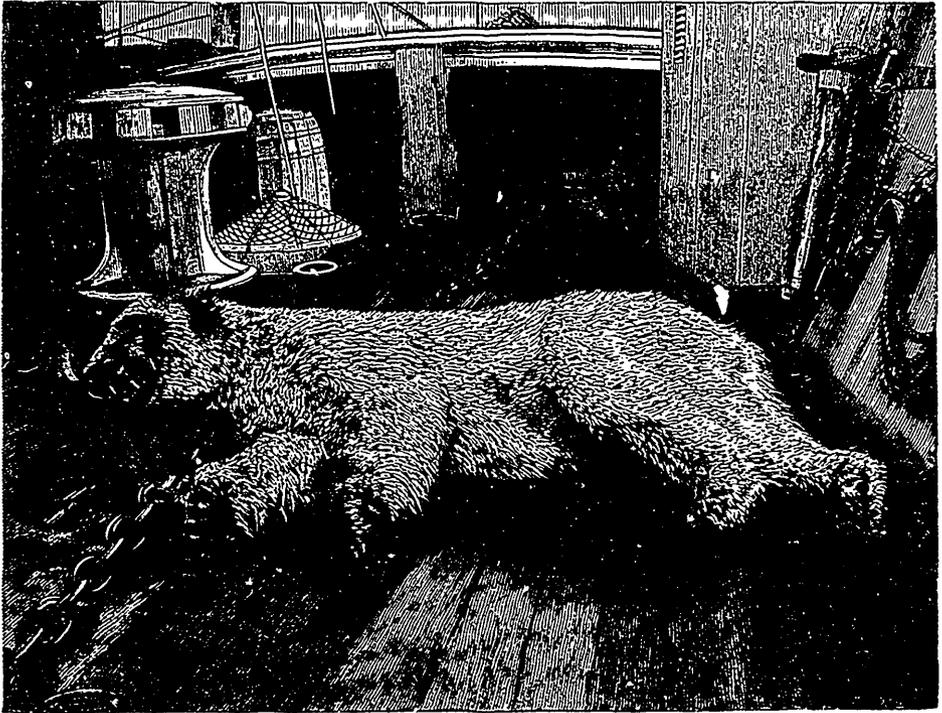


THE POLAR BEAR.

THIS big fellow was killed on the ice in the Arctic regions by some sailors of Captain Hall's ship. They saw him climbing a large iceberg, and went after him in their boat. When they killed

AN ENEMY IN THE GARDEN.

WHILE I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a fluttering.



POLAR BEAR.

him they brought him on board the ship, and when he was stretched on the deck he was nearly eight feet long. These Polars can swim a long way, and are very fierce. But they are very fond of their cubs. One old she-bear, when one of her cubs was killed by some sailors, refused to leave it, but remained by its side, licking its wounds and trying to coax it to get up and walk, and her pitiful look and moan when she found that she could not, were quite distressing.

If I was a man do you s'pose I'd think
For a moment of tasting the drunkard's drink?
No! it only brings a man trouble and woe,
And I'll be a Temperance man wherever I go.

Now, that is the way flowers talk, so I stopped and listened.

Soon an elder tree said,

"Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen altogether, for they were like some children who always says "Why?" when they are told to do anything. Bad children those.

The elder said,

"If you don't, they'll eat you up."

So the flowers set themselves a shaking, till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose, who shook off all but one, and she said to herself,

"Oh, that's a beauty! I'll keep that one."

The elder overheard her, and called out,

"One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."