DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

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NOTICE.

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Temperance Department.

BOB.

"Bob Noyes, do stop your racket. Nobody can have a minute's peace if you are within hearing."

Bob's face flushed scarlet, and he laid down his hammer, leaving the nail half driven. He turned the toy wagon he had been working on over and over, with a wistful look which told of a pitiful heartache. It was a pretty toy wagon in his eyes, and he made every bit of it himself, and if he could only drive six more nails it would be finished. But there must be no more racket, so he laid it away carefully, and going into one corner of the yard stretched himself under a tree, and kicking the turf with his heels pondered over his many troubles. His mother had said that there was no peace for anybody if he was in hearing; but certainly there was no peace for him anywhere about home.

He had slipped into the parlor after dinner and was having a good chat with Miss Somers, and she was telling him about three wonderful black and white spotted puppies at her house, when sister Jennie came in and asked him what he was imposing on Miss Somers for. He wasn't imposing, Miss Somers said so. Guess he could talk as well as Jennie, if she was eighteen two months ago. But Jennie made him leave the room without learning how the littlest and prettiest spotted puppy got out of the cistern when he fell in. Maybe he didn't get out. Bob kicked harder and wished he knew. After his ejection from the parlor, Bob started to the garret to console himself by rocking in the old fashioned red cradle grandmother Noyes rocked papa and Uncle John in, but Nell and the boys would not let him in; they were getting up surprise tableaux and "didn't want any little pitchers around." He sought his father's study to look at an illustrated edition of natural history. But papa objected, "he couldn't have Bob in there making a disturbance." Almost heartbroken, he turned to his mother's room. "Go right away, you'll wake the baby," met him at the threshold. He looked into the kitchen and begged to help make pies, but Bridget told him to clear out. He next went to the wood house and sought to assuage his sorrows by working on his wagon and now he was forbidden that.

He could not understand why he was driven from everything—he had not been a bad boy and lost his temper. It was beyond his six-year-old philosophy. His poor little brain puzzled over what older children called "certain inalienable rights," without finding a solution of his troubles, or coming to a conclusion. Had he been strong-minded, he might have called a convention and declared that in the present order of things little boys have no rights big folks are bound to respect, and drafted petitions for a change; but he was sensitive and submissive and let people snub him and trample on his toes without remonstrance.

The tea bell roused him from his cup of bitter puzzled thoughts.

"Bob, come to supper."

He wouldn't have to wait, that was some consolation.

At the table Mrs. Noyes was telling Miss Somers about a troup of performing monkeys. "One smart monkey with a striped tail, played on a violin, and—"

"Mamma, it was ring-tailed," interrupted Bob, eager to have the account exact.

"Bob, how many times have I told you not to interrupt?"

Bob subsided, but he knew it was ring-tailed, for he had counted the rings and watched it half an hour while mamma gossiped with Mrs. Layton.

"All the monkeys turned somersaults when their keeper played Captain Jinks," continued Mrs. Noyes.

"Mamma, it wasn't Captain Jinks; it was, O vare is myve little tog."

"Bob, if you talk any more at the table I'll send you to bed."

Bob was correct, and he knew it; he could whistle like a mocking-bird, while Mrs. Noyes did not know one tune from another. The two reproofs in the presence of Miss Somers was too much for his sensitive, bashful temperament, and mortified him beyond self-control. His little fingers trembled and dropped a glass of water, spilling its contents upon the cloth.

"Bob, where's your manners? Leave the table instantly," commanded his father.

The children laughed, and Jennie called Bob an "ill-mannered little boor," and the mortified little fellow crept sadly into bed and sobbed until he fell asleep.

