

nose at the breast of my ulster. I unbuttoned it, and tucked her inside. Then she gave a contented little sniff, and fell fast asleep, her head on my breast, till we bundled out at Simla, two of the four happiest people in all the world that night.

#### THE POWER OF THE DOG

There is sorrow enough in the natural way  
From men and women to fill our day;  
But when we are certain of sorrow in store,  
Why do we always arrange for more?  
Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware  
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.

Buy a pup and your money will buy  
Love unflinching that cannot lie--  
Perfect passion and worship fed  
By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head.  
Nevertheless it is hardly fair  
To risk your heart for a dog to tear.

When the fourteen years which Nature permits  
Are closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits,

And the vet's unspoken prescription runs  
To lethal chambers or loaded guns,  
Then you will find--it's your own affair  
But... you've given your heart to a dog to tear.

When the body that lived at your single will  
When the whimper of welcome is stilled (how still!)  
When the spirit that answered your every mood  
Is gone wherever it goes--for good,  
You will discover how much you care,  
And will give your heart to a dog to tear!

We've sorrow enough in the natural way,  
When it comes to burying Christian clay.  
Our loves are not given, but only lent,  
At compound interest of cent per cent.  
Though it is not always the case, I believe,  
That the longer we've kept 'em, the more do we grieve:  
For, when debts are payable, right or wrong,  
A short-time loan is as bad as a long  
So why in Heaven (before we are there!)  
Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear?