

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.

In December last we gave our readers a sketch of the Christian hero, Sir Henry Havelock, the memory of whose march through a rebellious country to the city of Lucknow, to save the garrison from the hands of the murderous natives surrounding the city, will live in the memory of his countrymen while time shall last. We would now bring to their notice a man, who though not a soldier was a no less important instrument in bringing India safely through the horrors of the Sepoy mutiny of 1857.

In September 1829 two brothers sailed from England for India for whom their friends predicted very different fortunes. For the elder, a soldier, now returning from absence on sick leave, friends prophesied great distinction. From John, five years his junior, who was only eighteen years old and going out for the first time, not as a soldier but as a member of the civil service, little was expected. As time went on the predictions in regard to Henry were more than fulfilled, but in the case of John, prophecy was, not for the first time, at fault. For a little time he was stationed at Calcutta, but the home sickness and depression were not to be endured and he begged to be sent to the frontier into more active service. So he was sent up the river to Delhi as assistant to the British Resident. Here he served an apprenticeship for nearly eight years, and then at the age of twenty-four was appointed collector and acting magistrate to the large surrounding district of Paniput. There was no time for home sickness now. Here he was, a single Englishman in charge of a population of four hundred thousand natives, many of whom made a living by cattle lifting and general highway robbery, and many of his adventures are recorded. Few crimes were committed unknown to him, and the doers of them seldom escaped his vigilance. He was called "a giant in strength and in courage, in roughness and in kindness, in sport and in work, a dauntless tracker of criminals and a mighty hunter before the Lord."

But a trying climate and unceasing work began to tell on even his strong frame and in 1840 he left for England on sick leave. While there he married, and in 1842 he returned bringing his wife with him, and two years after was appointed magistrate and collector of the city and district of Delhi.

Lawrence had only returned to Delhi a short time when he made the acquaintance of the Governor-general of India who was passing through the city on his way to the frontier to inspect the forces there. At this time English territory in India extended only as far north as the river Sutlej. North of this is the district of the Panjab, so called from the five large rivers, all emptying into the Indus. Before he arrived at the frontier the Governor general found that the Sikh army, numbering some 60,000 men and 150 guns, had crossed the Sutlej and invaded British territory. Here now was war before them, but how were they to get supplies? The amount of provisions and ammunition required were enormous, and when these were secured where were the wagons to be found sufficient to carry them over the two hundred miles to the front? In this strait the Governor General bethought him of John Lawrence, whom he had met in Delhi, and to whom he had taken a great liking. Lawrence was equal to the task and in a short time provisions, guns and ammunition were obtained, four thousand carts to carry these were secured, and in about two months the whole had arrived at the scene of action. On the 10th of February the last battle was fought, and the territory between the Sutlej and the Beas, a tract of about thirteen thousand square miles, was in the hands of the British. John Lawrence was at once appointed administrator, and with his usual decision and energy he went to work, and in a few months brought order out of the reigning confusion, and introduced many reforms, one of which was preventing the killing of female infants, a practice which was then

rife among the natives. During this time his brother was British Resident at Lahore some little distance west of his territory, and twice when he was absent John was appointed to act in his place, and so keen was his insight into the doings of the natives, so quickly did he get to the bottom of all their intrigues, that they constantly affirmed of him "John Lawrence knows everything."

But the natives continued turbulent, and finally, in 1848, the whole of the Panjab was annexed to British territory. Over this whole territory a Board was appointed consisting of John Lawrence, his brother Sir Henry Lawrence, and Mr Robert Montgomery. Now it happened that these three men had all when they were boys passed through the same school, Foyle College, Londonderry, and here they were now the members of the Panjab Board of Administration. On Christmas day 1851, these three were sitting after their dinner talking over old times. Suddenly Sir Henry said, "I wonder what the two poor old Simpsons are doing at this moment and whether they have had any better dinner than usual," (these

into his waistcoat pocket and went on with the rest of his business. In a little while he had forgotten all about it, and in dressing for dinner threw aside the waistcoat, with no thought of the treasure it contained. Six weeks later a message came from the Governor general that the Queen desired the diamond to be sent home at once. "Send for it, then," said John. "Send for it," cried Sir Henry, "why you have got it yourself." "Well," John muttered to himself, "this is the worst trouble I have got into yet," but he said no word aloud. Going home as soon as he could he sent for his old servant and asked him if he had found a small box in his pocket some time ago. "Yes, Sahib," the man said, "I put it in one of your boxes." The man went and brought it to him, undid the wrappings and remarked "There is nothing here, Sahib, but a bit of glass." The man was perfectly unconscious of the great treasure he had had in his keeping. In February 1853, partly in consequence of a difference in political opinion, Sir Henry Lawrence was removed to the province of Oudh, and John left as chief commissioner

greeted Sir John Lawrence by acclamation as the man who had done more than any other single man to save the Indian Empire."