The day's experience was a fair sample of Bob's whole boyhood. He must not sing, whistle, shout, talk, ask questions, or pound, yet he must keep himself handy to run on errands and pick up chips. He must not talk to company, for little boys are to be seen and not heard — he must not have any company of his own, because he did not know how to behave properly. The idea that Bob had any feelings or rights was not tolerated. The family did not intend to act unjustly; they loved Bob, but they were selfish and did not want to be disturbed, and Bob was noisy, and such an inveterate talker and questioner, if given liberty. He was clothed and fed, and sent to school and to church and Sabbath-school: surely that was all duty required.

Bob made a discovery after a while. He could pound, and saw, and bang, as much as he pleased in Tom Smith's carpenter shop. Smith's wild, half-dissipated apprentice made a discovery too—that bashful Bob Noyes had a wonderful faculty for saying witty things, and for whistling and singing, when he became acquainted—and they coaxed him off more than once to enliven the evenings at the "Excelsior" and "Star" saloons.

They were blind as moles at home until a reckless, almost criminal, deed committed during the tumultuous period between boyhood and manhood, showed them that Bob's young life was being steeped in degradation and sin. They wept bitterly, but not in sackcloth and ashes. Wrapped in self-righteousness, they shifted the responsibility from their own shoulders, and as he went from bad to worse, washed their hands of that unavoidable family affliction—a black sheep.—*Crusader.*

EARL RUSSELL.

This celebrated English statesman, who as Lord John Russell is so familiar to all acquainted with the history of Reform in England, is the third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and was born in London, 18th August, 1792. He was educated at Westminster School and afterwards at Edinburgh, where he studied under Professor Dugald Stewart. After a continental tour he in 1821 made his *debut* in the world by being elected to Parliament for the family borough of Tavistock. He made his first motion in favor of parliamentary reform in 1819, and persevered in face of defeat till, as a Minister of the Crown, he stood forward to propose the great measure of 1831, which received the Royal assent, 4th June, 1832, saving the country from the throes of revolution and civil war, which at one time seemed imminent. This was the crowning achievement of his life, although he was the author of a great deal of other valuable legislation. He was Colonial Minister in 1839, when the Canadian rebellion broke out, and sent out Lord Durham, who recognized the right of Canadians to self-government. He favored the repeal of the Corn laws, though, owing to his failure to form a Government, Sir Robert Peel achieved the honor of carrying that measure. As Prime Minister he had to deal with the great Irish famine in 1847. The action of the Pope in parcelling England out into dioceses drew from him a protest, first in the shape of a letter to the Bishop of Durham, and next in the form of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of 1851,—not a very happy piece of legislation, and which failed utterly of its purpose. Ceasing to be Prime Minister in 1852 he subsequently held lower offices in the Cabinet, a course for which he has been sharply criticised. He was again Premier from 1865 to 1866. As a foreign Secretary he has not been a success. Meddle and muddle seems to have been his policy, leading among other results to the Alabama Claims controversy, which it took Britain and America so much trouble to settle. He tried to pass several more reform bills between 1852 and 1860, but failed, and seems to have come to the conclusion that the British had got enough such legislation, giving expression to his opinion in the noted words, "Rest and be thankful." In 1861 he was raised to the peerage. He has acquired a reputation as an eloquent and bold debater, but his temperament has always been cold and chilly, and he has thereby fallen short of the full measure of popularity which was his due. He has been twice married, and has had children. His eldest son by the second marriage, Lord Amberley, has been M. P. for Nottingham. As an author he has written several historical works, including the life, diary and letters of Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, but it cannot be said that his literary talent is very great. Earl Russell still lives, hale and vigorous, and makes himself heard at times in the House of Lords, as well as on the platform and through the press, on social and political questions.

THE "GOOD EXAMPLE" OF MODERATE DRINKERS.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

With regard to the use of intoxicating drinks, I believe a minister who used them in moderation published a sermon in which he recommended the young men to follow his example. I am not foolish enough to say here that every man who drinks must become a drunkard. There are moderate drinkers, and there are men who can be moderate drinkers. My father was a moderate drinker, and he lived to be ninety-four years of age. He