

out the owner of the large tract where this little valley lay. The man was glad enough to sell a part of it, and soon the young and sturdy emigrant was the owner of the emerald-tufted meadow, and the overshadowing belt of woodland.

The very day the conveyance was made and the purchase money paid, Gottlieb started a letter across the sea, with instructions for his young wife to come to his Ohio home.

It was a long while that he had to wait for her, but the time was occupied by getting a part of the land under cultivation, and building a comfortable log-house in which to receive the little frau when she should arrive.

In two years from the time they were married, in the gray old church on the banks of the far-away Moselle, they were working away as happy as a pair of young blackbirds on their Ohio clearing.

When Maurice, their first baby, was a bright little child of ten months, a party of men with chains and surveying instruments and little red flags, came through the woods near Gottlieb's dwelling, laying out the line for a new railway.

By the time the twins, Frances and Fredericka, were old enough to clap their hands at the unusual bustle, there was a great steam-shovel clattering away in the hillside back of the house, and a pile driver pounding down long pointed logs for the foundation of the piers of a bridge, which was to span Clear river.

And long before the black-haired Joseph was old enough to creep about the green turf in front of the house, the railway trains were running regularly every few hours, pleasantly relieving the monotonous life of the Lechlers, old and young. The passenger trains were real panoramas, with real, living people from the great towns over the hills and plains, which the delighted children had never seen.

It was not long before the train hands began to take an interest in this isolated little log house, with its bright flowers in the doorway and garden, where four clean, fresh, handsome children seldom failed to salute them with swinging hats, handkerchiefs and hands as they passed.

In that lonely region, the train was almost the only thing that gave any variety to the life of the cottagers, and its arrival, although it never stopped, was eagerly awaited.

Sometimes, indeed, the engineer or one of the passengers would throw something out to the children—an apple, a cake, a package of candy, or a newspaper—which was always received with great delight.

And it seemed to afford the train hands almost equal pleasure, as every face was lighted up with smiles as the cars went rattling past.

There was only one thing that gave Frau Gottlieb any anxiety, and that was the fear that the children might be run over; but after a year or two this apprehension almost entirely passed away, as she saw that the children were extremely careful, and the whistle gave warning even before the engine was in sight.

One day the "noon freight," which always went slowly up the grade from the bridge, moved slower than usual. I think the engineer, John Chamberlain, was in the secret.

When the long heavy train was just against the house, Frank Caldwell, the jolly "tail brakeman," swung off a handled half-bushel basket, in which was a fat, round, black and white, six-weeks-old, Newfoundland puppy.

The basket went rolling off down the sandy slope, and the pup, recovering his equilibrium, waddled, full of delight, to the open-mouthed, wondering children, who had never seen a dog before.

The train men all laughed and gesticulated until the great puffing locomotive had drawn them round the curve and out of sight of the surprised little ones.

After that, the puppy, which the children had named "Max," always made one of the pleasant group that greeted the train hands.

Sometimes his shaggy, curly coat was stuck so full of flowers that he looked like an animated bouquet. Sometimes there would be a wreath about his neck. Often the children would make him walk on his hind legs, make bows, roll over, turn somersaults, dance, and go through a variety of antics which Gottlieb, the father, had taken pains to teach him.

After a while the intelligent dog, when he heard a train rounding the curve, or crossing the bridge, would rush out, catch up a stick, and run about the meadow with it, dive off the bluff into the river, and swim to the opposite bank.

Or, standing upright, he would dance and bow like a performing bear, while the engineer, fireman, conductor, train hands, and often the passengers, bowed and laughed in genuine enjoyment of the whole pretty performance.

By the time Max was full grown, a baby called Theresa had been born in the little white cottage, which had taken the place of the log-house, and when the warm sunny days came again, it was this plump, yellow haired midget that was rolling about on the green turf, where all the other children had rollicked in turn.

Little blue-eyed Tissy happened to be a wonderful creeper. She was strong and nimble, and would creep on her small hands and feet quite as fast as the other children could walk.

One day, news came from over the sea—from the little old village on the Moselle—that very soon the Mother Lechler would come to live with their children in their Ohio home.

Full of joy, Gottlieb drove to the nearest station on the railway, and told the agent to look out for his mother when she arrived, and to send a messenger up the track to his house to let him know she was there.

Grandmother was coming! and there was great excitement in the happy household of the honest and hard working German emigrant. The children said—

"Perhaps she will come to-day, and we will go down to the meadow and gather flowers to trim Max, and to trim ourselves and the rooms."

