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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

At Set of Sun.

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count that day well spent.

But if through all the livelong day,
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

"Now I Lay Me."

Bedtime for the twittering birdies,
Mother Wren has hushed to rest,
Bedtime for my little birdie,
Nestled closely to my breast.
Now beside me lowly kneeling,
Hear the lisp'ng tongue repeat—
Dear old prayer of tender memory—
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

With what trusting grace, and tender,
Rosy lips petition make:
"Pray the Lord to take my spirit,
If I die before I wake."
And no thought of dread comes o'er me,
As I kiss her sweet "Good night."
We're so careless of our darlings
Till we lay them out of sight!

Once again 'tis birdie's bedtime;
Little neighbours in the tree
Hush their baby bird to slumber,
With no thought of lonely me.
Ah! my mother's arms are empty,
Draped in sadness all the room,
And no whispered "Now I lay me"
Breaks upon the twilight gloom.

Smooth and white the little pillow,
Undisturbed the pretty bed,
On the table lay her playthings,
Mute reminder of my dead.
For no more my little treasure,
My sad mother's heart may keep,
In the heavenly father's bosom
I have laid her down to sleep.

Down to sleep! Ah, yearning mother,
Murmuring and sick at heart,
Full of joy shall be the waking,
Where no sorrow finds a part.
There we'll find our garnered treasures,
From all pain and earth-care free,
Where no sad good-bye shall pain us
Through a long eternity.

Biographical.

John, first Lord Lawrence of the Punjab.

BY ROBERT N. CUST, LATE JUDICIAL COMMISSIONER OF THE PUNJAB, AND MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF BRITISH INDIA.
(From *Missionary Intelligencer and Record*.)
(Concluded.)

Constant intercourse with the people in their villages, seated on a log under a shady grove, on horseback, in the evening walk, climbing the mountain side, floating down the river, was the secret of his personal rule; an intimate knowledge of the language, of the people, their customs, their prejudices, their weaknesses, and their abundant excellencies; a ready ear to their complaints, and a prompt decision; a never-failing flow of good humour and bonhomie, of good fellowship, and cheerful jokes, under the influence of which a man, who had lost his case, went away smiling; of distinct and simple orders, and hard blows, when occasion required; and all this accompanied by business-like method, accuracy of autograph record, simplicity of routine, promptness and clearness of account of money collected and disbursed, and immediate reply to letters received: this was the machinery by which an Oriental people, who had been untamed for three centuries, became as lambs within a decade.

His great strength was his love for the people: he resisted the Supreme Government, if it were attempted to over-tax, or pass an unpopular law; he resisted his own subordinates, if they were harsh or neglectful; he resisted the nobles of the Punjab, and later in life, the Taluqdars of Oudh, and the indigo-planters of Bengal, if they at-

tempted to oppress the tillers of the soil. He resisted his own brother Sir Henry, who erred from noble mistaken sentiment, and not from sordid motives; he would have resisted the missionaries, if they had attempted to depart from the great principles of toleration (which in India they never have done), if they had erected their places of worship in offensive proximity to some shrine of local sanctity, or if they had waged war against the time-honoured and innocent family customs of the people.

"You have been too hard upon the poor Raja," were the first words of a letter written to me more than thirty years ago, when I was pressing my heel too heavily on one of the lineal descendants of the Sun and the Moon in the lower Himalayan ranges; and the words have recurred to me in after life, and, with all those who love the docile and gentle people of India, I perused, with gratitude and thankfulness, the parting admonition of the great Proconsul, when he left Calcutta for the last time—"Be kind to the natives."

A mighty horseman, he thought nothing of a score of miles before breakfast; a mighty disposer of business, he would be found seated in the midst of his native subordinates, or, in later years, in his study, and getting through more work in an hour than many men of untrained experience and uncertain purpose would in a week. He had the art of making others work also. Like Caesar, he seemed to be able to read, write, and dictate at the same time. Seated pen in hand, with naked arms in the intensely hot weather, he seemed to be striking the iron while it was hot; then was the time of the famous orders scored roughly in pencil to bring each sinner's nose to the grindstone, and to tell the writer of a letter that he was a "it is copied." For with this stern rule there was ever the ready joke, the deep, good-natured sense of fun, the twinkling of the kind grey eye. And more than that: in the midst of all the business of Empire, he found time to write the brief yet sympathetic letter to the bereaved husband, to the sorrow-stricken widow, to condole on the death of a little child. Though no domestic sorrow ever came near his door, he had the heart to sympathise with the sorrows of others; and a short time before his death, while he was sick and blind, he followed to the grave the wife of one of his old assistants, who was absent in India.

HIS LEADING CHARACTERISTIC.

