

the claws of their hind feet. So they hang head downward. That would kill you if you tried it very long, but the bats find it very comfortable.

Bats when born look like little mice. They are blind for ten days. Their bodies are as bare as young birds' at first. A mother bat is very good to her baby. She rubs and brushes it clean with her big lip. Then she tucks the baby bat into a fold of the skin about her body. The baby bat at once clings fast to its mother with its little hooked claws. When the mother bat flies for food she carries the baby along, wrapped up and clinging to her. She never lets it fall. When the young bat is able to fly the mother bat still keeps near it, and helps it for some time. A boy caught a little bat and put it into his pocket to take to his teacher. The little bat cried. Its mother heard it. She flew to the boy, clung to his pocket and would not let go. So the little boy took both mother and baby to his teacher. They were put in a cage.

Small baby bats are nursed with milk by their mothers, as kittens are. When a bat is kept in a cage, it will eat bread and milk and bits of raw veal.

You can tame bats so that they will come when you call them, and eat flies or beetles from your hand.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1897.

### PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

No one has a right to put a stumbling-block in the way of a brother. In seeking for eternal life each should not forget that he should lead a life that will bring others close to the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Paul said he would eat no meat if the eating of it caused his brother to stumble. Eating meat offered to an idol is no sin; but if this should cause some weak brother to offend, we should

abstain from it. Each one has an influence for good or for evil, and should be very careful to do that which will make others better. One boy might be able to go into a saloon and not take a drink, but he should not visit such a place. His going might lead another boy to go who is not so strong, and that boy might take a drink and at last fill a drunkard's grave. One boy might play cards and never learn to gamble. Still, he ought not to do this, because his example might cause another first to play cards for pleasure, and then to engage in the game for money. The safe way is to shun the very appearance of evil. We are all more or less our brother's keeper. God will not hold us guiltless if we do anything that leads a brother down to ruin. A soul lost is no little thing. It is a fearful thing to be lost. Let each of our little readers resolve to make others better.

### HOW HE USED THE PIECES.

Some years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking works of art—works that were valued at thousands of pounds.

In his workshop was a poor little boy whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow, and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly: "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?"

"Why, yes," said the artist; "the bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them."

Day after day, then, the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces on the floor, laying some on one side and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and saw him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a store-room little used, and, in looking around, came upon a piece of work carefully hidden behind the rubbish. He brought it to the light, and, to his surprise, found it to be a noble work of art, nearly finished.

"What great artist can have hidden his work in my study?" he cried.

At this moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep dye flushed his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden this masterpiece here?"

"O master!" faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away."

The child, with an artist's soul, had gathered up the fragments and patiently, lovingly wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint? Gather up the

bits of time and opportunity lying about, and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God.

### LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY MARY T. H. WILLARD.

The world will be what you make it,  
Little people;  
It will be as you shape it,  
Little people.  
Then be studious and brave,  
And your country help to save,  
Little people.

When we walk into the gray,  
Little people,  
And you into the day,  
Little people,  
We will beckon you along  
With a very tender song,  
Little people.

If war is in the air,  
Little people,  
When we make our final prayer,  
Little people,  
We will pass along to you  
All the work we tried to do,  
Little people.

So be valiant for the right,  
Little people.  
For a battle you must fight,  
Little people;  
'Twill be glory when you win,  
But to falter would be sin,  
Little people.

Then be studious and brave,  
Little people,  
And your country help to save,  
Little people,  
From whisky, rum and gin,  
And the evils they bring in,  
Little people.

### GOD CAN SEE THROUGH THE CRACK.

A lady came home from shopping one day, and was not met as usual by the glad welcome of her little son. He seemed shy of her, skulked into the entry, hung about the garden, and wanted to be with Bridget more than was common.

The mother could not account for his manner. When she was undressing him for bed, he asked: "Mother, can God see through the crack in the closet door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can he see when it is all dark there?"

"Yes," answered his mother, "God can see everywhere and in every place."

"Then God saw me, and he'll tell you, mother. When you were gone I got into your closet, and I took and ate up the cake; and I am sorry;" and, bowing his head on his mother's lap, he burst out crying.