

"Mother, oh mother!"—and Mittie fell in the arms that had cradled her in infancy.

That was a moment never to be forgotten!

Uncle Wythe Harris (for the mistake which had clouded so many years of the lifetime of mother and child, was that of Mittie in substituting—child that she was—the first name of her uncle for the last) found a pleasant cottage on the banks of the Hudson for his sister and her now happy family.—What a loving welcome the dear girls and boys, whom Heaven had blessed with the power of seeing their sister, gave to the wandered Mittie! How she comforted her mother's heart, making her forget her great bereavement—making her even forget to sorrow that she had a blind child, in her joy at feeling that she had another living darling!

The sunshine of Mittie's girlhood came back to her spirit. The dear blind girl was the joy of the house. How could any body cherish a feeling of discontent or peevishness, when that glad voice was pouring out its songs of thankfulness from morning until night! Oh, dear blind Mittie, never more—happy spirit that she was—mourned that God had not given her eyes to see. "He has given me back my mother," she once said, "and these precious brothers and sister, and He will let me see them all in Heaven!"

The Bible Makers of Eimeo.

You have all heard of the beautiful island of Tahiti, and its no less beautiful neighbour, the small island of Eimeo. Seven and sixty years ago the first missionaries to the South Seas landed on Tahiti, and for fifteen years worked hard and prayed much ere the blessing came, and the gospel triumphed. Then, however, great good was done. Many confessed themselves believers in Jesus. Idolatry lost its power, and a great longing for more of gospel truth was felt. It now became necessary to give the people the Bible in their own language, and a printing press—the first in the South Seas—was set up at Eimeo. The curiosity thus awakened was very great. Such a thing as a machine to make books was quite unknown, and people flocked from far and wide to see it. The king went every day into the office and watched the setting up of the types, and the working off of the sheets. The chiefs begged to be allowed to do the same, while the people thronged the doors and windows, and every place through which they could get a peep at what was going on. Multitudes came from every district of Eimeo, and from all the neighbouring islands. For several weeks the place where

the printing was carried on was like a public fair. The beach was lined with canoes from distant ports. The houses were filled with visitors. The fields were covered with tents set up by those who could not get a lodging in the town. And the school-room and the chapel, though capable of seating 600 persons, were too small for the numbers that pressed into them, waiting for some chance of getting a peep at the wonderful machine.

All the parties were eager to carry back with them some copies of "the book," and the usual question they asked when landing was, "When will the books be ready?"

The first copy that was finished was presented to the king, whose joy, on his getting it, knew no bounds. The queen and the chiefs were next supplied, but here the missionaries were nearly brought to a stand for want of proper materials for binding. Their stock of mill-boards was soon done, and their leather speedily exhausted. The people, however, soon found a substitute for the first, by beating pieces of bark-cloth together, till they formed a good firm board; or cutting very thin pieces of wood of the size required to make the