

Selections.

The White Ribbon.

It is only a knot of ribbon white,
As white and as pure as the snow;
It shines and gleams like a beacon light
In the world's dark valley of woe.

It is worn o'er many a loyal heart,
O'er hearts that are good and true,
To help the shining away from the dark,
And give them a life anew.

All over the earth, from south to north,
From the east to the golden west,
It whispers of woman's sterling worth
As it trembles upon her breast.

It tells of a purpose staunch and firm,
Of a purpose holy and pure;
It tells of a victory that shall come
If the strong hearts still endure.

It is only a bow of ribbon white,
But it shines in every land;
It shines as an emblem of the right
In the woman's Christian band.

On the rich and poor, on the young and old,
This badge of love we see;
And its snowy sheen is the key of gold,
That shall unlock liberty.

It silently speaks of the sweetest praise,
That ever a poet sung,
It is ushering in the better days,
And the victory sure to come.

—Hattie P. Crocker, in Union Signal.

Woman's Crusade.

TUNE—"JOHN BROWN."

The light of truth is breaking,
On the mountain tops it gleams;
Let it flash along our valleys,
Let it glitter on our streams,
Till all our land awakes
In its flush of golden beams;
Our God is marching on.

Chorus:—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.

With a purpose strong and steady,
In the great Jehovah's name,
We rise to snatch our kindred
From the depths of woe and shame,
And the jubilee of freedom
To the slaves of sin proclaim;
Our God is marching on.—Chorus.

From morning's early watches
Till the setting of the sun,
We will never flag nor falter,
In the work we have begun,
Till the forts have all surrendered
And the victory is won;
Our God is marching on.—Chorus.

—Woman's Journal.

The Maiden's Appeal.

A bright little maiden, so slender and fair,
With azure blue eyes and soft curling hair;
Her frock was well worn, and shoeless her feet,
As nimbly she tripped through the gate down the street,
And catching his hand, in a shy, loving way—

"Papa, please vote against whisky to-day!"

"The winter will come, with its frost and its snows,
And Tommy and I have no stockings and shoes;
Mother is sick, and the doctor has said,
He'll not come again till his last bill is paid;
And the drug bill is stopp'd, at the store o'er the way—
Papa, please vote against whisky to-day!"

"The school it has open'd. I do want to go.
And be learning, to grow up a lady, you know;
But books, they are needed, and some better clothes—
And where they shall come from, God only knows.
But He may take pity, and point out a way,
If, papa, you'd vote against whisky to-day."

"Your hand, it is harden'd and roughen'd by work—
Mother says that from labor you never did shrink;
Have you ever once thought of the little we get
Of what you are earning from morning to night?
Do not be angry—forgive me, I pray—
Papa, please vote to put whisky away!"

"You seem not the same to mother and me
As you were when a wee thing I sat on your knee;
Your hours from work you spent them at home,

And we were glad when the day's work was done.
How sad are the nights that you now stay away!
Papa, please vote against whisky to-day!
"And don't you remember when all went along
On Sabbath to church for the sermon and song;
But it's many a day since there we have been
For rags in a church are not nice to be seen!"

And Tommy is growing—and may go astray—
Dear papa, do vote to get whisky away!
"And now when I tell you how mother each night
Prays God to protect us and lead us aright;
How Tommy and I often join in her prayer
That you may return to His love and His care,
Bless God! In your eye is an answering tear,
To my plea that you vote against whisky this day!"

Sweet maid! May the Father, eternal,
Make thee a mark of His infinite love!
As the lily He clothes, and guardeth the thistle,
So may He shield thee from sin and from sorrow
And brighten the sky as the years pass along,
Till the angel shall call thee to join in their song.

—Hon. W. P. Colwell in Nashville Issue.

Malachy's Mule.

ONE of our neighbors was a hand-loom weaver. Many a time have I sat beside him at the loom making or marring a piece of linen or woollen. His house was poor enough, but my friend Malachy knew not what poverty was. When a man has enough to eat, drink and wear, poverty, after these wants are supplied, is only imaginary. The notion of it is only another name for discontent. And as Irishmen leave all the grumbling on this subject for Englishmen to do, there was no grumbling or discontent in Malachy's house.

Poor Malachy had very few worldly possessions, but among them and chief, were a mule and a cart, with "tacklings" wherewith to attach the cart to the mule—when this could be done. The cart was a rattlebacked old thing, originally strong, and in its later days bound together in an easy, shaking, springy fashion, with a plate of iron here and there; a "twist of an old hoop," a "sugnan," or a "git of a rope." The harness, or "tackling," was in keeping with the cart. Bits of strong cord, passed through holes in the old leather, kept some of the straps united; a long nail, driven through and beat, held other parts safely lapped. Although all the original stitching had long ago given to wear and weather, it was marvellous how the "ould acklins" held together. With a "bit o' grace an' the wheels," when work was seriously intended, the whole affair was a very creditable turn-out for a poor "wave."

