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#### LITTLE NEIGHBORS MOVING.

SUCH a twitter, such a flutter, such a whirling round the eaves!

Such a flurry in the meadows, where we lately bound the sheaves!

Up above the purple vineyard, clear against the golden sky,  
Such a stir of dusky pinions, moving at the leader's cry!

Yes, my dears, the birds are going; pretty little neighbors they;

When the berries and the cherries spread a feast from day to day,

When the apples red and russet into fragrant ripeness grew,  
Sweet they sang for very gladness in the dawn and in the dew.

Now, though yet the air is perfumed,  
and the skies are soft and bland,  
Thrush and robin, wren and martin,  
haste to seek a kindlier strand;  
Many a mile o'er land and water do the tiny travelers go  
Ere they find another summer where no chilly storm-winds blow.

Far at sea their wings aweary some-  
times greet a friendly sail;  
Or they droop on deck, exhausted by  
the beating of the gale;  
Rest awhile, then, all undaunted,  
bravely rise and soar away  
O'er the tract that leads them safely  
to the sunny southern day.

Speed you well, my little neighbors; I  
shall miss you from my sight,  
But before the snow and tempest, it is  
best to take your flight.  
Spring with bugle peals will call you  
back again to build once more,  
With a twitter and a flutter, dainty  
dwellings near my door.

—Harper's Young People.

#### THE TWO JOHNS.

EVEN in England itself, only three centuries ago, there were Christians that longed for religious reading, and could only obtain it by stealth. Some of these Christians, who were called the "Just Men of Lincolnshire," established a kind of circulating library, and a man named John Scrivener was constantly employed to carry the precious books from one part of the country to another. But he could not do this work in peace. Sometimes when he was passing along through a forest or walking by some river, carrying his books, he would suddenly hear some sound or catch a glimpse of some one stealthily following him, and then John Scrivener knew that the enemies of the Christians were on his track, and he would have to run and hurry into some barn, perhaps, for shelter. In such places he sometimes found friendly peasants who would cover him up with straw or hide him under flax, and so, like those two spies that in olden Jewish times were hidden by Rahab "with the stalks of flax, which she had laid in order upon the roof," John Scrivener lay safe until his enemies had passed by, and he could go on his journey and deliver his books in peace.

English readers of the Bible in those times were compelled to wear on their clothes a mark known as the "faggot badge." But there were some who would not be prevented from reading the Scriptures, and among these was another John whose last name was

Marbeck, or Marbecke, as it is spelled sometimes. This man was organist in St. George's Chapel, in the royal castle of Windsor, during the reign of that wicked king, Henry VIII., of whom Sir Walter Raleigh said that "if all the pictures and patterns of a merciless prince were lost in the world, they might all again be painted to the life out of the story of this king."

But although John Marbeck could be deprived of his place and living by King Henry's word, yet the organist would not be bound by the king in regard to religious things. The words that Luther had spoken in Germany were beginning to be talked of even around this royal castle of Windsor, and, in spite of King

not able to buy one of them, determined with myself to borrow one amongst my friends, and to write it forth.

How astonished John Marbeck would have been to think that the day would ever come when there would be children in the world who would have beautiful Bibles of their own, and yet care for them so little as to hardly read them at all. But John hungered so for the Word of God that he borrowed a Bible and sat down to copy it. He toiled on page after page, till he had, as he says, "the five books of Moses in fair great paper."

But one day John became so interested in his copying that he did not hear the footsteps that were approaching him, and so it came to pass that, before he knew it, his friend, whom he calls "Master Turner," stood beside him. John had not time to hide his work, and his friend asked him what he was doing, and so the confession was made.

"Tush!" said Master Turner, "thou goest about a vain and tedious labor. But this were a profitable work for thee, to set out a concordance in English."

"A concordance?" said John Marbeck. "What is that?"

And so Master Turner explained to John that a concordance was a book "to find out any word in the whole Bible by the letter." There was then no such book in the English language for the whole Bible, though an imperfect one for the Old Testament had been attempted.

But John Marbeck was very modest about his own attainments, and told his friend that he "had no learning to go about such a thing."

