

then walked up and down, looking into the faces of these who passed. Whatever it was she wanted, she did not seem to find it; everybody was too busy and too absorbed in their own concerns to take any notice of a child like her—there was no encouragement in their faces.

Presently there came one. A man of noble bearing—but she never heeded that; a man with God's peace in his heart—but she could not see into that inner life; she only knew he had a kindly face, such as she had been searching for and she at once went up to him and whispered timidly, "Please, sir, will you help me over?"

That man with the kindly face was our beloved and now lamented Lord Shaftesbury, and in telling the incident himself, he added, "And that little child's trust was the greatest compliment I ever had in my life!"

This little anecdote may well stand for a type of Lord Shaftesbury's whole life. It was the helpless and the weak ones to whom that life was devoted; but perhaps it was the children came nearest to his heart. I should not think one ever appealed to him in vain. I am sure that often and often, as he walked the streets on some errand of love to them, the Master's words must have been whispered in his ear: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Fifty years ago Lord Shaftesbury took up the cause of children working in mines and factories, and the England of that day thrilled with horror as he brought to light details more worthy of foreign slavery than a free country like ours. For twenty years he fought in Parliament for these oppressed ones, and the "Ten Hours Bill," as it was called, was at last passed, limiting the hours of labour to ten instead of twelve, sixteen, or eighteen, according to the will of the employer. In mines, where formerly little ones of five and six were constantly employed—numbers dying under the unnatural treatment—the labour of women and children is now prohibited altogether, thanks again to Lord Shaftesbury.

The little boys who used to climb the chimneys on cold, dark winter mornings—beaten if they were loth to go, coming back bruised and bleeding when they did go—also claimed his sympathies; and now the little chimney-sweep has disappeared from history altogether.

The poor waifs and strays of London streets never had so good a friend till Lord Shaftesbury turned his attention to them. Others have followed, but he led the way. With a lantern in his hand, he searched at midnight in railway arches, under stairs, or on roofs for the strange resting-places of these homeless boys. Very soon they had gathered ten thousand children into the ragged-schools, and Lord Shaftesbury was patron, mover, and supporter of all.

Three hundred thousand children since then have been rescued from vice and misery, and trained up in the ways of godliness and honesty. Some have

departed through grace to the Better Land, and many more have grown up into happy and useful lives, blessing the name of Lord Shaftesbury and the ragged-school.

There was no end of the work he did. Once he invited thieves to supper, and two hundred and seventy responded. Though used to the society of the great and noble, and of the Queen herself, he could stoop to the vilest, if only he could do them good; and many of these thieves he was the means of reclaiming from their evil courses.

When the details of "Outcast London" were not long since brought before the public, creating such a sensation, Lord Shaftesbury objected to the term, and said it should rather have been "Sought-out London;" for that he himself, in conjunction with the City Missionaries, had, he believed, visited every nook, corner, and cranny of the vast metropolis.

Yet with all this he was labouring incessantly in Parliament, attending to his own estate in Dorsetshire, taking the chair at almost every religious and philanthropic meeting; and wherever Lord Shaftesbury was wanted, there Lord Shaftesbury was sure to be.

And now at last he is taken from us. The burden and heat of the day is past, and he is gone in to see "the King in His beauty," and to hear His words of welcome: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We can ill afford to spare him, but all hearts are in the hands of the Lord, and He can raise up another to fill the place of His honoured servant if He please. Let us ask Him to do so.

And let us remember the secret of all this outward work—Lord Shaftesbury walked with God. The constraining love of Christ from his early years had taken possession of his heart, and all his gifts of talent, position, influence, were laid at his Saviour's feet. He could say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

When the end came it was very calm and peaceful. Not long before his death he said to a friend, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He has been my Friend for long years."

And when, on October 1st, 1885, he fell asleep, at the age of eighty-four, his own aspiration was fulfilled: "I trust that I shall go down to the grave and rise again with the line written on my heart, '*Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.*'"

J. K. M.

