

PROVIDENTIAL MEETING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The missionary, Barnabas Shaw, being forbidden to preach the gospel in Cape Town, bought a yoke of oxen and a cart, and, with his wife and his goods, headed the lowing kine toward the interior of the country, not knowing whither he went. Thus they journeyed on till they had traveled three hundred miles. On the twenty-seventh day of their journey they encamped for the night. They discovered a company of Hottentots halting near them. On entering into communication with them, they learned, to their astonishment, that this band of heathen, headed by their chief, were journeying to Cape Town in search of a missionary to "teach them the great World," as they expressed it. Had either party started a half-day earlier or later they would not have met. It was one of the junctures of Providence in the history of God's church. A modern chapter of The Acts of the Apostles.—Jennie M. Bingham.

THE BEST KNOWN BOOK.

"Perhaps nothing better shows the cosmopolitan character of the present war," says the Youth's Companion, "than some figures that the British and Foreign Bible Society recently gave out. Since the war began, the society has distributed for use, by friend and foe, in trench, dugout, prison camp, barrack room battleship and hospital more than six million books in sixty languages." This was the record up to the latter part of the summer of 1917, and indicates how people of many nations are being brought constantly into contact with the greatest book of the world.

THE RESURRECTION.

Mr. Moffat was preaching upon the resurrection, when Macaba, a notorious chief, cried out, "What are those words about the dead? The dead rise?" "Yes," said the missionary, "all the dead shall rise." "Will my father arise?" "Yes," answered the missionary. "Will all the slain in battle arise?" "Yes," said the missionary. "Will all that have been killed and eaten by lions, tigers and crocodiles arise?" "Yes, and come to judgment." "Hark!" shouted the chief, turning to the warriors, "Ye wise men, did your ears ever hear such strange and unheard-of news? Did you ever hear such news as this?" turning to an old man, the wise man of his tribe. "Never!" answered the old man. The chief then turned to the missionary and said, "Father, I love you much; but the words of a resurrection are too great for me. I do not wish to hear about the dead rising again. The dead can not rise; the dead shall not rise!" "Tell me, my friend, why not," said the missionary. "I have slain my thousands; shall they arise?"—Free Methodist.

"Cheered by the presence of God, I will do at each moment, without anxiety, according to the strength which He shall give me, the work that His providence assigns me. I will leave the rest without concern; it is not my affair."

TRANSFORMATION.

I sought for happiness in things of sense
The carnal pleasures known in Adam's
day;
When fond desire looked across the fence
Of God's commands, nor feared to dis-
cubey.

No fruit so beautiful as that denied;
God was outvoted and his law defied.

The river of my joy ran as the tide,
And overflowed its banks like Egypt's
Nile,

Why course a narrow stream when one so
wide

Doth make the evil good? Nought can
defile.

He who can still his conscience with false
words

Mistake the sounds of Hell for humming
birds.

'Twas all a dream, my river soon ran dry.

My bark was stranded on a narrow shore.
Mocked by the joys of others, wretched I,
Now all my folly and my sins abhorred.
I stood condemned before the bar of God;
I humbled lay beneath a chastening rod.

But hope revived when Edonis conqueror
stood

With pity's look and love compassionate.
Said he, "I bring you joy and life and good,
I'll lift you from your sorrowful estate.
To see the thing that angel never saw,
The blood of pardon for a broken law.

Oh what a change! From darkness unto
light,

From bondage unto liberty he brought.
The cleansing blood made every black spot
white.

I had the joy my soul so long had sought.
In carnal pleasures and in pride of life,
Shut in with God and free from worldly
strife.

'Tis not a dream. It stands the test of years
No summer's drought can dry these
waters deep.

Sorrow is gone and banished are my fears,
There's peace in suffering, tears of joy I
weep.

For now I find my pleasure deep in God,
And in affliction's hour can kiss the rod.

Oh seekers after pleasure look this way!
Why buy a carnal joy the soul to kill?
Or pluck the apples that must soon decay!
Be wise to seek and find God's gracious
will.

Oh launch your bark upon Eternal love,
Exchange the joys of earth for joys above!
W. E. S.

FREQUENT PRAYER.

Prayer is the key to open the day, and the bolt to shut in the night. But as the clouds drop the early dew and the evening dew upon the grass by that constant and double falling of the dew, unless some great shower at certain seasons did the rest; so the customary devotion of prayer twice a day is the falling of the early and latter dew. But if you will increase and flourish in works of grace, empty the great clouds sometimes, and let them fall in a full shower of prayer. Choose out seasons when prayer shall overflow like the Jordan in time of harvest.—Bishop Taylor.



STEPHEN TUCK.

Brother Tuck is a very much alive Christian. He was born at Hants Harbour, Newfoundland, May 4th, 1858, where he is now spending a month visiting relatives and friends, after an absence of 16 years. In early life he was a fisherman, but in 1903 he removed to Moncton with his wife and family, and has been in the employ of the C. N. Railways ever since.

Brother Tuck had a sky blue, shouting happy conversion in 1899, and became a member of the Methodist Church at Hants Harbour. On coming to Moncton he united with the Wesley Memorial Methodist Church. He says, "He had a wonderful conversion, and a still more wonderful experience of sanctification." About a year after uniting with the "Wesley Memorial Church," Brother Tuck and his wife attended some revival meetings being held in the Reformed Baptist Church, and hearing the experience of entire sanctification in sermons, and testimonies, and songs, with the accompanying life and joy they felt so much at home that they obtained their dismissal from the Methodist church and united with the Reformed Baptist Church and lived in the joy and fellowship of it until Oct. 6, 1913, when Sister Tuck was called to the fold above, since which time Brother Tuck has witnessed the passing of one son and three daughters, joyfully into the great triumphant company of the Christian family in heaven, his wife and two daughters dying the same year. Brother Tuck now lives with his son, Mr. Edwin Tuck and family, where he has a very happy home, surrounded by his grandchildren. He is much in love with the little church, and is very zealous in the Christian work, far beyond the membership of the church and congregation, wherever he hears of those to whom he can minister by a cheering word, or prayer or money to supply little comforts in their sickness. This type of faithfulness, always produces joyfulness and Brother Tuck is of the ever cheerful company of Christians, "who rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks and abstain from all appearance of evil." Brother Tuck has four brothers and two sisters and their families in Newfoundland and one sister in Lynn, Mass., and he has been looking forward to this visit he is now enjoying for a long time.