

bath afternoon. Their parents knew nothing of it, and for the moment they thought no other eye was upon them. A nice time they would have together! But no one of those boys ever forgot that occasion. "Let us get into the wheel!" they shouted. Several entered, and round and round they went shouting merrily.

Now little Robert, the younger of the brothers, entered the wheel. For a few moments everything went delightfully; but forgetting his danger, Robert put his head far out of the wheel to look at something as it was moving round with tremendous force. Suddenly his head struck against the heavy timber that supported it, and in an instant was crushed into a shapeless mass!

Who can describe the terror of the boys or the agony of the older brother! They drew the little lifeless body away from the wheel, and hurried after a physician and for help. The physician came, but there was nothing for him to do. The little fellow's life had been utterly extinguished by the heavy blow. A man came down to the wharf with a cart, and the body was placed upon it. Quite a company followed sadly behind it as it passed up into the town on the way to the boy's residence. Just as it passed by the church the people were coming out from the service. The cart moving slowly on, with the sad people behind it, attracted the attention of all, and they hurried to it to learn what had happened. Among others was the father of the boys. O what a dreadful moment when he learned that his own little Robert, who he thought was in the church during the service, was now a mangled corpse! It was almost too much for him to endure. The people could not restrain their tears as they looked upon the scene.

I need not describe the funeral, but it was an hour never to be forgotten. Every member of that Sabbath-school felt that it was a fearful thing to break the fourth commandment, and had written, as if by the finger of God, upon the "fleshy tables of their hearts," *"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."* P.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF GETTYSBURGH.

BY MARY BYNON REESE.

"Would you do as much for your country's sake?"
'Twas a low, sweet voice, unshaken by tears;
The speaker a veteran, when judged by deeds,
Though only a child by the measure of years.
"Would you do as much?" and he held aloft
His shattered arm with a glow of pride,
While the red drops fell whence the hand had been,
On the useless drum at the brave boy's side.

"Yes! and more than this!" he shouted again;
"My other hand I would willingly give;
Life, all that I have, for my country's sake.
And yet," he added, "I want to live!"
Then tears gushed up from their hidden founts,
And a sob burst forth as he gasped for breath,
While his cheek grew white, that had scarcely paled
'Neath the loss of limb or the fear of death.

"My father was one of the first to start
When Freedom summoned her sons to come;
Together we marched to the battle-fields,
He with his musket, and I with my drum.
In our far-off cottage—how quiet it was!—
My darling mother is watching alone;
For my father sleeps at Antietam now,
Then who would befriend her if I were gone?"

A brighter halo encircled the stars
When the tide of invasion was met and stayed;
A more than Mecca henceforth the spot
Where heroes and graves almost countless were made.
More firmly the Temple of Freedom stands
Since that offering of life, and hope, and joy;
Nor least of the price on her altar laid,
Was the good right hand of the drummer boy.

BE frugal of your time; it is one of the best of your jewels.—SIR M. HALE.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SUGAR IN SUNSHINE.

Do you believe that any sugar can be had out of sunshine?

"That's a queer idea," says one. "I have heard of sugar made of sugar-cane and of beets, but never heard of any made out of sunshine."

"Then there's maple sugar," says another, "and sorghum sugar; but *sunshine sugar!* who ever heard of it?"

"Sugar out of sunshine!" says a third. "There's light in sunshine, as all the little birds know, and there's heat in it too, as we all know, in midsummer especially. But sugar in sunshine, or out of sunshine, is something I never heard of."

"How do you get it out?" says a fourth. "Do you put it in a press like a cider-press, or could you squeeze it in a lemon-squeezer?"

Now, my little fellow, you are making fun of it. I think your name must be Merryman. Lemon-squeezer, indeed! Just think of squeezing a lemon over a tumbler and then going out of doors and squeezing sunshine into it! Don't you wish you could do it, when sugar is twenty-eight cents a pound? Do you like strawberries, cherries, peaches, melons, grapes? Ah! how your mouth waters at the bare mention of their names.

"Like them!" say you; "just try me and see."

Well, come along with me to the peach-orchard. Here is a fine large peach, try that. Hard, is it? and sour? Why, I thought you liked peaches?

"Yes," say you; "but I don't like sour peaches. I want sweet and ripe ones."

But what is it that makes peaches ripe? that changes sour ones to sweet? is it not the sunshine? Now you begin to see what I mean by "sugar in sunshine." When the weather in May and in June is cold the strawberries do not ripen fast and they are not sweet. But if the weather is warm they ripen quickly and are delightful to the taste.

We should have no sweet ripe fruit of any kind were it not for the sunshine. The sun looks down with his great burning eye upon the berries and fruits, and they swell, and ripen, and become sweet. There need be no lemon-squeezer, Mr. Merryman, to catch the rays of the sun and press them into the

fruit. The sunshine finds its way without that. Have you not noticed a large number of very little holes covering the outside of some berries and fruits? A microscope would show you these on every kind of fruit. They are like the little holes you see in your skin. We call them *pores*.

These little holes in the outside of the fruit are open, just as I have seen the mouths of children open for mother to put some sugar in. The sun, like a good mother, drops a little sunshine sugar in every fruit-mouth and makes it sweet. What a blessed thing the sunshine is, making the fruits ripe and filling our hearts with gladness.

I know some children whose faces are always bright and beaming as the sun, and they make everybody happy wherever they go. They come into the house like sunshine; the place is lighter for their presence. The words they speak, the acts they do, are kind, and gentle, and loving. They have "sunshine-sugar" in them, and everybody is happier on account of them.

How much better this than to be cross, and surly, and complaining, and quarrelsome. I have sometimes seen children who look as though they had never seen or heard of sunshine in their lives. They are always unhappy, and they make every one around them as unhappy as themselves. There is no sugar where they are. If they join in the sports of their young friends, not many minutes pass before an angry word is spoken, or a wicked deed is done.

Just now my bell rang, and on going to the door I found a streak of sunshine in the shape of a black-eyed little girl about four years old. She was a stranger to me, but she looked up lovingly in my face and said:

"Will you please to give me a few flowers?"

"What do you want flowers for?" I asked.

"O I like them!" said she.

She told me her name was Lily—a good name for a little girl that loves flowers. I gave her some roses, which seemed to make her very happy. I am sure she made me feel happy, because she was so cheerful and pleasant. Don't you think there is sugar in sunshine?

How different this from what I saw in the street the other day. Two ragged, dirty boys were fighting and swearing, while a number of bad boys and a few bad men were looking on. I stepped up to the boys, and, seizing each of them by the collar, held them at arms' length, and tried to get them to settle their dispute without fighting. One of them, I think, was willing



to do this, but the other wanted "satisfaction out of that feller!" O how angry he was! His face was red, and sweaty, and dirty, and bloody. There was no sunshine there, no sugar. Sugar, indeed! Gall and vinegar would be more like it.

The sight of those angry, wicked boys made me very unhappy. Would you not rather be like little Lily with her bunch of roses? F.

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

It is said of the late Mr. Benn, of Highgate, the evening before his departure, he desired all his children to come into his chamber, and placing them around his dying bed, thus addressed them:

"You all know that I am soon going out of this world into a better. I hope I shall there be permitted to watch over you, and I trust that you will soon follow me. You all know the road. Where is it to be found?"

The children all instantly replied, "In the Bible."