

**Give a Kind Word When You Can.**

Do you know a heart that hungers  
For a word of love and cheer?  
There are many such about us;  
It may be that one is near.  
Look around you! If you find it,  
Speak the word that's needed so,  
And your own heart may be strengthened  
By the help that you bestow.

It may be that someone falters  
On the brink of sin and wrong,  
And a word from you might save him—  
Help to make the tempted strong.  
Look about you, O my brother!  
What a sin is yours and mine!  
If we see that help is needed  
And we give no friendly sign!

Never think kind words are wasted—  
Bread on water costs are they,  
And it may be we shall find them  
Coming back to us some day;  
Coming back when sorely needed  
In a time of sharp distress;  
So, my friend, let's give them freely,  
Gift and giver God will bless.

**ANNA MALANN.**

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL GLOSSON.

A GROUP of boys ranging in age from six to twelve, a small dog in the midst held tightly, and five little heads, brown, black, flaxen, and fiery red, all bent closely over the animal; a liver conveniently near—what wonder that I thought I understood the scene! I had looked upon so many such, the surroundings, the actors, the little victim, almost identical. I love dogs, I am very fond of boys, but somehow I do not always enjoy seeing the two classes together. It was a hot, still day in August. We were driving through the mountains towards our home in Southern New England, not by the direct and shortest route, but by a wandering, circuitous way, changing our plans from day to day, to suit our own or our horses' tastes or convenience. A rambling, lazy, hot-weather sort of journey it was. I was very comfortable, lying idly back in the carriage, and looking out at the birds and flowers and butterflies, and did not care to move. But the little group attracted my notice, and I called a halt. Stepping from the carriage, I walked towards the boys, ready with the appeal I had so often made in behalf of my dumb favourites. They were so absorbed that at first they took no notice of my approach. But in brushing through some tall plants a cracking twig or stem roused them, and one or two, turning, held up warning fingers or shook their heads to express disapproval of my coming nearer. Fired with missionary zeal, I kept on my course and walked quickly towards them. Suddenly one of the group, a brown-faced, bare-footed little chap, some ten years old, started on tip-toe to meet me. He did not speak till quite close, and then it was in a whisper. "Please don't come any higher, lady," he said; "you'll frighten him."

"What do you mean?" I cried. "What are you doing to that dog? Tell me this instant."  
"Oh, don't, don't speak so loud!" he said, still in that same whisper, while again from the others of the group came those silent signals of warning and disapproval. "He's dreadful bad, an'—with a quaver in the low voice—"we think he's a-dyin'."  
There was no mistaking the look in the boy's misty eyes and the tremble in the tones. I lowered my voice in sympathetic comprehension, and only saying, "Let me come; I won't disturb him." I stepped softly towards the little company. I had thought I might be of use, knowing a good deal of animals and their ailments, but as a glance I saw it was no use. The fast-glancing eyes, though still looking up with a pathetic attempt to express appreciation of the fond care shown him by his young friends, the convulsive twitching of the little form, showed he was, as my guide had said, "a-dyin'." So I was still and silent, for I was not needed. "Doggie lacked nothing; love, sympathy, sorrow, tender care, they were his in abundance."

It was not a pretty dog nor of high lineage. He was a mongrel, of yellow and white, a thin, bony, ugly little fellow. But no dog of song or story ever had truer friends. He lay across the knees of one of the boys, while the others knelt or crouched or stood around, and all watched silently and sadly the passing of the life. It was soon over, and very quiet by the faintest movement of the poor stamp of a tail—a slight wag, a poor little gasp—was the youngest mourner, a mile of a fellow, touched with tiny brown fingers the rough seat of the sufferer, and all was ended.

As I looked about upon the sorry little faces, the wet eyes, the quivering lips, I felt I must be dreaming. Was this a real dog, and were these boys? The little fellow whose knees had made the dying-bed for the animal did not at once rise or move, though he must have been stiff and aching from the constrained position in which for an hour he had been obliged to lie. As we lifted the little limp form from his lap, I asked him if the dog was his own.

"Oh, no, ma'am," he replied; "he's a stranger to all us. Johnny—that's my brother there—found him layin' in the road back a little way. I guess he'd been run over, an' he was real bad. So we fetched him here, an' he was goin' to carry him down to the Gore, but we see he was a-dyin' fast, and we didn't take him."