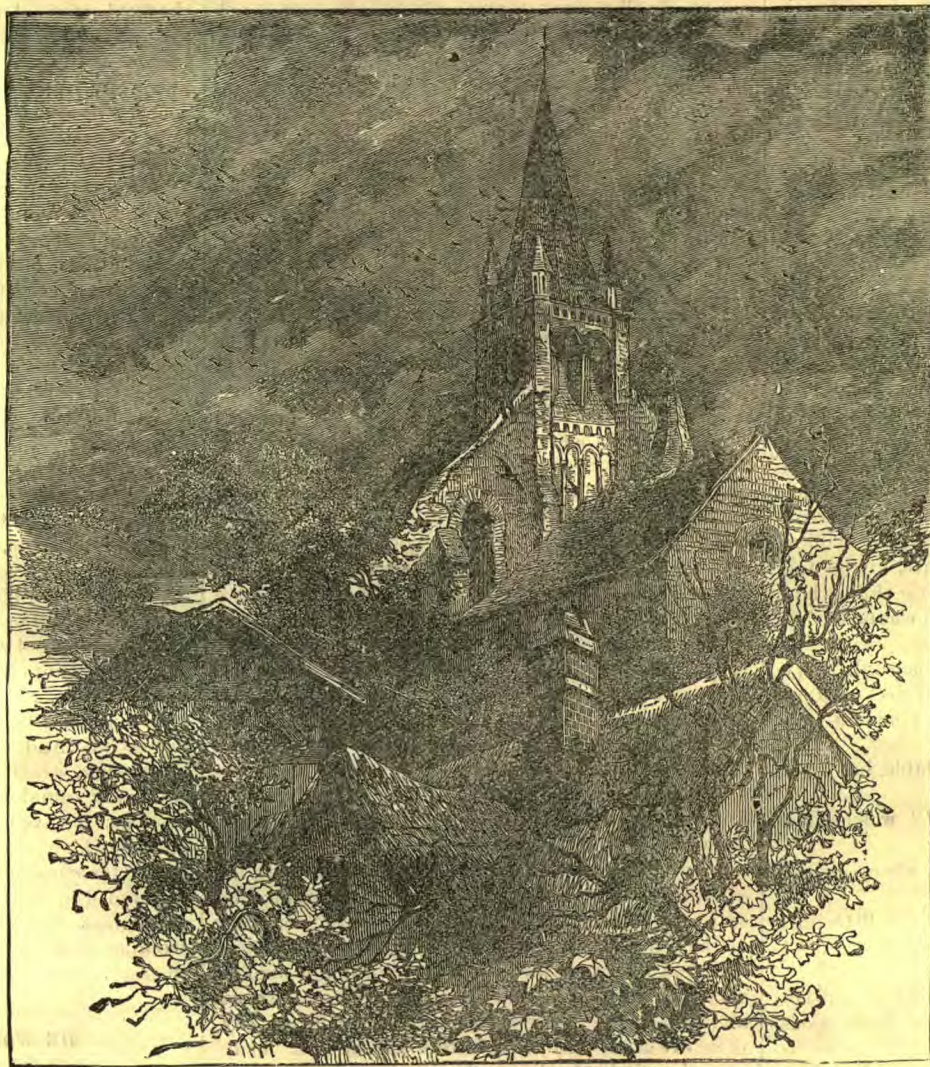
"Enough for that matter," said Master Turner, encouragingly, "for it requireth not so much learning as diligence. And, seeing thou art so painful a man, and one that cannot be unoccupied, it were a good exercise for thee."

John Marbeck thought of this advice of his friend a good deal, and the result was that he borrowed again. This time it was a Latin concordance of the Bible, and so, with his two borrowed books, John Marbeck began to

make the first English Concordance of the whole Bible.

But you may be sure that all this work could not go on without coming to King Henry's ears; and one day when John had worked at his concordance till he was through with the letter L, that enemy of the Protestants, Bishop Gardiner, laid hold of him, and found among his papers this precious manuscript. At first Gardiner hardly believed that John had made it, because the organist seemed to be too ignorant a man to do such a thing; but upon being shut up with his two books, Marbeck worked so diligently as to leave no doubt that he was the one who had written through the letter L.

This was enough to condemn him in Gardiner's eyes, and so John Marbeck was sentenced to be burned at the stake. But the English Concordance was not to end so. Although Marbeck had been sentenced, yet



Henry, John's heart was mightily stirred, and he began to long for a Bible to read for himself. For John Marbeck was "not afraid of the king's commandment." And, indeed, when he went by that room in Windsor Castle that had formerly been given by King Henry to Cardinal Wolsey to be used as a chapel; and when he remembered how this same Cardinal had been stripped of all power, and had died crying out that if he had served his God as he had his king, he would not have given him over in his gray hairs—then John Marbeck must have thought that it would be better for himself to take warning and to serve God, even if King Henry were angry.

And so very anxious was John Marbeck to have a Bible to read, that he determined that he would have one some way. He says of himself, "When Thomas Mathew's Bible came first out in print, I was much desirous to have one of them; and being a poor man,



there was delay, for he had at least one friend who was trying to save him. Gardiner tried in every way to have Marbeck burned, but he failed, and at last John was allowed to go free once more. It is even reported that King Henry took the part of the persecuted organist, and said: "He is better employed than those that examined him."

But although Marbeck had escaped with his life, yet he had met with a great loss, for his manuscript was not given back to him. His enemies stole that, and poor Marbeck had to patiently begin back at the letter A and do all that weary work over again down through L.

At last, however, the long task was over. John Marbeck had gone entirely through with the alphabet, and the concordance was finished at last and lay in a great pile of manuscript. John showed it to a friend, who promised to help him in having the concordance presented to King Henry VIII., in order that the book might be published by the king's authority.

