

mend yourself to all men by the transparent truthfulness and solid uprightness of your conduct." And then, if he accepts this proposal, the committee should make full use of this opportunity to help the man. They should use it definitely, systematically, and hopefully. The strongest church members should be set to aiding him in his endeavors toward a better life. No service is more pleasing to him who came to earth on precisely such an errand.

But if all the conferences are fruitless, and it comes clearly to the sad necessity for expulsion, then the sad alternative must be accepted with decisive firmness. This will be a decided advantage if those in charge of the case can act as a unit; but if some good cantankerous Christian chance to be a church officer, he will probably break up all prospects of unity. Never mind; move serenely along the broad highway of majority votes, and let him splutter. Nothing was ever accomplished by long waiting for unanimity.

Nevertheless, the prosecutors must have a clear understanding among themselves. They must be agreed—or at least a strong majority—on the course to be followed, every precise step of it. Each stage of their dealings with the culprit must have its written record—a copy of the letter sent him by the committee, requesting his appearance before them; his reply to those letters, and all other necessary documents, but none that are not necessary.

In presenting the case to the church—in those denominations where the church acts upon the case at all—the least said the bet-

ter, provided enough is said to carry conviction. A full account must be given of the steps taken in dealing with the wrong-doer and of the results reached, but few details, of crime or sin, of testimony and inquisition. The body of men that has pursued the inquiry should be so weighty that its judgment will be accepted almost on the mere statement of it. Large reliance should be placed on the common knowledge of the character of the offender. Do not yield to the idle curiosity of those that are eager to unfold the entire shameful story.

The process of excommunication differs widely in different denominations; in some it is tedious and complicated, in others it is summary and simple. There is no need to discuss here such points of procedure. But in all denominations the sinner should be put out of the church in order that some time, and as soon as possible, he may be got in again. Ours must be a double watchery in every church trial; excommunication, in order to purification and reformation; purification of the church, reformation of the sinner. Here also the famous case in Corinth is a model for us also; "Sufficient to such a one is this punishment. . . . Ye should forgive him and comfort him, . . . confirm your love toward him." God's people, like God, must be redeemer more gladly than judge. There is no triumph like restoration. "There shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine righteous persons, which need no repentance." And that is the principal thing I know about church discipline.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

The Conquering Thing

BY JOHN A. HUTTON.

No normal man can deal with the first three centuries of the Christian era without confessing that he is in contact with a power at variance with the world, which is not to be explained away. . . . Ultimately, it is all a mystery; but it is a mystery of God. It is the same mystery as lurks in life; indeed, it is the mystery of life. What was it that urged and sustained those obscure men and women through three hundred years. For what precious scruple, for what lonely sense of honour, did they refuse to come to terms with a world which was prepared to go to all lengths to secure their acquiescence? We can see at a glance that, being the people they were, they were bound to fascinate and overcome the world. But what was it that made them what they were? We can see them dashed against the various hostilities of the world, the world rousing itself at intervals, at one time to reduce them, at another time to crush them into dust, but we see them still coming on, coming forward, wave upon wave, like a rising sea.

And the question which by the requirements of our own rational nature we are compelled to ask, is: What was the force

behind those men and behind those beliefs and that discipline which gave to them their overcoming power. To such a question there is but one answer, and it is this: Just as behind those waves which in a rising sea overcome all opposition, there is the inexhaustible might of sun and moon and stars; just as a tide owes its triumph to the fact that it, is in obedience at the moment to the whole nature of things, in harmony with physical omnipotence; so the triumph of Christianity in those first days—and in any days when Christianity honorably triumphs—is due and can be due to nothing except this: that at such a time by the peculiar disposition under God of certain human hearts, at the call of some new moral sensitiveness and spiritual necessity, there was let loose upon the world a power for holiness, for suffering, for patience, for gratitude, which found a scarcely hindered way.

In this warfare, as in all warfare, the issue was decided by the man behind the gun. And in this particular warfare it was decided by the power of the living Christ behind the man. . . . Through her beliefs the Church overcame a world which at the moment had no belief, certainly no belief com-

parable to ours. Through her zeal, which was the expression of her belief she was sure to make headway in a world which in all deep things had come to a standstill. Through her discipline, the readiness of her members to surrender personal idiosyncrasies for the sake of a general harmony and a common life, she was sure to have an advantage over those distracted and incoherent centuries. And finally, the pure and austere behaviour of her members, their beautiful support of one another's life, their forgiveness and forbearance and contentment, their high standard of morals, and, in consequence, their freshness and heartiness and vitality—such things were sure to impress and overawe and secretly to disarm and attract a world about which its own serious minds were full of foreboding or disgust or frank despair. By these signs the cause of Christ overcame the world; and truly, never except by these very signs will the cause of Christ overcome the world or will have the right to overcome the world.

