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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

[No. 3.

THE WOMAN AT THE WELL.

ANCIENT Shechem, rendered famous in Old Testament history by a variety of deeply interesting circumstances is in the 4th chapter of the Gospel by St. John known as Sychar. This name seems to have been a nickname, perhaps from *shaker*, 'falseness,' spoken of idols in Hab. ii. 18; or from *shukkar*, 'drunkard,' in allusion to Is. xxviii. 1-7—such as the Jews were fond of imposing upon places they disliked; and nothing could exceed the enmity which existed between them and the Samaritans, who possessed Shechem. Stephen, however, in his historical retrospect, used the proper and ancient name.—Acts vii. 16.

"Not long after the times of the New Testament, the place received the name of Neapolis, which it still retains in the Arabic form, Nablus being one of the very few names in Palestine which have survived to the present day. It had probably suffered much, if it was not completely destroyed, in the war with the Romans, and would seem to have been rebuilt by Vespasian, and then to have taken this new name; for the coins of the city (of which there are many) all bear the inscription, Flavia Neapolis, the former epithet, no doubt, derived from Flavius Vespasian.

"There had already been converts to the Christian faith, under our Saviour, and it is



JESUS AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

probable a church had been gathered here by the apostle. Justin Martyr was a native of Neapolis. The name of Germanus, Bishop of Neapolis, occurs in A.D. 314, and other

bishops continue to be mentioned down to A.D. 535, when the bishop, John, signed his name at the Synod of Jerusalem.—K T T

The Moslems, the Crusaders, and the Saracens have each, in turn, been its masters. It was finally taken from the Christians in A.D. 1242, by Abu Ali, and has remained in Moslem hands ever since.

"There is no reason to question that the present town occupies the site of the ancient Shechem. The town itself is long and narrow, extending along the N.E. base of Mount Gerizim, and partly resting on its declivity. The streets are narrow, the houses high, and, in general, well built, all of stone, with domes upon the roofs, as at Jerusalem. The population of the place is estimated by Dr. Olin, at 8000 or 10000, of whom 500 or 600 are Christians of the Greek communion, and the rest Moslems, with the exception of about 150 Samaritans, and one-third that number of Jews."

In the Gospel by John, we have one of the most interesting of the New Testament narratives. And he must needs go through Samaria. Then cometh he to the city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near the parcel of

ground Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now, Jacob's well was there. * * * There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water. Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink."

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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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

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

HOW IT HAPPENED.

"I'm going now to run away,"
Said little Sammie Greer one day,
Then I can do just as I choose;
I'll never have to black my shoes,
Or wash my face or comb my hair,
I'll find a place, I know, some where,
And never have again to fill
The old chip-basket, so I will.

"Good-bye, mamma," he said, "good-bye!"
He thought his mother then would cry.
She only said, "You going, dear?"
And didn't shed one single tear.
"There, now," said Sammie Greer, "I know
She does not care if I do go,
But Bilget does, she'll have to fill
The old chip-basket, so she will.

But Bridget only said, "Well, boy,
You off for sure? I wish you joy."
And Sammie's little sister Kate,
Who swung upon the garden gate,
Said anxiously as he passed through:
"To-night, whatever will you do
When you can't get no 'lasses spread
At supper-time on top of bread?"

One day from home and Sammie Greer's
Weak little heart was full of fears;
He thought about "Red Riding Hood,"
The wolf that met her in the wood,
The bear-stalk boy who kept so mum
When he heard the giant's "Fee fo fum."
Of the dark night and the policeman,
And poor Sammie homeward ran.

Quick through the alley-way he sped,
And crawled in through the old wood-shed
The big chip-basket he did fill,
He blacked his shoes up with a will;
He washed his face and combed his hair;
He went up to his mother's chair;
And kissed her twice, and then he said,
"I'd like some 'lasses top of bread"

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A. D. 28.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 17

THE TIMID WOMAN'S TOUCH

Mark 5. 25, 34. Commit to mem. vs. 32, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not afraid, only believe. Mark 5 36

OUTLINE.

