

of July, when the weather was warm, and there were plenty of wild berries ripe. He had been out for many hours, and at last found himself on the banks of a creek. But the bridge he had been used to cross was gone, having been

side of the log on which he stood, 'There he lies, dead enough.' We were thankful indeed to our Great Preserver."
—*Peter Jacob's Journal.*

Though fruit and vegetables seem to be the natural food of the bear, they also devour flesh, and even fish,—a fact of which the good Indian Missionary assures us; and that being new to my young readers, I shall give them in his own words:—

"A few evenings after we left the 'Rock,' while the men were before me 'tracking,' (towing the canoe,) by pulling her along by a rope from the shore, I observed behind a rock in the river, what I took to be a black fox. I stole upon it as quietly as possible, hoping to get a shot, but the animal saw me, and waded to the shore. It turned out to be a young bear fishing. The bear is a great fisherman. His mode of fishing is very curious. He wades into a current, and seating himself upright on his hams, lets the water come about up to his shoulders; he patiently waits until the little fishes come along and rub themselves against his sides, he seizes them instantly, gives them a nip, and with his left paw tosses them over his shoulder to the shore. His left paw is always the one used for tossing ashore the produce of his fishing. Feeling is the sense of which Bruin makes use here, not sight.

"The Indians of that part say that the bear catches sturgeon when spawning in the shoal water; but the only fish