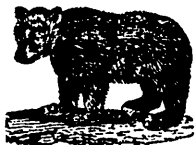


many cases, kept from snapping asunder. Besides, with relative advantages, and beyond all others, Sunday schools have been the honoured instruments in the hands of the Chief Shepherd, in bringing many souls to Christ and to eternal life.



**PETER JACOB'S STORY ABOUT HIS
FIGHTS WITH BLACK BEARS,**

ONE day we were in the river, going from Louis St. Mary to the island of Macana, Lake Huron; and we saw a bear going into the river. We hid ourselves in the rushes till the bear had got into the middle of the river, and then we pushed out to him, and overtook him; and then this enormous black bear made sure sign for battle. One party said, that we must not shoot the animal in the drum of the head; because, if you kill animals by shooting them in the drum of the head, they sink to the bottom of the river directly.

We had four guns. I got at the bow of the boat, and made the first shot; and the rest fired one after another, and the bear got hold of the gunwhale of the boat, and almost pulled himself into the boat, and made the women and children scream terribly, and run from one side of the boat to the other; and all this time we kept firing at the bear. One say, "I kill him now;" and another say, "I kill him now." Well, then, at last, after we fired in all twenty times, or more, a daring French Canadian took up a large axe, and hit the animal on the

head, when he was almost but getting into the boat. The bear fell in the water, and then the man gave him another blow, which finished his life; and then the screaming women and children ceased.

Then, we got hold of the animal, and dragged it ashore. When we skinned it, we expected to find all the balls in his body; but, strange to say, we only found two balls, which had wounded him very slightly. This was accounted for by the animal being wet, and the balls glanced off. The men would not go any further, but would stay and eat the bear; and when they served the meat up, it was so tough, I could not eat it.

Another time we saw a bear swimming in the lake; and when we pushed after him, he ran upon a little bit of island with some willows in the middle of the island, where he took shelter. Being a young and middle-sized bear, my men began to speak about their bravery in killing the bear. One say, he would kill him with a tomahawk; another say, he would kill him with a scalping-knife. The bear was in self-defence, and in attitude of battle; his eyes were sparkling with fire, with fear, or with rage. Well, now, when a man would go near with his knife, the bear would run after him; then the man ran away with all his might, to save himself from his claws: the bear went back to his shelter in the willows. The island being small, he ran first at one, and then at another.

One of the men threw at him a bag with blankets in. The bear caught this up, and began squeezing it between his fore-paws, thinking he had got hold of a man; and in this attitude I made the first shot;