

were ready to escape from a narrow and intolerant fanaticism into that equally narrow and intolerant revolutionist infidelity which has for the last eighty years usurped the sacred name of Liberty.

There were those among both parties who received at once from Mr. Helps's book an influence none the less powerful because it calmed and subdued. It was new and wholesome for many, then in hot and hasty youth, to find the social problems which were so important to them equally important to a man of a training utterly different from theirs, and approached by him in a proportionally different temper. They were inclined at first to accuse that temper of dilettantism. It had no tincture of Cambyse's vein, none even of Shelley's. It threatened not thrones, principalities, nor powers. It promised not to build up an elysium on their ruins. The sneer of lukewarmness rose to many men's lips; and the playful interludes which were interspersed throughout the volumes seemed to justify their suspicions. Were not these mere fiddlings while Rome was burning? impertinent interruptions to the one great work of setting the world to rights out of hand?

But, as they read on, they found themselves compelled to respect the writer's temper more and more, even though it seemed to lack fiercer and bolder qualities which they valued (and rightly) in some of their own friends. They were forced to confess at the outset that Mr. Helps did not approach social problems in that spirit of selfish sentimentalism which regards the poor and the awful as divinely ordained means by which the rich and the superstitious may climb to heaven. Neither did he approach them in the spirit (if the word spirit can be used of aught so spiritless) of that "*philosophie du néant*," the old *laissez-faire* political economy which taught men, and taught little else, that it is good for mankind that the many should be degraded in order that the few may be rich. They saw that Mr. Helps had, like Mr. John Stuart Mill, righteous and chivalrous instincts, which forbade them both to accept the reasonableness of any reasoning which proved that. They saw, too, that both possessed elements of strength which they themselves lacked, namely, calm and culture; a calm and a culture which did not interfere with a deep tenderness for the

sorrows and follies of mankind, and with a deep indignation now and then at their wrongs; but which tamed them and trained them to use, converting them, to quote from memory an old simile of Mr. Carlyle's, "from wild smoke and blaze into genial inward heat."

I do not wish to push further the likeness between two remarkable men. But I am certain that many who owe much to them both, will feel that the influence of both has been in some respects identical, and that they have learnt from both a valuable lesson on the importance, whether to the thinker or to the actor, of culture and calm.

It has been good then—to confine myself to Mr. Helps's book for many young men and women to be taught that it is possible to discuss, fairly and fully, questions all-important, many exquisitely painful, some seemingly well-nigh hopeless, without fury, even without flurry, that such a composure is a sign, not of carelessness, but of faith in the strength of right, and hope in its final triumph; that, as the old seer says, "he that believeth will not make haste," and that it is wise "not to fret thyself, lest thou be moved to do evil;" that all passion, even all emotion, however useful they may be in the very heat of battle, must be resolutely sent below, and clapt under hatches, if we intend to ascertain our own ship's position, or to reconnoitre the strength of our enemies; that only by a just patience in preparation, can we save from disaster an equally just fierceness in execution; that without *σωφροσύνη*, even *θῦμος*, "the root of all the virtues," is of no avail: because without it we shall not have truly seen the object on which the *θῦμος* is to work; shall not have looked at it on all sides, or taken measure of its true proportions. Good it was for them, too, to find, as they read on through Mr. Helps's books, that those sides, those proportions could only be ascertained by much culture, much reading, observation, reflection, concerning many men and many matters; that the scholar and the man of the world were probably as necessary now to the safe direction of human affairs, as they ever have been; that the weakness of the average ideologue lay in this—not that he had too many ideas, but too few; that the danger now as always, lay not in "latitudinarianism" (whatever that may mean), but in bigotry; not in