

and loves the souls of men, and does not give up his work because he finds it costs him much labor and trouble. Love, prayer, and patience will overcome almost any difficulty.

The missionary now wishes the heathen among whom he lives to have the Bible. But it would not do to give them Bibles printed in the English language, as they would not understand them; it must, therefore, be translated into the native language. Many months must pass away before any part is ready to be printed. He does not wait till the whole of the Scriptures are translated; it is best to begin with a part; it may be one of the Gospels. It would not be so well to give all at first; begin

with a small book, and then the people will learn to value a large one.

Well, now the missionary thinks it is time to begin to print the Bible. If it is sent to England to be done, he can go on with other labors. If he does it himself, he must be ready to work hard and cheerfully, that he may give "the bread of life" to those who are ready to perish.

What does he want that he may print the Bible? He must have type, ink, a printing press, paper, and many other things. Some kind friends send these over to him, and now he has become the **MISSIONARY PRINTER**. It is slow work to teach the natives to print, so he sets to work himself. He puts the type, letter by let-



ter into words, and the words into sentences, and the sentences into lines, and the lines into pages. When he has got enough pages to fill a sheet, he puts them into a kind of iron frame, and lays them on the printing press. The tops of the letters are next thinly covered with ink, a sheet of paper is laid on the inked letters, then for a good pull at the press, and there comes out the first sheet of a Bible for the heathen.

When the natives of South Africa saw the sheets of paper come out of the press dotted with black letters, they carried the sheets about the village, telling all they met that the printing was done "by a black roller and a shake of the arm."

Similar surprise was felt by the people of the South Sea Islands when the printing press was set up amongst them. They went day after day to the printing house.

They stood around the doors in crowds; some placed themselves against the windows, while others climbed upon their backs, so that they darkened the room where the printing was going on. When the first impression was taken, they cried out with delight, "O Britain, land of skill!"

Everywhere through the island the thoughts and talk of the people were about the missionary printers, and the ease with which they could make books. Strangers from other islands heard of it, and came in large numbers. The noise and interest were something like what it was in England when, for the first time, a balloon was to ascend, or a railroad was going to be opened. The school-house during the week, and the large chapel on the Sunday, were found too small for the people who wished to attend. The missionaries had