

THE LOST CHILD.

I.

It was a clear, cold, winter night,
The heavens were brightly starred,
When on St. Bernard's snowy height
The good monks kept their guard.

And round their hearth that night they told,
To one who shelter craved,
How the brave dog, he thought so old,
Full forty lives had saved ;

When suddenly, with kindling eye,
Up sprang the old dog there,
As from afar a child's shrill cry
Rang through the frosty air.

In haste the monks unbarred the door,
Rugs round the mastiffs threw ;
And as they bounded forth once more,
Called, " Blessings be with you !"

II.

They harried headlong down the hill,
Past many a snow-wreath wild,
Until the older dog stood still
Beside a sleeping child.

He licked the little icy hand,
With his rough, kindly tongue ;
With his warm breath he gently fanned
The tresses fair and long.

The child looked up with eyes of blue,
As if the whole he guessed ;
His arms around the dog he threw,
And sunk again to rest.

Once more he woke, and wrapped him fast
In the warm covering sent ;
The dogs then with their charge, at last,
Up the steep mountain went.