"To the Gore?" I said. "What's that?" The boy looked puzzled. "Why, the Gore," he said again. "We allers take 'em there, you know."  
"I'm a stranger here," I explained, "and do not understand. Is it the name of a place?"

"Oh, yes, 'm, I thought you knowed. Wilson's Gore, they call it, 'bout half a mile from here, out that way. There's jist nine families live in it, that's all. We're all Gore boys, us here; our folks live there; an' so 'o

I had not far to go. The Gore once reached, the house I sought was easily recognized from the description of my landlord: "A little house that looks as if folks was movin', or cleanin' house, and sounds like a menagerie."

I knew it at once, by sight and hearing both a small house surrounded apparently by rubbish boxes, barrels, tin cans, crates, baskets, scattered about in confusion. And upon the warm, soft air floated strange sounds—whines, mews, barks, whineries, chirps, squeaks, cluckings, chattering. Yes, this surely was the abode of my home missionary.

The door was open, and just within it stood a thin, pale little woman, stirring with an iron spoon some mixture in a tin pan. As I approached she looked up, and I saw that she had soft brown eyes, with a certain wistful, gentle look, often seen in the eyes of an animal, especially an intelligent, affectionate dog. You may think this fanciful; perhaps it is. Perhaps I was unconsciously influenced to make this comparison by what I had heard of the woman's tastes and characteristics. But this I know, that since I first saw her I can never look into the true eyes of my brave dog Larry without a quick memory of Anna Malann and her gentle face.

"Miss Malann?" I said, inquiringly, as her eyes met mine and then turned quickly and shyly away, making them more than ever

mind. And many times since then I have heard her tell it to others. For the friendship begun that day has lasted and grown, and again and again, as the summer comes, I find my way to Wilson's Gore and the little home of Animal Ann.

"I don't know exactly how it came about, my taking to dumb creatures, as they call them—though I must say I never see one that was anywise dumb myself. I lived over to Danvers, in the east part of the State, you know. Pa was a real good nian, kind to his folks, a church member, and one of the selectmen of the borough. He was brought up in the strict up-and-down old-fashioned way as to religion, and had some pretty hard notions about some things. He had a good deal of stock—horses and cows and oxen, and so on—and he took good care of them, gave them plenty of food and drink and good sleeping quarters, and never beat them, or let his hired men do it. But he had views about animals that he'd picked up from his father—before him, and from old Mr. Luther, his minister. I suppose they was all right, 'cause pa held them, but even so, I was a mile of a girl they struck me as queer an' sort of his'ky."

"He was good to his stock," as I said before, but he insisted that was only just because they was useful to him and he wanted to keep them that way. He was kind to Leo, the collie-dog, but he said that was because he was so handy about driving the cows and finding the sheep, and he couldn't spare him. He was dreadful good to the cats, but, according to him, that was because of their catching the rats and mice. But he was pleasant to the squirrels, too, and the robins, and the brown thrashers—fed them and all—and he couldn't give no other reason for that than this—that he wanted to."

"But," says he, "animals haven't got no rights; that's a well-known fact. The Bible don't give them any; the Church don't give them any; the catechism don't give them any. If I'm made so soft like and nervous myself that I can't see a creature hurt or abused with out its making me uncomfortable and fidgety, why, that's my lookout. It don't go to show I'd ought to feel that way. I tell you, if folks go to preaching that kind of doctrine, that creatures have rights, and I'm bound to treat them as well as I can, why I'll just turn about and abuse them, spite of my treasy nervous feeling about it. Same rights as folks? Why didn't God make them folks, then?"

"So he'd go on and over with such talk, and I'd listen and bother my poor little head trying to make it sound right and reasonable. 'Why ain't they folks, anyway?' I says to myself. 'What makes the difference? They act like folks; they're good or they're bad; they're lazy or industrious; they're noisy or quiet; pleasant or ugly, selfish or free-handed, peacable or snarly. In short, they've got ways. There's no two creatures just alike, no more than there is folks. They take sick like folks; too; and they don't like to suffer no more'n folks do; and come to the last, they die like folks. And why does pa put them all together, and say none of them haven't got any rights?"