But the mule! His person needs no particular description, his character does. In size he was small, and, for a mule, he was well-formed. He was of a dark brown color, with the full number, or rather more so, of black streaks. He had eyes which never rested. They were bright as diamonds, and shot out electric sparks of indignation and anger whenever he knew that Malachy had made up his mind to leave the humdrum of the loom and indulge in the healthy recreation of "cartin' a few o' the praties," or to "tass up a thrille o' that ould rack down be the shore an' throw it into the little cabbage garden."

The mule carried two decorations permanently. They were, if not caps of liberty, at least caps obtained in efforts for liberty—obtained in earnest protests against captivity, slavery, servile labor. These were honorable distinctions won in the cause of freedom. These caps were worn on the hocks. He had capped hocks from kicking at the "ould cart."

We looked upon the weaving as an intellectual occupation, and, therefore, went to it only when amusements were scarce; but we never allowed the tackling of the mule to take place without taking an active part in that interesting operation. The tackling of Malachy's mule was not only a study in zoology, but it entailed personal danger; success was something to be proud of, and the amusement was undoubted. Malachy has been known to wait for quite a week, and all that time live on a short allowance of potatoes, rather than harness the mule without our assistance. "They enjoyed the fun so much, 'twas a pity to deprive them o' it; shure the praties could wait."

The usual abiding place of the mule was a "nittle parken" down there be the back o' the house. There he found grass, as common fare; thistles for dainty bits; and shelter from the sun

on the north side of a huge rock. He had also the run of the ould stable whenever he chose to trouble himself about it. He found entrance into this by lifting the door off its hinges. In sorting his upper lip under the lower corner of the door, he crouched down, turned his head sideways, so as to get the corner of the door well into the hollow of the lip; then, with a spring upward, he sent the door flying well into the middle o' the ould stable, and scam to him.

One day, in the spring of the year, Malachy was leaning, with folded arms on the wall of the cabbage garden. He was calmly, but steadily, gazing at the mule and the mule was calmly and steadily gazing at him. Malachy was leaning on the wall, the mule was leaning against the rock, Malachy's legs were lapped one over the other, the mule's hind legs, in imitation, knuckled over too. But the folded arms beat the mule, he utterly failed there. But what he lost in arms, he made up in ears.

"Arra, you ould rogue," said Malachy "you're as cute as a Christian. 'Tis a week ago since he heard me tellin' Biddy that I thought I'd bring up that bit o' rack, an' the sorry bit av him has bin inside the stable dure sin. Arra, Master John, but he's mitey cute intirely, an' allus wots when the grass begins to spring. I always ob serve that. Most things gits cute after the winter."

"Well, let's have him up, Malachy, and see what we can do with him." "Troth I think it's best to let him alone to-day. I don't like the cock av his ears, nor the quirt way he's standin'. He's allus wots them times."

"Never mind, Malachy, we'll try, we can but fail, and we haven't often failed, you know."

"Shure, I know that, but wan failure spiles him for a long time. Musha, look at him now. May I never!" This exclamation was drawn from Malachy, who had raised himself, in sheer amazement, from his reclining posture on the wall, by seeing the mule deliberately leave the shelter of the castle rock where he had so often dodged us, and walk, with head erect, and tail switching.

"He's on for it," said Malachy, resignedly, "the sorra use in thyrin' him to-day. The sorra use." And Malachy turned towards his house with the air of a man who had done all that could be done under the circumstances.

But we were ready for fun, and fun we'd have. So we accepted the challenge of the mule, and pressed the unwilling Malachy into our service. By several devices, which had sometimes succeeded and frequently failed, we got the mule into the little yard, the next moment to find him careening down the paddock, posted at the end, head up, tail erect, and snorting defiance at us. Oh! how many miles we ran, and how many kicks we escaped in the wild chases round that field, who can tell?

We had almost given up in despair when my brother hit on a grand expedient. It was the finest mule-driving arrangement ever invented by mortal man. Less has often made men famous. A sack was provided; holes were ripped in the sides, it was put over the head, the hands thrust through the holes, and then one of the enormous balls of woollen thread used by the weaver was held up steadily on the head, which was within the sack. Thus accoutred, Malachy gravely marched down the field straight towards the mule. "Oh ra! murder," said Malachy, as he began to move off on his dangerous journey, "what'll I do if he catches me!"

