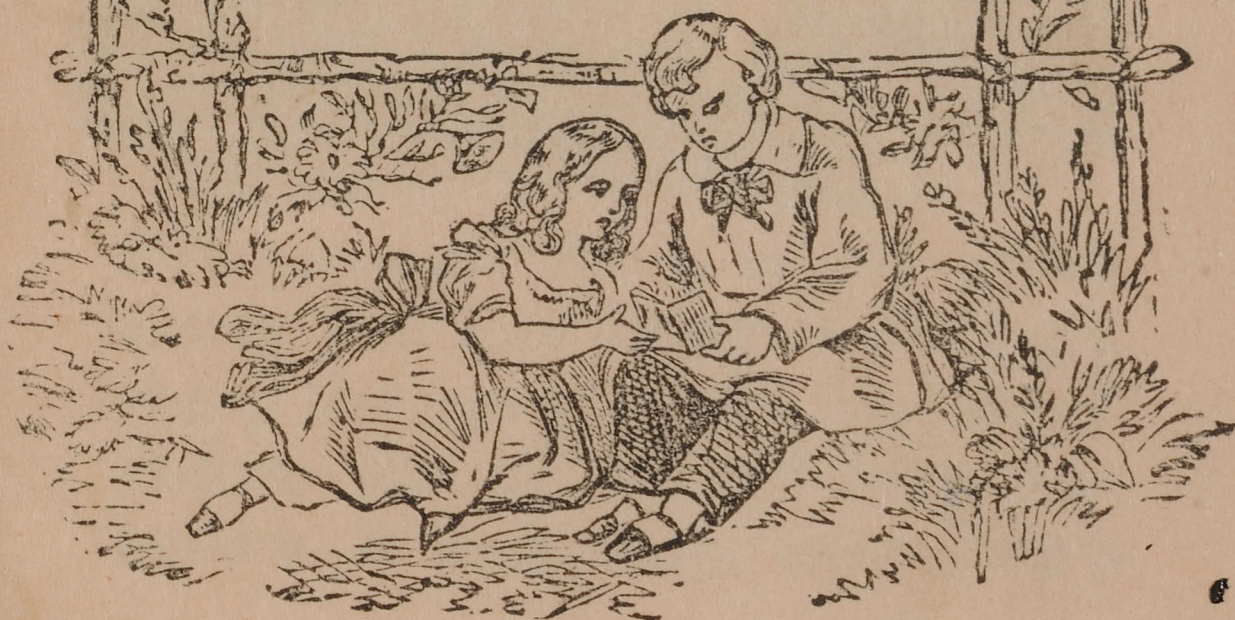


THE  
BIBLE-PRINTERS.

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RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;  
56, Paternoster-row; 164, Piccadilly,  
LONDON.



THE  
BIBLE-PRINTERS.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,  
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.  
LONDON.



# THE BIBLE PRINTERS.



Did you ever think of the great mercy you now enjoy in having a cheap Bible in your own language? Before the art of printing was known it took much more than a

man could earn in a whole year to buy a Bible. Now a poor man as well as a rich merchant may have one for tenpence, or a New Testament for fourpence.

There are many lands now in the same dark state as England was in former times. But missionaries have gone to them, and have worked hard to give the holy word to the people. You shall hear about some of these Bible printers, in one of the South Sea islands.

These servants of God got from England a printing press, and type, and paper, and soon set to work. When the natives found what was going on, they ran to the place. There they were in crowds every day, blocking up

the door, sitting by the windows, or climbing on the backs of others, all eager to get a look at what was going on, and crying out, "O Britain, land of skill!"

The noise and interest were like as it is in England when a balloon is to go up for the first time, or a new railroad is to be opened. "When will the books be ready?" they cried. "We will give cocoa-nut oil for a book."

One evening, as the sun was setting in gold and purple clouds on the sea, there came a canoe with five men in it, from another island. They pulled down the mat which served for a sail, jumped on shore, and ran quickly to the Bible printers. "What is it you have come for?" they were asked.

“*Luka,*” or “*Te Parau na Luka,*” Luke, or The Word of Luke, was the reply. They then held up large bamboo canes filled with cocoa-nut oil, which they had brought to pay for the books. They were told none were ready, but if they would come in the morning, they should have them.

Night came on, and the Bible printers went to rest. In the morning they looked out of window, and there they saw the five men lying along the ground, their only bed being a few leaves. “Why did you not go and find a lodging somewhere? Why have you lain out of doors all this cold night?” they were asked. “Oh,” they said, “we were afraid if we had gone away some one might

have come before us in the morning, and all the books would have been gone.”

The men then went into the house, and gave their oil for five Bibles. They asked for two copies more, one for a sister, and another for a mother. Each book was now nicely wrapped in a piece of white native cloth, and put in the bosom. They did not stop to take any food, but pushing their canoe from the shore on to the sea, they raised their matting sail, and steered away, rejoicing, to their native island.

Now, what shall be said to those who can obtain the Bible without any trouble, and perhaps for nothing? Not a part of it only, as the Gospel of St. Luke—but

the whole of the Old and New Testaments, nicely and strongly bound, and of a size which a boy may put in his pocket, or a girl in her little bag.

Some children do not value anything which costs a small sum, or which they have got with ease. But if the young in England had to travel many miles, or over deep seas, for a copy of the Bible, they would learn to value it more than they do now.

