

split his nose "like a pen," an amusing story is told: The surgeon attending him was heard to say, "Dear me, this is too handsome a face to be scarred in this way; I must use fine needles instead of plaster." Many years afterwards, when Reynell Taylor was travelling in England, a gentleman got into the carriage with him, and began muttering, "Well I did make a capital job of that, certainly. Yes, I'm sure it is the same nose." It was the same surgeon, who, thirty years afterwards, had still the trick of speaking his thoughts aloud.

When lying in the hospital he wrote to his father: "I nightly thank God for having preserved my life, even if it be only for a time, and for having enabled me to do my duty quietly and calmly."

In 1847, Henry Lawrence, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, looked around for men to help in the Government of this newly-acquired possession. Among the first called to Lahore was Reynell Taylor, to take his place as one of the soldier-politicians of the Lawrence school.

In so short a sketch it is impossible to follow his varied career from this date until he retired in 1877. During this thirty years he came to England but rarely. On one of these short visits he married.

His influence over the wild tribes he ruled was immense. He entered into all their interests, so that they looked upon him more as a friend than a ruler. In Bunnu, a far-off district of the Sikh country, he passed five years; during that time he rescued the people from utter savagery and lawlessness to comparative peace and civilization. The natives so loved him that they called him their "*ferishta*" or "good angel."

With his soldiers it was the same, he gained a personal knowledge of them and joined in their pursuits. He was a splendid horseman, and delighted in going across country followed by his escort, and he often gives amusing accounts of how he was able to "pound them nearly all;" on one occasion only five out of thirty jumping a brook with him.

His religion had always been "a chief fact with him," so when leaving his post of Commissioner of the Derajat, in 1862, he determined to found a Mission there. It must be remembered that Mission work was carried on in many parts before the Mutiny, but after that dreadful time it was more impressed on men's minds the duty of "diffusing Christianity throughout the whole length and breadth of India." So out of his love to the natives Reynell Taylor established a Mission in the Derajat. He was far from being a rich man, but he gave a thousand pounds as a donation, and promised one hundred rupees a month as long as he remained in India.*

The same writer says of him: "India,

abundant in good men, had never a finer Christian character than Reynell Taylor."†

In 1862 he left the Derajat for the last time, with true regret on his side, for he had to part with many friends. The natives respected him for his indifference to danger, and loved him for his gentleness and consideration. They never forgot "the man with the disposition of an angel."

As soon as he reached Peshawur, to which place he was appointed after leaving the Derajat, there was a terrible outbreak of cholera and fever, lasting from June to October. Reynell Taylor visited the city daily, unmindful of himself, and, as in warfare, fearless of all risks. One day when at work the coolie who was pulling the punkah over him was seized with the complaint; without hesitating a moment he took the coolie in his arms and drove him himself to the hospital.

In 1874, Mrs. Taylor and his eldest daughter joined him at Umritsur; for two years he had been anticipating this happy time, but only for a few weeks was it permitted to him. Soon after their arrival his daughter was attacked with typhoid, which proved fatal. This sorrow he never quite recovered. But he kept steadily to work; in three years his time of service would expire, and a home in England would be his. All his spare time and means he gave to the Umritsur Mission; he used to say, "I don't believe my family will ever be in straits for anything I give away."

After having served in India for thirty-seven years, he and Mrs. Taylor left it finally in 1877. The last public ceremony at which he was present was the Durbar on 1st January, when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India.

He settled with his family at Newton Abbot, in Devonshire, the family county, where he lived a quiet life amongst his children and old friends. One honor fell to him, which he felt most deeply: at the funeral of Lord Lawrence in Westminster Abbey, July 5th, 1879, Reynell Taylor walked in front carrying the coronet.

On February 25th, 1886, he attended a public dinner at Newton, when he caught a chill, and died on the 28th.—*From The Star of the East.*

* Sir Robert Montgomery wrote: "We have held the frontier against all comers for twelve years, and now we are at peace with all the tribes. Now is the time to hold out the hand of friendship, and offer through the Missions the Bread of Life. It is not the duty of the Government to proselytize—that is left to those who have given their lives to the work; but I rejoice to see Missions spreading, and the Derajat is a fitting place for the establishment of one."

† The Indian Priest, the Rev. John Williams, ordained by Bishop French, and appointed to the Mission in 1868, died on August 10th, 1896, having gained the respect and love of some of the wildest people in Asia during his ministry of 26 years.