

**The Department.**

**MIDDLE OF THE CIDER-PRESS  
WOULD NOT TURN.**

THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

stood in the corner of Jerry Mullins's provision-store, that little cider hand-press, and at the end of the handle of the crank, operating the press, stood Hannibal Jones. Day after day, Jerry poured apples, picklesour, into the hopper of the press; day after day, Hannibal kept the handle turning; and day after day the cider gurgled down into the pail catching it. How many pails Jerry did sell!

Every day, though, that the cider was kept, it grew more and more sour. And it was just so with Hannibal's face; the longer he turned the handle, the more sour he looked. As for Jerry's face, that grew sweeter and sweeter the larger grew the stream of money flowing back into his drawer, all for cider. The difference was that Jerry's conscience was tough as the outside bark of an old oak; it did not feel. Hannibal's conscience was tender. He was a temperance boy, and he hated to grind those old apples. One day, he stood, motionless as a handsome statue of black marble by the side of the cider-press, and the handle was motionless also.

"What's the matter?" asked Jerry Mullins, who loved to hear the sound of the cider gurgling from the press into the pail below. Hannibal was silent as a mummy.

"What's the matter?" shouted Jerry. "It won't turn," answered Hannibal with a glum look.

"Won't turn?"

"No, sah."

"Stone got anywhere about the wheel and catches it?"

"No, sah."

"Rusty?"

"No, sah."

"Does it need iling?"

"No, no! dis won't turn," and Hannibal pointed at his arm very emphatically. "My arm ain't rusty. It don't need iling, and no stone dar."

"Why, what is the matter? Your arm turned away at the grindstone just now first-rate."

"Something 'bout dat old cider-press dat par'lyzes my arm, and it won't turn."

"Paralyzes it?"

"Yes, sah. People come here, boss, and buy your cider, and say, 'no tang to it.' Dey go home wid it, and keep it till it hab a tang. Dis berry day, I heard a case ob a chile—dunno its name—who got his hands on a mug ob cider that had been a-workin' some time, and he drank it, and when he begin fur to be uneasy, he was standin' in a char near de winder, and he gab an unlucky kick out ob de winder. And, boss, dis arm won't turn any longer."

The hitherto sweet Jerry now looked sour as the sour, wormy apples he had thrown into the press. He was mad, mad clear down into his boots—and as Jerry's legs were long, he was mad a good deal—and he raised his foot to kick Hannibal.

"Home with ye! And here's something to help take ye home," said Jerry, raising his boot.

Hannibal was nimble as a coon in a corn-field, and he was out of the store in a minute.

"I had rader hab a good consens dan all de cider-presses in de world!" he shouted.

Looking out of the door, Jerry saw Hannibal standing on his head, to express his satisfaction at the stand he had taken on his feet when by the cider-press.

"Dar! my granny told me not to stand on my head. Dunno what fur I can do, now I done lost my place," he said, inverting himself. Then he went to talk the situation over with his beloved granny, who was an authority in all neighborhood matters. He hardly got of sight when a boy came to Jerry's store. Jerry hoped that it was a favorer, and one who had a favorable one.

"t you—" said the boy, "come—up—to your

"Why so? What—what is the matter?"

"Her little Jerry has fallen out of the window."

"Out of the window?" said Jerry, grabbing his hat and running after the boy.

Little Jerry was his pet. The house of his daughter was reached.

"Oh, father! Jerry went out of the window, and there he is in bed. The doctor says it will be some time before he is well."

"How did it happen?"

"He—he—drank some cider, and it made him unsteady."

"Where did he get it?"

"Some you sent up here, and it got too strong for the little fellow," she said hesitatingly.

"Humph!" mumbled Jerry.

He did what he could for the child's comfort, and returned to his store. Then he pitched the cider-press into the yard back of the store.

"Last of the stuff I shall sell, and Hannibal shall come back to-night," declared Jerry.

Back came Hannibal, to look as sweet as once he had looked sour.

Jerry did not tell his customers why he stopped the making of cider—whether a stone had triggged the wheel, or the wheel was rusty and needed "iling." It is a fact, however, that the wheel never turned again.—S. S. Times.

