

WORDS AND WEAPONS FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS (Dr. Pentecost, Brooklyn), a monthly magazine full of happy thoughts and stirring words, an evangelist in print, with which has been incorporated *Gospel Union News*. Full of happy hints and quickening words.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW (Funk & Wagnalls, New York) continues its monthly visit with its Symposiums on Prohibition, Ministerial Education and the Pulpit; its pulpit themes, prayer meeting service and sermonic literature. The special offer of standard works at reduced rates to the subscribers to their magazine continue to be of the old merit. Dr. Parker's "People's Bible" now comes under this happy arrangement. The August number of this review is unusually full.

#### HIS JEWELS.

"God bless the little children!"  
I say it o'er and o'er,  
Whene'er I see their faces  
Pass by my cottage door;  
And though they never hear it,  
I think they know the prayer  
Of the lone and silent woman,  
With early whitened hair.

Away up in my garret  
There is a sacred cot,  
Whose spread of dainty rushes  
In summer days I wrought;  
And on whose tiny pillow  
The impress of a head  
Still bears its dented shaping,  
For all the tears I've shed.

Oh! mother love, that folded  
The babe that nestled there,  
Did the love of "the Good Shepherd"  
Transcend thy fondest care?  
Did arms that mine more tender  
Gather my lamb from me?  
Could only Jesus' bosom  
Her rightful pillow be?

Adown the glistening mountain  
His sled the schoolboy steers;  
But my boy's sled is hidden  
Beneath the dust of years.  
The ice upon the river  
Is skimmed by lightsome feet,  
But his will press it never,  
The fleetest of the fleet.

Oh! mother's hope, whose promise  
Bloomed fair to mortal eyes,  
Couldst thou but find completion  
'Neath skies of Paradise?  
Did gentler hand than mother's,  
My boy, thy guiding need,  
Where flow the peaceful waters,  
Where Christ His flock doth feed.

"God bless the little children!"  
They stray from us so soon,  
And leave the frost of winter  
Where lay the flush of June.

And sometimes we grow weary,  
The waiting seems so long:  
God teach the chastened mothers  
In Ramah to be strong!

—*Christian at Work.*

#### UNCLE GABE ON CHURCH MATTERS.

Old Satan lubs to come out to de meetins now a days,  
An' keeps his bizzniss runnin in de slickes' kind o' ways.  
He structifies a feller how to sling a fancy cane.  
When he's breshin' roun' de yaller gals wid all his might  
and main.  
He puts the fines' teches on a nigger's red cravat,  
Or shoves a pewter quarter in de circulatin' hat.  
He hangs aroun' de sisters too, an' greets 'em wid a smile,  
An' shews 'em how de white folks put on lots o' Sunday  
style;  
He tells de congregation, in a whisper sweet as honey,  
To hab de benches painted wid de missionary money,  
Or to send de gospel 'way out whar de necked Injuns stay,  
And meet de bill by cuttin' down de parson's 'eerly pay.  
His voice is loud an' strong enough to make de bushes  
ring,  
An' he sets up in de choir jis' to show 'em how to sing.  
Den he drops de chune 'way down so low, an' totes it up  
so high,  
Dat 'twould pester all de angel's what's a-listenin' in de  
sky;  
An' he makes de old-time music sound so frolicsome an'  
gay,  
Dat 'twill hardly git beyon' de roof—much less de milky  
way;  
For dar's heap o' dese new-fashion songs—jes' sing 'em  
how you please—  
Dat 'ill fly orf wid de harrykin, or lodge emungst de  
trees,  
Or git drowned in de thunder-cloud, or tangled in de  
lim's;  
For dey lack de steady wild-goose flop dat lif's de good  
old hymns  
De wakenin' old camp-meeting chunes is jes' de things for  
me,  
Dat start up from a nigger's soul like blackbirds from a  
tree,  
Wid a flutter 'mongst his feelins an' a wetness round  
de eyes,  
Till he almost see de chimleys to de mansions in de skies.  
—*J. A. Macon, in the Century.*

#### THE BOTTOMLESS JUG.

I saw it hanging up in the kitchen of a thrifty,  
healthy, sturdy farmer in Oxford County, Maine—a  
bottomless jug! The host saw that the curious thing  
caught my eye, and smiled.

"You are wondering what that jug is hanging up  
there for with its bottom knocked out," he said. "My  
wife, perhaps, can tell you the story better than I can;  
but she is bashful and I ain't, so I'll tell it.

"My father, as you are probably aware, owned this  
farm before me. He lived to a good old age, worked  
hard all his life, never squandered money, was a  
cautious trader, and a good calculator; and, as men  
were accounted in his day and generation, he was a  
temperate man. I was the youngest boy; and when  
the old man was ready to go—and he knew it—the