But we must make clear to ourselves that these signs themselves were not the conquering thing. The conquering thing is never the outward sign. The conquering thing is the inward potency and spirit of which the sign is at best but the sign; it is the inner quality which in the sign comes into contact with outward things.

Let me try to make that still clearer. Believing, as I for one do believe, that whenever the Church can present to the world the life and belief of those first days, she will resume her conquering way, I might go on to say: Very well, if that is so, let us begin to preach those doctrines which awake such echoes long ago in the hearts of men. I might say, Let us go to, and begin to, use those very weapons as the weapons of our warfare. If it was the announcement of certain beliefs which won over the world, let us begin forthwith to announce those beliefs. Yes—but you must see that you have the right to declare those beliefs; you must see that they are your own beliefs.

Now a belief is something that you are actually living by. A belief is not something which you have lying about somewhere, something which you bring out upon occasion when you proceed to put a mechanical and difficult kind of life in it. No, that only is

YOUR BELIEF

which you absolutely need in order to justify or to support you in the life which you have chosen or the life which God seems to have laid upon you. A doctrine is not something which may or may not be true; a doctrine is something of such a kind that if it could be proved not to be true, the last light in your life would go out. It is only doctrines held with such a reality of passion that can move the world; and when they move the world, it is not they which move the world; it is the Spirit of God, of moral fidelity and spiritual thoroughness which dwells in them and glows through them.

It is a thing beyond all discussion with me,

It is a thing beyond a discussion with me that only a Church which has beliefs for which it will suffer to the uttermost will ever touch the hearts of men—nay, in my view, a Church without convictions is a horror. But in days when beliefs are becoming vague and shadowy, the way back to the great convictions, and to a dogmatic expression of the great convictions, is not by any mere vote of the Church. A doctrine to be powerful, nay, even to be sincere, must rest upon and be the expression of our own life system; it is organic with our own moral principles. It is the echo out of that heart of God which we know in Christ, the echo to some cry of utter necessity. Wherever doctrine is less than this, or other than this, it is dead, and the mere repetition of it, or the

use of threatening against those who will not adopt it, is altogether futile. It is as though you were to pin a few leaves to the bare branches of a tree and put up a notice that summer had come. Never a bird of the air will nestle among such manufactured things. A leaf is not a leaf when it is pinned on, or when it needs to be pinned on. A leaf is a leaf when it has to come out of the living tree, when it wanted to come, when it loved to come.

The doctrines of the Church which overcame the world were the lyrical expression of her living experience. They were all she could say in utterance of the tumult of her confidence. They were her songs unto the Lord of her life, which she found in the night and sang in the night.—*Selected.*

Copacabana

BY LULA FERGUSON.

I want to tell you about an image that thousands of these people go to pray to in the month of August.

Lake Titicaca, in Bolivia, is perhaps fifty miles from La Paz. There is a cape extending out into this lake, on the southern coast. On this cape is an image made by an Indian at a place called Copacabana. Thousands of people go to Copacabana every year, in the month of August, and remain a week or ten days, praying to this image. There is a book in La Paz recounting the miracles which it is claimed that this image has performed.

The following facts were gleaned from a book written by a man who once visited the place during the popular season.

There is a large park with some ordinary houses, and a *holy water* basin has been begun, but never completed. The streets are full of peddlers, line upon line of Indians with their wares to sell, and here and there disorderly groups of drunken dancers. The church is of modern construction. At the side of the entrance are three large stone crosses, the pedestals being considerably worn away by the penitent Indians, who walk for hours and hours on their knees around them.

