

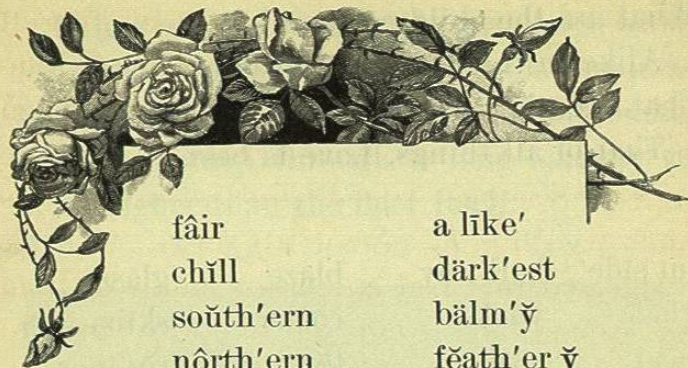
One of them with great care laid himself down on the narrow ledge, and pressed himself as close to the rock as he could. Then the other goat gently and with great care stepped over his friend, and when he was safely past him he ran swiftly away.

The goat that had lain down then rose from the ground and went on his way, free to spring again from rock to rock and feed on the sweet grass on the hills.

Not long after this, two other goats met in the same place. They looked at each other and both became angry. Then each said to the other, "Get out of my road and let me pass!"

Then they stamped their feet and shook their heads, but neither would give way to the other. At last they began to strike and fight with their horns; then their feet slipped, and both fell down into the swift stream, and were lost in the waters.

Both might still have been alive and happy if one had been willing at the right time to give up to the other.



fâir

chill

soũth'ern

nôth'ern

a lîke'

dârk'est

bâlm'ÿ

fěath'er ÿ

WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN DOING?

What are the bright eyes watching
Under the Southern sun?
Oh, the roses fair in the balmy air,
And the vines that climb and run.

What are the bright eyes watching
Under the Northern sky?
Feathery snow, while the chill winds blow,
And the clouds go drifting by.

What are the children doing
Alike in the cold and the heat?
They are making life gay on the darkest day,
With the sound of their little feet.

What are the children learning
 Alike in the East and the West?
 That a Father's hand is o'er sea and land —
 That of all things, Love is best.

out sīde'	ḥall'wāy	blāze	glāss
whāle	wīck	eōōks	skīnṣ
mēat	sēal	tēnt	rūn'ners
pōles	īs'lands	sēa'shōre	piēc'eṣ
Hānṣ	Es'kī mōṣ	wāves	whāle'bōne

BOYS OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

THE LITTLE ESKIMO.

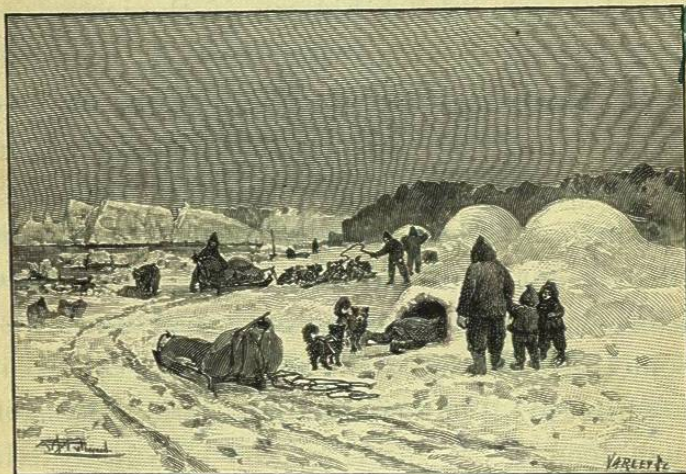


My name is Hans. My people are called Eskimos.

I live in the far, far North, where there is snow and ice all the year round. I would not like to live where it is warmer.

My father's winter house is made of snow and ice. It is a very pleasant place; at least, I think it is so.

It has but one small door, just large enough for father to creep through on his hands and knees. To get to this door from the outside, one must creep through a long hallway that is no higher than the door itself.



There is only one room in this house, but it is quite cozy and warm. The only fire we have is the blaze of a big lamp in the middle of the room.

The lamp is not made of glass, but is like a big stone dish full of whale's oil. A wick