Simple in his habits, the ambassadors of Kabul or Kashmir would find him playing on the ground with his children, or, with his shirt-sleeves tucked up, up to his eyes in correspondence. If not received with much dignity, they had the inestimable advantage of direct intercourse with him without interpreter or go-between. If they heard rough truths they were soothed with cheerful laughs and pleasant jokes; if they found a man whom no astute practice of theirs could deceive, they left with the firm conviction that by that man, in deed or word, they would never be deceived; for he had a heart incapable of guile, a tongue which could not be shaped to deceive—rough and yet kindly. His "yea" was "yea," and his "nay" was "nay" to all men, and the people of the Punjab learnt to prefer his hard speech and soft heart to the soft speech and hard heart of some of his fellow-labourers. If one characteristic was more conspicuous than others, it was his truthfulness. As the writer of this memoir followed him to his grave in the Abbey, he had the unexpected honour of walking by the side of a great English statesman and orator, who had arrived too late to take his proper place in the procession. On mentioning to him that truthfulness was the great feature of the character of the great man, whom they were following, Mr. Gladstone replied that truthfulness was indeed the great characteristic, and the sharpest weapon (if we only knew it rightly) of a dominant race, and it was this that distinguished the policy of the English from that of the Turks,

whose every counsel, act, and scheme was more or less tinged with falsehood.

HIS CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

But he might have been great in council, successful in administration, loving as a father, husband and a friend, and yet the chronicle of his services would have found no place in the records of this Society, nor would his name have been a tower of strength, a staff of support, to all who place before their eyes the spreading of the Gospel among the heathen, as one of the first duties of man. But amidst his great successes, and his unparalleled good fortune, he had the grace given him to remember the Hand that gave, and, while mindful of things temporal, not to forget things eternal. He set the example of a bold, independent, and yet Christian ruler, an uncrowned King of men by grace and election. He clothed with words the sentiment, which lies deep in the hearts of all who are thoughtful, that Christian men should do all things in a Christian way: that while cleaving to toleration, as the brightest jewel of Empire, and allowing not one inch to be yielded to the persecuting or patronizing arm of the flesh in religion, still each man, each public officer, should not be ashamed that the world should know that he was a Christian, in word, in deed, and in principles: that he should vindicate to himself, in his private capacity, the same liberty which he asserted for and guaranteed to others, to the Mohammedan, the Hindoo, and the Sikh. They delight in their several ways to extend and advance the interests in their creed: the Christian, within the legal limits, should do the same, openly, and before all men.

When the first sod was cut of the railway at Lahore, he assembled the nobles and citizens, and, in their presence, to each person, were offered up to Almighty God, through the mediation of our Lord and Saviour. And, again, when he finally took leave of his subordinates in the Punjab in 1859, he acknowledged his deep debt to the Author of all good: "What," said he, "without his guiding, protecting hand, would indeed have become of us all?"

All knew that the Chief Commissioner had his religious views, and made no secret of them. He was seen on his knees in his own tent when on the march. Family prayer brought blessings down on his roof-tree. A few years later, Lord Canning heard with surprise, but received the rebuke with courtesy, that in the Punjab no official moved his camp on the Sunday; and when his lordship was received on arrival by a company of men distinguished in peace and war, who had marched on the Saturday night, so as not to disturb the Viceregal arrangements, he was struck by the silent reproof, and no tent was ever again struck on a Sunday. In the north of India, for more than a quarter of a century, no official order has been issued, no regiment allowed to march, no labour sanctioned on the public works on a Sunday; and this not from the operation of any law, or the influence of clergy, but from the quiet and unostentatious example and orders of God-fearing men in authority.

HIS MISSIONARY SYMPATHIES.

The same principles guided him during the five years of his Vice-royalty; and on his final return to England, it is gratefully recorded, in the annals of this society, how, as their Vice-President, he was their ever ready friend and wise councillor. He presided over the Sub-Committee of the Victoria Nyanza Mission, showing how large and universal were his sympathies with a suffering population. In his address to Bishop Copleston of Ceylon, on the occasion of the latter's interview with the Committee before his departure from England, he dwelt with prophetic wisdom and loving large-heartedness, on the importance of co-operation between the missionaries of different Protestant Societies, all warring under the same banner of the Lamb.

"Them that honour Me I will honour." God gave him of His best gifts,

and the heart to know whence those gifts came, and for what purpose they were given. The Viceroy who preceded him was cut off by disease; the great and noble statesmen who succeeded him fell by the hand of the assassin; but the Almighty had hedged this man round with His special favour; He gave him physical and intellectual strength, and such opportunities as only occur once in a century. He was saved from the paw of the lion and the bear, from the assassin and the pestilence. When hundreds fell around him, his life was spared. He lived to be the last of the great company of soldiers and councillors, whose names are famous as those who added the Punjab to British India—Hardinge, Gough, Dalhousie, Broadfoot, Sale, Havelock, Harry Smith, Henry Lawrence, Frederick Currie, Mackeson, and a long array of Sikh, Afghan, and Rajpoot chieftains and nobles, all of whom have passed away.

HIS PRIVATE LIFE.

He might have achieved a cold reputation, and never won the priceless treasure of a loving heart; but he was, indeed, one of the tenderest and most loving of men; and he was blest—thrice blest, for the same sweet companion, who was with him five and thirty years ago in his Indian home and tent, charming all with her youthful beauty, copying his letters, and cheering him in his labours, was by his side when premature old age and visual darkness fell upon him, writing letters at his dictation, his stay and his comfort, and following him to the grave. He was permitted to see his numerous children grow up like olive-branches round his table. He was blessed with troops of friends, counting the period of their attachments by decades, and not by years.

