

PRICE ONE SHILLING; OR MOUNTED WITH LINEN, TWO SHILLINGS.



AUNT LOUISA'S LONDON TOY BOOKS



HECTOR THE DOG

LONDON.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO.

HECTOR THE DOG.

Man loves the dog, the dog loves man :
The dog is trusty, strong, and brave,
And God has on the dog bestowed
The power and will man's life to save.

And often has the tale been told,
How, borne along in eager strife,
While struggling hard to rescue man,
The noble dog has lost his life.

THE little inn of Martigny
Had but few guests on Christmas
Eve,
For men at home made festive cheer,
And cared not household joys to leave.

But near the door a trav'ler stood,
Who with his host had earnest talk,
With knapsack girt and staff in hand,
All ready for a mountain walk.

“Nay, stay to-night; the way is long;
Dark clouds are flitting o'er the sky;
A storm is brewing, trust my word,—
I hear the raven's warning cry.

“Come, friend, give up thy toilsome walk,
And spend thy Christmas with us
here.”

The landlord spoke with kindly voice,
Himself a well-train'd mountaineer.

“Nay, press me not,” the man replied;
“I must get home by Christmas Day.
“The mountain-pass I know right well,
Its hoary peaks and boulders gray.

“Ten years ago I left my home
My fortune in the world to seek :
It seems to me a long, long time
Since last I saw these mountains bleak.



“I promised them that, come what might,
I would be home on Christmas Day;
So farewell; may GOD’S blessing be
With me along my toilsome way.”

In the fast-fading evening light
He then pursued his lonely road,
Onward and upward through the snow,
Leaving behind him man’s abode.

Above him rose the snowy peaks,
Still glowing white against the sky,
And many a crevasse, deep and wide,
Around his path he could descry.

Upward and onward still he toil’d,
His heart was beating loud and fast:
He’d reach’d his own dear fatherland,
Danger and toil were well-nigh past.

He long’d to hear his father’s voice,
His mother’s kiss once more to feel,
And in the quiet restful home
With them once more in prayer to kneel.

He long’d to spread before their gaze
The honest gains of many a year,
Earn’d with hard toil for those he lov’d,
And guarded with a jealous care.

His father with his silver hair,
His mother with her kind blue eyes,
His sisters, little playmates once,—
Would he their faces recognize?

Colder and colder blew the wind,
It whistled up the mountain-pass;
The blinding snow-storm flew before;
The ice was slippery as glass.

Onward he went, but cautiously:
“Surely I have not miss’d my way?
The night grows dark, ’t is piercing cold:
Can I hold on till dawn of day?”

And still he battled with the storm,
That every moment fiercer grew,
And stronger came the dreadful thought
That he the way no longer knew.

And now his strength is ebbing fast;
His head is sinking on his breast.
Oh! could he in that fearful storm
But find some shelter, gain some rest!

Happy for him that at that time,
Alone upon the mountain-side,
He knew that to his Father’s love
His life or death he might confide.



The eddying snow-wreath whirl'd around,
Snow hid the path, snow fill'd the air.
He fell unconscious to the ground,
The object of a Father's care.

Above the smooth white-sheeted snow
The convent-walls rose dark and high,
And bright the clear, cold stars look'd
down
From out the wind-swept winter sky.

The stately shadows, broad and dark,
Lay stretch'd along the mountain-side,
And through the narrow windows gleam'd
The blazing logs of Christmas-tide.

It was the holy Christmas Eve,
When joy in Christian homes should be,
And in this lonely monast'ry
Was friendly talk and quiet glee.

And truly none deserved it more
Than these lone men of lowly mind,
Who, in their Master's steps to tread,
Had left the pleasant world behind.

That was a scene for painter's art,
Those men so calm, so free from strife,
Who bore upon each rugged face
The impress of a noble life.

Nor men alone composed the group :
Four dogs, of pure St. Bernard blood,
Or slept unconscious on the hearth,
Or by their masters proudly stood ;

Calm, lofty, steadfast, great, and strong,
A picture of the mountains round ;
Both dogs and masters in one tie
Of kindly brotherhood fast bound.

What was their life ? had selfish aim
Enticed them to this lonely spot,
Life's toil and burden to escape,
Its battle-field to enter not ?

No, surely ; not in sinful ease
The daily life of each was spent,
But to fight hand in hand with Death
Each nerve was strain'd, each pow'r
was bent.

