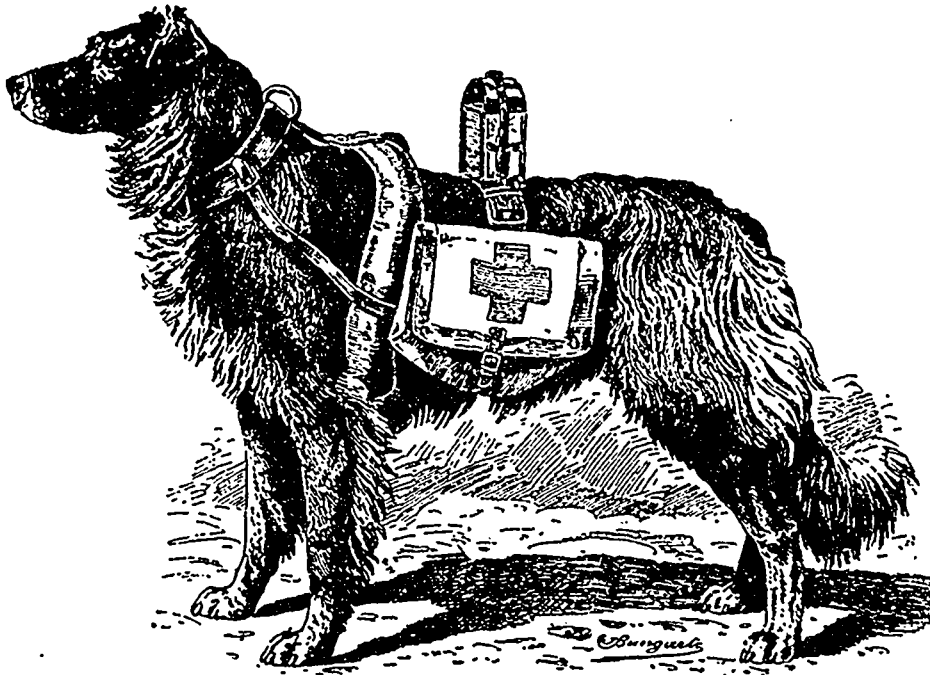


Young People's Department.



"TO THE RESCUE."

DOGS OF MERCY.

THIS dog is a member of the Red Cross Society. He goes with the kind nurses who help the wounded on the battlefield, and carries things for them. These dogs get to know all about it, and are just as much interested as the nurses themselves. They are like the grand old dogs of St. Bernard. Of course you have heard of them.

On a very high mountain in Italy there is a place where monks live, called the Hospice of St. Bernard. The monks keep some splendid large dogs, the largest in the world. They are called St. Bernard dogs. Travellers up this high mountain sometimes get lost in a heavy snowstorm, and get so tired and sleepy that they fall down, and would soon perish in the snow if not rescued. The fine dogs of St. Bernard are trained to go out in a storm and find these poor travellers. Each dog knows how to wake up a lost traveller, who finds tied to the dog's neck some stimulant to bring back his strength. This he takes and is able to walk again. Then the dog very proudly leads him to the Hospice, where the kind monks take care of him.

What a noble thing for a dog to do! A gentleman who visited the St. Bernard Hospice says that one morning after a storm one of these great, honest creatures came struggling through the snow, with his little barrel of stimulant hanging to his collar, and made his way round to the kennel where all the dogs are kept. The gentleman followed him. The kennel was a good, large room, and was full of dogs—all great big creatures—the delight of the monks. When the door opened these dogs all began to bark and whine at their companion that entered, and they gathered round him and wagged their tails, as much as to say, "Well, how did you get on to-day?" But Carlo (we will call him that) did not seem to be very happy. His head and his tail hung down to the floor, and he seemed ashamed of himself. After a while he crept off to a dark corner and lay down, blinking with his eyes, as if quite discouraged. A man came in to feed the dogs, but Carlo would not come when called. The sight of the food, even, did not tempt him. He merely opened his eyes a little wider and rapped slowly on the stone floor with his tail, but would not take any food. What was the matter with him? The man knew perfectly