In 1850 he returned to England, was created a baronet, and given a life pension of, in all, £3,000. Five years afterwards, in 1854, he was sent out again, as Viceroy of the whole of India. Five years more he served the country and then came home, and on his final arrival "the great proconsul of our English Christian empire" was created Baron Lawrence of the Panjab and of Gravelly, Hants. He took as his arms and crest those of his brother Henry, who had been killed while commanding the garrison in the siege of Lucknow, only changing the motto from "Never give in" to "Be ready." He held no paid office on his return home but was elected first chairman of the London School Board and was engaged in many other enterprises for the public good. For the rest he lived a quiet, happy home life, his chief thoughts being centred in his wife and family. In 1876 his sight began to fail and during his remaining years he could read no book but his New Testament, which was printed in very large type; and a pathetic picture is given of the noble old man sitting hour after hour with his finger on the page trying to spell out a few verses. On the 25th of June, 1879 he took to his bed and for two days lay helpless, seldom opening his eyes and apparently recognizing no one but his wife, but replying to her as she bent down to kiss him and ask him if he knew her, "To my last gasp, my darling." On the 27th he died. Murmuring to himself "I am so weary," this man, who had known little but hard work all his life, passed away to the land where there shall be no more sickness, and where the weary shall have eternal rest. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Said a clergyman who had known him, "I never knew any one so simple, so prayerful, so hard-working, so heroic. He is one of the few men whom, when I come to die, I shall thank God that I have known."

TRAINING.

"How are you, Howard?" I am just going to dinner and want company, will you join me?"

"Many thanks, Charlie, but I am on low diet now, I am training."

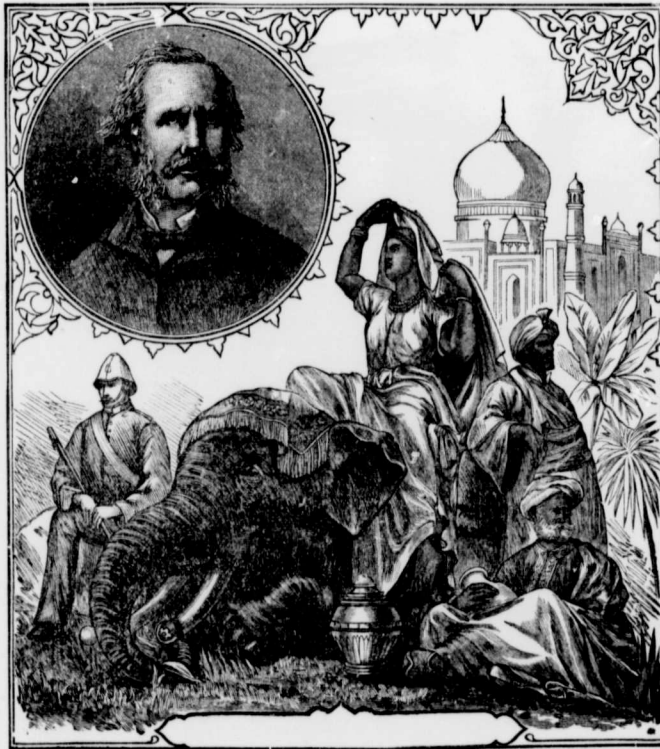
"For what?" Howard asked.

"Why, for a boat-race I expect to row in a week or so. You see, we fellows have to get ourselves in good trim if we expect to be victorious, so, Charlie, no big dinners or late hours. We must have our system in proper condition."

"Our young friend, that he might obtain success simply in a boat race, was willing to deny himself those things which his appetite most craved, and put himself under the necessary discipline. Young men did you ever think of the race you are all participating in? The life race. Are you not willing to train for this, knowing that he who runs shall receive a crown of glory?"

You need not expect to be a winner in this race without effort any more than in the other. Are you not willing then, as in the other, to make the necessary effort, to bring your body and soul under control so that the temptations of the Evil One may not overcome you, so that when the life race is over you may find yourself a winner and the crown for which you have been striving ready to adorn your brow? Is there not an eternity? If so, is it not worth striving for? Be not content, then, to live merely to satisfy self with the pleasures of this world only, but "let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

It MAY BE a small matter to you," says Mr. Gough, "to say the one word to a youth which shall change his course for eternity, but it is everything to him."



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(Simpson brothers had been their teachers,) and proposed with his characteristic impulsive generosity that they three each send the old men £50 as a Christmas box from their old pupils. Montgomery and John Lawrence both cordially agreed and the money was sent. Time passed on and the subject had been almost forgotten when one morning a letter was received from the old gentlemen which had been begun "My dear, kind boys," thanking them for the generous gift which, they said, would keep them from want during the short while they had to live and expressing gratitude, not so much for the money as for the knowledge that their "boys" although risen to so high a position of trust and honor, had not forgotten their old teacher.

Another anecdote of John Lawrence relates to the famous Koh-i-noor diamond, now among the crown jewels of England. This jewel had last been in the possession of the ruler of the Panjab and, when the British had taken the province, it was formally surrendered to the Board. John Lawrence took the box containing it, stuffed

of the Panjab. The deepest sorrow was felt among the natives at the prospect of Sir Henry's loss and a long procession of chiefs followed for five, ten and twenty miles in his train as he left the city.

In 1856 John Lawrence was created a K. C. B. In 1857 the terrible mutiny broke out and it was this more than anything else that showed of what metal he was made. Here he was, cut off by the mutinous district from communication with the capital, at the head of a province which itself, only a few years ago, had been hostile to the British. But under him the Sikhs remained loyal. From the Panjab every want of the army was supplied, provisions, ammunition, money, the whole country was drained of its best officers and most trust-worthy troops, and from what had been but a few years before a hostile population, tens of thousands of enthusiastic soldiers were gathered to supply the place of the rebellious Sepoys. So much did he do that the leading members of the governments of England and India, and the chief officers of the army before Delhi, the heart of the rebellion, "all