The altar and throne of the virgin front the lake from the back part of the church. The image is mounted upon a wheel, so that it can be turned from one side to the other. A large window is in front of the wheel through which the different reflections of the sun upon the lake pass and give different colors to the face of the "venerable virgin." Multitudes go to the church, kneel, place their eyes on the virgin, sing and cry, mingling hymns with drunken songs. Some cry in Latin, others in Aymara, Quichua and Spanish. In front of this almost divine image I saw the surging crowds, the mass profaned, where the priests of a superstitious religion, in their greed for money, sing mass with the same indifference that a shoemaker drives the tacks in the sole of the shoe. They have seen this ignorant multitude so many

times that they smile disdainfully. The poor Indian, with his hand full of silver and tears of sorrow in his eyes, prostrates himself before the "immortal mother of love and mercy." He believes that one look from the virgin will calm all his fears, relieve all his pains, and comfort all his sorrows.

These downtrodden and miserable people run to the virgin as their last refuge from the eternal wrong and injustice which follow them. The cry of pain rises constantly from that poor race, tortured by the so-called civilized. While he weeps before his idol, the hand of the priest who sings mass slips into his pocket and lessens the little money he has with which to buy bread for his family. How great the sorrow of those poor people. They kneel with their hands on the cross, weeping, and a look of adoration fixed on the immovable face of the virgin. Those trembling lips pray the secret prayer! Who heard it? This image of stone made by Indian artist?

Great and small, poor and rich, of all conditions, and from different races, shipwrecked on all seas, they go to this shrine seeking rest, imploring for comfort and help against the disgraces of life.

It seems to me more like a market than a church—a market where a little comfort, or hope is bought with tears and money, a market where a *high price* is paid by the worshipper for the right to love and pray to the virgin in whom he believes.

They charge for each mass \$2.50. It is very seldom one leaves without having mass said. For each song 24 cents is charged. When there are 10,000 visitors and each has two songs, it gives the sum of \$4,800. For masses, songs, candles, gifts, they will give a sum total of \$28,000 and all this is less than a month. Besides this, every year the virgin is decorated with jewels and precious stones by those who come to worship her. Nobody is supposed to know what becomes of these decorations.

Dear friends, this is only a little about this poor people. Truly it can be said of them,

they know not God. "This people dwelleth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men" (Matt. 15:8-9).

"SUCH A LITTLE WAY TO GO."

BY MRS. M. N. THAYER.

We admire the Scotch. They are such a cherry, sincere folk, a reticent people. They are true, their natures are deep. A dear grandmother to some of us, *Isas* Scotch. How well we remember her! How attractive she was—her big, clear blue eyes; her silver hair, her fair, beautiful complexion! My own grandmother's face comes before me now. She has entertained us often, "with sense refined, learning digested, with elated faith, unstudied wit and with humor ever gay."

What a blessing that she was mine! The life that "grew sweeter growing old." She possessed the power to draw all hearts to hers by "Love's sweet Law."

I was looking again into a sweet, sweet face of a pretty Scotch worker. She, too, is growing old beautifully, making live sweeter about her. She said to me: "Did you ever thing how like a journey life is, and 'tis such a little way to go?" When things arise to annoy, to cause us to become impatient, oftentimes irritable, how well it is to stop and think, 'O 'tis such a little way to go.' Let us make the best of it, not notice it, overlook it." I thought, as I thought of this example now before me: O yes, such a little way to go!

Have you ever been, during the summer months, to the mountains or the seashore with a party of friends who were congenial? They would agree among themselves to take a side trip, and, perhaps, one of the party would oppose it, if not actually to object. She would not enter into the spirit of the others, and thereby the pleasure of the trip would be marred. How much better if she could deny herself and show an interest in their desires and a willingness to enter into their proposal!

Can we not look back to individuals we have been with us through these delightful, restful days and we unconsciously think how delightful the hours spent with them, how sweet their memory still! They were truly "as a string of pearls to us."

On this journey of life, how dear some of its days, weeks, months, and even years because of "some one" who thought "such a little way to go." I will make that way! We often come into contact with those whose presence make the way so sweet! "Just such a little way to go."

The journey is hard at the best; then we make it more tedious to ourselves and to others by being disagreeable?

The friend called to my mind the philosophical Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, how she said she always prayed to God to keep her from "gettin' sour when things went like the very ole Scratch!" If we could

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Address all communications for this department to Mrs. John T. Benson, Eastland Avenue, Nashville, Tennessee.
Letters will not be published unless written on one side of the sheet only.