The mule gazed at the apparition until it came near him. Then a snort, a bound, and a rush like a whirlwind, and the next thing we heard was the half-open door of the stable dashed in by the rapidly entering mule. We dashed after, drew the door to, and lapped it. Malachy followed more slowly in his armor, peeping with a timid gaze through the slit in the arm hole.

"May I never," cried he, "if that doesn't bat! Banagher! May I never, if ever I see the likes o' that. Oh! but he'll pay us off for that thrick by-an-bye. Maybe we ought to let him alone for a day or two, an' he'll forget it. Faix, his temper is up now, an' no mistake."

But we did not let him alone for a day or two. We commenced the "tackling" process.

The "stable" had a loft (the loft was the harness-room, used as, Malachy said, "be rayson o' the conveyance of it for tackling the mule"). The loft was formed of half a dozen rough young trees placed into holes in the wall, and three or four boards laid loose and irregularly on them. The entrance to the loft was from the outside. A few holes in the wall, where "apalls" had been knocked out, sufficiently big for fingers and shoe toes, that was all, and that was enough for natives who could go over the "singlestone" walls of the

country without moving a stone of the smallest size from the sharp line of the top.

One mounted to the loft, the "straddle" was arranged, a fork stuck into the groove where the iron "back-land" played, two ropes from the side of the straddle drawn tightly up along the fork handle, then this was gently lowered upon the back of the mule, who was waiting, sullen and watchful, in the corner. The moment it touched his back the most unsteady screams were heard. The mule was erect on his front legs and head, the hind legs were within an inch of the loft, next a series of buck jumps was executed, as Malachy proudly asserted, "the tale thing—no thramin'!" The two spectators outside the door viewed these performances through one inch of space left between the door and the panel. But as the gyrations of the buck-jumping brought the heels of the mule near the door, this small space was decreased, and in another instant the door was drawn to, and the heels of the mule were playing upon the well patched and well-battered old bulwark.

So the game went on until the mule was subdued, and Malachy crept in with the greatest caution to buckle and tie and secure the "ould tacklings." The difficulty of tackling was sometimes so great that the wise plan frequently adopted was to turn the mule, cart, tacklings and all into the paddock for a week at a time. The beast felt no inconvenience from his following. He eat and drank, and lay down and slept, and got up again, and squeaked and kicked, and worked as merry and as well and as happy as a mule could be.

"Musha, now," said Malachy, looking with pride at the mule, "he looks so nate I think I'll go for a lock o' bran for the pigs, an' have the sayweed for another time."

Having made this change in his plans, he serenely mounted the cart, and while giving directions to his wife about having a "dhrap o' bilin" wather ready when he keins home, for to scald a handful o' bran for the pigs wid their praties, the mule was doing some mild buck-jumping, alternately with "lash-in' out," for his own amusement.

"'Tis time to be goin'," said Malachy, then he groped in his cart for his instrument of propulsion. It was a short hazel staff, with the slightest suspicion of a goad in the form of a little nail inserted in one end. Malachy spoke in the most bewitching terms to the mule to induce him to move in a straight line. This, as usual, had no effect; but as it was part of the legal course, it was always employed. Then the "but and of the stick" was thrust mildly at the mule's quarter. This only increased the circular motion. But when the mule's head came round to the proper course, the sharp end of the stick was gently applied to the but of the tail. The mule paused; he reflected, he held down his head in deep meditation. Suddenly he raised it up, and went off in such a canter as would delight the heart of a Rotten Row lounge.

Mrs. Malachy's gaze followed the cart with rapt admiration, delight beaming in every line of her good humored face. "He can go beautiful when he has a mind," she exclaimed, "the sorra bit o' me knows how we could do without him, he's so handy, the crather!" She was speaking of the mule, not of her husband.

After our day of amusement, assistance in furthering the business of the world, we rumbled homeward with a satisfactory feeling of having done our duty. But the ways of life are intricate and inexplicable.

Malachy had not returned when we were retiring for the night. Malachy did not retain that night. Enquiry was set on foot. He had been seen in the town late, and no more was known. We became very uneasy. Poor Malachy had never been out of his house at night before.

Let us now narrate Malachy's tale of what happened after he turned the curve of the road which led him from our admiring gaze.