But it mattered little now whether King Henry approved of the concordance or not. His earthly rule was over, and English Christians would be no more oppressed by his cruelty. A far different king, "the gentle boy Edward" VI., restored Bible-reading in the churches; and, when this youthful monarch was thirteen years old, John Marbeck published his concordance, having, as he says, "anew writt out the same." The title to his work read as follows: "A concordance, that is to saie, a Worke wherein, by the ordre of the letters, A, B, C, ye maie redely finde any worde conteigned in the Bible."

He published other books on religious subjects, one of which was called, "The Holie Historie of King David, drawn into English Meetre." And although he lived on through the dreadful reign of "bloody Queen Mary," yet the last seventeen years of his life were spent under the rule of Queen Elizabeth, and at last he died in 1585, though not at the stake, as his enemies had threatened; for, though he might have said with David, "they devised to take away my life," "The wicked watcheth the righteous and seeketh to slay him," he found the next verse also true, "The Lord will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged."—*N. Y. Observer.*

#### LITZA'S PREPARATIONS.

"AND when she reached the 'Urbs Beata,'" read a young voice from the book of fables in her lap, "lo, from the gate came forth a shining band to welcome her."

"Who are these?" she asked of her guide.

He bade her look and see. Then she looked into the face of the first, and although he was exceedingly fair and strong, there came up before her the remembrance of an old man, feeble and bent, to whom she had shown kindness, in the days of her earthly life, reading daily at his bedside the words of the Blessed Book. And as she turned to look at another, in the tall, white-winged angel she recognized a little child whom she had led to Sabbath-school, and to whom she had taught the way of life.

"A thrill of joy passed through this soul, newly-born into the eternal kingdom, to find that each one of this welcoming band had received kindness from her on earth."

The young reader had finished her fable, but a perplexed look rested on her brow.

"What is the 'Urbs Beata,' mother?" was her first question.

"It means the happy city, Litza; where do you think the happy city is?"

"I suppose it is heaven," answered the little girl, "but I don't quite understand about the people meeting her at the gate."

"It is only a picture, of course," replied her mother, "but it seems to me a very sweet one. Good deeds, you know, little daughter, will never take us to heaven; but once there, by the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, I am sure it will add to our joy to find people to whom we have shown kindness in this life. That is one preparation we must make for heaven while we live."

Litza did not say anything, but looked very grave, and was unusually quiet all day. As she was kissing her mother good night, a pleasant task that always took fully ten minutes, Litza asked in a half shy whisper,—

"Mamma, would Jane's mother do for a preparation?"

"A what, Litza?"

"A preparation, mamma; you know, about the shining gates. She's old, and she's very, very ugly, but you know the first angel was an old man, and bent, too."

The mother smiled then, remembering the morning reading.

"Yes, I am sure Jane's mother would be a good chance for a preparation. What do you think you can do for her?"

"I was in the kitchen just now, mamma, and I heard Jane say she had to leave her all day alone, and that she had nobody to speak to. Don't you think I could go a little while every day, or maybe two little whiles, and tidy her room, and talk to her, and sing her a little hymn?"

The mother was sure she could do this, and ah, the sunshine that stole into that poor, lonely old life, with this little fair-haired child!

I know not how many such preparations Litza has found opportunity to make by this time; but I know of one person that she will meet when she enters the eternal city.—*Youth's Evangelist.*

#### IN AUTUMN.

CALM thoughts with autumn days I win,  
As if I nearer were  
Unto the solemn gathering-in  
By the Last Harvester.

The flowers I may no longer cull,  
Each dew-wet gem a star;  
Yet death, as birth, is beautiful  
In things that beauteous are.

—*Youth's Companion.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

#### A PEEP AT AFRICA.

WE want to tell you, dear readers, that with our own eyes we have had an actual peep at Africa. After sailing over nine thousand miles, here we are, really standing on African soil. All that need be said of our voyage from London here is that it was a pleasant one nearly all the way, though of course one gets tired of being surrounded by water for three weeks. Well, on the 28th of July, at daylight, "Table Mountain" could be seen in the distance, and at eight o'clock we were safely moored in the dock at the city of Cape Town. You will all remember that it is now mid-winter here. The lowest point the thermometer reached up to the time of landing was 52°. As we neared the land, so we could clearly discern the appearance of things, we were quite surprised to see Nature in her loveliest green. "The grass was six inches high, the flowers were in bloom, not only in the windows, on piazzas, and in the gardens, but right outdoors on the mountain side and in the pastures. The calla lily and geraniums so highly prized in America as house plants, can here be found just now in full bloom free for any one to pluck who cares enough about them to do so. Cacti of every variety abound here. Some of them grow twenty feet high, at least we have seen them as high as that, and they may grow still higher."

