

'And, have you any brothers and sisters, Susie?' Anna asked, as she threw one arm about the little figure that had nestled close beside her.

'Only just baby, and he's a brother, and I'm all the sister he's got.'

Anna smiled at this quaint reply, and then the children were further questioned, until soon all were talking as familiarly as if they had never met as strangers. By and by, when Susie had concluded a long story of the wonderful acts of her baby brother. Anna told the story of the Infant Jesus—all about the star and the wise men, the wicked king, and the flight into Egypt.

'That's a good story, Miss,' said the sun-browned boy, when the shadows had lengthened and Anna said she must go home. 'Tell us some more, some time, if ye come here again?'

'Certainly, I want you to come every Sunday afternoon this summer, and bring just as many other little folks with you as you want to.'

Good-byes were said, and Anna went home with a full heart.

'If that is what papa calls missionary work,' she said, as she crossed the flower dotted field, 'I'm sure it is very sweet to be a missionary.'

And so the Lord found an efficient helper in Anna Blake that summer in his work in the Rocky Mountains. The little ones came Sabbath after Sabbath all through the warm months to the old rock, and Anna met them there with Bible stories and sweet songs until every child in the neighborhood was brought into the circle, and many went to their homes to sing the Gospel to the older people, some of whom seemed to have quite forgotten that ever a Saviour died for them.

'I can't keep the tears from my eyes whenever I hear Susie sing "I think when I read that sweet story of old,"' said Mrs. Grover to a neighbor one day. 'It is one of the songs I used to sing when I was a girl, and lived in the States. Seems like I've forgot all them things since I came out here, and just turned to an out-and-out heathen. I am glad that ever Anna Blake was sent here to teach Susie what I ought to have taught her long ago.'

In the early autumn Anna went back to her Illinois home, but the Christ had come into the mountain neighborhood before she left it, and some who had long turned from him received him gladly.

And so he sends his disciples before him to-day as he did in olden time. Not only men and women who have trained themselves to do his work at home or abroad, but every boy and girl who can tell a Bible story or sing a Gospel song.

Two Little Charmers.

(Jane Layng, in 'The Truth Seeker'.)

You have doubtless read of the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin,' whose magic pipe when played upon had power to draw all living creatures after him. According to this poem you'll remember that old Hamelin Town was so overrun with rats that its people were distracted.

And then that quaint, queer old man, the 'Pied Piper,' appeared, and for a thousand guildens offered to rid the town of rats. He took out his wonderful pipe and played three shrill notes and all the rats followed the 'Pied Piper' merrily all the way to the River Weser, where he led them into the flood and the waves rolled over them.

Then you remember that when the people of Hamelin Town refused to pay him the

promised money, he simply took out his magic pipe and blew again, and this time out came all the children. And he led them on and on, just as he had led the rats, and took them into a great cave which closed upon them, so that they never more were seen. And that was the punishment that he gave to the people of Hamelin.

This story is very wonderful, but that a little boy outside of a story should have any such power seems almost too marvellous to be true. But I have known two boys, who, in reality, had much of this influence over animals.

One was a fine-looking, active little fellow in Southern Ohio. All living things seemed to feel a sense of kinship with him. He had only to throw himself down upon the lawn in front of his home, and behold! the little creatures of the air, the birds, and those shy dwellers among the trees, the squirrels, would forget the timidity they displayed toward other people and draw near to this lad. It was interesting to watch his influence over these wild things. Little birds, instead of tripping guardedly across the far edge of the lawn, would come closer and closer to him till they stood beside his hand.

Nor did this seem to be any accidental occurrence, but it was plainly premeditated by them before they made the hippity-hop journey to his side. He had a caressing tone which proved irresistible to them; and if they were speeding thoughtlessly after a bug or a beetle in an opposite direction, they felt the charm of his voice and presence when he spoke, and turned and went to meet him instead.

He had a pet hen also, which was his abject slave. Now, a hen of all winged creatures, is seemingly less given to sentiment and expression of affection. But this particular hen when in his presence seemed to have no will but his. Let it be said here that he was invariably kind to these trusting birds and animals, and his kindness was probably the very foundation of his remarkable power. It was really funny to see that great white Brahma hen do his bidding.

'Come here, Topsey,' he would say, gently but authoritatively. And Topsey, the clumsy, fluffy hen, would leave her chicken-yard companions and come to him.

'Now sing for us, Topsey,' he would add. And the great, foolish looking, white hen would stand and sing her unmusical laying song until he bade her stop.

'Come into the house with me, Topsey, and sing to my friends in there.' Thereupon she allowed herself to be taken into the presence of strangers and placed upon a stool, where she sat awkwardly enough till he again told her to sing. Then the harsh, guttural song poured forth in the family sitting-room, to the great delight of the small folk and to the great wonder and amusement of their elders. Not until she received permission did Topsey venture to bring her mirth-provoking concert to a close, or return to her companions in the chicken-yard.

As I studied this boy and his power over the living things beneath him, I was more and more convinced that it was due to a remarkable sympathy with them, such as we ordinarily feel for our best friends or the dearest members of our households. Birds, squirrels, hens, never questioned his good intentions. They knew he would not have a sudden change of mood and frighten them away; they were his little friends and he was theirs. Nor was their confidence in him ever abused. Had this been even possible they would not have trusted him so far.

But the other little boy whom I knew, and who had a similar gift, was also remarkable. Both boys were about twelve years old. The second was a little Californian. He was a cat-charmer. Walking along the streets in which he lived, he

would give a peculiar whistle, and lo! whatever cat was lurking unseen in that vicinity immediately appeared before him and followed him.

On he passed on his homeward march, and at his call other cats came in sight and joined the procession. From dim alleys they emerged; from shed roofs they descended; from comfortable doorsteps they rose up; from curbstone promenades they turned aside; all because a little lad with a charming call had drawn them from their obscure places. And when he reached home his mother would frequently be filled with consternation to see as many as fourteen strange cats at his heels! Cats which had never before seen him were thus drawn by his cry to follow where he led. Great cats, small cats, lean cats, brawny cats, brown cats, black cats, gray cats, tawny cats, all held by the magic spell which the small lad could exert. I have seen the little Ohio boy do all the things which I have written. The little Californian I knew, but his power over cats was told me by his mother and sisters. What was the secret of his power? Why did these city cats desire to become his companions? I cannot say, but in his ability to win the obedience of these dumb creatures it seems he was vastly like the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin.'

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