THE CHILD'S MISSION.

from an American biographic, I take the following notes about the mother of President Garfield, to whose history new interest was imparted by the vile act of an assassin:

"Her maiden name was Eliza Ballon. She is a descendant of Maturin Ballon, a Huguenot of France, who was driven from his country upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685. 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 Ballon Meeting-house. At the time it was built there were no sawmills, 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 Ballon, 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 first child. Their log house on a hill was surrounded by the heavy forest but was partly cleared away. The fences were not yet made about the fields where the father, in fighting a forest fire that threatened the destruction of his home, overworked himself, was suddenly chilled, and in a few days died. His last words to his wife, as he looked upon his children, were: "Tell the children that I must now leave them to your care."

"A happier family never dwelt in a palace than had been in that cabin house. Little Jane was her only child with old age. houses are built for a man, but houses but death was too young to understand the irremovable loss, or feel the pangs of grief that well-nigh crushed other hearts. The neighbors came—only four or five families in a radius of ten miles—and went 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 old house 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, saved by the very death of the dead, in the coming spring 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 scanty."

"Then Eliza sought the advice of a neighbor who had been kind in her time of trouble. He advised her to sell the farm, pay off the debt, and return to her home believing her husband there to support herself and children there. Her reply was characteristic:"

"I can never throw myself and children upon the mercy of strangers. So long as I have health I believe my Heavenly Father will bless these 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 neighbor 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 got to the end of the road 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 him on the cross. 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 worked with his own hands split the rails and completed the fencing. But the harvest was still far away, and the corn was running low. The mother, a matronly woman, constantly 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. The suffering 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 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 honored by the soul who is heir of her husband'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 civilized world."

The CHILD'S MISSION.

A BALLAD STORY.

By MARY MARK LEMON. Music by ORANGEDALE.

Publisher: MOLYNE, June 20. 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 poor and the poor. On that subject has a mission of some sort to fulfill on earth, whether they are aware of it or not.

On a bitterly cold night in mid-winter, when the blinding snow 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 the pouring snow and wintry tempests, a child, a child of nine years of age wandered up and down a London street, singing over and over again a song he had learnt in childhood, the words of which are:

"I fell like a wild bird's nest, and the din of that busy street.

The people who passed her, and some few noticed the rough golden head on which were streaming, pale pale face which looked so anxiously round for one friend to pity her. But the night was too cold for dwelling about, and beyond the voice in the song it was impossible to "move on," no one spoke to the little outcast, for whom the glory of childhood seemed to have been so soon overshadowed. He was being enacted. In a room, surrounded by every comfort that love and fore-thought could devise, a child was lying on his pillow, weary, in his bed, and in his sleep he saw his kind eyes with the beautiful flowers that she carries round to the children every night. From side to side the little ones tossed, whilst his mother was weeping, and the nurse in her efforts to soothe could calm, no words of hers alany.

Rest seemed to have gone from him, and the weary eyes were bright with a strange light not could render dim. The window was slightly open to admit air into the fever-stirring room, and suddenly from the street below floated a childish voice, his steadied breath 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 of Heavenly love.

Down in the street below the little wanderer finished her song, and as she finished 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 the music, then folded his breast, and smiled peacefully, listening quietly to the cadence that met his falling ears:

"And he felt asleep, to awaken in the realms of Heavenly love.

A child-angel came softly through the darkning night, she wings were whiter than the snow-drifts, and, bending over her, laid a lovely white asphodel blossom in her hand, whispering as she came, "Oh my child, how beautiful is the beauty of God's Graces of heavenly fever and the end of rest."

Then—

"Two angel spirits floated, across the golden sky."

For Heaven's sake to cherish what earth would best cooperate.

MARY MARK LEMON.