

Now study our illustration, which is drawn by the great artist Doré. Having done so, let the mind dwell upon the conversation and its consequences :

1st. To the woman herself. When self-condemned, she seeks to change the subject, and introduces a controversial topic; but our Lord, bent upon the recovery of his lost sheep, instructs her in the spirituality of the worship God requires. The place was of no importance, whether in this mountain (Gerizim) or at Jerusalem. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." The woman would feign dissatisfaction with this reply, and asserts her confidence that, although he would not settle the vexed question, when Messiah cometh, which is Christ, "He will tell us all things."

Our Lord replied, "I that speak unto thee am he." What a wonderful discovery.

2nd. Consequences to the citizens of Sychar; and,

3rd. To the disciples themselves; and,

4th. To the world at large.

Study, with much prayerfulness, John iv. 5-42.

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TAKE HEED HOW YOU HEAR.

A HEATHEN Indian woman once said to a Christian Indian, named Esther: "I often go to your meetings, and always hear something. One Sunday lately the minister exactly described the state of my heart. Indeed, I fully thought he would soon say, 'There sits a woman who is just what I have been saying.' Do tell me how the minister knows, and who it is that tells him?"

"O yes," said Esther, "I will tell you. The minister preaches the pure word of God,

and that word speaks to our hearts. If we are willing to listen to it, God works in our hearts by his Spirit, and shows us that it is spoken to us. Then we see and hear what is our real state; and every one thinks, 'That was spoken to me!'"

The word of God is not a mere dead book—it is "living and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword;" and those who hear and heed it will find it the word of life and salvation to their souls.

"HELPING TOO."

A DEAR little girl awakened up one night when the wind was blowing hard. She thought how nice and pleasant it was to have her warm, cosy bed to lie in, and to know that her dear mamma was right in the next room. Then she thought of the poor children who had not such a pleasant home and kind parents. Then she asked God to take care of those poor children. Then she was quiet for a while, but presently she added: "And to-morrow I'll try and hunt them up and help too."

The next morning she told her mamma and little brother about it. Her mamma was pleased, and brother said he'd like to help too. So mamma gave them each a basket of nice things to carry to some one who did not have any. The children were very happy in "helping too," and I am sure God was pleased with them. He does not want us to ask Him to do the things we ought to do ourselves.

THE LIVING SOUL.

A MINISTER was trying to teach some children that the soul would live after they were all dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand. He was not simple enough. Snatching his watch from his pocket, he said, "James, what is this I hold in my hand?" "A watch, sir." "A little clock," says another. "Do you see it?" "Yes, sir." "How do you know it is a watch?" "Because it ticks, sir." "Very well, can any of you hear it tick? all of you listen, now." After a pause, "Yes, sir; we hear it."

He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand and the watch in the other; "Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two which look like watches?" "The little one in your right hand, sir." "Very well, again. Now I will take the case and put it away down in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the watch ticking?" "Yes, sir; we hear it!" exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken

off, and put in my hat. The watch goes just as well. So it is with you children. Your body is nothing but the case—the body may be taken off and buried in the ground, but the soul will live and think just as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is taken off."

EVENING AND MORNING.

A LITTLE child knoeled down to pray, And, listening, I heard her say: "My Heavenly Father, please to keep Me very safely while I sleep; Forgive the faults thou'st seen to-day, And if I wake again, oh, may I thank thee from my heart, and try To please thee always, till I die. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then on her pillow soon she laid Her bright-haired, weary, little head; And when the rosy morning broke, That happy little heart awoke: "I thank thee, Father, for thy care; I know thou heard'st my evening prayer; Still keep me safe through all this day, And may I never from thee stray. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

WHAT EDITH HATES.

EDITH hated two things. Her mother often told her she must hate nothing but sin. But she declared, and would stick to it, that both of these were sin; they were rum and tobacco.

What should lead her to hate these so, at her early age, for she is only eight years old, is a great wonder to her friends, for none of her family use them—neither her father, brothers, uncles, or cousins. Her mother has often to reprove her for making faces and speaking out when any person calls who uses tobacco. It excites her so when she smells it; that it is with great difficulty she can keep quiet. She has no fear of old or young men when she finds them in the habit of using it.

We hope Edith will always hate these two things, for surely they lead to sin.

A LITTLE EVANGELIST.

A LITTLE girl, frail but very bright and spiritual, came to the altar. Her father, a highly respected lawyer sat in his pew. The child rose, went to her father, put her arms about his neck and whispered, "Papa, I can't stay there without you." The father was deeply moved, and permitted his little one to lead him forward as a penitent seeker. The effect on the audience was wonderful. It was the turning point in the work