

BAD BARGAINS.

A teacher in a Sunday School once remarked, that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain; and enquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy, "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birth-right for a mess of portage."

A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for 30 pieces of silver."

A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain, who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul." A bad bargain indeed!

"Why did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see."

"Yes, there was—I was there to see myself, and I don't ever mean to see myself do such a thing."

I looked at the boy who made this noble answer; he was poorly clad, but he had a noble face, and I thought how there were always two to see your sins, yourself and your God.

THANKS.

"DANK U, MYNHEER."

"What does that mean?" says our little friends: "it is not English: I don't understand it?" It means, "Thank you, Sir," and was the response the Missionary received from the little Dutch children at the Cape of Good Hope, when he gave them some rewards. Two months ago we said something about the wants of the people at our Mission-Stations; now I will tell you of THANKS.

At the Cape of Good Hope there are a great many Dutch people living. A friend in England, who thinks a great deal about the little children at our Mission-Stations, and would always be glad to help and please them, sent some little Dutch books and other pre-

sents to Mr. Moister, the Missionary at the Cape of Good Hope. When Mr. Moister visited the schools, he took them with him, and distributed them to the children. You would have been pleased could you have seen their little, bright, brown faces beaming with delight. "Dank u, Mynheer," was heard on all sides, as they received their rewards. You children who have so many books can scarcely imagine how precious these little books were to the little Dutch children, and how pleased they were with them.

BAD BOOK, OR BAD PRIEST!

A Roman Catholic priest in Belgium rebuked a young woman and her brother for reading that "*bad book*," pointing to the Bible.

"Mr. Priest," she replied, "a little while ago my brother was an idler, a gambler, a drunkard, and made such a noise in the house that no one could stay in it. Since he began to read the Bible, he works with industry, goes no longer to the tavern, no longer touches cards, brings home money to his poor old mother, and our life at home is quiet and delightful. How comes it, Mr. Priest, that a bad book produces such good fruits?"

SONG TO THE SUNBEAM.

Sparkling on the waters,
Glad'ning hill and dale,
Playing with the shadows,
Dancing o'er the vale,
Peeping through the forest,
Rustling on the plain,
Comes the rosy sunbeam,
With blessings in its train.

It glances on the cottage,
Visits the proud hall,
Smiles upon the lowly,
Loveth each and all,
Gilds the brow of childhood,
Cheers the pilgrim gray—
Unnumber'd are thy blessings,
Thou rosy orb of day.