"Sometimes I'd ask ma—I didn't quite dast to ask pa; children don't use to talk so free to their fathers as they do these times—I'd ask ma why animals wasn't folks, anyway. And she'd tell me 'twas 'cause of their not havin' souls—immortal souls. At first I used to go on and ask how folks knew 'creatures hadn't got immortal souls, but she shut me up directly about that, and showed me right off that that was given up to-by-everybody—'twas one of the doctrines, and wasn't to be argued over; 'twas settled for good an' all. So I never brought up that part again. But I'd bother and pester ma to know why, anyway—even agreeing 'twas that way—they wasn't folks just the same, and all the more to be peacable and kind, and made much of because they didn't have everything we had—souls and all them things."

(To be continued.)



JESUS BEFORE THE HIGH PRIESTS.

course we knowed where, to fetch the poor dog."

Then turning to the rest, he added; "But she can't do him no good now. Anyway, I s'pose we'd better take him over to her an see what she says 'bout buryin' him." All signified approval, and I was more than ever puzzled.

"Does the dog belong to someone at the Gore?" I asked, but was again met with the assurance that he was a stranger, and nothing was known of his home or folks. "But why do you take him to the Gore, then?" said I.

"Why, to Anna Malann, of course," he answered.

"Yes," said another little chap, "we allers fetch 'em to Anna Malann, even when they're dead."

By this time, my friends in the carriage were growing weary of the long delay, and I was obliged to join them hastily.

But I was determined to know more of this mysterious Gore, and of Anna Malann herself. As the inn a little farther on we made inquiries and obtained some information of the subject. Wilson's Gore was one of those bits of land, occasionally found even now in New England, which were left between the boundary lines of different land grants, and sometimes failed to be included in townships.

In this little spot lived nine families, as I had been told by the boys. And through the example or influence of one Anna Malann, an old woman in the place, everyone there seemed to treat dumb creatures with strange consideration. About this matter the landlord said little, but advised me to go and see for myself. "She'll let me see ye," he said, "partic'lar if you like creatures." An it's dreadful anxious to hear her talk.

Of course I went. I do like 'creatures,' and my curiosity and interest were strangely excited by what I had seen and heard concern- ing Anna Malann and her missionary work.

like Larry's, so averse to meeting a prolonged human gaze.

"No, ma'am; my name's Ellis—Ann Ellis. Won't you walk in?"

"Why," I said, somewhat puzzled, "I thought Miss Malann lived here. Miss Anna had soft brown eyes, with a certain wistful, gentle look, often seen in the eyes of an animal, especially an intelligent, affectionate dog. You may think this fanciful; perhaps it is. Perhaps I was unconsciously influenced to make this comparison by what I had heard of the woman's tastes and characteristics. But this I know, that since I first saw her I can never look into the true eyes of my brave dog Larry without a quick memory of Anna Malann and her gentle face."

"She interrupted me with a smile. 'Oh, she's boys! Well, I guess they said Animal Ann; that's what they call me, 'cause of my settin' more'n most folks by creatures. Don't wonder you didn't get it straight, not knowin' about my queer ways and all. But come in, come in.'

Animal Ann! Why, of course it was plain enough now, when explained, and I looked with fresh wonder and reverence upon one whose very bearing of the title seemed to give her a sort of canonization.

I want to tell you as simply and truly as possible the story of this woman. Thank God! the life is still being lived, and the quiet, unobtrusive work going on in, and farther and farther beyond, the tiny hamlet of Wilson's Gore.

I hardly know where or how to begin. But perhaps I had best tell first one little incident which seems to mark the key-note of the whole tale.

As we were walking out that first day among the boxes, barrels, and baskets, which proved to be the humble dwelling-places of Animal Ann's favourites, I said,

"Why, how many animals have you here?"

She turned quickly towards me, her finger uplifted with a "Hush-h-h!" of warning. As I stared in perplexity she whispered in my ear, "They don't know they're animals; they think they're jist folks."

And that gives one a pretty good notion of her ideas and her mode of treatment. I shall let her speak for herself, now. She told me the story, then, and I wrote it down directly afterwards, while the words were fresh in my-

To those who have never been under the slavery of the cigarette habit it is a wonder that a man with intellectual capacity for a successful business career should have such a weak spot in his head as to become the victim of the filthy practice of puffing incessantly away a little roll of paper filled with all manner of poisonous stuff. Very recently, the newspapers contained an item concerning one of New Haven's best known dentists and society leaders who was taken to the State insane retreat in Connecticut as a result of cigarette smoking. 'Yot boys will pay no heed to such warnings.