**SOMEBODY'S SON, A TRACT FOR  
THE NEW YEAR.**

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

A runaway horse was one day seen dashing through the streets of New Haven at a terrific rate, dragging a waggon that contained a small lad, who was screaming with fright. The waggon "brought up" against the sidewalk with a fearful crash. A crowd hurried to the spot. One old lady, with her cap-strings flying, rushed out into the street, although her daughter exclaimed: "Mother! mother! don't get into the crowd; you can't do him any good." Seeing her agitation, a lady who was passing by kindly enquired, "Is he your son?" "Oh, no," replied the true-hearted matron, "but he is somebody's son!"

The good mother was all alive to render a helping hand to save somebody's boy who was in danger of death; but we fear that there is many a matron, and many a daughter in this city, who, during the approaching holiday festivities, will lend a hand to lead somebody's sons right toward destruction! They are already planning a New Year's entertainment; and in their sumptuous bill of fare will be included a liberal supply of champagne, hot punch and brandy. Good friends! before you set forth these stimulating poisons, will you suffer a young man to make one more appeal on behalf of his tempted brethren?

I. Your hospitality does not require intoxicating liquors on such occasions.

We honor the kindly spirit which, on the birthday of the year, prepares a bounteous entertainment. We honor the hospitality which flings wide the doors to all who desire to come in and enjoy it. But the well-furnished groceries and markets of this city have an ample store of wholesome "creature comforts" without drawing upon the liquor-cellar or the wine-vaults. There are many drinks, both palatable and proper, that never cause redness of eyes, or thickness of speech, or delirium of the brain. Under their influence, young men do not reel on the sidewalk or mistake the door-plates of their friends, or venture on impertinences toward the ladies who offer them a hospitable greeting. Under their influence nobody's son is carried home drunk—to shame and rend a parent's heart. But the present unhappy system of wine-giving and punch-brewing on New Year's day produces many a sad scene of excess and inebriation. Last year we saw many a quiet mansion turned into a drinking-house. We saw young men enter them with flushed faces and tongues quite too rapid for propriety. We saw a merchant's clerk whetting an evil appetite that has already cost him a valuable situation. We saw a lawyer of brilliant promise reel toward a home on one of the "avenues," where a fair young wife and aged mother found but little rest through that long, anxious night. He was somebody's son—and somebody's husband, too. Kind reader! you have no more right to endanger thus the weal of others, and to rob other households of their hopes and their happiness. "Woe unto him who giveth his neighbor drink!"

II. As a second reason against these liquor-usages, we would urge that many persons are confirmed by them in habits of intoxication.

At all times there are young men in this city who are struggling against evil habits partially formed. A contest is going on within them between conscience and appetite. They see their danger. They begin to realize that if they go much further they shall lose their self-control—they will jeopardize their situation—they will destroy their prospects—and may ruin health, life and their undying souls. These men enter your dwellings on that day with a sore conflict going on between their sense of right and their appetite united to a regard for fashion. If no intoxicating bowl is held out to them they are comparatively safe. But one glass may ruin them. On the summit of a hill in the State of Ohio is a court-house so singularly situated that the rain-drops that fall on one side of the roof descend into Lake Erie, and thence through the St. Lawrence into the Atlantic sea. The drops on the other side trickle down from rivulet to river until they reach the Ohio and the Mississippi and enter the ocean by the Gulf of Mexico. A faint breath of wind determines the destiny of these rain-drops for three thousand miles. So a single act determines sometimes a human destiny for time and for eternity. A fashionable young man, partially reformed from drinking habits, was once offered a glass of wine by a thoughtless sister; and in yielding he rekindled a thirst which carried him back into open drunkenness. The hand that should have sustained him laid him low.

III. But, parents! it is not only somebody's son that is imperilled. Your own, too, are in danger.

The darling who nestled in your own arms may be the victim of the very glass you offer to others. But let the mistress of a household determine that she will discourage all drinking-usages by the summary banishment of the decanter from her own table, and she goes far toward saving her own child from dissipation. A worthy clergyman, while walking the streets of New York, saw a girl who was struggling with temptation, and, foremost in his mind, he thought of the better instincts of the child, and, rushing forward, he caught the child in his arms—bore her safely to the sidewalk—and, as her bonnet fell aside and she looked up with her pale face to see her deliverer, the good man looked down into the face of his own little daughter? In attempting to save another's child he saved his own. Banish the wine-cup from the social table, and you may unwittingly preserve the son of your bosom from destruction.