For here, amongst the snow and ice,
The everlasting winter cold,
Full many a weary traveller
Had died unknown since days of old.

And so to seek and save the lost
These men and dogs were living here ;
Bravely they daily risk'd their lives,
Nor e'er gave way to thought of fear.





Vespers are over. In the hall
The monks are gather'd round the board
To celebrate the joyful feast
With the best cheer their stores afford.

The noble dogs are feasting now,
Fed with kind hands and loving care,
For if they share their masters' toils
Their joys and feasts they also share.

"Brethren and friends," the Prior said,
"The night grows wild, the storm gets
high,
The dogs are restless; some must go,
If help is needed. to be nigh.

"This night we'll sing our hymn to GOD
With shepherds and the angelic host;
But you will praise whilst yet you serve,
And by the serving praise Him most."

So, taking hatchets, torches, ropes,
The monks and dogs together went;
They make towards the mountain-pass,
And soon the dogs are on a scent.

Smelling and sniffing through the storm,
Their noble heads bent to the snow,
Close follow'd by the stalwart monks,
They bravely up the mountain go.

"Full sure, I guess," said Brother Ralph,
"Some traveller is out to-night,
And sure I am that for his life
With storm and snow he'll have to fight.

"And if but once he miss the path
Hard by the precipice which winds,
A fearful sight 't will be for him
The mangled traveller that finds.

"But, see, the dogs are on the track;
See how with one consent they go;
They've turn'd the point, they're out of
sight:
And, hark! that baying down below!"

The monks rush on with breathless speed,
All on the strain, no word they say;
But as they breast the storm-blasts' rage,
With silent earnestness they pray.

They turn the point, and down below
The eager, striving dogs they see,
All on a narrow ledge that hangs
Projecting o'er the icy sea.

There's one way down, but e'en in light,
When all is calm, on summer's day,
While in pursuit of mountain goat,
The hunter dreads that dizzy way.



The brothers pause, and peering down,
Each grasps the other as he stands;
The noble hounds will do till death
What their life-saving law commands.

First one and then the other down
That fearful steep, with shuddering
cry,
They creep, they cringe, they bound, they
roll,
And now on snow-slip swiftly fly.

The snow-slip takes a happy turn,
And lands them on the icy sea,
And sharp glad barkings upward send
The tidings of their victory.

And thanks to GOD! the storm is past,
The gentle moon gives out her light
To guide their footsteps down each steep,
And aid their swing from height to
height.

They reach at length the sea of ice,
Three dogs come bounding to their
side:
The fourth, brave Hector, where was he
Hurl'd by the avalanche's slide?

Anxious and eager rush the dogs
To where a face of hopeful glow
And firm resolve, in death-like swoon,
Peers upward from the open'd snow.

What dogs could do these dogs have done;
Man's skill and care must do the rest;
And sooner far than could be thought
Their efforts with success were blest.

But other cares await them now:
No sooner had they shown the man,
Then, darting off with eager haste,
The hounds to farther distance ran.

Hector they seek with whine and cries;
They scratch the appalling mound of
snow,

Which, loosen'd from the mountain-side,
Had swept them with it down below.

Vain work for dogs! vain work for men!
Thousands of tons of ice and snow,
Heap'd up in one vast funeral pile,
Poor Hector holds entombed below.

Alas! poor Hector! Gone for him
Those scampers on the mountain's side,
Where to lead men from height to height
Still upward, was his joy and pride.



The bright blue sky,
The torrent's roar, the
The foes with which

For winter oft would s

To prowl among the ice
And oft the bear would s

That shudder'd on their path

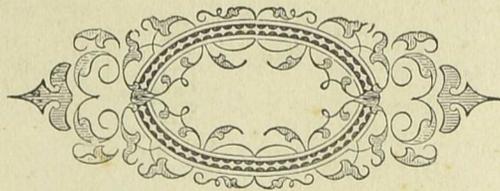
Then mighty courage filled the heart
Of Hector, bravest of the brave,
And forth he rushed with eager haste
The trembling flocks and herds to save.

But now no more: his work is done;
The dog has met a hero's end!
With deep-drawn sigh the brethren mourn
Their mute companion and their friend.

ance to the
lound

There watchful care attends the couch
Where rests the traveller return'd,
And swift feet carry to his home
Good news from one they might have
mourn'd.

But as each Christmas-tide return'd,
And still he toil'd in life's rough way,
With thankful praise he join'd in thought
Hector, the dog, and Christmas Day.



