

his memory, and, with a strangely prophetic instinct, he built up cities and temples of stones and was reproved for calling them "Jerusalem."

I will not cease from mortal fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

At eleven Burne-Jones was sent to King Edward's School, where he had three great Bishops—Westcott, Lightfoot, and Benson—among his companions. But no master took the trouble to explain *Cæsar* and *Virgil* to him, and the shy, sensitive child pored over Greek and Latin myths in solitude, and read *Ossian* with his single friend, Mr. Cormell Price, in the old cemetery. A visit which he paid to Hereford, when he was fifteen or sixteen, came as a ray of light. Here he first attended a cathedral service, and "felt himself in Paradise for an hour." And here, too, he first read Newman's sermons, which made a profound and lasting impression upon his mind. One day at the Grange, more than forty years afterwards, a guest expressed some contempt at a remark which Newman had made to Martineau, "that without belief in the Church his outlook on human life would be altogether black." Upon which Burne-Jones exclaimed: "I agree with him entirely, and think him all the greater for having said so. Without a sense of the spiritual force round us, my outlook on life would be one of pure despair." After that the painter made me realise how much he owed to the great Cardinal whose name he revered to his dying day.

In an age of sofas and cushions, Newman taught me to be indifferent to comfort; and in an age of materialism he taught me to venture all on the unseen, and this so early that it was well with me when life began, and I was equipped before I went to Oxford with a real good panoply, and it has never failed me. So if this world cannot tempt me with money or luxury—and it can't—or anything it has in its trumpety treasure-house, it is most of all because he said it in a way that touched me, not scolding nor forbidding, nor much leading—walking with me a step in front. So he stands to me as a great image or symbol of a man who never stooped and who put all this world's life in one