

ging." These sentences have reference to the Free Hospital; it was the same with everything else. "Every day I live I feel more and more my responsibilities. God gives me means, and I want to give them back to Him."

Thus humility and self-denial came to be marked features of his character. Not long after he began to feel himself a servant of Christ he was "pricked" to serve as Sheriff of London; but he paid a fine of £400 rather than accept an honour which would have interfered with his philanthropic works. Six times he was pressed, in the most flattering terms, to represent great constituencies in Parliament, the city of London and the county of Middlesex among the rest; but he answered always, like a very wise man and a Christian—"He had not the education to fit him for Parliament; he could not give up one of the Christian works that already engaged all his time; as an M.P. he would have less time to read his Bible." He was a very loyal man; but when asked by one of the royal family to come to court, he said, "No, no; court is not the place for warehousemen," and he never went. He would have no name but plain George Moore, preferring, when in Cumberland, to be called only George. "I am sadly cast down," he says in his diary, "by finding that an injudicious friend has applied to get me made a baronet. I have stopped the application." But when a dignity lay fairly in his way, and could be made to help his usefulness—such as the High Sherifdom of Cumberland—he took it gratefully, and filled it with all splendour.

When the Government were raising shabby difficulties about giving David Livingstone a public funeral, George Moore heard of it. "Let me bury the noble dead! What! bury him like a pauper out of the public taxes? No! Let me defray the expenses of interring the indomitable, valiant, self-denying hero!" This shout reached Westminster, and shamed the Treasury into doing what the nation craved; and George Moore had to be content with "laying down the splendid slab and the long inscription which remains the sole memorial of the great traveller,—the memorial also, I may say, of one of the most generous and genuine examples of public spirit and munificence that our generation has seen." (These are Dean Stanley's words: the inscription from his pen, if long, is worthy.)

George Moore's giving, however profuse, was always thoughtful and discriminating. While sending cheques year after year to maintain students at Cambridge, he always made private inquiries before sending each, to ascertain that the receiver was living economically and worthily.