

in Persia, Adoniram Judson in Burmah, never did a more thorough missionary service than did Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

During a public life spanning a period of more than fifty years he was identified with more organizations and measures for the uplifting of humanity than any other man who ever lived. Though heir to titles and estates, he found no man so poor and degraded, no child so filthy and repulsive, no place so dark and dismal, as to dishearten him in his errands of mercy. Wherever he went he found existing evils which were a disgrace to a Christian civilization. The condition of the insane patients in hospitals, of wage-workers in factories and mines, of dwellers in tenement-houses and lodging places for the poor, of the outcast population in towns and cities, of bootblacks and chimney-sweeps, drew out the sympathies of his soul. But he neither wasted his energy in remonstrance, nor exhausted his emotions in sentiment, but he set himself personally to reform every abuse and to remedy every evil. Michael Angelo corrected one of Raphael's mistakes, not by criticising his work, but by simply sketching another wall-figure on a larger scale, and writing over it, "*amplius*"—broader. Shaftesbury likewise criticised "by creation rather than by finding fault." And, in all his herculean labors, among the seats of the highest or in the slums of the lowest, one purpose moved him: loyalty to Christ and the gospel.

So absorbed and engrossed was he in his mission for humanity that he seems almost omnipresent. To-night he is at the vagrant's hiding-place, the Victoria Arches under Holborn Hill, rousing the poor sleepers from their damp bed of rotten straw filthy with vermin, and leading them to the Ragged School, to sit by their side and by loving counsel stir in them hopes and longings for a true life. To-morrow, at Exeter Hall, he takes the chair and thrills a host of veterans who are holding a council of war, in the interests of the life-long conflict with human wrongs; he inspires new zeal, kindles new enthusiasm, provokes new emulation. Again he stands in the midst of five hundred acknowledged criminals, without weapon or guard, and calmly and courteously advises them how to get out of the clutches of evil habits and into an honest livelihood. Yet again, in the House of Lords, he draws aside the veil, and discloses to the peers of the realm the actual, factual tragedies enacted daily within a few squares of Westminster Cathedral, or among the operatives in the foremost factories of the land.

That tall, pale, thin, careworn man puts his shoulder to the wheel where others would think humanity hopelessly bemired, and instead of waiting for some Hercules to come and help him, lifts with all his might. And that one man carries through Parliament scores of relief bills, in the face of opposition, and what is worse—inertia. He shortens hours of labor, secures sanitary provisions and educational