



HUNCHBACK BRIDGE, CHINA.

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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.

WOOL-GATHERING.

Jamie and Bessie Baldwin had the promise of going with their brother Paul to the meadows to spend the day. Paul was his father's shepherd and had learned to love his work, as well as the sheep, and brook, and birds, and pleasant fields. Jamie was too small to wade the brook, which they must cross to reach the meadows. But Bessie thought it great fun, so she took off her shoes and stockings, and put them into Paul's pocket, and her hand within his, and followed the sheep through the cool water of the brook.

It was a fine June day, and the sweet meadow lands were blooming with white clover. The bees were shaking the blossom and gathering honey. The birds were darting in and out of the tree-tops, and among the alders along the brookside, searching for suitable places to build their nests.

The sheep ran here and everywhere through the clover, bothering the bees, and nipping the tender leaves, for it was their breakfast time. Bessie made daisy chains and trimmed her brothers' hats and put one upon her net Nanny's neck.

It was the month of roses, and pink wild roses crowded along the walls and fences, and when daisy chains became common Bessie and Jamie strolled along the walls and filed hat and apron with the fragrant blossoms.

Paul was resting under the shadow of his favorite tree on the hillside where he had spent much of his boyhood in faithfully watching his flocks, and at the same time studying the habits of flowers, birds, and bees.

He blew his horn when it was time for lunch, and Bessie and Jamie hurried to the spot gay with blossoms and with a very wonderful thing to tell to brother Paul.

"Paul, Paul," said Bessie, "we have seen such a funny sight; some birdies came down and took a ride upon the backs of the sheep while they were feeding."

"And what do you think they were there for?" said Paul.

"Why, for a ride," said Bessie, "and all the time they were stretching up their little necks and pulling out wool, and—"

"And they flew away with it," said Jamie.

"No," said Paul, "they were wool-gathering. I have often seen them pull as much as they could carry and fly away; and with it they line their little nests, and thus prepare a soft and warm home for their little birdies."

This fact amused the children very much and they resolved to watch the birdies some time and learn how to build a nest. After lunch they rested in the shade as did the sheep, and when evening came they returned with their flock, and three happier children never gathered about the hearthstone.

A LITTLE FELLOW WHO DOES NOT TAKE A WINTER NAP.

"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."

THE LITTLE HEART FOR JESUS.

A little boy, who, during a long illness, contemplated his departure from the world, conceived the odd idea of disposing among his friends, by way of legacy, of the several parts of his body. All seemed to be bequeathed, when the mother remarked that he had omitted "the dear little heart." But no, the little patient felt that he could make no further bequest, and promptly replied that the little heart must be kept for Jesus; a surprising, beautiful, almost sublime, turn in the strange cology.