



HUNCHBACK BRIDGE, CHINA.

HUNCHBACK BRIDGE, CHINA.

China is intersected everywhere with a great number of canals, and as there are numerous highways crossing these canals, a great many bridges are required. Some of these take a peculiar hunchback form, as it is called—like the one shown in the cut—to permit large-sized vessels to pass. The canal traffic is of enormous extent, and these water-ways of the empire contribute greatly to its wealth and prosperity.

WORK FOR JESUS.

The whole bright afternoon Mary sat busily sewing. Her companions were playing upon the lawn. Why did she not join them? She was making a dressing-gown for papa, and wished to have it finished upon his return home. It was almost dark when the last stitch was taken, and Mary carried her work to papa's room and placed it on a chair by his bedside, with a little slip of paper pinned upon it, on which was written, "For my dear papa, with the love of Mary."

"Mary, Mary!" cried the girls.

"Yes, I am all ready," she answered, and away she ran to join them.

"How happy you look, after sewing all afternoon too! Do you like to sew for so long a time?"

"No; but I have been working to-day for papa, and it has seemed very pleasant. I love him so much that nothing seems hard that I can do for him."

"That is what Miss Alice, our Sunday-school teacher, told us," replied Annie. "She said love made labour light."

"And she also said that it was just so in working for Jesus," added Fanny.

"Working for Jesus? what do you mean?" asked Carrie.

"That if we love Jesus we shall seek to

please him. If we are kind and loving and try to do good to others, this will be working for him."

"Will Jesus be pleased with us if we do so?"

"Yes," said Mary, "more pleased than papa will be when he sees the gown that I have made for him."

"I wish that I loved Jesus," said Carrie.

"You cannot help loving him if you will only think how much he loves you; he died for you," said Fannie.

"I think the more we do for those we love, the better we love them," said Mary; and if we will try every day to work for Jesus in every way that we can, we need not fear but we shall love him."

"Let us begin now," said Fanny, "and let us ask Jesus to teach us the way that we can please him best."

Yes, let us all try, you and I, to live every day working for Jesus.

A LITTLE FELLOW WHO DOES NOT TAKE A WINTER NAP.

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

"Dear! dear! it is so cold in winter!" sighed Dolly Green. "The leaves and ferns and wild flowers take a nap tucked under their soft snow blanket, the snakes curl up in hollow logs till spring, and the frogs doze in the mud at the bottom of the ponds. Most everything goes to sleep in winter except children."

"You are mistaken, Dollykins," cried Tom, the little girl's big brother, who had been at college for a whole year. "There's one spry fellow who is just as wide-awake in winter as in summer. He lives in a pond, and though Jack Frost builds a thick icy roof right over his head, he is bright and lively as ever. Folks call him larva, which is only another name for baby. He

is about an inch long and twice as thick through as a match. He has a queer tail fitted in his body, with hairs at the end, and near his head is a lively set of organs that seem partly legs and partly feelers. This strange little fellow lives in the weeds at the bottom of the pond, and, like a human being, has a nice wooden house. The water is so clear that you can see right to the bottom, and there you will find what appears to be a hollow twig two or three inches long. The twig begins to stir, when out comes a head and tiny feelers, or legs, that help him to climb from one blade of water-grass to another. He does not leave his house behind, O no! he carries it with him wherever he goes, holding on by his tail inside. Sometimes it is pretty hard work to travel with such a load, but he has plenty of perseverance, and that counts for a great deal in this world. When anything frightens him the creature quickly draws back his head and feelers into the wooden house and sinks

again to the bottom of the pond, where the sharpest eyes could not tell that his strong case was not a simple twig that had fallen from a tree."

LITTLE TOP.

Top was a poor little hunchback. When he was a baby he had a fall which hurt him badly, and he never grew like other children. We don't know why they called him Top, but perhaps it was because he was so bright and cheerful that he seemed to be atop of every one around him.

He was so deformed he could not lie down in his bed after a while. He even had to sleep on his knees. And when he couldn't sleep, he would crawl to the window and kneel on the window-seat and amuse himself by guessing from the sound of the wheels whether the vehicle he heard coming would be a carriage, a stage, or a cart. And he would laugh in the morning as he counted up his guesses and misses.

But Top loved Jesus. One night some one told him about an old woman who was very sick, on a wretched bed in a damp basement. When the minister visited her and seemed to feel very sad to leave her in such a miserable place, she said, "Oh, sir, remember what a beautiful arm chair I've got!" He looked all around the room for it, when she smiled and said, "Don't you know what I mean? The Eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms."

Top was delighted with this story, and afterwards used to talk about his wonderful armchair; for "it was his too," he said. And when some one asked to see it, he replied, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

Top died when he was about fourteen years old. He suffered more and more to the last and was very happy. "I shall soon see Jesus," was one of his last sayings.