

opportunities, better wages, better homes, and whatever else can improve the condition of the poor working-people. There is nothing, near or far, that is wrong, oppressive, unjust, unmerciful, in which he is not personally interested. He does not, like Mrs. Jellyby, look past the misery at his side to dream of some philanthropic scheme in Boorioboola Gha; nor, like too many other small souls who claim that "charity begins at home," does he exemplify the sordid selfishness that begins at home and stays there.

No wonder that when, as the autumn leaves fell in 1885, his bier stood in Westminster Abbey, a nation wept. Throngs of the common folk leave scant room for the simple funeral cortege to pass through the streets. There they stand—the men with bared head and mourning badge on the coat-sleeve; the women with crape on the bonnet and tears in their eyes; artisans and seamstresses, factory hands and flower girls; they come from homes, refuges, asylums, training-ships, ragged-schools; costermongers and bootblacks, reformed criminals and reclaimed women, stand without. Within the great Pantheon of England's dead, royalty and nobility, dignitaries of church and state, the leaders and the literati, lords and ladies, crowd to pay the last honors to the illustrious man, who, being human, like Terence, counted nothing human as alien to himself. When before was there ever such a burial scene? where prince and peasant met in an equal sorrow, and where on the same coffin there lay side by side the flowers sent by a crown princess and by London's flower-girls!

To give a complete review of such a long and laborious life would consist neither with our space nor our aim. But, if we may get some point of view from which to command the whole horizon, we may get some conception of the bolder, more conspicuous features of an almost limitless landscape; and so we shall seek to discover some secrets of the power and success of this singularly consecrated life, which is perhaps the greatest lesson on missions which the nineteenth century has yet taught us. We incline to emphasize it the more because it illustrates the great fact that the *sphere* of our service is comparatively inconsequential. Not *where* we go, but *how* we go, is the all-important matter. He who has within him the love of Christ and the love of souls, the divine enthusiasm of humanity, the passion to do good, cannot be placed amiss. He will transform any work into a divine calling.

Shaftesbury was a *man of one idea*. Early in his career he laid down the law which ruled his life, that the English nation's best policy was to declare Christian principles the basis of its government and the law of the land. That was his "one idea." He determined, whether that declaration was openly made or not, to regard it as a fact that Britain was a Christian land, and that everything unchristian and unhuman should, at least, be compelled to face the light of investiga-