

## Christian Life.

### GEORGE MOORE, OR THE CHRISTIAN MERCHANT AND PHILANTHROPIST.

(CONDENSED FROM THE "FAMILY TREASURY.")

**I**T is not said that George Moore read the story of Whittington in his childhood, or was moved by any mysterious whisper to aspire to be mayor of London; but there could not be a more complete parallel. The son of a Cumberland statesman or yeoman, he saw, at a very early age, that the family acres could not support five children, of whom he was only the third, nor furnish the scope after which his energies were already inarticulately craving. His education, so far as school was concerned, was decidedly limited. A teacher, distinguished for drinking whiskey and imitating the notes of the blackbird, thumped into him a rough knowledge of the rudiments of English at six-and-sixpence a quarter, to which one quarter more, under a better master, was added. The expense in this case was eight shillings; but the money was well spent, for the boy made discovery of his ignorance. Bathing in the Ellen, climbing the peel-towers after jackdaws' nests, wrestling on the village green, riding a blind mare, barebacked, after John Peel's hounds, were the school-boy's recreations. Already the portentous energy which led men ere long to compare George Moore to Napoleon, or to a lion, or to an eagle, or to anything combining strength and swiftness, was apparent. Vigorous and well-developed, he had earned two shillings a day—a man's wages—before he was twelve years old, and had resolved that he must go forth from the hamlet of Mealsgate and the parish of Torpenhow to earn more. Of all possible trades, he chose, or was put into, the least likely. The occupation of a soldier, an engineer, a sailor would have suited Moore's big bones and hard muscles; but Mr. Messenger of Wigton happened to need an apprentice, and he became a draper at the age of fourteen.

The home which he left finally at this early age was one of industry and virtue and affection. His mother had died when George was only six, leaving him, we may suppose, the precious heritage of her prayers. At least, the narrative gives no other sign of any religious influence brought