

EDWARD BURNE-JONES¹

FORTY years ago a young English poet dedicated a book of poems and ballads to an almost unknown artist, named Edward Burne-Jones, and asked his friend in a lyric of impassioned verse to "receive in his palace of painting this revel of rhymes." To-day the same poet, true to the friends of his youth, inscribes his last poems to the memory of William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones. The interval that has elapsed between the publication of Mr. Swinburne's two volumes embraces the whole of the painter's public career. When they first appeared, in 1865, many readers were puzzled to know who this artist could be of whom they had never heard. Now Burne-Jones has been dead six years, but his name is a household word—"the seal of his glory is sure"—and no one needs to be enlightened as to the poet's meaning.

Burne-Jones himself always said that no record of an artist's life was necessary.

A man's true home is the city which he loves best, the people whom he chooses for his friends are his real family. The facts of life are merely the hard blows and obstacles which have blocked the path and stood in his way, and it is only by studying his works that you read his true story and learn all that he wished and longed to be. There you have the man's real life, his Day of Judgment and his final doom.

But since he realised that sooner or later some biography of him would be expected, he wished his wife to write it,

¹ "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones," by G. B.-J. Macmillan. 1904.