1. The Touch of Faith, v. 25 29
2. The Word of Power, v. 30 34

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who tried to get near Jesus in a great crowd? A woman who had been sick twelve years.

What did she think? That Jesus could cure her.

To whom had she gone for help? To many physicians.

With what result? She grew worse instead of better.

What did she want to touch? The garment of Jesus.

Why did she fear to speak to him? Because of the crowd.

What showed her great faith in Jesus? She thought a touch would cure her.

What followed the touch? She was healed at once.

Was it Jesus' garment that cured her? No; it was Jesus himself.

Why did Jesus ask who touched him? He wanted the woman to confess him?

What did the woman do? She came and told all the truth.

Was it easy for her to do this? No; she feared and trembled.

What does this teach us? That Jesus wants us to own him.

What did Jesus say to the woman? "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

What great lesson is here? That faith in Jesus saves.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Let us Remember
Came to Jesus to get help
That it was not Jesus' garment, but
This woman Jesus himself that cured her.
That before she could "go in peace"
she had to confess Jesus

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—Confession of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

20. Who were the Four Evangelists? St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John; who wrote the Four Gospels.

A. D. 28] LESSON VIII [Feb. 24

THE GREAT TEACHER AND THE TWELVE.

Mark 6. 1-13. Commit to mem. vs. 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And they went out, and preached that men should repent. Mark 6 12

OUTLINE.

1. The Teacher, v. 1-6.
2. The Twelve, v. 7-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where did Jesus now go? To "his own country," Nazareth.

Who went with him? His disciples.

Where did Jesus teach on the Sabbath day? In the synagogue.

Who heard him? His own countrymen.

Why were they astonished? At his wisdom and power.

What did they ask? Is not this the son of Mary.

What did they forget? That he was the Son of God.

What caused them to be offended or displeased? Envy, and lack of faith.

Where did Jesus say a prophet is without honor? In his own country.

Why could not Jesus do mighty works there? Because of their unbelief.

Where did Jesus go, teaching and preaching? Into the villages and towns.

Whom did he send forth to do the same kind of work? His disciples.

What power did he give them? To heal the sick, and cast out evil spirits.

What did they tell people to do? To repent.

What are true disciples doing now? The work to which Jesus calls them.

Who gives power for this work? The Lord.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

The First Missionaries.

The twelve disciples were the first missionaries.

Jesus sent them to their own friends first.

Little disciples may be missionaries, too.

They may begin by helping at home.

"The least you do for Jesus,

Will be precious in his sight."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Missionary spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

21. Who were Ananias and Sapphira? A man and his wife who were struck dead for lying to the Holy Spirit.

WHAT BOYS AND GIRLS CAN DO FOR MISSIONS.

LOOKING through a missionary treasurer's report, I noticed this clause: "Miss. Rags, 25 cents," and I said to myself, "That young lady has a queer name, and not a very pretty one, either. A little further down the report I noticed again, "Miss. Rags, 45 cents," and I thought, Why, there must be a family of rags in that town also! But when I came to the third "Miss. Rags, 31 cents," I found that instead of meaning a young lady, it was a short way of writing Missionary. I then understood that here and there some one had carefully put all the rags and waste-paper into the ragbag and the money received from the ragman had been sent to the missionary society. Here seemed to be one answer to the question, "What can boys and girls do for missionary money?"

On further study of the subject, I discovered that rags were not the only things to have the title of missionary. I found Miss. Patchwork, Miss. Berries, Miss. Flower-seeds, and even Miss. Henna.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DON'T PUT IT OFF.

SOME little folks are apt to say,
When asked their task to touch,
"I'll put it off just for to-day;
It cannot matter much."

But time is always on the wing,
You cannot stop its flight;
Then do at once your little tasks;
You'll happier be at night.

For little duties, if put off,
Will end in "Never done;"
And "By-and-by is time enough"
Has ruined many a one.

A BOY WHO WAS CURED OF TEASING.

BENNIE BUNNING was a dear, funny little fellow, but he had one big fault. When mamma said "No," Bennie acted as if he did not understand, and whined and fretted, "Why can't I, mamma? Say, mamma, why can't I? Mamma, please let me. Why can't I?" You may be sure that every one grew tired of the whining voice, and poor mamma was really sad over Bennie's naughty habit.

