

But lured, it lapped the milk, and, strengthened, strove
To climb into the little sleeper's cot.
It strove but failed, and, guided by a gentle
Hand, it fell at last into the open
Stocking, head above, and finding comfort,
Softly purred and slept.

Ah, sleeping boy,
Thou dreamest not the joy awaiting thee—
The empty place within thy heart shall soon
Be filled, thy grief assuaged, thy hot tears dried.
'Tis little value—but 'tis much to thee—
Because thy love is wrapped up there, and love
Is value's measure in the heart of rich
And poor.

The boy awoke and rubbed his eyes.
The sun had risen o'er the grand ravine,
A silver scene, and sent its slanting rays
Of gold beneath the blind, across the cot.
He waited not, but crept along and looked
Below. Two eyes looked up. A moment mutual
Magnetized, transfixed ! He drew the creature
From its woollen bed, he kissed it,—pressed it
To his cheek—and wept for joy. The mother
Woke. The midnight "gift" was seen and gladly
Welcomed home while David slept, and now
She also wept for joy. No home was happier
On that Christmas morn. No gift was costlier
Than the gift that meant the wasted worthless
Waif's return.