

when he lets go the bag, and wheels after me, and I ran to save myself, and in the bustle tumbled over the rocks. I heard the report of a gun, when I looked round to see that I was safe, and had not the bear at my heels; then I saw that the bear had got hold of my other gun, which my man carried. The bear was biting the gun; and his teeth were so strong, that he left the marks of them in the iron; and I then gave him the second discharge of my double-barrelled gun, which weakened him so much, that the Indians easily finished him with their tomahawks. As usual, we soon skinned it; and being young, it proved to be very good meat,—as fine as any pigs'-meat. We came off conquerors; but not without many bruises on the feet and legs, by tumbling over the stones in running backwards and forwards.

In the battles of the bear, generally, the battlers do not come out so easily as we did; for I have seen many Indians come out desperately wounded by the bears. The black bear generally does not give the first attack, but goes away, if he is not molested; but when he is pressed to close quarters, then he is ready to give a good battle. I may here say, all animals will fight in close quarters; even a deer will give a good battle.

ONE SIN LEADS TO ANOTHER.

It was a beautiful day when little Lorenzo's school closed, and the boys were looking forward to a fine time during the long summer vacation. "Do not go near the pond, Lorenzo," said the fond mother, as he left the parental roof. But Lorenzo did not always remember the command, "Children, obey your parents." This was his first sin. Leaving home, he went down back

of the meeting-house, to the forbidden spot. This was the second. Finding some boys, among whom was Samuel G—, playing near the pond, he accepted Samuel's invitation to bathe. This was the third.

Soon the rest of the lads ran away to the school-house to meet their beloved teacher. Lorenzo climbed upon an old pair of stairs that were floating about in the pond, and jumped off. As he did not rise again, Samuel was frightened, ran to the shore, dressed and hastened to the school.

When Lorenzo's sister went home at noon, her mother said, "Where is your brother?" "I don't know," was the reply; "he has not been at school this morning." The father started at once for the pond. There lay Lorenzo's clothes on the white sand. Wading until the water was three or four feet deep, he stooped down and raised up the lifeless body of his son.

In sight of the spot, within the sound of Samuel's voice, was a workshop in which were some ten or fifteen men. Why then did he not cry for help as he saw his playmate sink? It was because, if he did this, he would show that he had been at the pond, and disobeyed his parents. So, rather than make known his own sin, he left his playmate to die.

A beautiful pond is that of E— B—, but sad and heart-rending must be the thoughts of Samuel G—, as he looks upon it and remembers, "The fact that I did not obey my parents caused the death of my early associate, Lorenzo D—," My young reader, beware of the first sin. You know not what will be the second. You know not what may be the terrible results of the first.—*Christian Penny Magazine.*