

Never for a moment, reader, credit the Satanic lie, that "it's a long road to the end of self." Commit yourself at once, as you may do, to Christ, and that as above instructed, and one hour will not pass before you will be able to say with truth, "I have been crucified with Christ, and I (the old self) live no longer, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—*A. Mahan, in Divine Life.*

HOW THEY SPEAK IN THE SOUTH.

[The writer of the following letter, which we take from "The Way of Life," published at Atlanta, Georgia, we had the pleasure of listening to at Round Lake Camp Meeting. We look upon him as a prince in Israel. The memory of the sermon preached by him on that occasion still lingers with us, and thrills the soul as we recall it. Although parts of the letter are chiefly of local interest, still we publish it entire. Remember, it is the every-day thought of a man of might, both intellectually and spiritually.]
—ED. EXPOSITOR.

BROTHER DODGE,—Gainesville voted last Sunday, without a dissenting voice, to ask for the spring meeting of our Holiness Convention. The meeting of last May lingers still in its benedictions upon us. Its effects are seen and known of all—but by none so plainly as by the pastor. I need the presence of these brethren and sisters—their prayers, their talks, their labours in the Holy Ghost. I have never found such help in any other Church gathering as I get from these. The sinners are convicted, the mourners mourn, the converts are converted, the reclamations reclaim, and revivals always revive.

Holiness means pungent conviction, "repentance that needs not to be repented of," powerful conversions, and sin-destroying sanctifications. It means thorough work wherever it touches. There is not an ailment in the Church that holiness does not cure, if the afflicted soul only takes it. It is a specific for dancing and the whole list of worldly amusements. It is death to idleness. It is an unfailing remedy for stinginess and littleness. One taste of it cures the love of trashy literature and begets the intensest hungering after the "sincere milk of the word."

Holiness people all love class-meeting. This glorious old safeguard to the piety of the Church is as fresh to them to-day as it was to their fathers a hundred years ago. They measure up to Malachi's standard of the Church: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another." They don't need Church law to make them go to class-meeting; they go because they love it. In St. James' Church, Augusta, the class-meeting had been strug-