

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE MANGAIA BIBLES.

THERE are many islands in the south Seas, and the name of one of them is Mangaia. Many of the poor natives of the place had long been looking out for an arrival of Bibles from England, but the expected ship came not. "Oh," said they, "perhaps Barakoti (Mr. Buzacott) is dead. The society cannot finish the work. It is not yet completed. We shall never have our Bibles after all."

Some of them had prepared arrowroot and made fishing-nets, and with these things paid beforehand for their Bibles; and when looking week after week and month after month, they saw no ship arrive, their spirits failed them. At last, however, they saw the good ship heave in sight on the first day of the month, and their joy was unbounded.

No sooner was the ship near enough to the shore than they were ready and willing to set to work bringing the heavy packages through the surf over the reef. There was hauling and pulling and pushing and carrying enough. For two days they worked with great diligence and spirit, for they knew that their Bibles had come, and they wanted to have the precious treasure in their own possession.

According to their custom when engaged in hard and heavy work, they kept singing a sort of rude song and chorus, in their own language, to encourage one another, just as sailors sing out, "Heave ho!" when pulling together at a rope.

What they sang was something of this kind:

"The word has come.
One volume complete;
Let us learn the good word;
Our joy is great."

So eager were they to get their Bibles that it was not an easy thing to keep them from breaking open the cases; and when the first Bible was shown them as a specimen, they raised a loud cry of delight.

A public meeting was held, and after thanks had been given to Almighty God for His goodness in the bountiful supply of His Holy Word, one of the Bible cases was opened. Every eye seemed to sparkle with curiosity and every heart seemed to beat with pleasure. Those who had paid for Bibles received them, and as many as forty others ran to their homes for fishing-nets and arrowroot (and such as had it, for money,) that they might have Bibles too. Every day through that week they kept it up, bringing arrowroot and fishing-nets and taking back Bibles.

Many even of those who thought but little of God came to buy Bibles; for they said, "Though we have not yet repented, we think we shall some day, and we may as well have our Bibles ready."

One of these, a young man who had not attended the Sabbath service for four years, bought a Bible, saying that he remembered what he had learned when younger. "I will now begin again reading," said he, "and come to the services."

At the next prayer meeting one of the older disciples, who was in the habit of addressing the others, spoke thus: "I have often spoken to you from a text out of other parts of the Bible which we had, but this

is the first time we have seen the book of Job. It is a new book to us. When I received my Bible I never slept till I had finished this new book of Job. I read it all. Oh what joy I felt in reading the wonderful life of this good man! Let us all read the whole book. Let us go to the missionary by day and by night, and inquire into the meaning of the new parts which we have not read. Let us be at his door when he rises, let us stop him when we meet him, that he may tell us of these new books." Then lifting up his new Bible with all the energy that a feeble old man could summon to his aid, he said, "My brethren and sisters, this is my resolve: the dust shall never cover my new Bible, the moths shall never eat it, the mildew shall not rot it—my light and my joy!"

It was not long before three hundred Bibles were bought by willing purchasers.

But what could be done with all the fishing-nets and arrowroot that they gave for the Bibles? It all found a ready sale when the trading ships called at the island from Tahiti and Sydney, so that very soon upward of one hundred pounds in money would be ready to be sent in payment for Bibles. In the year 1847 an edition of the Tahitian Bible was sent to Tahiti, and, according to the last accounts received, more than nine hundred pounds had been received in payment of it; and an edition of seven thousand copies of the Tahitian New Testament is now in the press.

It is well for us now and then to hear such an account as the one I have given you, that a greater value may be set by us on the word of God. A neglected Bible is a reproach to its possessor. Were Bibles as scarce with us as they were with the islanders of Mangaia, no doubt we should press forward with increased ardor to possess them. Again and again do we require to be reminded of the Saviour's words: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me"—John v. 39. Love your Bibles, children; ponder your Bible and pray over it that it may be a blessing to you for earth and heaven.—*Day Star*.

HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS,
BOYS.

JOHN H— was a boy of fifteen. He was a smart, active, fearless fellow. The boys thought a good deal of him, and he thought a good deal of himself.

On one occasion his father had business which called him far away and, as the eldest boy, he had a kind of oversight intrusted to him. John did well for several days, acting under the counsel of his mother, just as he ought to have done. By and by he grew impatient, and did many things quite independent of her. The younger children did not like his sayings and doings at all. "He orders us round," they said, "as if he were king." At last he took the entire management of things, and one day acted not only against his mother's wishes, but talked very illnaturally to her.

Going to bed that night, he could not sleep. His conduct toward his mother troubled him, and he tossed from one side of the bed to the other, trying to get an easy place. He blamed the bed and the servant who made it; and then he thought he was sick, and con-

tinued to toss on for some time; in fact, John suspected what the matter really was, only he was too proud to own it. He knew it was his treatment of his mother that troubled him, and for a long while he tried to sleep it off, or think of something else, or excuse himself in one way or another. Happily, John did not succeed. Conscience would do its work, and John listened to all it said: and the consequence was that pretty near midnight—for it was as late as that—the boy got up, stole to his mother's chamber, and, with tears in his eyes and penitence in his heart, begged her to forgive him. "And oh," he says, now that he is a man, "it was the sweetest moment of my life when I was forgiven."

That hour was the turning-point in the boy's life. If he had hardened himself that night, the next day he would probably have behaved worse than before, and so on and so on, until the bad boy had become the bad man. But John yielded to the voice of conscience, and he made thorough work of it. He confessed his fault and asked to be forgiven, and experienced the sweets—they are real sweets—of forgiveness. The next day John's management was improved. He was more kind and considerate toward his brothers and sisters and respectful toward his mother, and he was prepared by it afterward to taste the sweets of God's forgiveness and favor. His word to every boy now is, "If you have wronged your mother, be sure to own your fault and ask to be forgiven." Harden not your hearts boys.—*Sunday School Visitor*.

THE COUNTERFEIT QUARTER.

FOUR boys were standing under a tree, looking at a bad quarter, which the father of one of the boys had taken the day before.

"Father thinks it came from the apple man—he bought apples yesterday—but he cannot be sure, for he had several others in his pocket-book. It is good for nothing anyway, so he gave it to me to play with."

"You wouldn't catch my father losing money that way. He would shove it off on some one. You could spend that in half a dozen ways, if you liked. Give it to me, Freddy, and I will go down to Aleck and get a hatful of chestnuts for it. You might as well; it is of no use to you. If Aleck finds it out, I will take it back, and say, 'Is it bad?' If Aleck finds it out after he gets it, he will pass it on somebody, so there'll not be any harm done anyway."

"What of the next one who gets it?" said Freddy.

"O, he must pass it off as we do," laughed Philip. "Come, let us try it, anyway."

"Not I, Phil," said the other, stoutly. "My father says it is stealing to pass counterfeit money when you know it, and a very high crime. I don't mean to begin that business, even in a small way. Come to think of it, guess the best thing I can do with it is to pitch it into the mill-pond. I might lose it, and somebody find and pass it. Get some pebbles, boys, and let's see which can pitch the farthest."

The old counterfeit was buried in the deep mill-pond, where it was never likely to tempt any one to dishonesty, or to make any one suffer loss by its means.—*Child's World*.