And the smiling, expectant little mother said she should do this and that trivial thing to make the cottage brighter and more cheerful, for the grandmother would be very weary when she came.

"We will leave baby Tissy by the door for mamma to look after while we go to the meadow for daisies," said Maurice.

But the mother was so busy, she did not heed all the little charge her first-born had given her. She heard the merry voices of her children down back of the cottage, and soon, as the whistle of the "3 o'clock" express sounded, she saw the pretty group scamper toward the track.

Instinctively going to the open doorway, she, as well as the children and the engineer, and the fireman, was horrorstruck to see baby Tissy between the long black rails, sitting in the sunshine, scattering handful after handful of white glistening sand in her bright yellow hair.

Although the train had "slowed up," as usual on approaching the bridge, it would be impossible to stop the engine before it reached the child; but the engineer made the effort. The terrified mother could do nothing but lift up her pallid face to Heaven and pray for strength to bear what must inevitably follow.

But just then Max, with his ears thrown back and his plummy tail trailing on the grass, shot like a dart from the other side of the track where he had been rambling. The intelligent creature had seen the danger and comprehended it.

In an instant Max had bounded by the screaming children, cleared the intervening space between them and the track, caught the baby by the belt of her pretty pink cargo dress, lifted her from the rough-hewn tie upon which she was sitting, and brought her to her mother's side.

"Und den," said Mrs. Lechler, on telling the story afterward, "dot enchine, he stopped dot enchine, and he coom town dot yard, und he shook mine hant, und he kissed dese children all rount mit der baby, und he pat dot dog, und der dears all der dime roll town him cheeks."

"He not spik one word, but go right back on dot enchine, und blow dot whistle like dunder, und dot train go off like blitzen."

"Und I sit right town on dot grass und dank der goot Gott; und I hug mine children, und dey gry, und I gry. Den, all at once somebody says in Sherman:

"Daughter, why do you gry?"

"Und I look up, und dere is our Mutter Lechler, from over der grosswasser, und I dink she be a ghost."

"She say to me, 'How dot man know right where mine Gottlieb live?'"

"He say, 'Get off der next dime der drain shtops.'"

"Und der drain shtops, und I get off, und dere be mine son's frau und mine crandchildren."—*Youth's Companion*.

TELLING A LIE.

The wicked are not in trouble as other men, David says. Everybody does wrong. Good people are sad when they do it, but wicked people are not. That is the reason why the wicked are not in trouble as other men.

I knew a little girl who had a kind, brave little heart, a heart that was never so happy as when it was doing something which pleased some one else. It was happy if it was pleasing the nurse, or a sister, its mother, or God. It loved all the world, and longed for all the world's love. One day this little girl accompanied nurse on a morning's walk which the mamma had ordered not to be to the village, where was a fever, and where, too, the nurse happened to have some acquaintances on whom she was fond of calling. The nurse disobeyed her instructions and went to the village; the little girl, of course, accompanied her. On their way home the nurse forbade the child to tell where she had been, and instructed her, if she should be asked about their walk, to say that they had been to some other place. They re-entered the house. The question, Where have you been? was asked, and the little girl gave the answer she had been instructed to give. She had not liked to do it; yet, probably, love for the "poor nurse" and fear of getting her into trouble had for a time overcome that reluctance; but now that she had actually told the story she could not bear it, and leaving the place where she had told it, rushed up-stairs into her bedroom and broke into sobs and tears. The little heart was utterly wretched. What could she do? It was such a dreadful thing. How wicked she had been! Would God forgive her? Would mamma forgive her?

In another room of the house was the nurse—let us hope a very uncommon nurse, in this respect, at least—laughing to herself at the nice way "the little miss" had told her tale. She should never be afraid of taking her with her where she went. A good little thing, she was. She should give her a little treat for it when she came to the nursery.

How differently these two persons were affected by this wrong-doing. One was all bitterness and misery; the other was quite elated and happy. The eyes of one were filled with tears, her heart was crushed and broken. The eyes of the other were twinkling with satisfaction, and her heart was full of thankfulness. Let us return to the room where we left the little sorrower.