But now we must tell you something about our coming into port. Almost the first sight we had of human beings was a sad one. In the distance we noticed a large company of men walking in perfect order; and as we drew nearer to them, we discovered soldiers with guns and fixed bayonets, walking behind them. We soon learned that these men were convicts, prisoners, and they were being marched out in the early morning to pound stone and work on the roads. Their work was not dishonorable, but they had committed crimes for which they were put in prison. Some of them were boys not yet twenty years old. They are obliged to work silently till noon, when they are marched to the prison to get their dinner. In the afternoon they again go out and work till night; and so on, day after day, and year after year; for some of them are imprisoned for fifteen years, some for a less time, and some for life. Their clothing is made of very coarse material, and across the back of the coat, and also on the trousers, or pants, as Americans say, there are great ugly black letters and figures. I suppose these indicate the number of the cell and the division of the prison they occupy. These figures are so large that one can see them quite a long distance off, and they tell to everybody that the man is a criminal. I am sure you would all feel bad to see them; but the poor men have done wrong, and so they have to suffer for it.

The view on entering "Table Bay" is grand. The city lies nestled at the foot of the mountain, and stretches from its base to the water's edge. On the south side of the city on your right, as you come into port, the land gradually rises, until about a mile back it reaches a height of two thousand feet; then running a half mile farther, and curving slightly to the left, it falls perhaps a hundred feet, when it begins again to rise, and finally runs up to an abrupt rocky point, towering up in the air twenty-five hundred feet. This rocky point is called the "Lion's Head," while the first point we mentioned is called the "Lion's

Rump." The Lion's Head is solid rock, but the other part of the hill, though it is very steep, is covered with green grass and fruit trees. Extending around still farther to the left, and lying back of the city is "Table Mountain." It is a bold, square, frowning rock. The side next to the city is almost perpendicular, and the mountain is 3,852 feet high. It presents a most striking and grand appearance at times, when the clouds float around its sides hiding them from view, while its top extends up through them and can be clearly seen. Snow has been seen on this mountain, but this is a rarity. Looking northward from our window, we can see the snow on the mountain-tops forty miles away. The population of the city is about sixty thousand. Nearly half of these are colored, and the colored population is made up of three distinct classes: the Malays, the Kaffirs, and the Afrianders; while the remainder are mostly Dutch and English. The Malays are all Mohamedans, and at some future time we will tell you of some of their strange customs.

D. A. ROBINSON.

#### ALL MAY STUDY ASTRONOMY.

THERE was never a time when the heavens were studied by so many amateur astronomers as at present. In every civilized country many excellent telescopes are owned and used, often to very good purpose, by persons who are not practical astronomers, but who wish to see for themselves the marvels of the sky, and who occasionally stumble upon something that is new even to professional star-gazers. Yet, notwithstanding this activity in the cultivation of astronomical studies, it is probably safe to assert that hardly one person in a hundred knows the chief stars by name, or can even recognize the principal constellations, much less distinguish the planets from the fixed stars. And of course they know nothing of the intellectual pleasure that accompanies a knowledge of the stars. Modern astronomy is so rapidly and wonderfully linking the earth and the sun, together with all the orbs of space, in the bonds of close physical relationship, that a person of education and general intelligence can offer no valid excuse for not knowing where to look for Sirius or Aldebaran, or the Orion Nebula, or the planet Jupiter. As Australia and New Zealand and all the islands of the sea are made a part of the civilized world through the expanding influence of commerce and cultivation, so the suns and planets around us are, in a certain sense, falling under the dominion of the restless and resistless mind of man. We have come to possess vested intellectual interests in Mars and Saturn, and in the sun and all his multitude of fellows, which nobody can afford to ignore.

Perhaps one reason why the average educated man or woman knows so little of the starry heavens, is because it is popularly supposed that only the most powerful telescopes and most costly instruments of the observatory are capable of dealing with them. No greater mistake could be made. It does not require an optical instrument of any kind, nor much labor, as compared with that expended in the acquirement of some polished accomplishment regarded as indispensable, to give one an acquaintance with the stars and planets which will be not only pleasureable but useful. And, with the aid of an opera-glass, most interesting, gratifying, and, in some instances, scientifically valuable observations, may be made in the heavens. I have more than once heard persons who knew nothing about the stars, and probably cared less, utter exclamations of surprise and delight, when persuaded to look at certain parts of the sky with a good glass, and thereafter manifest an interest in astronomy of which they would formerly have believed themselves incapable.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

#### HE WOULD NOT BE TEMPTED.

A CERTAIN boy, who had been taught the nature of strong drink, and who had promised ever to shun it, was sent to a school the master of which was not a teetotaler. One day, the master, being in a friendly mood, offered the boy a glass of wine, which he declined. Wishing to see how far he could be tempted, he urged the boy to drink the wine, and finally promised him the gift of a watch if he would only drink. The boy declined, saying, "Please don't tempt me; if I keep a teetotaler, I can some day buy a watch of my own; but if I drink and take your watch, I may later on have to pawn it to get bread."—*Temperance News.*

WHAT we call trouble is only His key that draws our heart-strings truer, and brings them up sweet and even to the heavenly pitch. Don't mind the strain; believe in the note every time. His finger touches and sounds it. If you are glad for one minute in the day, that is His minute; the minute he means and works for.



