

Good Out of Evil

The following is an extract from a review of the late Bishop Selwyn's life (the son of Bishop Selwyn, first Bishop of New Zealand and Melanesia):

"There was a boy at Norfolk Island, who had been brought from one of the rougher and wilder islands, and was consequently rebellious and difficult to manage. One day Mr. Selwyn (it was before his consecration) spoke to him about something he had refused to do, and the lad, flying into a passion, struck him in the face. This was an unheard-of thing for a Melanesian to do. Mr. Selwyn, not trusting himself to speak, turned on his heel and walked away. The boy was punished for the offence, and, being still unsatisfactory, was sent back to his own island without being baptized, and there relapsed into heathen ways. Many years afterwards Mr. Rice, the missionary who worked on that island, was sent for to a sick person who wanted him. He found this very man in a dying state, and begging to be baptized. He told Mr. Rice how often he thought of the teaching on Norfolk Island; and, when the latter asked him by what name he should baptize him, he said, 'Call me John Selwyn, because he taught me what Christ was like, that day when I struck him.'"

"Benjy."

On the Eve of St. Matthias, February 23rd, 1900, a crippled boy of about twelve was "received into the Church." No one knew much about him or said much about him, except that his name was "Benjy," and that he would be a companion for Giles. He was nephew to a woman named Charlotte-bai, well known to the older members of the Mission, though she had not been resident at Panch Howds for some time. This was all that seemed to be known about the boy, and only one or two of the Sisters now in India remembered his early history; but it is such a wonderful instance of how children are brought back to us that it deserves to be written.

In March or April, 1890, a Hindu called Tukeram, with his young wife and little boy of about two, came to Panch Howds. The man was Charlotte-bai's brother, and was dying of phthisis; he knew quite well that he had come to die, but a good many years before he had had some Christian instruction, and though his work (I think in some Government service) had taken him far from Christian influence, he had not forgotten; and now he had but one desire—"Make me a Christian; I cannot learn, but I must be a Christian."

The family were lodged in a little Dhurmsala behind the Howds, and there day by day Catechist or Sister repeated to him the truths of Christianity, and though he could remember very little, he did what he could. It was evident that he was fast failing, so on May 3, 1890, he

was carried to Church by his own desire for his Baptism. Perhaps it was one of the most touching baptisms ever witnessed—the dying man leaning back in his chair, and then lifted to kneel on the step of the font, again at his own wish, for his Baptism. Sister Gertrude was his witness, and as the words, "Until his life's end" were said, he whispered to her, "My life is going now." He was carried back to the little Dhurmsala (or house of lodging for the poor), and there, on May 14, he died; I think after his first Communion, but of this I cannot be sure.

Before his death Tukeram gave his child to Sister Gertrude, saying, "He is your child, take him and make him a Christian." All this time his poor little Hindu wife waited on him, showing very little emotion. Then came the Christian funeral of this new convert, with his Baptism robes all unsoiled, and to that the Hindu wife went, carrying the child. In the cemetery she quite broke down, and sat on the ground a little distance from the grave, and howled as only a Hindu woman can—the only way in which she was quieted at all during the service was by a Sister standing beside her with her hand on her head. Afterwards she left the child with us, and went away with her father and relations. Charlotte-bai took charge of the child, but in a very few days the mother came back, and said she must have him. There was nothing to be done but to give him up to her, and she took him away. At the time the child had something the matter with one leg, which made us say that if he were not taken care of, he would be lame.

Nearly ten years passed, and the story had faded from the mind of most of us, till Charlotte-bai sent to ask if Father Elwin would take her nephew, who was lame, into St. Nicholas' School. Then we remembered the boy, and found out the connecting links of his story. His mother married again, and having more children seems not to have cared for the lame boy. He somehow found his way to a Methodist School in Poona, and here made the best use of his time and reached the 4th Standard Marathi, and in the Methodist Chapel he was baptized "Benjamin." Last year he fell ill of plague, and was taken to the Sungum Hospital, and on his recovery Charlotte-bai got him and kept him, though he attended the Methodist Day School.

So at last by such unforeseen ways he was brought back to the Church of his father's Baptism, and admitted into the Faith in which his father died.—*The Star in the East*.

The work of the Sower is given to each of us in this world, and we fall short of our duty when we let those with whom we are brought in contact leave us without having given them a kind thought or pious impression.

Alms given in secret; that is the charity which brings a blessing.

The Rationale of Missions.

"Man is so slow at perceiving what is wrapped up in the principles he admits, so backward in carrying those principles into effect, that the practices which flow from the principles need pressing no less than the principles themselves." —GOD LERN.

"It is of the deepest moment that we should keep our sympathies wide and keen; that we should guard against indifference towards any object of human interest." —WESTCOTT.

It is matter for deep regret, in these days of vigorous activity in Church matters, that it should be found necessary again and again to draw attention to so very plain and obvious a duty as that of assisting to put the Gospel within reach of the heathen, and our fellow-countrymen. Yet, anyone who has even a moderate acquaintance with the state of the mission field, will know that it warrants strong and urgent appeals, not, in the first place to the purses, but to the hearts and consciences of all professing Christians, and that these appeals can never cease to be made until it has been far more generally recognized "that foreign missions form as essential a part of the Church's work, as the support of our churches and services, or the relief of the sick and needy," than is at present the case.

It has been said that "the greatest truths are always the most loosely held." Shall we apply this somewhat startling statement to the subject in hand, and inquire whether the lack of interest which the majority exhibit with regard to Missions is to be attributed to the fact that although they have, as a matter of course, accepted the salvation offered them through the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and called themselves after His Blessed Name, yet that they have never actually realized the value of what they have received, so as to make them feel that they cannot keep it to themselves?

"As every man hath received the gift even so minister the same one to another as good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

Can we keep our faith, our privileges, to ourselves, and expect any blessing? Here is the reply. "Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not straved, thou oughtest, therefore, to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury." Clearly we are responsible, not only for holding the faith, but for living it, and for spreading it.

What, then, is the reason why, always, the people who give it to Missions are in such a small minority? What other reason can there be than the one already suggested? Once let us come to know the value of our faith with an experimental knowledge, once let us realize our universal brotherhood in Christ, and in difference is impossible. Let us go back to first principles to truths which we think we have held firmly all our lives,