For a grateful country had nothing more to bestow than a simple citizen could accept, except a grave in the Abbey: with a reputation unblemished in any particular, for in Indian circles there were no secrets that could be whispered which could tell against John Lawrence.

An equestrian statue in the metropolis of India records the appreciation of the services of the only man who has as yet risen from the post of an assistant to that of Viceroy of British India. Guns were fired in every cantonment of that great Empire to record that a great man had passed away. Tributes of respect and regret will be expressed by speech in all the numerous languages, or engrossed in all the varying written characters, of her Majesty's Oriental subjects. Old grey beards in the Punjab, when they hear that "*Jan Larens pura ho*," will think of him sorrowfully, and tell their sons and grandsons of the strong, kind man, who years ago, at the commencement of the British Raj, stood up for the rights of the Jat Zemindars, as if he had been one of their caste, and to whose forethought they owe their title-deeds, and the equitable assessment of the land-tax.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

If to some few, who followed him to the grave in Westminster Abbey, the thought went back to the solitary tombstone in the old Residency at Lucknow, where Henry Lawrence sleeps, cut off in his prime, under the touching self-indited scroll that "*Here lies one who tried to do his duty*," still all must feel, that on the stone of the younger and more fortunate brother might be inscribed, that "*Here lies one who did his duty to the last*."

When we behold the works of nature the immeasurable prairies, the gigantic mountains, the majestic rivers, the boundless ocean, and the vaulted sky with its myriad of starry gems, our finite minds are lost in wonder at the power and wisdom of God, but when we contemplate His mercy and goodness, and his love in the gift of His Son to save poor fallen man, all his other attributes, if we may so speak, seem to wane when compared with this exhibition of His infinite love.

For the Christian Messenger.

Letter from Rev. George Armstrong.

A MIS-STATEMENT AND ITS CONTRADICTION.

Mr. Editor,—

You and my friends in these Provinces will be pleased to learn that I have returned from my missionary tour in Newfoundland, of which possibly I may ere long furnish you an account for the *Christian Messenger*. When some weeks ago I wrote you from the Island just mentioned, conscious of my innocence, I was determined and prepared to indignantly and strongly repel any imputation cast by any person or party, whatever, on my integrity, whether it was done in the public press, directly and avowedly, or covertly, impliedly or by construction; and whether done stealthily to a single listener, or in a select and trusted coterie. I still entertain the same consciousness and determination. I wish to say I have no desire to injure any person; but holding, as I do, reputation to be sacred, and of more value than silver and gold, I deem it a solemn duty one owes to himself and to society to defend it by the best and most available means in his power, whenever it is seriously or unjustly maligned.

I write now to call the attention of brethren and friends and all whom it may concern to two things bearing directly on the matter referred to in my letter in *Christian Messenger* of Sep. 17th. Rev. J. E. Hopper says he read that letter with deep regret; perhaps that need not excite much wonder. I was also deeply regret that grave occasion given me to write it; but I do not regret that it was written.

In the *Christian Messenger*, Mr. Hopper's Editor of the *Christian Visitor* says in reference to my letter: "In reply I have simply to say that the Caution was necessary to prevent subscribers against whom he had begun legal proceedings, stopping their papers." The statement that I had commenced legal proceedings against subscribers to the *Christian Visitor*, is totally incorrect. I specially requested my Attorney, C. H. Masters, Esq., to commence no legal proceedings against subscribers till so instructed by me; and no such instruction has yet been given from me. Mr. Masters informs me that he has scrupulously attended to my direction, and has commenced no legal proceedings, or entered no suit against subscribers!

2nd. Rev. Mr. Hopper's *Contradiction*. I wish to direct the special attention of all to the following communication from Mr. Hopper published in the *St. John Daily Sun*, of Sept. 30th, 1879, and also in the *St. John evening Globe* of the same date, and entitled

A CONTRADICTION.

To the Editor of the *Globe*.—

Sir,—I have noticed a paragraph in your paper, taken from the *Truro Sun*, stating that the editor of the *Christian Visitor* has been sued by Rev. George Armstrong for accusing him in the *Visitor* of August 13th of "dishonesty, fraud and getting money on false pretences." I have to say there is no truth in the paragraph. I am not sued, and have accused neither Rev. George Armstrong nor any other person, in the issue, of August 13th or any other issue, of "dishonesty, fraud or getting money on false pretences."

J. E. HOPPER.

St. John, Sept. 29, 1879.

If Mr. Hopper did not design to cast imputations on my integrity, it must be conceded that somehow he was singularly unfortunate in so preparing and putting his "Caution to Subscribers," in the *Christian Visitor* of August, the 13th, that readers generally have received the impression that not only did Mr. Hopper impute fraud, but that he meant to impute it. And not only did ordinary readers in all the Provinces get this impression, but a learned and able Committee, appointed by an influential Baptist body in the Maritime Provinces to consider said "Caution," as it was understood to reflect seriously on one of its members, took substantially the