## The Sabbath-School.

### FIFTH SABBATH IN OCTOBER.

OCTOBER 29.

#### PRAYER.

##### LESSON 10.—PRAYER FOR MINISTERS AND RULERS.

1. Show how Paul, with all his learning and experience, craved the prayers of his brethren that he might preach the gospel as he ought to preach it. Eph. 6:19, 20.

2. What passage seems to show that the prayers of Christians may help to open the way for the evangelist to get a hearing from the people? Col. 4:3.

3. Show that the prayers of Christians are needed to make the work of the minister effectual. 2 Thess. 3:1.

4. Into what deep distress were Paul and his associates once brought in Asia Minor? 2 Cor. 1:8.

5. How were these men of God tried? Verses 9, 10.

6. How did the Corinthian disciples aid in securing this deliverance? Verse 11.

7. What may this teach us?—*To pray for those who are in trial and in danger.*

8. How does it appear that the prayers of saints may be effectual not only in protecting the man of God against his enemies, but also in making his work acceptable to others? Rom. 15:30, 31.

9. What other proof have we that the prayers of Christians may further the success of the gospel and the safety of its ministers? 2 Thess. 3:1, 2.

10. By what remark did Paul show his belief that the prayers of Christians might have some influence in securing his salvation? Phil. 1:19.

11. How are we commanded to pray that God will raise up men to preach the gospel? Matt. 9:38.

12. How is the duty of praying for others set forth in 1 Tim. 2:1?

13. Give instances in which God accepted prayer for the wayward. Gen. 17:18, 20.

14. How are we commanded to pray for the rulers of our nation? 1 Tim. 2:2.

15. What remark is made concerning this practice? Verses 3, 4.

#### SUPPLEMENTARY QUESTIONS.

(1) What example have we of a prayer for conviction? Job. 13:23. (2) What other eminent Bible character had a deep sense of his own sinfulness? Ps. 25:11. (3) Where did he look for help? Verse 15. (4) What did David realize was necessary in order that he might be brought out of his trouble? Verse 18. (5) What did he say? Verse 1. (6) What did he ask the Lord to do for him? Ps. 51:2. (7) How had David opened up the way for being forgiven? Verse 3. (8) For what change of heart did he pray? Verse 10. (9) What other help did he pray for? Ps. 25:5; 86:11; 119:34, 73.

#### COMPENDIUM.

The earnest prayers of Christians may help the minister to preach with greater power; for Paul asked the prayers of his brethren that utterance might be given him, so that he might speak boldly as he ought to speak. Eph. 6:19, 20. Their prayers may help the evangelist to get a hearing. Col. 4:3. They are needed to make the work of the minister effectual; for Paul says, "Finally, brethren, pray for us that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified." 2 Thess. 3:1. Christians should pray for the minister when he is in peril; for the apostle says that the prayers of the Corinthian disciples helped in delivering him when his life was in the greatest danger. 2 Cor. 1:8-11. The prayers of Christians may help to make the work of the minister acceptable. Rom. 15:30, 31. Paul seems to have believed that the prayers of his brethren could aid in securing his salvation. Phil. 1:19. Christians should also pray that the Lord will send forth laborers into his harvest. Matt. 9:38. They are also encouraged to pray for the wayward (Gen. 17:18, 20), and for all men. 1 Tim. 2:1. It is also a duty to pray for the rulers of a nation and for all that are in authority, "that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty"; "for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour." 1 Tim. 2:2-4.

#### CONDENSED ANALYSIS.

1. The prayers of the church may give power of utterance to the preacher, may help to secure a hearing, and make the word effectual. 2. The prayers of Christians may aid in delivering the man of God from peril,

in making his work acceptable to the people, and even in securing his salvation. 3. God would have us ask him to send forth laborers to the gospel harvest, and encourages us to pray for all men, even the most wayward. 4. It is a duty to pray for rulers, and for all who are in authority.

## Our Scrap-Book.

#### RUSKIN'S LIFE-MOTTO.

##### TO-DAY.

Unsullied, comes to thee—newborn;  
To-morrow is not thine,  
The sun may cease to shine  
For thee, ere earth shall greet its morn.

Be earnest, then, in thought and deed,  
Nor fear approaching night;  
Calm comes with evening light,  
And hope and peace—thy duty heed  
To-day.

#### A STRANGE COMPANIONSHIP.

It is quite surprising sometimes to see how animals of a different nature, and entirely different habits, take to one another when constantly thrown together. And what compassion, too, they evidently seem to feel when anything happens to a playmate.

