

lives (one chronicler puts the number even higher), and then to have perished in the attempt to save yet another.

The popular idea of the St. Bernard dogs and their work, as gained from old books of travel, is that they wander about on the mountains, alone or in couples, searching for lost travellers and bearing cordials and wraps with which to relieve them; that they scrape away the snow from those who are almost buried, restore them to consciousness by licking the hands and faces and warming them with their bodies, and summon the monks to their relief by loud barking. Such



THE REAL ST. BERNARD DOGS

a picture, however true it may have been of the work of the dogs in the past, hardly corresponds with the realities of the present day. The dogs never go out alone, but always in the company of the monks or domestics of the hospice. Nor do either they or their masters wander about promiscuously in search of possible lost travellers. The monks at the hospice are informed by telephone from the last inn on the way up the pass on each side when a party of travellers are on their way, and if they do not arrive within reasonable time a relief party from the hospice, accompanied by dogs, go out to seek them.

It follows that it is hardly possible, under modern conditions, for any one of the dogs to achieve such a record as that of the famous Barry. Nevertheless, the dogs are invaluable as aids in the work of rescue. They have a marvellous instinct, which enables them to detect danger from avalanches or floods better than the most experienced of human mountaineers, and their sense of smell is so acute that they can follow the beaten track in the dark or when it is entirely covered with snow, never failing to lead their masters and any travellers they may have found safely back to the hospice. The nine dogs at present at the hospice are no doubt very different in character from those which accompanied the noble-hearted monk, Bernard de Menthon, into the original hospice which he established in the tenth century.

The St. Bernard dog, as we know it to-day, is a breed that has been developed on the mountains by the careful crossing of various types, and is adapted as no other dog could possibly be for its unique and beneficent work.—*The Quiver*.

The Power of Music

THERE is something very wonderful in music. Words are wonderful enough, but music is even more wonderful. It speaks not to our thoughts as words do; it speaks straight to our hearts and spirits, to the very core and root of our souls. Music soothes us, stirs us up; it puts noble feelings into us; it melts us to tears, we know not how; it is language by itself, just as perfect in its way as speech, as words; just as divine, just as blessed. Music has been called the speech of angels; I go further, and call it the speech of God Himself.—Charles Kingsley.

How to Store Knowledge

LEARN to use your senses, be quick to notice any changes in the house you live in, or in the clouds and sky, open your eyes to sights of birds and insects as you walk, your ears to their songs, and your heart and intellect to the impressions of nature. Look as well as see, listen as well as hear, touch as well as feel. Practise judging distances and making allowances for different kinds of illumination; learn to detect the optical and sensory fallacies of which you read in books on mental physiology.

Exercise not only your muscles, but your power of discriminating weights. Cultivate walking and make it a pleasure as well as a convenience. Take every opportunity of learning any bodily exercise, whether riding or swimming, rowing or sailing, and whatever you do, do it, as Fox said he did, "with all your resources at the time." Learn, as you may very well without being artists, to draw sufficiently to explain your meaning. Never waste time over worthless literature, and in order to be sure of what is good read chiefly that which has withstood devouring time and remains to us as the carefully winnowed and approved result of the imagination, the wisdom, and the wit of past centuries. Beware of prejudices, prejudices of your profession, prejudices of your education, prejudices of your country.

Remember that all that you think of your country, and which you rightly ought to think, is also thought by French and Germans and Hungarians and Chinese concerning their own country.—*Dr. Pye-Smith*.

A Christian Hero.

THE following, taken from *Harper's Magazine*, is Mr. Norman Duncan's tribute to Dr. Grenfell, the original of the hero of "Dr. Luke, of the Labrador."

Fear of the sea is quite incomprehensible to this man. But the Doctor is very far from being a dare-devil; though he is, to be sure, a man altogether unafraid; it seems to me that his heart can never have known the throbs of fear. Perhaps this is in part because he has a blessed lack of imagination; in part, perhaps, because he has a body sound as God ever gave to man, and has used it as a man should; but it is chiefly because of his simple and splendid faith that he is an instrument in God's hands—God's to do with as He will, as he would say. His faith is exceptional, I am sure—childlike, steady, overmastering, and withal, if I may so characterize it, healthy. It takes something such as the faith he has to run a little steamer at full speed in the fog when there is ice on every hand. It is hardly credible, but it is quite true and short of the truth; neither wind, nor ice, nor fog, nor all combined can keep the *Strathcona* in the harbor when there is a call for help from beyond. The Doctor clammers cheerfully out on the bowsprit, and keeps both eyes open. "As the Lord wills," says he, "whether for wreck or service. I am about His business."

Thus and for all time, in storm and in sunshine, summer and winter weather, Grenfell, of the Deep Sea Mission, goes about doing good; if it's not in a boat, it's in a dog sled. He is what he likes to call "a Christian man." But he is also a hero—at once the bravest and the most beneficently useful man I know. If he regrets his isolation, if the hardships of the life sometimes oppress him, no man knows it. He does much, but there is much more to do. If the good people of the world would but give a little more of what they have so abundantly—and if they could but know the need, they would surely do that—joy might be multiplied on that coast; nor would any man be wronged by misguided charity.