

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



DO YOU KNOW THEM?

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

I'll give you a riddle to guess to-day—
Two pretty curtains were rolled away.
Two little windows were opened wide
And I could see who was living inside.
A dear little girl peeped out and smiled—
Afterward came a naughty child;
And the windows were dim with a sudden
shower
And the curtains were crumpled and red
for an hour.
But the sunbeams burst through clouds,
and then
The good little girl came back again.
There she stayed, to my heart's delight,
Till the curtains fell and she said "good-
night."
Can you guess what windows were opened
wide,
And who are the children that live inside?

A LITTLE PEOPLE.

Have you seen very many little people?
Of course you have, and you think you
belong to the little people, and so you do.
Perhaps you remember seeing a dwarf or
the little persons called midgets, but there
are other little creatures who are not
human beings, who live in tribes and set-

tlements and build houses
for themselves, so we may
call them a little people.

When you see a whole
tribe of ants working
steadily to build a house, do
you not think they deserve
to be called a little people?
In the country you can often
see a big mound which these
little people have built. They
are never idle, and the Bible
speaks of their industry and
tells the sluggard or very
lazy persons to learn a lesson
from them.

In some countries they eat
ants. The Africans eat them.

stewed in butter, but the ants are
much larger than those we have here.

But what do you think of a dish of but-
tered ants? No doubt you would be very
hungry before you would eat of this dish,
but in our country the ants eat up many
of the good things we keep in the store-
room and pantry. Do they not eat your
mother's preserves? Watch the orchards
and see how they gather on the fruit and
even on the vegetables.

But these little people have a great deal
of wisdom. They make plans and travel
from place to place and build houses for
themselves which shows that they have a
great deal of sense for such small bodi-
es.

I must tell you something which proves
that they have something very much like
what we call reason. A lady found one
day that the ants were in her preserved
peaches and blackberry jam, and to save
her preserves she set the legs of the table
on which the jars stood, in pans of water.
One day, when she was in the pantry, she
saw a long procession of ants marching in
single file, one behind the other, toward
the table which held the jars. Of course
they meant to crawl up the legs of the
table and eat the sweets in the jars. But
when the ant who was at the head of the
line saw the water, and knew that he
could not cross it, for ants
cannot swim, he turned round
and faced the others and
acted very much as if he
said, "We cannot eat these
sweet things because we can-
not cross the water." The
news must have been told all
along the line, for every ant
turned round, and the whole
procession marched back the
way they came. In hot clim-
ates the ants grow to a very
large size, and sometimes you
will see a great many mounds
all in a row, or grouped to-
gether like houses in a city.
Some men who have studied
the habits and nature of ants,
say that they are deaf and
do not hear the loudest
sounds, but this is not known
to be a fact. They do have
smell and taste; see how soon
they will find a lump of



sugar if you leave it on the shelf in the
pantry. There are red ants and black
ants, but all of them have a sting. Did
you ever feel it?

THEY DON'T TRY.

A little girl of four years old was play-
ing busily with her numerous family of
dolls. At length she said: "Auntie, my
children are coming to see you. They are
very full of mischief, and will spill water
on your floor, and do lots of things. I try
to make them do better, but I don't seem
to succeed. They say their prayers, too,
but I guess they leave—"

Here she hesitated, and so her auntie
helped her along by saying, "Do they leave
out that part of the prayer asking Jesus
to make them good girls?"

"No," she said, "they say that; they
ask Jesus to make them good girls; but I
guess they leave it all for him to do, and
don't try themselves."

After thinking a moment auntie said
"They are like some little girls; are they
not?"

The child looked up and replied: "Do you
mean me, auntie? I do try, don't I?"