A singular incident of this kind occurred some years ago between a raven and a dog, two most dissimilar animals. It occurred in Hungerford, England, at an inn. A tame raven was kept there, and became a great pet. One day some gentlemen, on driving into the yard, accidentally ran over or bruised the leg of their own Newfoundland dog. The raven stood by, evidently as much concerned as any other spectator. Directly after the accident, the dog was tied up under the manger where the horse was placed. The raven watched his opportunity, and when all had retired to the inn, he not only went to visit the dog, but actually took him some bones, and attended upon him with especial and repeated proofs of kindness.

The raven's notice of the dog was so marked that the master of the dog spoke of it to the hostler, wondering what would cause the raven to show such benevolence to a dog, and a stranger to it, too.

The hostler then told him that the bird had been brought up from a young fledgeling with a dog, and that an affection between them became natural. All the neighborhood, he added, could bear him witness to the innumerable acts of kindness these singular companions conferred upon each other.

After a time the dog unfortunately broke his leg, and the raven was inconsolable; and during the long time he was confined with his leg, the raven waited upon him constantly, carried him provisions daily, and scarcely ever left him alone. One night, by accident, the hostler said, he shut the stable door, leaving out the raven from his friend; when what did the faithful creature do but peck, peck away at the bottom of the door. It must have worked hard the greater part of the night, for the hostler said that in about an hour more he would have made an entrance through the place he had managed to peck away.

The landlady of the inn certified to the truth of this story, and related several other singular acts of kindness performed by their raven to dogs in general since then, but particularly to maimed and wounded ones.—*Selected.*

#### SOME THINGS ABOUT THE MANUFACTURE OF PINS.

In ancient times, before pins were manufactured, the need of little utensils of this sort was met by various devices. In the Egyptian tombs they are found much more elaborate and costly than the pins of the present time. They vary in length up to seven or eight inches, and are furnished sometimes with large gold heads, and sometimes with a band of gold around the upper end, those of the latter kind having probably been used for securing the hair.

The ancient Mexicans found in the thorns of the agave convenient substitutes for metallic pins; and even the English, up to the middle of the sixteenth century, made use of rude skewers of wood, though they also made others of gold, silver, and brass, to serve as pins. To that time they had depended on the manufacturers on the Continent for their supplies of the better sort of pins, and this importation appears to have been established previous to 1483, when it was interrupted by a prohibitory statute.

In 1543, an Act of Parliament provided "that no person shall put to sale any pins but only such as be double-headed and have the head soldered fast to the shank of the pin, well smoothed, the shank well shaven, the point well and roundly filed and sharpened." Within three years from that time, the manufacture was so much improved that the statute was of no importance.

In Gloucester, the business of pin-making was introduced in 1626, and soon proved so prosperous that it gave employment to fifteen hundred persons. It was established in London in 1636, and afterward in Birmingham, which became the chief seat of this and other manufacturing operations of similar character.

In the United States, the manufacture was first undertaken soon after the War of 1812, when, in consequence of the interruption to commerce, the value of

a paper of pins was not less than a dollar, and these were of very inferior quality to those worth now only six cents a paper. The first attempt was made by some Englishmen, at the old State prison, in what was then called Greenwich Village, now a part of New York City. The enterprise was soon abandoned, and was again undertaken, with the same tools, in 1820, at the Bellevue Almshouse, but again without success.

In Massachusetts, during the war, a new machine was invented for facilitating the process, but little or nothing was done in the manufacture of pins.

In 1824, Mr. Lemuel W. Wright, of Massachusetts, patented in England, and introduced in a factory at Lambeth, London, some important machines of his invention, the first ever contrived for making solid-headed pins. The company failed before these pins were introduced into the market, and the machinery was transferred to Stroud, in Gloucestershire, where the manufacture was conducted by D. L. Taylor & Co., and the first solid-headed pins were sold by this firm in London, about the year 1833.

In 1832, the new machines of John Howe, of New York, were patented in the United States. These were for making the pins with wire or "spun" heads, like those imported from Europe, and were, no doubt, the first self-acting machines in which the pin was entirely completed by one process, that proved successful. In 1836, they were put in operation by the Howe Manufacturing Company, at their factory, constructed for this purpose in New York.

Another factory was established in 1838 at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson River, by Messrs. Slocum, Gellison & Co., making use of processes invented by Mr. Samuel Slocum for producing the solid-headed pin; but their interests were finally transferred to the American Pin Company, at Waterbury, Conn., where the business has for a number of years been successfully carried on.

The improved processes, among other favorable results, have materially diminished the weight of the pins, so that, to produce the same number, much less brass is consumed than formerly. The reduction in the price of pins, rated according to their weight, has been fully one half since 1835, while the quality has been improved in an equal ratio.

