

The Mount St. Bernard Dogs.

(By 'The Editor,' in 'Day' of Days.)

Noble fellows, brave and true! How many a precious life has been rescued by the Mount St. Bernard dogs!

A gallant dog, whose name was 'Barry,' was the means of saving no fewer than forty lives. An English lad who was rescued by him tells his story thus:—

He had been warned by his parents not to go far from the chalet (a wooden cottage), on the lower part of the Alpine Mountain, which is named St. Bernard, in which they were living; but one day, 'wishing to reach some very high peak and look down at the world through the clouds,' he disobeyed, and set off to climb as high as

sobbed out a prayer to God: I begged Him to forgive my disobedience, and for my poor parents' sake not let me die on the mountain. My mind seemed to grow quite confused, and I either fell asleep or fainted.'

Now was the time for brave 'Barry' to become God's messenger of help. 'The first thing which I remember,' he continues, 'when I awoke, was the feeling of warm breath on my cheek. I started and cried out with terror, for I thought it might be some wild animal. But it was a true friend—a noble St. Bernard dog, which had found its way through the snow, guided, doubtless, by its power of scent, or rather by a kind Providence, to my side.'

'I soon found I had nothing to fear. He licked me, breathed on me, rubbed me with

heard the sound of a human voice, and saw the bright glow of a fire.'

When 'Barry's' useful career was ended, his body was carefully buried; and his skin, stuffed to look like life, was placed in the Museum of Bern.

He who 'runs' may 'read' the lesson of my story. Never disobey parents! Be a helper of the helpless! And for the sake of brave old 'Barry,' honor the noble dog, and be kind to all 'God's creatures.'

A Good Confession.

The chains that have bound me are flung to the wind,

By the mercy of God the poor slave is set free;

And the strong grace of Heaven breathes fresh o'er the mind

Like the bright winds of Summer that gladden the sea.

There was naught in God's world half so dark or so vile

As the sin and the bondage that fettered my soul:

There was naught half so base as the malice and guile

Of my own sordid passions, or Satan's control.

For years I have borne about hell in my breast;

When I thought of my God it was nothing but gloom;

Day brought me no pleasure, night gave me no rest,

There was still the grim shadow of horrible doom.

It seemed as if nothing less likely could be, Than that light should break in on a dungeon so deep;

To create a new world were less hard than to free

The slave from his bondage, the soul from its sleep.

But the word has gone forth, and said, 'Let there be light,'

And it flashed through my soul like a sharp passing smart.

One look from my Saviour, and all the dark night,

Like a dream scarce remembered, was gone from my heart.

I cried out for mercy and fell on my knees, And confessed while my heart with keen sorrow was wrung;

'Twas labor of minutes, and years of disease Fell as fast from my soul as the words from my tongue.

And now, blest be God and the sweet Lord who died,

No deer on the mountain, no bird in the sky,

No bright wave that leaps o'er the dark bounding tide,

Is a creature so free or so happy as I.

All hail, then, all hail to the dear precious blood

That hath worked these sweet wonders of mercy in me.

May each day countless numbers throng down to its flood,

And God have His glory and sinners go free.

—F. W. Faber.

It is a sad fact that many a native Christian in India gets his first taste of intoxicating wine at the Communion table, and that by using the wine of commerce in the Communion, a good reason is given to the heathen for saying that it is a part of Christianity to drink wine. There is no excuse for this when the pure juice of the grape can be so easily obtained.



he could. He climbed, alas! too high; and then, tired, alone, and hungry, the snow began to fall. It covered the ground and hid the path, and the track of his feet, and he saw that return was hopeless; and yet to remain all night was to be frozen to death!

'I called out,' he said, 'but no one replied. I felt so pained by the thought of my disobedience. At last, quite exhausted, I sank down in the snow and cried bitter tears, which almost froze on my cheeks, I

his rough hairy coat, tried to rouse me to motion, and showed me a little can of drink tied round his neck. At last I reached the can with my stiff, trembling fingers, and refreshed by the contents I felt the life coming back to my limbs. I could not walk, but I dragged myself on to the dog's shaggy back. With his heavy burden he bravely struggled through the snow; and soon I found myself sheltered, fed, and warmed, and placed in a comfortable bed. Never shall I forget my joy when I again