

GETHESEMANE.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!
What saddened memories cling to thee!
Within thy garden walls I see
My Saviour's deepest agony
And bloody sweat.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!
Scene where the Saviour's soul was pained
Spot where the bitter cup was drained
Till not a single drop remained,
E'en to the dregs.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!
Thou place of sadness, place of prayer,
I see the strong disciples there!
Their Master's woe they cannot share
A single hour.

Dear Saviour, should it come to me
To pass through dark Gethsemane,
Oh, help me to remember thee
And do thy will!

So may I do as thou hast done,
There may I go where thou hast gone,
Though heaven should be from Calvary
won;
I follow thee.

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THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

An old herdsman in England was taken to a London hospital to die. His grandchild would go and read to him. One day she was reading in the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, and came to the words: "And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." The old man raised himself up and stopped the little girl, saying with great earnestness: "Is that there, my dear?"

"Yes, grandpa."
"Then read it to me again. I never heard it before."

She read it again.
"You are quite sure that is there?"
"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."
"Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I want to feel it."

She took the old blind man's hand and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said: "Now, read it to me again."

With a soft, sweet voice she read: "And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"
"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then, if any one should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of these words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.'"

With that the old man passed into the presence of Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin.—*Christian Work.*

WHAT LAURIE MADE.

"Hello, little man!" shouted Uncle Ben. "Put on your cap and jacket and tell mamma I'm going to carry you off for a week. We're going to make sugar, and we've concluded we want your help this year."

Mamma came running out when she heard this piece of news, and it took some coaxing to get her consent to the plan.

"Now don't let him get his feet wet. You know melting snow is so bad for the croup. And don't let him eat too much sugar," she called after them as they drove gaily away.

"All right! don't you worry," answered Uncle Ben, cracking his whip.

"Where are we going, Uncle Ben?" asked Laurie, as they drove up a long hill.

"We are going to camp in my sugar bush."

"Sugar bush! what's that? does sugar grow on a bush? And can I pick off nice little cakes and lumps?" asked Laurie.

"No, little man, you will soon see," answered Uncle Ben.

They drove right into the woods, where every tree was a maple tree, as Uncle Ben explained, and there Laurie saw men making holes in the trees, sticking spouts into the holes, and hanging buckets under them. Soon he saw "water," as he called it, running out of the tree in the buckets.

"That is sap. Taste it," said Uncle Ben. "This is how we get our sugar."

"It's just a little sweet," said Laurie: "but how do you get sugar out of sweet water?"

"By boiling it. See this big kettle? We boil the sap in this until it is as thick as syrup, then we take it into the log house there, and boil it in shallow pans over the stove until it turns to sugar. Here is a tree for you. You shall have all the sap,

and you may boil it in this little kettle, and when it is done you shall take it home to mamma to prove that her little man knows how to make maple sugar."

Laurie had a most happy time, and he didn't get sick. He had two pretty scolloped cakes of sugar of his own making to take home to his mother too.

FOR MY SAKE.

For my sake, not thine, O Lord of glory,
Thou did'st lay thy regal raiment by;
For my sake, not thine, O wondrous story,
Came to suffer, and for me to die!

Lo, the King, with love supreme and endless,

Did the office of a servant bear—
Crowned with thorns, and buffeted, and friendless,

That I might be made a kingly heir!

Turn, O man, the world's historic pages;
Scan each noble and heroic deed;
Can ye find, in all recording ages,
Such a love, to meet so sore a need?

Not in old, or new, or mystic story,
Is there that ye may with this compare;
King of Kings! who put aside his glory,
That I might a crown of glory wear!

For my sake, O Lord, this abnegation,
When thine angels stood from thee apart;

For my sake, the death and desolation!—
Peace, my wandering and perplexed heart!

Were so much as this to thee unfolding—
More than this the human could not fear;

And the rest, when thou, his face behold-
ing,
Shalt the fulness of his glory share!

SHE WANTED LOVE.

A kind-hearted, sweet-faced woman called one day to see a little maid, whose mother was dead, and who had been placed in the poorhouse. She carried a present with her, but before giving it, she asked, "Now, dear, what would you like best?" The little one looked up wistfully, and then shyly said, "I would like to sit on your knee for a minute, as if I were your little girl."

A LITTLE LIE.

A lie is a little thing. Boys, you have told a lie, just one single word which is not true. But let us see what else you have done. First, you have broken the law of God. Second, you will have to tell many more to maintain that one. Third, you lose the love and friendship of school-mates.