

294.—DOMINION

Food makes misfortune's fardeaus live.
Why then, if pain devours, feed you your dog?
Humane is it to kill the suffering hog,
And respite from his agony to give.

Why can't the suicide cut life short, if
He's fallen in backwaters' mantling bog,
To bay the moon doomed, with the barking frog;—
And give surcease to ills that his heart grieve?

Life is the gift of Nature, nor have men
Dominion over it. God filled the land
And sea and sky, with finny fishes, flocks
That roam the earth and air—the deer, the wren,
The minnow; these for food can he command:
But kill himself, the deity he mocks.