Dear Cousins: This week I want to talk to you about a great cathedral in Milan, Italy. A young girl was telling me of her visit there, and I found it very interesting. This magnificent building is built in the shape of a Latin cross. It is nearly 500 feet long and 252 feet wide. Its dome is over 350 feet in height. It was begun in 1386, and during the centuries which followed the finest architects of Europe have contributed designs to beautify it. It is built of marble, exquisitely carved in the most elaborate manner. Besides the great central dome, the roof supports 106 pinnacles. There are tall slender spires of the most beautiful design, carved and adorned with life-sized marble figures. Each shaft has one of these statues on its top. Inside are long rows of beautiful marble columns, and walls, ceilings, doors, altars and shrines are so richly carved as to make this cathedral one of unsurpassed beauty.

A wealthy nobleman of Italy, the Duke of Milan, long years ago, gave valuable marble quarries to the church, and all these beautiful things—columns, shrines, and statues have been made from their own marble.

A TOWN OF MARBLE MEN AND WOMEN.

There are 4,500 life-sized statues, no two of which are alike. About 1,500 are on the inside, and 3,000 adorn the niches, roof and pinnacles outside.

Thus you see, children, that there is almost a little town in population on the roof of this great building.

It was this multitude of marble men and women which interested me most, as I listened to the story of the cathedral of Milan.

One hundred workmen are employed daily in caring for the building, and its marble inhabitants. Every foot of space, from foundation to topmost pinnacle must be examined daily. Sun and frost play havoc with marble, and each carved figure is carefully looked after, lest there be a crack somewhere in the white stone.

If there is found even a tiny break in its polished surface, the figure is taken down at once, and a new one put in its place. Should the keepers grow careless, and leave a slightly damaged figure, it might crack into pieces, and falling, ruin a dozen others.

Workmen are busy the year round carving three new ones to be put into position in the statues, and it is not unusual for two or course of a week.

Neither money or labor are considered in keeping this little town of stone people in the best of condition.

It has taken long years of work, and millions of dollars to build this cathedral. And once built, it requires a fortune to keep it in order. Do you suppose this costly pile of stone, these thousands of stone men and women, this great outlay of money for that which has neither life nor heart, nor soul, was Christ's idea of religion?

LIVING MEN AND WOMEN.

The cathedral is situated in a square. It is a favorite gathering place for beggars who hope to receive alms from those visiting the notable building. Such miserable creatures—blind, lame, diseased, filthy, degraded. She had never seen so many, or such terrible specimens of humanity, the girl told me. All that poverty, and ignorance and sin could do, seemed to be done in these poor, wretched beggars. They lay on the sidewalks, or huddled in doorways, hungry, ignorant, with no man to care for their souls. High above them, on roof and spire, in well-kept safety, white marble figures looked down upon them in stony indifference. Whom do you think would have interested Jesus when He was on earth?

Would He have spent hours of anxious watchfulness over these senseless marble forms? Would He have spent vast sums of money that they might retain their dazzling whiteness, unhurt by sun or storm?

We know better than this. We understand Him well enough to know that those miserable beggars below, with beating hearts, with souls to be saved, these would have claimed His attention. What a mockery we make of the gospel of Christ! To invest time and money, to put love and care into images of stone, this is not His gospel. To neglect the warm, living body of flesh and blood to care nothing for the immortal soul, this is not the religion of Jesus. He did not teach or practice such abominations.

MISPENT MONEY AND ENERGY.

Suppose the time and money which is spent on those marble make-believe men and women should be spent on the red flesh and blood beings who need it?

The ignorant of the great city of Milan could be taught, the unfortunate helped, the sinful lifted up, the helpless cared for. Little children could be saved from lives of vice, and given a chance to become good men and women.

Do you think Jesus is pleased with this costly building and its images, when those for whom He died are left in sin and poverty? all doubt it?

Then, just suppose that all the care and work and money spent on handsome churches, in lofty steeples, in costly furnishings the world over, should be spent in helping people to better lives, what a different place this earth would be.

As I thought of those many, well-cared-for figures of the Milan cathedral, I remembered the Psalmist: "They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not." Then I thought of the boys and girls who are running our streets. They can see, and hear, and speak—they can learn the things which will ruin or lift them up. They are being fitted for lives of vice, or virtue.

Jesus is interested in them. He provided for them to be saved. Are we interested?

Yesterday two girls, half drunk, were found near the railroad track in the outskirts of the city. They were left there by two boys the night before. One was only fourteen. The attention and money spent on one of these marble images or on some costly church carpet would save that child. This is one of thousands of cases.

