as well as you or I might fail, but with a glorious scorn of everything that was not his dream (i. 59).

In 1853 Burne-Jones went up to Oxford and met William Morris, who, like himself, was a freshman at Exeter College. Then the hard earth cracked under his feet. The two friends walked under the old College walls in the moonlight and thought it would be heaven to live and die there. Together they rambled along the river, full of enthusiasm for all that was holy and beautiful and true, and saw processions of monks and friars, of mediæval knights and ladies in all the pageantry of the golden age pass by in their dreams. But in one respect Burne-Jones was bitterly disappointed. He found no enthusiasm for the great religious revival which had lately passed over Oxford, none of the burning love and fervour which he had expected. Newman was gone and deadly stagnation had sunk upon the place. The lonely student longed to pour out his heart to some teacher, but found no one to whom he could turn. His college tutors were dull pedants with nothing human about them, who had no sympathy with his Catholic aspirations and shut their eyes to the beauty and meaning of the Greek myths which were for him a living reality. "The weight of that terrible dead time crushed me," he said, "and sick at heart and chilled to the bone I gave up all thoughts of taking Orders and sought consolation in other hopes and dreams." The little volumes which the painter treasured in memory of these Oxford days show us the new ideals that were fast springing up in his heart. There was an "In Memoriam," given him by Morris, two or three of Fouqué's tales, *Sintram* and *Sängerliebe*, and best of all, Malory's "*Morte d'Arthur*"—two little books in green silk binding, with the words "Edward Burne-Jones, Oxford, 1855," in his clear handwriting. The same shelf at The Grange held Pastor Meinhold's weird romance, "*Sidonia von Bork*," Rossetti's first series of Poems, "from his old friend Gabriel," and the copy of Fitzgerald's "*Omar Khayyam*," which Mr. Swinburne bought for two-pence on a bookstall near Leicester Square, and brought in