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of joy may bathe your life with gladness. Yours may be a happiness which becomes more serene and satisfying as your days multiply. Yours may be a youth of delightful aspiration, a manhood of satisfying honours, and an age of grateful retrospect. To this end these pages are written. Surely this is an end worthy of the labour, and worthy of the few hours of earnest thought on your part to which you are invited.

Even hopeful men are anxious about England at this time. There is a frost of scepticism touching the young mind of England. There is a dread of enthusiasm which bodes ill. Young men stand in our great cities amid juggling expedients, glittering pretences, specious deceits, unscrupulous graspings after wealth or position; the tides of temptation flow fast around them; a high civilisation has made wickedness very facile and seductive; veteran experts in vice are found everywhere, and the very streets are allowed to be fevered walks of lustful solicitation. A man, therefore, who is indifferent to the moral dangers of young men is no friend to his country.

On the threshold of the theme I speak to you, not of something belonging to others, but of that which emphatically belongs to yourself. You are mysteriously endowed with an existence in which the grandest and the most terrific possibilities are