THE TRAINING HOME.

You all know something of the Training Home. It is not a reformatory or rescue mission. It is the ounce of prevention worth a pound of cure! It seeks to save children from these very things.

And when you see those thirty, bright children, even the little tots singing hymns of praise, repeating scripture, praying earnestly, you feel that these precious girls are being saved from sin. One of our greatest sorrows is that there can be only thirty. The home is full to overflowing. Children must be turned away every week; children who might be taught to sew and cook, to read and write, to love the Lord and keep His commandments. Turned away—what is before them? In nearly every instance nothing but sin and ruin.

We do want more room; we want it so badly. Mrs. Moore has issued 10,000 envelopes, and we are hoping to get at least as much as one dollar in each envelope.

Will you take some, and after filling one yourself, make a plea to some of your friends?

This Home is not a city, or even a white institution. Children are admitted from any place, so long as there is a vacancy open. Pray over it.

Jesus speaks of His people as being living stones, fitted into a great temple, which is being built unto the Lord.

This marvelous structure will out-rival the cathedral of Milan. Somehow when I think of these precious children, rescued, and saved to all that is good, I catch a glimpse of figures with which His spiritual temple will be adorned.

Wouldn't you like to invest in one of these warm, flesh and blood figures for the beautifying of His temple.

We are hoping some will put in \$5.00, and others many times more. But \$1.00 in each envelope would build and equip a home which would have hundreds of children. God help each of us to do our part.

Cousin Eva.

Being afraid of punishment may make men behave themselves, but it will not make them love each other.

SPECIAL TEMPERANCE SONGS.

Compiled by M. Homer Cummings.

A pamphlet containing the words of forty-five Temperance songs. Just such songs as are being used all over the country. These words are sung to old and familiar tunes. The price of the pamphlet is 10c a copy or \$1.00 per dozen, postpaid. Send orders to

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUB. CO.

FIELD NOTES

SPECIAL OFFER.

Living Water from now till January 1, 1914, for 25 cents.

M. S. Cooper and J. L. Roby are holding a meeting near Centerville, Tennessee.

The Waco, Texas camp is in progress, with Andrew Johnson, J. B. Kendall and C. D. Lear in charge.

The Lebanon, Tennessee camp meeting is now on, with J. O. McClurkan and J. J. Rye as preachers. W. M. Lantrip is song leader.

Rev. W. F. Shannon is holding a meeting near Clarksville, Tennessee. Miss Essie Morris is leading the singing.

The annual Pentecostal meeting for Salem, Va., will begin October 10, 1913. E. L. Hide, L. P. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Cowman, of Japan, P. R. Nugent will be among the preachers.

Give your friends a chance to find out about Living Water by getting them in on our trial offer, 25 cents till January, 1914.

We are having a good meeting at Templers Hall, Tennessee. There are large crowds and some are getting to the Lord, and others being helped. Bro. Nealie Hubbard, a gifted young man in song is leading the singing for us this season.

Yours in Christ,
F. M. POMEROY.

Our meeting at Spring Hill and Bentley were very good and quite a number revived in their spirit. A number saved, but only a few additions to the church. We are now at our old home church, Bethlehem. Pray that the Lord will give us a good meeting here.

Yours for the lost,
J. A. WADE and Wife.

It would be a blessing to your friends if you could induce them to subscribe for *Living Water*. To read it will make them better Christians.

We are glad to report a good meeting at Wall Hill, Miss. The Lord greatly blessed, and much and lasting good was done. A great feature of the meeting was the missionary service held by A. Ross Pittman of Trevecca College.

We put Living Water in some homes. We are now in a good meeting at Pine Valley, Miss. Pray for us.
S. E. GALLOWAY.

Miss Mary A. Toombs was born 29th of July, 1893, and departed this life July 30, 1913. Professed faith in Christ and united with M. E. Church, South at Beulah, September 23, 1911. She was the light of the home being a kind, obedient child, a loving sister, a merry school girl, and a happy Christian. This made her loved by all who knew her. She bore her affliction with patient courage and told her parents and friends she was ready to go.

MRS. G. W. JONES.

Smyrna, Tenn.

Notice that there is advertised in this paper a new song book by Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Benson. Send in your orders at once for this book. It will be a blessing to you and your congregation.

THE KING'S GOLD MINE,

BY BUD ROBINSON.

