

themselves in a braggart, assuming, blustering manner, which is as far removed from the bearing of an English gentleman, as that of Captain Bobadil from an English soldier. They have brought themselves to this enlightened belief: that goodness is a myth, purity a pretence, and honour a sham! There are great statesmen of all political parties in the land; there are great philanthropists of princely wealth, whose benevolence is blessing millions; there are great poets, who inspire the loftiest ardour; there are great scholars, who make all literature the heritage of this age; there are great painters, whose artistic nature is permeating modern life with pathos and beauty;—but no word of enthusiasm for greatness or goodness ever falls from the tongue of these braggadocios. They can lounge against pillars in public halls, or swagger on railway platforms, casting a leering gaze on the pure faces of Englishwomen, and a stony stare on men of unpretending greatness.

This book may induce those who read it not to associate with these modern vapourers, but it is not likely to benefit *them*. They read nothing that comes with the intention of making men wiser and better. They are ignorant to a proverb of English literature. Most earnestly would I caution a young man against this class of men, whose cold, sneering, contemptuous scepticism as to worth and noble-