

as efficient as a police factor as the repressive agency of the law. This was eminently so of the one whose life's work the great London weekly goes out of its way to commemorate:—

IN MEMORIAM.

Thomas John Barnardo, F.R.C.S., Born 1845,
Died Sept. 19, 1905.

“Suffer the children unto Me to come,
The little children,” said the voice of Christ,
And for his law whose lips to-day are dumb
The Master's word sufficed.

“Suffer the little children——” so He spake,
And in His steps that true disciple trod,
Lifting the helpless ones, for love's pure sake,
Up to the arms of God.

Naked, he clothed them; hungry, gave them food;
Homeless and sick, a hearth and healing care;
Led them from haunts where vice and squalor brood
To gardens clean and fair.

By birthright pledged to misery, crime and shame,
Jetson of London's streets, her “waifs and strays,”
Whom she, the mother, bore without a name,
And left, and went her ways—

He stooped to save them, set them by his side,
Breathed conscious life into the still-born soul,
Taught truth and honor, love and loyal pride,
Courage and self-control.

Till of her manhood, here and overseas,
On whose supporting strength her state is throned,
None better serves the Motherland than these
Her sons, the once disowned.

To-day in what far lands, their eyes are dim,
Children again, with tears they well may shed,
Orphaned a second time who mourn in him
A foster-father dead.

But he, who had their love, for sole reward,
In that far home to which his feet have won—
He hears at last the greeting of his Lord:
“Servant of Mine, well done!”

O. S.