

flesh and features tell the awful struggle between life and death. Some are recognized by friends and are taken away for burial, but many of the unfortunates were wandering workmen who, in daring the dread storm and the desolate pass, seeking something to do, have perished, leaving no trace as to who they were, or whether any friends in all the wide world would miss them at all. Some of the frozen figures lean against the walls of the little stone morgue like black statues, and retain the clenched hands, the back bowed to the storm, and the face of agony they bore when yielding to pain, exhaustion, and death—just when the lights of the Christian hospice shone too late across their hopeless way. A man, groping in the snow and dark, stands frozen stiff, with bowed head and extended arms. A mother clasps her child to her bosom in a frozen embrace of years, for both are dead and their stiffened bodies still pressed together will long haunt the memories of those who have ever entered this tomb of the frozen dead.

Amid the pleasure and novelty of the scene, the traveller is too apt to forget the dreariness of the eight or nine months of winter, when all the wayfarers are poor, when the cold is intense, the snow of great depth, and the dangers from storms frequent and imminent. It is then that the privations of the monks are most severe, and their services to their fellow-creatures are most invaluable.

The faithful dogs are still on duty at the St. Bernard, but like the monks, they are changing too, and Newfoundland dogs are gradually taking their place. It would be a wonder if any of the St. Bernard dogs were left; for dog-traders all over Europe sell genuine dogs of St. Bernard, and are inclined to frown, should any one suggest that a hundred thousand pups or so is a large breed from a dozen dogs.\*

At the commencement of the Ravine of Gondo, the wildest of all the Alpine defiles, Napoleon designed to erect a powerful fortress to maintain its neutrality. Ever wider grows the scene; ever steeper rise the granite walls, attaining a dizzy height; ever louder roars the tumultuous mountain-torrent in the depths of its rocky channel, as it forces its way with resistless vehemence through the boulders that impede its course. Terrific indeed is this ravine, and impressive in its savage grandeur: a symbol of the ceaseless struggles, never-resting energies, and tumultuous

\* The Rev. E. R. Young had a magnificent specimen procured for him by the Hon. Senator Sanford, of Hamilton. This intelligent and faithful animal more than once saved the life of the missionary by his fidelity and endurance.