

ter-writing. . . . At first these letters rile me, but after a little thought, I feel it is God's money I have to give away." A few days later, there was to be a meeting in Carlisle in behalf of a Nurses' Home. He had not intended to go; but, finding that the object included the training of free nurses for the poor, he altered his mind. The morning was spent in preparing a speech. Then the carriage came to the door. Before entering it, Mr. Moore called to his wife descending the stars, "What is that passage in St. Matthew?" "Do you mean, 'I was sick, and ye visited me?'" "No," he said, "I remember. 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'" They drove into Carlisle. Shortly before the hour of the meeting he was knocked down in the street by a runaway horse. He was carried into the Gray Goat Inn, from which he had started fifty-two years before to seek fortune. Mrs. Moore, called out from the meeting, was soon at his side. Let her tell the end. "He had so often talked of death while in health, and of wishing to be told he was dying, and that he hoped I would say three texts to him (John iii. 16; Ps. xxiii.; John v. 24); so I felt that I must tell him. At first I said, 'George, darling, we have often talked about heaven. Perhaps Jesus is going to take you home. You are willing to go with Him, are you not? He will take care of you.' He looked wistfully in my face, and said, 'Yes. I fear no evil. He will never leave me nor forsake me.' Several times after that he said a word or two expressive of the same trust. He was soon past much speech."

He had £50 in his pocket, to be given to the Nurses' Institution. The jurymen, who were called in to return a verdict of accidental death, sent their fees also to it.

More than £8,000 was gathered in the county to perpetuate his memory and usefulness by scholarships. The young men at Bow Churchyard placed a life-boat at Pwllheli in Carnarvonshire, and named it the "George Moore Memorial Life-boat." Its first service was to save a crew who, when brought to land, were found to be from Cumberland! Thus in thousands of hearts his goodness will perpetuate itself on earth; and there are few of whom one can say with greater confidence than of George Moore that friends, made with the unrighteous mammon, have received him into everlasting habitations.—A. MACLEOD SYMINGTON.