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## HOUSEHOLD.

## A Little Close-Home Story from the Siege of Pekin.

One evening, soon after the burial of little Elizabeth Inglis, her mother's heart was moved at finding that fresh flowers had been laid upon the grave by an unknown hand, as well as a cross of life-like forget-me-nots made from delicately tinted porcelain, and a broad white ribbon, inscribed: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. He shall gather the lambs in his arms and carry them in his bosom.'

Upon inquiry it was learned that, about daylight, the English hospital orderly, young Mr. F—, had been seen arranging the wreath. Asked if he were making it for one of the English soldiers. 'No,' he replied, 'I am making this for Dr. Inglis's baby; not only because I feel sorry for them, but because my own little baby was born and died in the eighteen months since I was home in England. It was our first, so I am doing this for its sake.'

The same week Mrs. Inglis was approached by two British marines of 'the better sort.' They lifted their caps, and one said, stammering and blushing: 'Madam, if you will permit us, we would like very much to keep your baby's grave in order. We will brick it around, whiten the bricks, and keep the ground level. We used to see your baby near the Bell Tower. He were a happy little chap—weren't he?'

'He called her a boy, but a soldier cannot be expected to know the identity of a baby,' writes Mrs. Inglis. No wonder that these incidents deeply touched her heart, and, as she says, she 'could hardly utter' her thanks to the fresh-faced English lad who had the father-heart, though he could never see his child.

Of the thoughtfulness of Lady MacDonald and her sister, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Inglis makes grateful acknowledgment: 'We never received so much kindness from any one. We were given cradle, carriage, mosquito netting, distilled and mineral water, daily, and Lady MacDonald even took her own little three-year-old Stella off from cow's milk to let our baby try it for a change. I shall never forget that morning that baby died, when Lady MacDonald came with tears in her eyes, and said: I know what it means to lose a child, for I lost two within four days. How a common grief opens our hearts to that Christ-like sympathy that makes the whole world kin.—'Woman's Work for Women.'

## Mother's Vacation.

Everybody in the house, even father, had had a vacation, and now, half-way through September, the circle was again complete around the table and one after another took up the thread of narrative, and told of pleasant experiences. Hilda had been camping by the shore; she was brown and plump, and the salt water bathing and sea air had made her all right for her work again. Hilda taught school. Bob had gone to the mountains. Louise had visited her Grandmother Jenkins at Riverside. Father had taken a trip to town to sell some meadow land. He hated to part with it, but the price paid was so liberal that he felt rich. Mother only had not had a day's change all summer, nor, for that matter, an outing in

ten years. Somehow they all expected mother to be always there, in her place, like Gibraltar or the Sphinx.

'It's fine to be at home again, and nobody going away for the next six months,' said Bob.

'You are mistaken, Bobby,' said a soft, decided voice. 'I'm going now; it's my turn.'

Hilda gasped in amazement.

Father set down his tea-cup and stared at mother as if she had suddenly gone crazy. There was a dead silence, and the clock struck six in the middle of it.

'Why, Susy!' said father. 'Where are you goin'? You could have gone to town with me. I vow I didn't 'spose you'd go.'

'You didn't ask me, Cyrus,' said mother. 'But I'm going home now, home to the old Farwell Place, to see Phebe, Ann and Polly and Brother Dave. I shall be away three months. I'm not coming home till I'm rested, till I want to see my own folks again, till I've been round all my kin up home. No, there's nobody goin' to take me. I'm settin' out this trip alone. If I want you to come after me, husband, I'll send for you. My trunk is packed. Martha Sansom is coming over here to keep house. And my ticket's bought.'

A bomb-shell exploding in the sitting-room would not have been more stupefying. Hilda recovered first. 'Mother,' she said, reprovingly, 'you haven't got a thing that's fit to wear.'

'What's been good enough for me at home, will do very well when I'm visiting.'

'I can't let you wear that old alpaca dress, and that straw bonnet with the faded cornflowers, at Uncle Dave Farwell's,' said Hattie, resolutely. 'What trunk have you packed?'

'My little old hair trunk, dear.'

'Harriet,' said father, 'you pack your trunk for mother, and put in your black silk and your gray foulard, and a nice bonnet; and I'll give you money for more for yourself. And I'll take her, and she'll go in the parlor car, and when she's good and ready I'll go after her and bring her home. We've been dumb and selfish, all thinking of what we wanted, and never considering her. I'm sorry, Susy,' he said, and the blue eyes under the wrinkled forehead twinkled with a glint of boyish mirth. A pair of steadfast brown ones, under silver hair, responded, and the two old folk clasped hands. The children stole out of the room and left them together.

'To think of it,' said Bobby. 'Mother starting off on a vacation. Mother!'

'I can't see why not,' ejaculated Hilda. And so mother went, and when she came back, in three months' time, she looked twenty years' younger.—'Christian Herald.'

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## A SCOTCH APPRECIATION.

Edinburgh, March 30, 1902.

Gentlemen,—I am indebted to a mutual friend for making me acquainted with 'World Wide,' and its most interesting medley of articles. They form a 'pot pourri' one does not tire of and when one finishes a number one is inclined, like 'Oliver Twist'

to ask 'for more.' You exercise great discrimination in your selections, securing a little for each of one's wants, and making in all a mental pabulum stimulating, refreshing, nutritious and instructive. I mean much better than—'. Save 'Punch,' yours is the only paper I have ever read right through. May your paper live long and prosper. I remain, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

H. CAIRNS.

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