The early operations in the United States were greatly embarrassed by the tariff then in force, by which pins were admitted duty free, while the brass wire suitable for their manufacture, and of which very little was made in this country, was subject to a duty of twenty per cent. For this reason the business languished until the tariff of 1842 secured to it sufficient protection, under which the manufacture became firmly established. At the present time, the total weight of pins made in the United States is supposed to be from seven to ten tons a week.—*Golden Days.*

#### IMPORTATION OF BANANAS.

CONCERNING the importation of bananas, the *Echo* says:—

The first shipment of bananas to the United States was made by a Frenchman from Baracoa, Cuba, as a venture, fifty years ago. He sent five hundred bunches to New York. Since then the trade has gradually grown, till now Baracoa ships to New York not less than a million bunches a year. It is said that the trade in this fruit, since the close of the war in 1865, has doubled every five years. The following statistics, just procured by a Detroitier from official sources in New York, show the immense importation of this fruit into that city from October, 1885, to October, 1886, from the ports named:—

Jamaica (south of Cuba).....	759,819 bunches
Baracoa (Cuba).....	681,393 "
Port Limon (South America).....	322,970 "
Aspinwall (Central America).....	143,320 "
Porto Cortez.....	31,081 "
Boco Del Toro.....	29,448 "
Total.....	1,967,031

Say two million bunches yearly in New York, and with a loss of not more than 15 per cent. To these must be added the large receipts at New Orleans, Charleston, Baltimore, Boston, and other seaports. From information obtained at the Grand Trunk and Michigan Central railroad freight offices, it is estimated that from 220 to 240 carloads come to this market every year. As a car holds from 300 to 400 bunches, as per size, the present trade in bananas will reach from 75,000 to 80,000 bunches annually.

#### ELECTRO MOTOR VS. CABLE TRACTION.

PEOPLE who have been in upper Eighth Avenue, New York City, recently, have noticed a car, similar in most respects to the ordinary street car, save that it moves over the rails without the aid of horses or any other visible means. This is the Julien electro-motor, brought here last fall by its designer, Mr. Edmond Julien. The electricity is carried on the car in what are called accumulators; they are charged with electricity and put into the car like boxes in places fitted for them. When the car gets to the stable, if the electricity in the accumulators is exhausted, they are taken out and fresh ones put in. The car will go slow or fast, just as desired, and can be stopped and started at will.



## For Our Little Ones.

### GOLDEN-ROD.

TELL me, sunny Golden-rod,  
Growing everywhere,  
Did fairies come from fairyland  
And make the dress you wear?  
Say, did you get from mines of gold  
Your bright and shining hue?  
Or did the baby stars some night  
Fall down and cover you?  
Or did the angels flap their wings,  
And drop their glitter, down  
Upon you, laughing Golden-rod,  
Your nodding head to crown?  
Or are you clothed in sunshine, caught  
From summer's brightest day?  
To give again in happy smiles  
To all who pass your way?  
I love you, laughing Golden-rod,  
And I will try, like you,  
To fill each day with deeds of cheer,—  
Be loving, kind, and true.

—Our Little Ones.

their shops, the merchants their stores, and everybody must have run somewhere to talk over the strange news. "Could it be possible," they would say, "that our city will be overthrown!" But the words of the prophet kept ringing in their ears, "In forty days your city shall be destroyed!"

So the king called the noblemen together, and they sent out messengers all around to tell the people to keep a fast. Even the cattle were to be given no food and no water; but all, both men and beasts, were to cover themselves with sackcloth, and the people were to cry mightily to Jonah's God to forgive their sins. Even the king took off his fine, soft, royal robes and put on the coarse sackcloth, and sat in ashes; for this was the way people did in those days, when they wanted to show that they were very sorry for anything.

When God saw that they truly repented, and did not do wrong any more, he forgave them.

Now, would you not think Jonah would have been glad to have God forgive these wicked people, and save their great city? But he wasn't. He built him a little booth outside the town, and waited to see the Lord destroy it. And when he found out that God had forgiven the people and meant to save them, he was so sorry because what he preached did not

self ready all alone, and to trudge off over the snowy road to the village through the storm to bring that help to her mamma. But she did it, and this was the way she earned her name of "Little Woman."—*Little Men and Women.*

**Erratum.**—In giving the date of Kaiser William's birth, on page 196 of the *INSTRUCTOR*, the type made it read 1779 instead of 1797, as it should be. Several hundred copies were printed before the error was discovered.

## Letter Budget.

WILLIE NORWOOD writes from McPherson Co., Kan. He says: "It has been a long time since I wrote to the Budget. When I wrote last, there was only our own family keeping the Sabbath here, but last fall tent meetings were held here which resulted in some others keeping the Sabbath. We now have an interesting Sabbath-school of sixteen members, and take five copies of the *INSTRUCTOR*. I am twelve years old. I am at work away from home. I expect to have more money to use in God's cause now, money that I earn myself. The man for whom I work is not a Sabbath-keeper, but he lets me go home Friday evening to spend the Sabbath. It is raining to-day, for which we are all very thankful; for we have no water in this town except when it rains. We have to hire our water hauled, which costs us twenty-five cents a barrel, or one dollar for a tank which holds six barrels. I have one brother and one sister, and a cousin staying with us who is not a Sabbath-keeper. I hope he may become one. I am trying to do God's will."