One morning Bennie was eating a cookie, and Fido came up to him jumping and barking, and asking for a bite as plainly as a dog could ask. But Bennie was not used to dogs, and stood holding his cookie as high as he could reach.

Silly Fido barked and leaped and would not let poor frightened Bennie take a single step. At last the little boy could bear it no longer, and began to scream for help.

Mamma heard the frightened cry and ran to see what was the matter. When she came into the room she saw in a moment that Bennie was in no danger, and her eyes began to twinkle. "Oh, mamma, take him away, he acts so queer!" screamed Bennie. Mamma smiled and said, "Why, Fido is only teasing, Bennie, just as some little boys do." Then she spoke sharply to Fido

and sent him out of the room. When he had gone Bennie ran and hid his face in mamma's lap, and when he raised it again it was a very sober little boy who said, "Mamma, Bennie won't tease again—never!"

TAKING A PITCH-FORK TO CHURCH.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was talking to his class about cheerful obedience. He said: "How ugly it is when mamma calls you in the morning and tells you it is time to get up, to say, 'Yes, mamma, I will get up after awhile;' or, 'Oh, no, mamma, I don't want to get up now;' or, worse still, to fret and cry, and be cross."

When he stopped, a little boy brightened up and said: "Oh, I wish sister would hear that, for it is so hard for mamma to get her up in the morning."

Then a little girl looked up with beaming eyes and said: "Franky is so hard to get up; and he gets so cross when mamma calls him."

The teacher told the children that he called that using a pitch-fork in church. It is pitching the lesson over to our neighbour. Some big folks do the same thing.

"AS BIG AS WE ARE."

ONE day the teacher of the infant class asked them this question:—

"How big must you be to give your heart to Jesus? Must you be as big as I am? All that think so raise the hand."

Quite a number thought they must be as big as their teacher.

"Well, all who do not think so raise the hand."

A good many hands were raised in response to the invitation.

"Well, Lizzie, how big do you think we must be to give our hearts to Jesus?"

"Just as big as we are!" answered the little girl.

WHY SHE WAS DISSATISFIED.

"I THINK the rain is very provoking!" said Bessie, looking out of the window, with an angry frown upon her brow. "It always rains when I don't want it. It is spoiling the slides, and there won't be an inch of ice left in an hour to skate on. Now, where's my fun this afternoon, I should like to know?"

"You can stay at home and sew," said her aunt.

"I want to skate," said Bessie. "This rain is very provoking."

"The provoking is all in your own heart, Bessie," said her brother. "If you only had blue sky inside, you would not mind the rain outside."

A BRAVE BOY.

A VERY pleasant incident is that related of King Cyrus when a boy, which shows he was both brave and wise. He had a grandfather, called Astyages, who was King of Media. When Cyrus was only twelve years old he went on a visit to his grandfather, and when there he one day asked to be allowed to act as cup-bearer to the King. The request was granted; so Cyrus dressed himself for his duty in the costume of a page, and, coming into the king's presence, he balanced the wine-cup nicely on three fingers, just as he had seen the regular officer manage it, and kneeling down, he handed the cup to his grandfather. The old man looked on, well pleased, smiled at his little grandson, and told him that he had done his duty very gracefully; but he had forgotten one very important thing.

"What is that, grandfather?" asked the boy.

"Why, you should have poured out some of the wine into the palm of your hand and tasted it yourself before you handed it to me. Then I would have known the wine was all right." This was always the custom in those days, the cup-bearer first tasting the wine before handing it to the king.

"No," said the boy, "I did not forget it, grandfather."

Said the grandfather, "Why, then, did you not do it, my child?"

"Because," answered Cyrus, "I thought there was poison in the liquor."

"Poison, my boy! Why could you think so?"

"Why, grandfather, the other day, when you gave a feast to the lords in your court, I noticed, that after they drank the wine they acted differently. They became noisy, and talked such silly talk. There must be poison in it to make them do so. People who drink only water don't act so: it quenches their thirst, and that is all."