"When I went into town I was so plased wid the way the mule behaved I thrated mesel to a glass o' whiskey, an' Pharrick Mullan thrated me to another, an' I thrated Pharrick, an' then we thrated aych other. Thin I started to come home, but as luck ud have it, I fell asleep in the bottom of the ould cart, an' when I woke up, the sorra bit o' me knew where I was. I was out on a wild bog, an' the mule was peckin' a thistle mighty dainty. Well, as bockish, when I rubbed me eyes I seen a bit av a cabin in the bog, an' a woman standin' at the door. I med up to her, the mule bein' conformin', an' I sea to her, 'Mam, ses I, 'may I make so bould as to ax you where I am?' 'You're here,' ses she. 'I know that, mam,' ses I in return, 'but what name do ye put an the place?' ses I. 'It's Gurlheen,' ses she, 'war ye never here afore?' 'Niver, mam,' ses I, 'an' savin' yer

presence,' ses I, 'I don't want to be here agin, leastways the way I keins,' ses I.

"An' how did ye cum?' ses she. "'That's what I can't tell,' ses I. 'Arra, me honest man,' ses she, 'are ye dhrainin' or are ye dhrunk?' ses she.

"The sorra a wan o' me would help makin' a joke o' her words, though 'twasn't polite o' me, an' I ses, 'Troth I was dhrainin', an' I'm gratefully foerd the same dhrainin' med me the worse o' dhrink. I'm gratefully foerd I was dhrunk, or to spake gintely—I was slightly disguised in liquor."

"Oh! I see," ses she, 'cum in an' ate a few praties, an' thin I'll show ye the way ye want to go."

"So wid that I tied the mule to the dure, an' went in, an' I ate good breakfast o' egg an' milk, an' some o' the finest praties that ever grew, an' they grew in the bog, with a thrille o' lime."

"Well, agin, after enjoyin' the hospitality of the decent people, I started for home: an' I can tell ye, a long road lay before me. But jist as I was gettin' into the cart I seen the cause av all my misfortin'. When the cart joults a bit the ind av the box has a thrick o' jumpin' up, an' avin' a space betwene it an' the body o' the cart. The bit o' a thrick I have for the mule shipped out, an' the bag o' bran kem agin it, an' dhrave the nail into the mule behind. Musha, bad scan to the raskil, if he didn't set off gallopin', an' niver dhrave bridle until he landed me in the middle o' the bog o' Gurlheen, twenty mile or more from me own habitation. Some o' the boys seen him, an' they thrated to stap him wid throwin' their caps at him, an' clods, and wan thing or another; but—'twas no use; they might as well try to stap the say."

"Well, Malachy, you are a goose to keep on drinkin' like that."

"Troth, you're right, alanna, an' as I was sayin' to mesel as I kem along, 'Malachy,' ses I, 'you must aither give up drinkin' or give up the mule.' Well, I couldn't find it in me heart to give up the mule, so I continued givin' up the drink, and bedad I will at laste when I dhrive the mule."—Rev. John Vallancy, in C.E. T. Chronicle.

The House on a Hill.

AFTER a long, long ride on a summer day, we came to a crest overlooking the handsome town of Westchester. On the summit was a log-house, snug and neat, a corn-patch on one side, a garden of common flowers on the other, the front overlooking the lovely sweep of the valley and the long descent of the turnpike. By the door in the shadow of the house sat a young colored man in the home-made chair, he had a book in his hand, and at his feet lay a dog. He rose as we drew near.

"Here is a pail of water, sir, fresh from the spring. Will you have a drink, sir? Shall I water the horse? Maybe the lady would like a glass of milk." We said we preferred the water.

"I never drinks nollin' else," he said; "but there is a plenty of people ride by here and asks for ale and wine, or a punch, and says to me, 'Jerry, you could make your fortune, your everlastin' fortune, if you know enough to keep some neat drinks.'"

"And what do you say to that, Jerry?" we asked.

"Oh! I reads them out of my book here. 'Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken also.' That don't look much like everlastin' fortune, does it, sir? Looks more as if the man that made his neighbor drunken would have it said to him that he shall go away to ever'ting punishment, as my book reads. Every morning when I rises up I says to myself, 'Jerry, mind you have to give an account for whatever you do or say this day.'"

"And how do you come to be such a good temperance man, Jerry?"

"Oh! sir, I was brought up in a tavern. I have seen a man kill his neighbor, along of drink. I have seen a man maim his little child. I have seen a man strike his old mother; I have seen a man blow his brains out—all from drink. I have seen a house burned, a boat sunk, a stage overturned, and people killed in it—all from drink. And, sir, in all my life I have never seen these 'everlastin' fortunes' they tell of, made out of drink, stay by families, father and son. It is evil made and quick go, and no blessing along with it."

"And what do you do for a living, Jerry?"

"Oh, I raise all I eat. I make my own clothes and shoes. I make kitchen chairs to sell, and I have regular places and times for going to work, and I lay by an honest penny for old age, and have a penny to give away. I never have seen real want, sir, where there wasn't rum at the bottom of it somewhere."—Mrs. J. McNeil Wright, in the Youth's Temperance Banner.