

SOME HISTORIC DOGS.

(By Agnes Deans Cameron, Victoria, B.C.)

"Barry" was the famed mastiff of Great St. Bernard's in the early part of the last century, instrumental in saving forty human lives. Perhaps his most memorable achievement was rescuing a little boy whose mother had been killed in an avalanche, "Barry" carried the boy on his back to the hospice. The stuffed skin of this noble animal is still kept in the museum at Berne.

Another historic dog is "*The Dog of Montagus*" or "*Aubry's Dog*." In 1371 Aubry of Mondidier was murdered in the forest of Bondy. His dog after this showed a most unusual hatred to a man known as Richard of Macaire, always snarling and ready to fly at his throat when he appeared on the scene. Suspicion was excited, and Richard of Macaire was condemned to a judicial combat with the dog. He was killed, and in his dying moments confessed his crime. A picture of the combat was for years preserved in the Castle of Montagus.

Lord Byron's Dog. The poet Byron has by his epitaph in verse made historic the big Newfoundland "*Boatswain*." The dog is buried in the garden of Newstead Abbey, and his grave is surmounted by a marble shaft on which appears the poet's eulogy. The last quatrain being :

*"Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn
Pass on--it honors none you wish to mourn :
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise ;
I never knew but one,—and here he lies."*

Gelert—The last dog, but perhaps the best known in story is the brave Gelert of Llewellyn, the Welsh prince. If a lump does not come to your throat when you read of him 'tis because you are no lover of dogs.

One day a wolf entered the rough palace-hall where slept the baby son of the Royal House of Wales. Gelert, faithful sentry, flew at the wolf's throat and killed it. But a moment after, Llewellyn returned home, and, seeing the dog's mouth all bloody imagined that mischief had been done his child. With the hasty action of an impetuous race the Prince drew his sword and ran the dog through. Poor Gelert's dying yells awoke the child, and the father realized his fatal rashness. We can fancy that many times before his own death, when about to be overcome by that "rash humour which his mother gave him" the reproachful eyes of poor Gelert would come between the hasty Prince and some object of his wrath. Looking back through the years, too, can we not see Llewellyn leading the young heir's toddling footsteps to the tomb of Beth-Gelert, and watch the boy's eyes fill with tears as he hears the story of that "greater love" by means of which one life is laid down for another?

My Belief.

I have a belief of my own and it comforts me—that by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of a divine power against evil,—widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

—George Eliot.