



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

## BEARS.

People often like to read bear stories—big people as well as the little ones. Well, I have nothing to tell you about *hunting* for bears. I never did that myself, for I am not much of a sportsman or hunter in the woods. It is not always the safest kind of sport to hunt wild animals, for they are sometimes on the hunt themselves for something to eat; and if they cannot find anything else to eat, and get very hungry, they often attack people and kill and eat them. But if one has a good rifle, and knows how to use it well, he need not be much afraid to meet a bear.

When I was a young man I boarded with a family who kept a bear chained to a post in the back yard. The father had

bought it from a hunter, who had partly tamed it. The children of that family used to dance around and play with the bear, and think it great fun to do so. One day the bear growled at and struck the father with his heavy paw, but it was because he teased the bear too long and in too much of an annoying way. It made the man angry, and he resolved to kill the bear and sell its meat for eating. He did so in a day or two afterwards, and that was the first and last time I tasted bear's meat.

There is a story in the Bible about two bears and some children. I think when it speaks of "children" it refers to scoffing young men and women. You can read about it in 2 Kings 2.—*Sunday-School Messenger*.

## LULIE'S TEMPTATION

BY ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

"So how you'se all done but a bow-knot!"

Ma'am Sally stood off and took a look at her child. It was a very white child, and a very black mammy. Poor Little Lulie hadn't any own mother to kiss her pretty pink cheeks and curl her yellow hair and make a doll of her with dainty dresses. Her mother had gone away to heaven a year ago.

But Ma'am Sally did her loving best to make it up to her. She hugged and kissed her, petted and praised her; above all, she "dressed her up" in the stiffest and starchest snowy dresses, till the poor child looked as if she were made out of paper, and dared not sit down for fear of crumpling her finery.

"Yo' mother always kept yo' fine as a fiddle," said Ma'am Sally, "and I'm go'n to. Whatever yo' dear mother would 'a' liked, we's go'n to do—we two."

It was a beautiful thought, and little Lulie took it into her heart, and tried to live by it.

"Can I go out on the playazza, mammy?" she asked, after that last bow-knot.

"Yes, you may go out; don' yo' go off."

"No, less my dollies wuns away, and I have to go after zem."

"All right," said ma'my, chuckling. "I guess they can't go far."

But she did not know how those dollies would behave, or the temptation that would come to Lulie.

"I might dust push 'em off!" she said to herself. "Nen I'd have to go and get 'em! I'm tired of this old playazza!"

Just think what a naughty plan! She gave them two or three tenty little shoves. They almost went off.

All at once she spoke out, loudly and angrily, as if somebody had spoken at her elbow.

"Go 'way, you bad Satan! You s'pose my mother 'd like a lie girl!"

## GROWING ON THE BUSHES.

"I wish I could earn some money for Sunday-school. Teacher says that's the only kind of money we ought to give," said Clara.

"Dear me, there is plenty of money growing on those blackberry bushes; can't you see it?" said her father.

Clara looked at him, then at her mother, then at the bushes, and then laughed and ran for a pail. "'Course," she said; "blackberries sell for ten cents a quart! 'Course the money is growing on the bushes."