She does not long question what is to be done. She has done wrong, and she must do right. The bedroom door is opened once more, and with quick feet, and red, swollen eyes, the little sinner sought her mother's room, rushed straight into her mother's arms and before her alarmed mother had time to enquire what all these tears and sobbings meant, said, "Oh, mamma, I told a story; we did not go to—, we went to see nurse's friends. I am very, very sorry;" and then she sank deeper into her mother's lap, and sobbed and cried more bitterly than ever. In a little while she was soothed, and felt that both her mother and her God had forgiven her wrong. Now do you see why wicked people have not the troubles which good ones have? It is not strange nor is it sad that it should be so. Broken hearts and contrite spirits are bright sights to God.

The difference between bad people and good people is not so much in that one does wrong and the other does not, though there is something in that; for all do wrong, good and bad, old and young. The difference is chiefly in this, that good people when they have been tempted to do wrong are sorry for it, genuinely sorry for it; but bad people when they do wrong are not sorry at all. The nurse who told the little girl to tell the falsehood was a sinner, a far greater sinner than the little girl; but while the little girl repented, heartily repented, the nurse did not.

And so it is always. The sign of the old heart, the heart of stone, as the Bible calls it, is that there is no care for sin. The sign of "the new heart and a right spirit" is that there is sorrow for sin.—*Sunday Magazine*.

Question Corner.—No. 7.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 73. What sovereign imprisoned two of his servants and then on his birthday feast reinstated one and hanged the other?
- 74. Which servant was restored to office?
- 75. Four kings fought against five others during the time of Abraham; how did the battle affect him?
- 76. What king blessed Abraham and where is this king mentioned in the New Testament?
- 77. What king of Israel was taller than any of the people from his shoulders upward?
- 78. Who was the last judge of Israel?
- 79. How many kings reigned over all Israel before the revolt of the ten tribes, and who were they?
- 80. What king of Moab oppressed the children of Israel for eighteen years and who did the Lord raise up to deliver them?
- 81. What king oppressed Israel for eight years and was finally destroyed by Othniel?
- 82. What heathen king did Samuel slay?
- 83. In the presence of what king did David feign madness?
- 84. What king slew all the young children in and around Bethlehem, and why did he do it?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

One whose children returned to Jerusalem from the Babylonian captivity. A prophet by whose remonstrances kindness was shown to suffering captives. A ruler "almost persuaded to be a Christian." One who paid King David a visit of congratulation. Initials and finals, two men, each of whom was in a certain sense father of a race.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 5.

- 49. Apollos, Acts xviii. 24.
- 50. The hyssop, Ex. xii. 22.
- 51. Lentiles, Gen xxv. 34.
- 52. A grain of mustard seed, Matt. xiii. 31.
- 53. Wormwood, Jer. ix. 15.
- 54. A lion, Gen. xlix. 9.
- 55. Mice, 1 Sam. vi. 5.
- 56. "Asahel was as light of foot as a wild roe," 2 Sam. ii. 18.
- 57. The sheep, Isaiah liii. 7.
- 58. "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," Prov. xxiii. 32.
- 59. The locust, beetle and grasshopper, Lev. xi. 22.
- 60. Uzzah, 2 Sam. vi. 6, 7.

BIBLICAL ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

- 525 feet, length of Noah's ark.
- 87 feet, breadth of Noah's ark.
- 52 feet, height of Noah's ark.
- 2)664 years Absalom dwelt in Jerusalem.
- 332
- 206 years, the age of Terah.
- 127
- 3 years Isaiah walked barefoot.
- 120
- 7 years, the famine in Joseph's time.
- 137 years, the age of Amram.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 5.—Edward B. Craig, 12; Jane Patton, 11 ac; Mary Patton, 11 ac; Mary McKell, 11 ac; Anne McGill, 11 ac; Thos. Hooker, 11 ac; J.S. McGill, 11 ac; William Watson, 11 ac; Sarah Pattison, 5; Janet Pattison, 4.  
To No. 4.—Jane Patton, 12 ac; Hugh Patton, 12 ac; Anne McGill, 12 ac; J.S. McGill, 12 ac; Wm. Watson, 12 ac; Maggie Sutherland, 12 ac; Carrie S. Hatfield, 12; Robert W. Murkar, 12; Sarah Fawley, 11; Ada M. Manning, 11; Dora Folsom, 11; Frederick J. Priest, 11; Thos. F. Neeland, 11; Thurlow Fraser, 10; Cora M. McIntire, 9; W. H. Simmons, 9; Louise Lloyd, 8; Flora A. McDougall, 8; Charles Butler, 6; James A. Donaldson, ac.