ELMER H. PIERCE writes from South Lancaster, Mass. He says: "When I read the letters in the Budget, especially those from persons I know, it makes me feel that I would like to write one. I was twelve years old last August. I am now going to school at So. Lancaster, Mass. I enjoy it much. I never could study much, for my eyes would pain me if I did. But the Lord has blessed me and helped my eyes so I can study all I want to. But he did not do this until I had confessed all my sins that I knew of. My mother and sister are here with me, and my papa is preaching in Northern Vermont. My home is in Bordoville, Vt., but I have not been there very much the last year or two because my parents were away, working in the cause. I expect to canvass some next summer. We have a large Sabbath-school because there are so many students. I study in Book No. 6. I should like very much to live at home and have pets as I used to, but I am willing to stay anywhere if the Lord is with me, for his coming is very near, and I want to be 'waiting, and watching,' so that he will save me."

The next is a letter from Clay Co., Dakota, written by LOUISE POULSON, who says: "I am an orphan girl, ten years old. I live with my uncle and aunt, and attend Sabbath-school with them. The church is built on my uncle's farm. I learn my lessons in Book No. 2. My aunt is going to give me a missionary garden this summer, and I will try to raise some quions. I hope I will have better luck than my aunt had last summer. The hail mashed hers all to pieces. I have three brothers, and my grandma keeps house for them. I am trying to read the Bible through, as Eld. A. D. Olsen told us to do. I have three aunts here, and they all keep the Sabbath. I earn money by knitting stockings for Aunt. I give it in to the Sabbath-school. My aunt has three little boys. We each have a pair of doves and a hen that will eat from our hands; and we each have a little calf. I will try to live for God that I may be saved."

FLORA M. MCCALL, a little girl twelve years old, writes a letter from Hamilton Co., Ind. She says: "I have been keeping the Sabbath four years. I go to Sabbath-school, and to day school too. My papa died when I was five years old. Mamma is at the Indianapolis mission, and I am staying with uncle and auntie. I am going to pay my tithing. Uncle gave me a hen, and I am going to raise chickens and sell them and put the money into the cause. I love to read the Budget. I am glad my little friends are encouraged, and I hope we shall all be ready when the Saviour comes to gather his jewels."



For the *INSTRUCTOR*.

### A WAYWARD MAN.

ONCE, a long time ago, there lived a man who did not like to do what he knew he ought to do. He was a prophet. The Lord sometimes talked to him, and told him things to do. Once he told him to go away off from home to a great city. The city was so large that it took three days to go the length of it.

Now this man did not want to go to the city; for if he did, he would have to tell the people some very disagreeable things, that would be likely to make them angry with him. So he journeyed off in another direction.

But the Lord was watching this prophet all the while. He saw him go on board a ship to try to run away. When night came, God sent a great storm on the sea, and the little vessel rocked up and down so hard that the sailors thought they would surely drown. They were heathen men, and they thought their gods must be angry with them to send such a storm as that. So they cast lots to find out which one of them had done anything to make the gods angry; and the lot fell on the run-away prophet.

Then the sailors prayed to the prophet's God, and cast the prophet overboard into the sea. Now you will remember his name; for you have often heard about Jonah, and how a great fish swallowed him up.

But the Lord did not want Jonah to die; and when, after three days, he let him go on land again, he was very willing to visit the great city.

How astonished and frightened the people must have felt when they saw this stranger running through their streets, and heard him cry, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown!" I suspect the shoemakers must have left their benches, the carpenters

come true, that he just scolded and complained about it.

Did you ever see any people who acted about as sensible as Jonah did? Did you ever know a boy who was sorry when any good thing happened to a playmate he did not like? Don't you think he might read the book of Jonah, and learn a lesson from it?

W. E. L.

### A LITTLE WOMAN.

LITTLE Pen Ashford will never forget the day when people began to call her "little woman." She was papa's and mamma's only child, and she had never had anything hard to do, any more than her bird or her kitty or her dolly had; and her mamma called her a flower, a bird, a sunbeam.

But all at once, one day, this little girl showed that she was good for something else than to be petted and played with. It was a cold, snowy day. The servant had gone out for the afternoon, and Pen and her mother were alone in the house. Mamma had not been well, and about three o'clock she grew very ill indeed—so sick and weak she could not sit up, nor tell Pen what to do for her. Pen was scared at first, and stood by the bed and looked at mamma pitifully, while the storm roared without.

Presently Pen's little mind seemed full of soft, clear voices. "Pen," said one voice, "you must go for papa and for Aunt Alice and for the doctor!" "Pen," said another of the clear voices, "you must put some wood in the stove before you go." "And Pen," said another of the voices, "you must put a glass of water and the camphor by the bed before you go." "And Pen," said still another, "explain to mamma that you are going."

All these voices did little Pen obey. She was but five years old, and I think she was brave to get her-

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