

A Mother Worth Minding

"My mother says—"

"Ho! your mother—she isn't one of the kind that's worth minding."

"What do you mean?" advancing threateningly toward the boy standing with his back against a tree. "She's as good a mother as ever lived, and I won't have you say such things."

A knot of boys had gathered close to the speakers, one cool and quiet, the other with angry, heated face.

"She isn't worth minding, and you know it, Jack Somers," was the reply. "You've said so yourself many and many a time."

"That's true!" came in a loud whisper from one of the boys standing near.

"Everybody knows it, too," came from another.

Jack turned upon the speakers in angry amazement: "You're a pretty lot of boys talking about mother that way, and pretending you like her all the time!"

"We do like her," came in a chorus from the half-dozen boys, "George said she wasn't worth minding."

"Well, what do you mean?" anger giving place to surprise.

"Why, just this, that you don't think she's worth minding."

"I never said such a thing in my life," trying to recall any remark of this kind.

"Look here, Jack," said one of the boys, coming forward; "you don't seem to see what George and the other boys are driving at. You may not have said in so many words that your mother wasn't worth minding, but by your actions. This morning, when your mother asked you to post a letter, you said you wouldn't have time to go around by the post-office, and yet you have had half-an-hour before school in which to play ball. When she told you to put on your coat for fear you would take cold, you still left it hanging over the fence, paying no attention to what she said. Of course, we boys can see she isn't worth minding, since you see it so plainly yourself. Tell you what it is, old fellow, I don't know of anything so satisfactory in the long run as minding mother."

The angry light died from Jack's face before Tom had finished, and as it came to a close, he turned and walked away.

Here was a boy who loved his mother dearly, and yet how unmindful he had been of her wishes!

"Guess I needed that lesson, and although the boys may never know it, I am much obliged to them for it. I'll see that they don't have to tell me again!"

And they did not.

—The Evangel

The "Little Aingel"

Warwick Guy Pearse gives us this touching glimpse of child-life in the slums of London. Freddy had the true Christ spirit, and many a boy, who has everything about him that Freddy lacked, of the comforts and the brightness of home, will envy the little waif his gentle, self-denying manly spirit.

Picture to yourself a bare little room at the top of one of those dreary blocks of buildings misnamed model dwellings. From the windows you could look down into the court which lay enclosed at the bottom, as deep and dark as a well. No sunshine got down there, except in the height of summer, when the sun stood directly above the court.

But here, on the sixth floor, a patch of sunlight travelled across the discoloured wall on every bright afternoon, and sometimes at sunset there was quite a transfiguration of the dingy place. To-day, however, the raw chill of January filled the room, and defied the handful of fire in the grate. Beside the fire sat a man dejected and dirty, his face buried in his hands, heedless of the children playing on the bare, unwashed floor.

"Farver, w'ere's Freddy?" asked Nance for the fourth time. "My dolly *do* want mendin'! 'Er sawdust is gettin' everywhere!" But she wept on uncomforted.

"Oh, Freddy, Freddy!" she cried as he entered some time after, burying her head against him, with a fresh access of weeping. "Lizer's broke my dolly; she's deader than last time you mended 'er!"

"Her 'ead's comed off," said Lizer, briefly,