

to call attention to Paul's sacred charge to the elders of the church at Ephesus, Acts 20:28, "Take heed therefore unto yourselves and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost has made your overseer, to feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood."

The above passage you may consider my text.

Written at New Brighton, Pa., April 16, 1930, preparatory to a talk to be given to a group of preachers at Port Credit, Ont., Lorne Park College, April 23, 1930.

REV. A. H. M. ZAHNISER.

HELP SENT IN A SNOWSTORM

I wish to tell to the glory of God, of a remarkable answer to prayer that occurred in March, 1900. We were living in Missouri at the time, and through a real estate man had been defrauded of nearly all we had. We had spent a pretty hard winter; but we never would go in debt. What we could not get and pay for, we would do without and trust in God to help us through.

We had done cow and two little ponies, and they lived on the grass in the orchard. Our hay and corn had almost given out when it began to snow, and it snowed for two days and nights; till the snow was, I believe, two feet on the level, and in drifts as high as the rail fence. The roads were so blockaded no one could pass through the lanes; and here we were without feed for the stock and very little for ourselves. So we went down on our knees before the Lord, and asked Him to send us some hay and things we needed.

That was in the morning, and at noon, still no answer. Husband and I fasted, and it began to get late in the evening and still snowing so that we could not see from the house to the barn. Still no answer. So I went to the barn to milk. I patted the horses as they whinnied at me as if to say, "Give me hay," and the cow moored. I felt sorry for them, but said to them, "You will have to fast like us, unless God sends you something to eat," and I breathed a silent prayer to God, and the burden rolled off my heart. I came to the house, gave the children their supper, and went into the room where my husband sat with his face between his hands, afraid to look up. I took my song book and went to singing with all my heart, and the more I sang the more I got blest. My husband said it seemed wicked to sing in such a trying time; but just then, the children looked out of the window and shouted, "O papa, there stands a load of hay." We were all on our feet in an instant, and sure enough, there was the hay. At the same time, we heard footsteps on the porch. Husband flung open the door, and there stood Bro. G— with some potatoes, and flour and meat. You can imagine what a joyful time we had. We went right down on our knees and thanked God who hears and answers prayer. My husband had said it was impossible for anyone to haul hay or venture out in that storm; but when God's word is at stake, all things are possible. The man had laid down the fence and had driven through the field, the only way possible to get to the house with a team.—*Sel.*

EXPERIENCE

Afflictions hunt us again into God's fold when we have leaped out. They are God's file, to rub off our rust; God's soap and fuller's earth to remove spots; God's fan to blow away our chaff.—*Ex.*

WHO WAS IT?

Who was it that left a home of purity, beauty, glory and wealth for a home of misunderstanding and poverty?

Who was it that gladly consented, when sent by His Father to self-sacrifice, suffering and shame, that He might be a blessed benefactor to others?

Who was it that a king wanted to kill when a little babe, and whose parents had to flee into a far country to save His life?

Who was it, when at the age of twelve loved to be in the temple, His Father's house, listening and asking questions? Who was it that worked hard from babyhood to the age of thirty at the carpenter's trade, providing for the family of children after their father's death? Who was it that loved the little children, laid His hands on them and said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto Me for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven?"

Who was it that was tempted forty days in the wilderness without water, food, fire or any physical comfort, with wild beasts and Satan in person close beside Him with his taunting, "If?"

Who was it that was hurried by His own countrymen to the brow of a hill in His own home town to cast Him down headlong, because He told them the truth?

Who was it that, in the Garden of Gethsemane, sweat great drops of blood, because His soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death?

Who was it that was falsely accused, mockingly crowned with thorns, was spit upon, buffeted, scourged by the Roman soldiers, yet never opened His mouth in self-defence, fulfilling the prophecy, "The plowers plowed upon my back, they made long their furrows" and another, "His visage was so marred more than any man's," when the soldiers smote Him with the palms of their hands? Psalm 129:3; Isa. 52:14. Who was it that prayed for the cruel soldiers as they drove the nails through His hands and feet?

Who was it that, though pure and holy, was condemned, crucified between two thieves as though He were the vilest of the three?

Who was it that was forsaken by the Father while He took the sinner's place, and cried out, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Mark 15:39.

Oh, it was the only son of the living God, who was with God at the creation of the world. "All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made." John 1:3.

It was the Lamb of God, slain from before the foundation of the world.

It was He, who did not regard equality with God as something at which He should grasp. Nay, "He stripped Himself of His own glory, and took on Him the nature of a bond-servant, by becoming a man like other men," Phil. 2:6-7. Oh, what humility!

It was He, who came to this sinful world to pay a debt, SO GREAT that no mortal man could ever pay, that He might redeem all men from the power of Satan. It was He who made it possible for us to call the great God of this universe "Our Father."

Oh, do we believe it? Do we realize it; or is it simply like a tale that happened long ago and told us often?

Our Father help us to a closer, clearer understanding of our rich inheritance in Christ, because "He became poor that we through His poverty might be rich." 2 Cor. 8:9. May we continue with all saints to know more of the "breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth know-

ledge, that we may be filled with all the fullness of God." Eph. 3:18-19.

Grant us an undaunted faith in an Almighty God, to give us authority over all the powers of the devil, that He may not darken our minds to the rich inheritance of the purchased possession to the praise of His glory, then our hearts will be filled, and overflow in peace and joy and praise.—*Sel.—Missionary Holiness Herald and The Vanguard.*

THE POWER OF INFLUENCE

By Elizabeth Hunton

It has been said, "Influence is personal power." Who can fathom the mystery and mighty force of those ever living waves which constantly flow out and out from our lives. None are so little or inferior or unnoticed that they do not exert an influence. The spoken word, the tone of voice, the act, even a look or the manner are constantly affecting everyone about us. Every person we have ever been associated with on the busy highway of life is either better or worse for having come in contact with us. In our intercourse with others in a business way, the folks we have met in travel, even the passers-by on the street, the little children, the youth in our homes, neighborhood, schools, and places of employment have all been molded partly by the way our lives and actions have affected them. Especially is this true in the lives of those who love and admire us. Many a small brother or sister has been spoiled by the example of big brothers or sisters.

Who is there that cannot recall some little word or act of another that has seemingly changed the whole course of the life.

We never know when some weak discouraged one is passing our way, and by living nobly, a true man or woman, we may instill new life and courage and fresh impetus into some fainting heart.

Influence is being constantly transferred or passed on; we touch another life, and, whether we move them to good or evil, they in turn pass on and on until there is no end to it. It speeds on with a persistent, resistless force.

While it is true that the past evil of every life, even though repented of, is still effecting others somewhere, how good to know too that every word, act, example, prayer, written word, personal effort for God and righteousness to the good of our fellows lives and works. Our lives are like seeds sown, and our words and actions constantly re-seed themselves.

Adam's influence still lives, so does that of godly Enoch and Noah. Who can estimate the mass of influence that has accumulated from Paul's life, work, preaching and writings? And who, if they had the privilege of possessing it, would exchange it for that exercised by Nero?

Many a sluggard whines about nothing to give, and no ability to do, but they have an influence! And we will all be accountable, whether we make it an ally of right or evil. Indifference about the matter does not alter it, but will only make it worse to give an account for what we may have been or what we might have accomplished.

Many a humble person, by holy, consistent living, is setting forces to work that to the end of time and on into eternity will bring good to humanity, honor to God, and glory to Jesus, and they themselves are thereby being enriched, both for earth and heaven until some will be millionaires in God's estimation.

Let us guard carefully the mighty power of our influence.—*The Wesleyan Methodist.*

Corry, Pa.