IV. Begin the year with a right start! "At the commencement of your journey," wrote the late noble philanthropist, Amos Lawrence, of Boston, "remember that the difference between starting just right or a little wrong will end in the difference between finding yourself in a good position or in a miserable bog. Of all the clerks educated with me in the stores of Groton, Massachusetts, no one but myself—to my knowledge—escaped the bog; and my escape was owing to my total abstinence. We—five clerks in the store—used to compound an intoxicating drink of rum and raisins every forenoon at a certain hour. It was very palatable, and I began to hanker for it. Thinking that my habit would give me trouble if allowed to grow stronger, I declined, without any apology, to drink with my companions. My first resolution was to abstain for a week—then for a year—then for the five years of my apprenticeship in the store. I did not drink a spoonful or touch a cigar. Now, to that simple fact of starting just right, am I indebted, by God's blessing, for my present position."

Let every young man imitate this example.

**MY PIPES AND TOBACCO.**

"Grandpa," said a little boy one day to a very nice old gentleman, Mr. Winchester, who lived elegantly in one of our large cities, "what does it mean, 'my pipes and tobacco?'"

"What, my son?" said his grandpa.

"What about pipes and tobacco?"

"Why, grandpa," said little Robbie, "the other day, when you threw something that you bought for grandma into her lap, you said, 'Pipes and tobacco,' and it was those beautiful pictures of the angels. And another

time, when the expressman brought the—statuary, do you call it, those funny checker-players that I always laugh at so?—you said: 'Here mother, pipes and tobacco'; and sometimes you go into the garden to enjoy your pipes and tobacco, and you never smoke. What does it mean, grandpa?"

"Come here, my little boy. I am glad to answer the question that I hoped you would ask me some day." And his grandfather looked lovingly into the face of the little Robbie that God had given to his care. Taking him into his lap, he said: "How old are you, my son?"

"Most seven," said Robbie very seriously.

"When I was no older than you," continued Mr. Winchester, "I wanted to smoke like my Uncle Robert and mamma said: 'Well, papa, we will let him smoke if he wants to'; so they prepared the pipe for me. At first the smoke would not come as it did for Uncle Robert; but by and by it curled out of the pipe in beautiful rings, and I felt very much like a man as they circled around my face. Soon I began to grow sick. All the day I could not play, and when the night came how my head ached! I wished such a thing as tobacco had never been heard of."

"The next morning I was better, and mamma said, 'You do not like tobacco, my son?' 'No mamma, I replied. 'But,' she said, 'it will not make you so sick the next time. Do you remember what I told you the other day about the conscience, that after a few times if we neglect to obey its voice it would leave us? It is very much the case with any evil of the body. It ceases after a little to give such warnings as we can understand. It will not make you so sick again, and by and by you can smoke just as Uncle Robert does. Will you not like to try it again?"

"After two or three times, mamma, will it not hurt me?" I asked.

"What did I tell you about the conscience?" she said, "to warn your heart grew ready for and people. But I would do after told me how it whole per-

son—on—many people, besides being an expensive habit; for with the money that you will spend for tobacco you can buy a great many useful and elegant things."

"Then I asked what God made it for."

"She told me 'that it was first found in America, and that a famous Englishman, Sir Walter Raleigh, learned to smoke, and taught the habit to his countrymen, but that she supposed God made it for medicine.' Do you know the man that works at Squire Devol's?" said his grandpa.

"Yes, sir; you mean the one they call Sam," said Robbie.

"Well," said Mr. Winchester, "Sam and I were boys together. He bought pipes and tobacco, I books and pencils. As we grew up he put his money more and more into such things, while I spent mine for what would benefit me or some one else. Which man would you rather be like, Sam with his stooping, shiftless gait and poor living, or your grandpa with your good grandma, and pleasant home with its pictures and statuary and music?"

"Oh! you, grandpa, and grandma, and everything." And he threw his arms around Mr. Winchester's neck, kissing him all over his face. "You, You!"

"And you will not use tobacco?"

"No, no, I will not learn to smoke at all."

"Not if the boys call you a white-faced baby and tied to your grandmother's apron-strings?"

"No, no!" said little Robbie. "I can say to myself, as grandma taught me the other day: 'Our Father, who art in heaven, lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil.'—Youth's Temperance Banner.

TEMPERANCE.—Says Dr. Richardson: "Whenever strong drink produces a permanent effect upon the human body, there is established in the affected person the habit of falsehood. The word of no dipsomaniac can be relied on. It is as if the very knowledge of truth, the distinction between true and untrue, has become utterly lost or forgotten." And the statement was confirmed by the experience of eighty or ninety physicians at a late meeting of the Medical Temperance Association.