And when a Bible is obtained, what is done with it? It is very sad to see it thrown aside and unread; or hid in a corner of a room, all over dust, and its leaves torn and soiled. Young reader, where is your Bible? Is it kept neat and clean, or is it torn and



laid aside? When did you last read it? Have you read a chapter to-day, or any day this week? How many verses have you learned during this last month? When did you pray that God would give to you his Holy Spirit, to teach you from his word? Do you seriously read in your Bible of the great love of Jesus Christ in dying on the cross to save sinners? Can you repeat what he said when he invited little children to come to him? Do you remember any text about the evil and misery of sin? or on the nature and duty of repentance? or on being born again? or on being saved through faith in the Son of God? or on the joys of heaven? or on the woes of hell? Take

your slate, or a piece of paper, and write them down; look at them carefully, and then pray to God to bless them to your soul.

Oh! sad indeed will it be for many children born in a Christian land, watched over by pious parents, and taught by godly teachers, when they are called before the "great white throne," to answer for the way in which they have used the Bible. May you read it, and love it! May it be your treasure and your guide! May it be a lamp to your path, and direct you through this sinful world to the glory of heaven!

Let us be thankful that we may

Read the Bible every day:—

'Tis God's own Word, which he has given

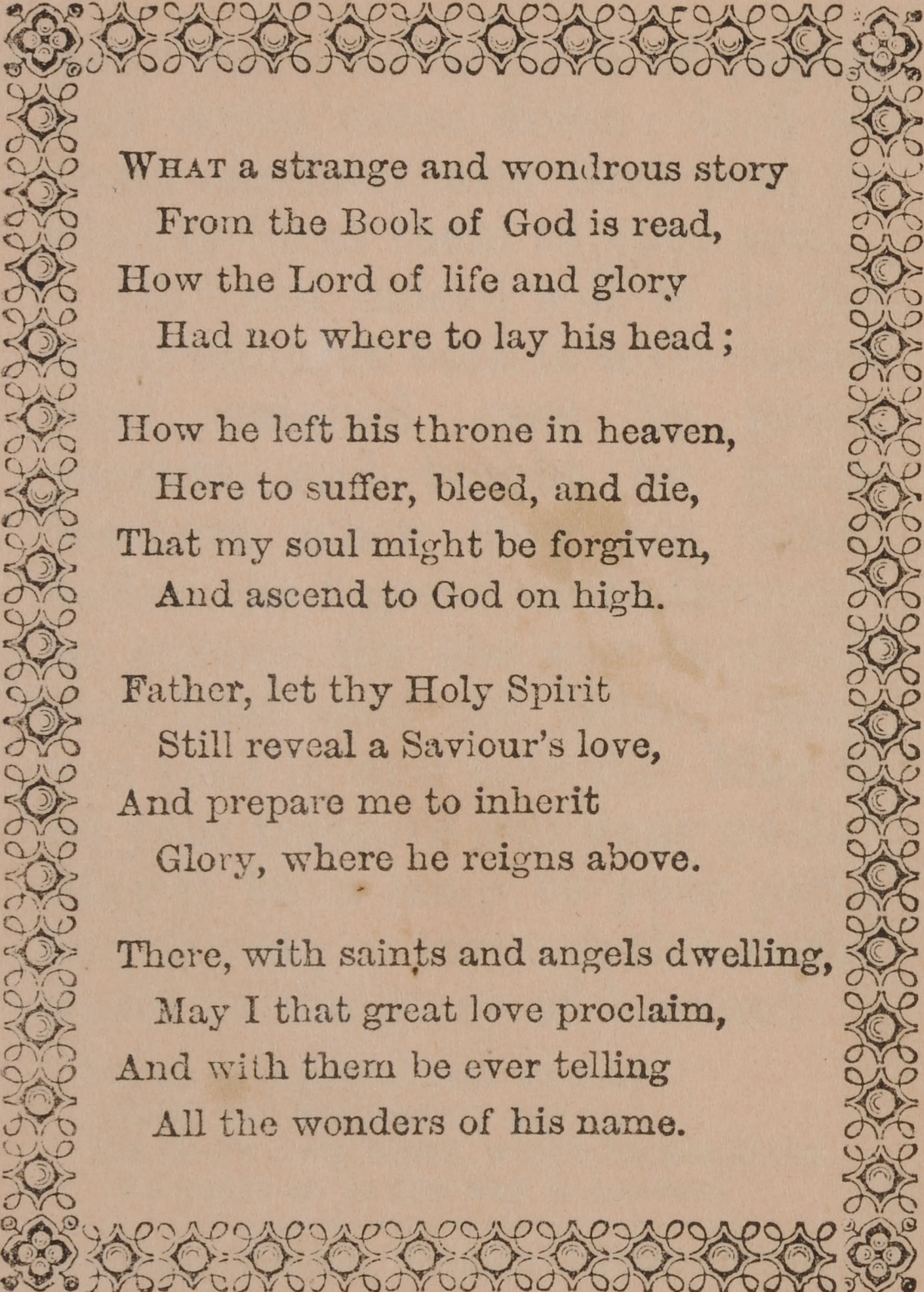
To guide us in the way to heaven.

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Benjamin Pardon, Printer, Paternoster Row.

What a privilege and what an honor  
From the book of God's word  
How the Lord of life and grace  
But not when to be his head  
How he left his throne in heaven  
How to suffer, bleed, and die  
That my soul might be forgiven  
And ascend to God on high  
Father, let thy Holy Spirit  
Still reveal a savior's love  
and witness me to heaven  
Glorious where he reigns above  
Thou art the Father and the Son and Spirit  
May I and great host proclaim  
and witness them to ever glory  
All the wonders of his name

3478702



WHAT a strange and wondrous story  
From the Book of God is read,  
How the Lord of life and glory  
Had not where to lay his head ;

How he left his throne in heaven,  
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,  
That my soul might be forgiven,  
And ascend to God on high.

Father, let thy Holy Spirit  
Still reveal a Saviour's love,  
And prepare me to inherit  
Glory, where he reigns above.

There, with saints and angels dwelling,  
May I that great love proclaim,  
And with them be ever telling  
All the wonders of his name.