

Id house. They had been silent for could soothe and rest him. he summer evening, a sound startled worked with his elder brother in his

not open-well, as long as a man were simple; he would sell the busi had legs, he could climb over. And ness, buy an estate in the country

gave the music grace.

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## Ind leave their tiny footprints In stars upon the snow. -Scholars' Magazine.

Through ills and petty crosses,