

WHAT I WOULD DO.

"If I were a rose on the garden wall
I'd look so fair and grow so tall,
I'd scatter perfume far and wide,
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride—
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
O little rose!"

"Fair little maid, if I were you,
I would always try to be good and true,
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child
On whom the sunbeams ever smiled—
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
Dear little maid."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1905.

FOUR BOYS AND A CORN ROAST.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

The other members of the camping party—George and Jack and Fred—were waiting at the gate, so Donald went into his mother's room to say the final good-bye. He had on his soft flannel shirt, tied at the collar with a dark blue four-in-hand tie, his heavy winter coat, and a pair of old trousers that had "worn like iron," and, as his father said, "needed a camping trip to put them out of commission." All in all, Donald looked like the ideal young camper, and his mother smiled proudly at her manly-looking boy.

Mrs. Bruce was darning a pair of stockings for Donald, so that when he came back he would have something clean and dry to put on at once. It seemed as if she was always doing something for him, Donald thought. Such a dear, good, thoughtful, loving mother as he had! As

he laid his hand on the arm of her chair, her own hand stole caressingly over it.

"I must go now, mother," he said. "The boys are waiting for me at the gate."

"Are you sure you have everything?" asked Mrs. Bruce.

"Yes; the clothes are all in my bag—you packed them, you know. We sent the box of provisions and the blankets to the boat last night. My camera and gun and fishing-rod are on the hall table, and I can't think of a single thing else."

"Well, Donald, I suppose I shall have to say good-bye, then; but before you go there is just one more thing I want you to promise me. Will you, dear—it's perfectly reasonable?"

"Of course I will, mother. I know you wouldn't ask anything unreasonable."

"Well, then, Donald, it's just this. Don't help yourself to anybody's property without asking permission or paying for it. I know it's customary for boys when they're camping to 'hook' some little things, and not call it stealing. But it is stealing, just the same, and I should not like to think that my boy would do it. Promise me that you will not, dear."

"I certainly will not, mother," answered Donald earnestly. Then he kissed his mother, and, whistling a merry tune, was off with his three companions for the big, safe rowboat they had rented for their three weeks' trip down the river.

For the first week they had a perfectly jolly time. All went "merry as a marriage bell." The weather was glorious; they caught all the fish they wanted; the provisions held out nobly, and no one was sick even for an hour. Then, all of a sudden, came the usual reverses of a camping party. It began to rain, on an average, every other day. The food gave out, one article after another, and there was the customary difference of opinion as to who should go to the nearest village and stock up. All pleaded sickness; in fact, no one seemed to be feeling as well as he had been. The fish joined the general strike, and ceased biting, and for a while there was a rather blue atmosphere around the little camp.

It was about this time that Jack, while out searching for berries, discovered a field of young corn not more than a half a mile away. There was no house in sight, he said; the ears were just right for roasting, and that evening they could make a raid on the field and get all they wanted.

"You must count me out of that sort of things, boys," said Donald. "I'll go with you to hunt up the farmer, and offer to buy what corn we need for a roast, but I'll not steal it."

"It isn't stealing—it's just hooking," retorted the other boys. "We shan't take enough to be missed—no more than the 'coons and squirrels."

"It isn't the amount we take—it's the principle of the thing," replied Donald. "Stealing's stealing, and I'll not have anything to do with it."

"Then you'll not have anything to do with the corn when it's roasted!" cried Jack.

"Of course not," answered Donald, retiring into the tent.

Some little bird must have whispered the plot of the three corn-"hookers" to the farmer who owned the field, for that night, as the boys were rustling around among the stalks in the dim moonlight, breaking off a fat ear here and there, there was a rush of burly figures from the edge of the woods, and the farmer and his two big sons clapped heavy hands on the shoulders of the frightened lads.

"Here are our 'coons!" cried the farmer. "The young rascals! We'll make 'em pay right smart for this."

Jack, George, and Fred were dragged off to the village lockup, which was also the county jail, and the sheriff made them sleep on some narrow cots that were harder than their "shakedown" in camp. Next morning they were brought before a justice of the peace, and fined five dollars each, which they were glad to pay as the price of regaining their liberty, though it took almost all that was left of their camping money.

Donald did not press them with questions when they came shamefacedly back to camp. He had guessed what had happened. Meanwhile he had been to a neighboring farmer and bought half a bushel of sweet corn in the ear. It cost him fifty cents, and tasted a good deal better to all of them than the fifteen dollar corn roast that they didn't have.

THE SLEEPLESS WATCHER.

The lamp had just been put out, and the timid little girl was afraid of the dark; but presently she saw the bright moon out of her window, and asked: "Is the moon God's light?"

"Yes, Ethel," the mother replied; "the moon and stars are all God's lights."

Then came the next question from the little girl: "Will God blow out his light, and go to sleep, too?"

"No, my child," replied the mother; "his lights are always burning."

Then the timid little girl gave utterance to a sentiment that thrilled the mother's heart and led her to more complete trust in her God: "Well, mamma, while God's awake, I'm not afraid."

A little child, becoming weary with the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use of quarrelling over that milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn!"