

He was delighted to become an honorary member of the Worshipful Company of Costermongers, and considered it one of the red letter days of his life when he was admitted and presented with a handsome trained donkey, which was named "Coster" in memory of the event.

His lordship was very proud of this donkey, and often had it on view in Grosvenor Square, and later it drew his lordship about in a bath chair.

There is an old donkey forty years old, maintained at the common expense of the costers in Golden Lane.

"What does he do?" they were asked.

"Why," said they, "he walks about and plays with the children."

The costermongers at one time were the most lawless, a nuisance to society and a danger to the police.

What is their character now? Honest, orderly, well conducted.

So much for the regenerating power of the Gospel administered by loving hands. These people were taught to take care of the poor dumb animals who served them, and in practising this had become kind to each other.

One beautiful little incident comes before me, showing his loving nature. He must have known every child in the village school by name.

One day, while standing in front of the old village church (where his remains now rest), the school was dismissed, the kindly face smiling down on the children as they passed. Two little girls in scarlet cloaks and hoods came along, the elder one tripping past with a smile and curtsy, while the younger one ran up to him, and lifting her sweet baby face, the picture of innocence, said, "Oh, Laud Shaftie." He bowed forward with the words, "You darling," and kissed