This book forms part of
The Osborne Collection of Children's Books
presented to the Toronto Public Libraries by
Edgar Osborne
in memory of his wife
MABEL OSBORNE

WARNE'S NURSERY LITERATURE

"Children will be delighted with these books."—*City Press.*

AUNT LOUISA'S LONDON TOY BOOKS.

In demy 4to, 1s. each, stiff wrappers; or, mounted, 2s.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. THE RAILWAY A B C. | 7. EDITH AND MILLY'S HOUSE-KEEPING. | 12. ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN. |
| 2. A, APPLE PIE. | 8. JOHN GILPIN. | 13. ALPHABET OF FRUITS. |
| 3. NURSERY RHYMES. | 9. SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE. | 14. FRISKY THE SQUIRREL. |
| 4. CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS. | 10. THE SEA-SIDE. | 15. COUNTRY PETS. |
| 5. NURSERY SONGS. | 11. THE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS EVE. | 16. PUSSY'S LONDON LIFE. |
| 6. THE LIFE OF A DOLL. | | 17. HECTOR THE DOG. |

With large Original Plates by the first Artists, in the very best style of Colour Printing, with Letterpress Descriptions.

AUNT LOUISA'S SUNDAY PICTURE BOOKS.

With Twelve Original Illustrations, printed in Colours. Demy 4to, fancy wrapper, 1s. each; or, mounted with linen, 2s. each.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN. | 3. THE STORY OF KING DAVID. |
| 2. THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON. | 4. THE WONDERS OF PROVIDENCE. |

WARNE'S CHOICE EDITIONS.

In demy 4to, price 5s. each, elegantly gilt, new style.

AUNT LOUISA'S LONDON PICTURE BOOK,

COMPRISING

THE RAILWAY A B C. | NURSERY RHYMES.
A, APPLE PIE. | CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS.

With Twenty-four pages of Illustrations, printed in Colours by Kronheim.

AUNT LOUISA'S LONDON GIFT BOOK,

COMPRISING

EDITH AND MILLY'S HOUSE-KEEPING. | NURSERY SONGS.
JOHN GILPIN. | LIFE OF A DOLL.

With Twenty-four pages of Illustrations, printed in Colours by Kronheim.

AUNT LOUISA'S KEEPSAKE,

COMPRISING

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE. | ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN.
THE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS EVE. | THE SEA-SIDE.

With Twenty-four pages of Illustrations, printed in Colours by Kronheim and Dalziels.

AUNT LOUISA'S SUNDAY PICTURE BOOK,

COMPRISING

THE STORY OF KING DAVID. | JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.
THE WONDERS OF PROVIDENCE. | THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

With Twenty-four pages of Illustrations, printed in Colours by Edmund Evans.

** The above mounted on linen, strongly and elegantly bound, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 10s. 6d. each.

WARNE'S LARGE PICTURE TOY BOOKS.

In large crown 4to, price 6d. each, with handsome Wrappers; or, mounted with linen, 1s.

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| HORSES. | HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT. | RED RIDING-HOOD. |
| BOOK OF TRADES. | COCK ROBIN'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. | OBJECT ALPHABET. |
| JACK IN THE BOX. | DOGS. | OUR PETS. |
| CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. | EDITH'S A B C. | CINDERELLA. |
| COCK ROBIN'S DEATH AND BURIAL. | SUNDAY ALPHABET. | NURSERY RHYME ALPHABET. |
| PUNCH AND JUDY. | OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. | ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. |
| | | GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. |

** These Toy Books are produced at a very large outlay, on thick, hard paper, in the best style of Colour Printing, with the determination of having them better than any yet published.

WARNE'S PICTURE PLAYMATE.

In large crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each, cloth gilt; with Forty-eight pages of Illustrations, printed in Colours.

First Series, comprising

RED RIDING-HOOD.	HORSES.	DOGS.
COCK ROBIN'S DEATH, &c.	OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.	OBJECT ALPHABET.

Second Series, comprising

EDITH'S ALPHABET.	JACK IN THE-BOX.	CINDERELLA.
CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.	OUR PETS.	PUNCH AND JUDY.

Third Series, comprising

HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.	SUNDAY ALPHABET.	ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.
COCK ROBIN'S COURTSHIP, &c.	BOOK OF TRADES.	NURSERY RHYMES.

LONDON: FREDERICK WARNE & CO., BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

NEW YORK: SCRIBNER, WELFORD, & CO.