This is a treatise on the two works of grace, giving scriptural proof for same. There is a lucid account of the conversion and sanctification of the disciples. Paper, 24 pages, 10 cents. Order of
PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUB. CO.

WE PRINT BOOKS,

Song books, tracts, invitation cards and posters for your meetings. Write us for prices before letting your job.

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUB. CO.

What a large amount of good reading matter you will get for a small sum if you subscribe for Living Water on the offer of 25 cents till January, 1914.

BOOKS

BY J. O. McCLURKAN

"BEHOLD HE COMETH,"—A clear and concise view of the Lord's second coming; 179 pages..... 25c

"CHOSEN VESSELS,"—A collection of biographical and historical sketches; useful for Christian workers; 200 pages 25c

"WHOLLY SANCTIFIED,"—A clear, strong, unanswerable statement of the doctrine of sanctification; 120 pages.... 20c

"HOW TO KEEP SANCTIFIED,"—31 pages 5c

"THE MINISTRY OF PRAYER,"—A treatise on the Prayer Life, sixteen pages 5c

Pentecostal Mission Pub. Co.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

BOOKS OF GREETING



This series is made a convenient size to slip into an envelope, being 2½x3¼ inches. The volumes are printed in two colors, with border, and are bound in ooze leather, with the front cover stamped in gold. They are a modern substitute for the old-time booklets bound in paper and boards and also for post card greetings.

10 Titles.

1. Friendship.
2. Precious Thoughts.
3. Words of Cheer.
4. Birthday Thoughts.
5. The Shepherd Psalm.
6. As Thy Day.
7. Do It Now.
8. Bible Forget-Me-Nots.
9. O, Little Town of Bethlehem.
10. Phillips Brooks—Selections.

Price per volume, postpaid, 25 cents.
The set, 10 volumes, \$2.00.

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUB. CO.,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

GOD OUR STRENGTH.

Man in his weakness needs a stronger stay
Than fellow-men the holiest and best:
And yet we turn to them from day to day,
As if in them our spirits could find rest.

Gently untwine our childish hands that cling
To such inadequate supports as these,
And shelter us beneath thy heavenly wing,
Till we have learned to walk alone with ease.

W. H. HUDGIN'S SLATE.

Uba Springs, Tenn., Aug. 11-24.

JOSEPH OWEN'S SLATE.

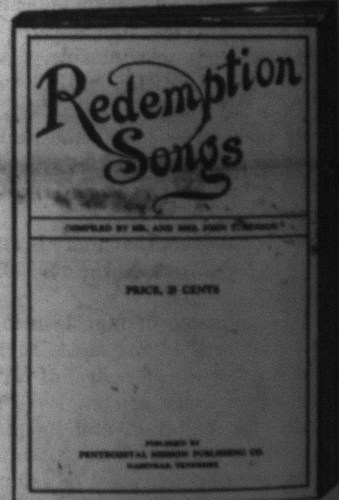
Indian Springs Camp, Flovilla, Ga., Aug. 7-22
Wilkinsburg, Penn., Aug. 19-Sept. 1.
Vincent Springs Camp, Dyer, Tenn., Sept. 4-14

JOHN F. OWEN'S SLATE.

Hartselle, Ala., (Camp), Aug. 7-17.
Hampton, Ky., (Camp), Aug. 22-31.
Dyer Tenn., (Vincent Springs Camp), Sept.
Henagar, Ala., Sept. 19-28.

J. L. BRASHER'S SLATE.

Flovilla, Ga., Indian Spgs. Camp August 1-13
Epworth, S. C. August 12-23
Youngstown, Ohio September 12-23
Address, Attalla, Ala.



We heartily recommend the REDEMPTION SONGS to all who love to "praise God in his sanctuary," and to all who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and to all followers of our Lord Jesus Christ who delight to "sing unto the Lord a New Song."

This book has an abundance of the old familiar hymns, plenty of songs for Invitation, Altar Work, Solos, Duets and is especially rich in the great Chorus songs that have become so deservedly popular. It was compiled by Mr. and Mrs. Jno. T. Benson and is, we believe, the best book we have yet produced. We are sure you will like "REDEMPTION SONGS". Send your order in now.

Price, Single Copies, 25c

Special terms and prices to churches, Sunday Schools, evangelists and others desiring a quantity.

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUB. CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN.