

of the still tightly grasped berries, and drops them with the hope of once more stopping Bruin. Again curiosity causes the animal to inspect the berry basket, and finding the berries to his taste, he apparently forgets the hatless, hair-streaming figure which reaches the safety of the farm as the bear licks up the last berry and trots back into the woods.

Her father with his "gun that came from the Old Country and cost £10"—a famous goose-shot—followed Mr. Bruin's path to the forest as rapidly as his little daughter had preceded it, and its skin, which they learned to call "Grandma's bear," long served as a covering for grandma's children in their cradle days.

Two Pictures.

BY THOMAS LEPAGE.

In that thou wearest the promise of long years,
For hopeful fancies play upon thy face ;
And with those fancies, kindly humors grace
Deep lines of strength, that laugh at distant fears !
In this how changed ! For now thy look appears
As of one struggling, weighted in the race ;
And the sad eye and firm-set lips give trace
Of strength all spent in pressing back the tears !

So near are joy and sorrow—but a breath
Between. Ah, wise we know not all ! For then
The shadow of the coming doom would blight
The beauty of each opening morn, and men
Would never feel the Day for thoughts of Night,
But now where life is true, a glory lustres Death.