

"Good-bye, dear uncle; God bless you," she said. And that was all.

She followed Cecily into the fly, and was driven away. A few minutes later the doctor entered his own carriage and drove off again; and his daughters went back to their fireside with a depression of spirits that they could not shake off.

"It is just because the weather is so cold," said Maud. "See what an ugly grey day it is! I shall be all the better for a dance to-night."

(To be continued.)

## PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S MOTHER.



FROM an American biography we take the following notes about the mother of President Garfield, to whose history new interest was attracted by the vile act of an assassin:—

"Her maiden name was Eliza Ballou. She is a descendant of Maturin Ballou, a Huguenot of France, who was driven from his country

upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

"He joined the colony of Roger Williams, and settled in America. He built a meeting-place at Cumberland, R.I., which is still carefully preserved as a relic of the past, and is known as the Elder Ballou Meeting-house. At the time it was built there were no saw-mills, no nails, and few tools in the country. Its galleries and pews, and even its floors, were hewn out of the solid logs, and put together with wooden pegs.

"Abraham Garfield and Eliza Ballou, both emigrants from the State of New York, were married in 1821. They had gone in 1830 to Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, where a year later their son James was born, being their fourth child. Their log house was built when the heavy forest was but partly cleared away. The fences were not yet made about the fields when the father, in fighting a forest fire that threatened the destruction of their home, overheated himself, was suddenly chilled, and in a few days died. His last words to his wife, as he looked upon his children, were: 'I have planted four saplings in this forest. I must now leave them to your care.'

"A happier family never dwelt in a palace than had been in that cabin home. Little James was but eighteen months old when his father died—too young to understand the irreparable loss, or feel the pangs of grief that well-nigh crushed other hearts. The neighbours came—only four or five families in a radius of ten miles—and wept with the widow and the fatherless. With their assistance the lifeless form was enclosed in a rough coffin and buried in a corner of the wheat field near by. No sermon, no prayer, except the silent prayers that went up from aching hearts. Winter was approaching. Could human experience be more dreary than a woman left a widow alone with her children in a wilderness swept by wintry storms! The howl of the wolves and the cry of the panthers never sounded so terrible as during those long desolate winter nights. It seemed to the weary

ones that spring would never come again. But at last it did come, and swept away the snow and ice. The dead things of the field and forest returned to life, save only the dead in the corner of the wheat field, and hope was not revived in the cabin. There was no money in the house, there was a debt on the farm, and the food supply was limited.

"Then Eliza Garfield sought the advice of a neighbour who had been kind in her time of trouble. He advised her to sell the farm, pay off the debt, and return to her friends, believing it to be impossible for her to support herself and children there. Her reply was characteristic:—

"'I can never throw myself and children upon the charity of friends. So long as I have health I believe my Heavenly Father will bless these two hands and make them able to support my children. My dear husband made this home at the sacrifice of his life, and every log in this cabin is sacred to me now. It seems to me a holy trust that I must preserve as faithfully as I would guard his grave.'

"Her neighbour left her, and she went to the Friend that never fails, and asked God to make the way of duty clear to her; and when she came from her place of prayer she felt that new light and strength had been given to her. She called her eldest son, Thomas, to her, and though he was only a child ten years old, she laid the whole case before him. With the resolute courage of his race, he gladly promised that he would plough and sow, cut wood, and milk the cows, if she would only keep the farm. So this brave mother and son commenced their work. She sold part of the farm, and paid every dollar of debt. Thomas procured a horse, ploughed and sowed and planted. The mother with her own hands split the rails and completed the fencing. But the harvest was still far away, and the corn was running low. The mother carefully measured her precious grain, counted the days to the reaping time, and finding it would be exhausted long before that at their present rate of consumption, she resolved to live on two meals a day herself, that her children might not suffer. Then, as the little store rapidly disappeared, she ate but a single meal herself, concealing her self-denial from her children, until the blessed harvest brought relief. That year it was very abundant, and the wolf of hunger never came so near their door again.

"Still, there were many years of hardship and self-denial in which the brave woman had to be father and mother, teacher and preacher to her children. She was the wise and tender friend, guiding them in the right way, and inspiring them to choose the best things in life. She still lives to see her great reward, and her children rise up and call her blessed.'

Now that she is quite advanced in life, after all these long years of toil and hardships have been patiently endured, she is most tenderly cared for and cherished by her son, and lives with him in ease and comfort in the White House at Washington, gently tended by the President's loving and beloved wife, and honoured by the son who is heir of his father's good name. Into such a home was sorrow brought by a crime, which yet was overruled for good in drawing forth the sympathy and good feeling of the whole civilised world.

## THE CHILD'S MISSION.

A BALLAD STORY.

By MARY MARK LEMON. Music by ODOARDO BARRI.

Publisher: MORLEY, JUNR., 70, Upper-street.

"Of what use am I in the world?" is the unspoken thought of many a heart. Years ago

it was often uppermost in mine, but I was brought to think differently by a little story I once came across, and which proved that even the poorest and most insignificant of God's subjects has a mission of some sort to fulfil on earth, whether they are aware of it or not.

On a bitterly cold night in mid-winter, when the blinding sleet had only ceased to give place to a silent downfall of snow that covered the ground with its white mantle, a night on which few would by choice venture out of their homes unless necessity compelled them, a child of some nine years of age wandered up and down a London street, singing over and over again a song she had learnt in happier days, with the vain hope of touching one heart in the crowd by her pleading notes.

"She was only a childish singer, but her voice was so low and sweet That it fell like a wild bird's carol, 'mid the din of that busy street."

The people who passed heard her, and some few noticed the rough golden head on which the gas-lights streamed, and the pale child-face which looked so anxiously round for one friend to pity her. But the night was too cold for dawdling about, and beyond the voice of a policeman, who occasionally bade her "move on," no one spoke to the little outcast, for whom the glory of childhood seemed to have been so soon over-shadowed.

In the same street a very different scene was being enacted. In a room, surrounded by every comfort that love and fore-thought could devise, a child was lying on his pillow, wearily waiting for the angel of sleep to touch his tired eyes with the beautiful flowers that she carries round to the children every night. From side to side the little one tossed, whilst his mother watched, with sorrow too deep for words, the pain no efforts of hers could calm, no words of hers allay.

Rest seemed to have gone from him, and the weary eyes were bright with a strange light nothing could render dim.

The window was slightly open to admit air into the fever-stricken room, and suddenly from the street below floated a childish voice, singing a sweet refrain that the sick child had never heard before.

He turned his questioning eyes on his mother, but she could give him no answer, but 'mid her tears could only watch anxiously and yet thankfully the sudden change that came over the flushed face. He raised his head to listen for a moment, then folded his hands on his breast and smiled peacefully, listening quietly to the cadence that met his failing ears:—

"And it seemed to him that the music came from the Land above,  
"And he fell asleep, to waken in the realms of Heavenly love."

Down in the street below the little wanderer finished her song, and sat down unheeded on the steps of a house whose door was shut upon her misery. But her mission was completed, although she knew it not.

A child-angel came softly through the darkness, with wings whiter than the snow-drifts, and, bending over her, laid a lovely white asphodel blossom in her hand, whispering as he did so, "As I passed the Golden Gates of Heaven to-night, leave was granted me to return to earth and bring one comrade from its shadow into the Light beyond. Your song was my password into the beautiful Land, and it has gained you the reward that all the weary seek, the endless reward of rest."  
Then—

"Two angel spirits floated, across the golden tide,  
For Heav'n will stoop to cherish what earth would cast aside."

MARY MARK LEMON.