

gelization of the whole world by the gospel leaven which Jesus lodged in it eighteen centuries ago.

We have not space to notice Acts iii. 21 any further than to quote a few words from Meyer. "Before the time shall have come, in which all things shall be restored, Christ comes not from heaven." The times "precede the Parousia, and by the emergence of which it is conditioned that the Parousia shall ensue."

Though I might have quoted others, I have freely quoted Meyer, the most learned exegete of his century, because Second Adventists are loud in their assertions that all the sacred scholarship is on their side.

The above common sense expositions are as old as the Greek Fathers. This is a sufficient answer to the declaration that the so-called post-millennial view is a modern invention of Whitby and others.

IS HE THE COMING PREACHER?

C. R. G.

Through curiosity I went to hear him preach.

Now I have made an humble confession, but doubtless such confessions might often and honestly be made. I had heard much of the strange preacher. Some said his mode of preaching was a new departure. Some said, "He is too severe." Others said, "It serves them right." And so I went to see.

The hall was large, but filled to overflowing. The hour was at hand for service.

Presently a man with a quick step walked down the aisle and to the speaker's stand. He faced the audience and with a pleasant greeting said, "Good evening."

He began immediately, without song, prayer or ceremony, by saying: "I am here, an ambassador for Christ, working for the Master. Time is precious. The fields are already ripe for the harvest. I am here in great earnest to engage laborers to go out into the fields to gather in the golden grain, to save it from the blight and mildew that will surely fall upon it. I offer the highest wages and the greatest rewards ever given to man. Come, let us garner in the grain. I am here, too, by the Master's call to enquire concerning the needs of this people, and in order that I may do you the more good, I wish to know of your spiritual condition. So please grant me one request. All here to-day that have a personal and a

positive religious experience and can truly say, I have been born again, I have been baptized with the Holy Ghost, please arise to your feet." I heard him announce fourteen. His eyes were downcast for a moment. Then he brightened up and said, "Thank God. Now let us sing, 'I Love to Tell the Story.'"

There was a multitude of voices, and it seemed to me that saints, and even sinners caught the inspiration in the beautiful song. The speaker continued the theme of the old, old story after the singing was concluded. He gave the story of his own experience and his conversion, and as he proceeded the story seemed to grow in importance and there was a manifest enkindling of fire and zeal. He seemed, as it were, transfigured before us, and his face did shine as if his soul was filled with joy and peace, and thanksgiving, such as only a soul redeemed can ever know. There were tearful eyes and joyful exclamations throughout the whole congregation. The story that had been so often told had been told again with a vivid glow that brought conviction to the impenitent, as well as joy and gladness to those who seemed to know it best, for they were hungering and thirsting to hear it, like the rest. It was indeed impressive, and it seemed that he had brought us near to the gates of heaven. After a little pause, he said: "I rejoice to know that a personal and positive Christian experience is within the reach of all, an experience that drives away doubts and fears, that gives perfect peace and sweet rest that cannot be attained in any pursuit of happiness belonging to the world. I am glad to live in a land of gospel liberty, and for the numbers there are engaged in God's vineyard, and I am anxious to know how many there are in this house engaged in working for the Master. Let me ask as a favor that all in the house belonging to the different Churches arise to their feet." In a moment nearly or quite half of the congregation arose from their seats. When they were seated again, the preacher sat down. He looked as if some sudden calamity had come upon him. A cold wave seemed to sweep through the house. The people looked bewildered. I sat wondering myself, thinking what would come next. All at once, as the preacher rose to his feet, it flashed across my mind, "strategy!" His long arm and bony finger stretched out as if pointing to everyone. With a solemn voice that trembled with emotion he asked, "Why did you not rise to your feet at the first invitation? I remind you of the words of the