

Chī'na      lǎn'terns      fōnd      dried  
 shout      dry'ing      tēa      rāise  
 sīght      whēat      āge      rīce  
 dǎsh'ing      sīde'wālk      sīze      queer

# BOYS OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

## THE LITTLE CHINAMAN.

My name is Lee Chang, and I live in a country which you call China. My home is on the other side of the world from your home.



When the sun is rising in my country it is setting in yours. When it is day at your home it is night at mine.

The house in which I live is made of wood, and is only one story high; but there are many things in it that would seem very strange to you.

I go to school almost every day; for boys must learn a great many things before they

become men. Girls do not go to school, but help their mothers at home.

My school is not much like yours. When I am learning my lesson, I shout as loud as I can; for then the teacher will know that I am busy.

I learn to read and write. Our words are not made up of letters as your words are; but each word must be learned by heart, so that you will know it just as you know the face of a friend. It takes a long time to learn to read well.

After school is out, the boys have great sport. Every boy has a kite, and no two kites are just alike. Some are shaped like birds; some, like fishes; some, like bees; and some, like men. It is a fine sight to see many of these flying and dashing about in the air.

We have a great many other toys. We play ball, but not in the same way that you play it. We have beautiful lanterns which we light at night.

The men as well as the boys like to

有好多細蚊仔有紙耀不同樣有的如鳥一樣



fly kites and see pretty lanterns. My grandfather, who is a very old man, often goes out to fly his kite. He has one kite, in the shape of an eagle, of which he is very fond.

Nearly all the tea that you buy is brought from my country. The tea leaves grow on a bush; when they are of the right age and size they are picked off and dried, and sold to the tea merchants.

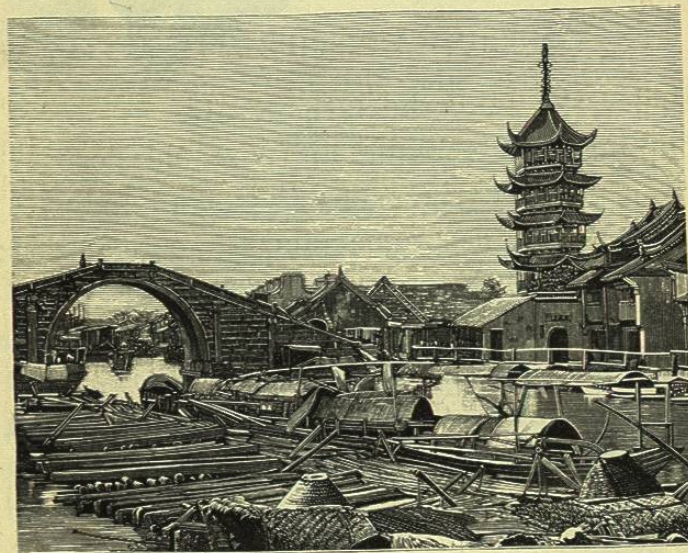
When the time comes for picking these leaves, many boys and girls and men and women are busy gathering them and drying them. Much better tea is raised in some parts of China than in others.

The farmers also raise wheat and rice and other kinds of grain. There are so many people in China that every one must keep busy.

Some of the people live on flat boats on the rivers. They have little houses on the boats, and they raise chickens and ducks and even pigs, for their own food and to sell.

Here is a picture of a town in our country,

showing some of the houses and a bridge. The streets in the towns are very narrow. There is no need of sidewalks; for there are no wagons or carriages. Men carry almost

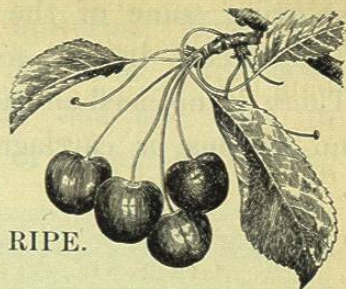


everything from place to place on their backs.

You will think that China is a queer country. But I think it is the best place in the world.



chěr'ries      mŭs'ter  
găth'er      sạu'cỷ  
shāk'ing      rōgu'ish  
nōd'ding      mōw



# CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

Under the tree, the farmer said,  
Smiling, and shaking his wise old head,  
"Cherries are ripe; but then, you know,  
There's the grass to cut and the corn to hoe;  
We can gather the cherries any day,  
But when the sun shines we must make our  
hay.

To-night, when the work has all been done,  
We'll muster the boys for fruit and fun."

Up in a tree a robin said,  
Shaking and nodding his saucy head,  
"Cherries are ripe; and so, to-day,  
We'll gather them while you make the hay;  
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,  
No cows to milk, and no grass to mow."  
At night the farmer said, "Here's a trick!  
These roguish robins have had their pick!"

Hĩn'dōō      wēar      eight      cŭsh'ions  
In'di a      pālm      pā'per      mōn'keys  
bām bōō'      shōes      clōth'ing      tĩ'gers  
brĩck      ěx ĉept'      ĩn stēad'      erōe'o dīles  
dēsks      slātes      eār'pets      ěl'e phants

# GIRLS OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

## A HINDOO GIRL.

I am a little Hindoo girl, and I live in India.  
I am eight years old. I help my mother at  
home, but my brothers go to school.

My brothers' school is not much  
like yours, and you would laugh at  
many of the things they do. There  
are no desks or seats, but all the  
boys sit on the floor.

Would you like to know how  
they learn their letters? There is  
sand on the schoolhouse floor. The  
teacher makes five letters in the  
sand. Then the boys write these letters in  
the sand as well as they can.

They write them over and over until they

