

The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours; they have pulsations in various parts of the body like ourselves; they sicken and grow feeble with age, and finally they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings, and what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter—they possess the same instinct with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs, or the little bird whose household has been stolen fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of the deepest pathos. All this is palpable to the general and unlearned eye, and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living object of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. There is unmixed and unmitigated pain; the agonies of martyrdom, without the alleviation of the hopes and sentiments whereof they are incapable. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish, and so on that bed of torment, whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell and against which it can offer no remonstrance, and an unfold, an unknown amount of wretchedness, of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence, and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors."

What noble sentiments are here inculcated by this great and good man! Who among us does not feel moved by the deep pathos of his portrayal of the suffering animal? Gentlemen, at the outset of your careers, it is well that you should keep the facts ever before you, that you are assuming very important and, in a moral sense, responsible positions when you become ministers to the sick and suffering animals who have not powers of communicative intelligence; and it is unquestionably your duty to study well the degree of intelligence and capability of comprehension possessed by those dumb and patient animals which are the objects of your care. If the subject is new to you—if you have not yet had your thoughts directed to the observation of

EVIDENCES OF REASONING POWERS

in animals, pray lose no time in beginning. Every day will open up new evidences of intelligence and consciousness under circumstances which preclude the idea of their

being due to instinct alone, from the fact that the circumstances calling forth these evidences are entirely new to the animal. I will give you a single illustration from different species. Take for instance the case of the martin, which was related to me recently by a particular friend, Mr. Hugh Paton, and which occurred at his country house, ten miles from Montreal, a year ago. The woodwork to which a martin had attached her nest having to be removed, left the bird homeless at a time when she was just about to lay her eggs, causing great disappointment to the pair of birds, which was plainly expressed by the commotion they made. A little grey-bird which had for several years built her nest in an adjoining hedge was sitting on four little eggs. The martin finding her own nest gone and having to deposit her eggs somewhere, bethought herself of her little neighbor and probably asked her consent to allow her to deposit her egg in her nest. Whether the consent was given or not, the martin was seen to take possession. She ejected one of the smaller bird's eggs to make room for her own large one. Then she left her neighbor in peace. We can hardly suppose that the little bird was unconscious of the change. Yet she did not retaliate; she continued her sitting till she hatched her own as well as the martin's young one, and we can understand how her troubles increased. If the egg was too large for the nest, how must the young bird have filled it? Yet, strange to say, by one means and another she not only managed to house the foster child, but to feed it too. Now, we know that the food on which she feeds herself and her young ones is very different from that on which the martin feeds, and no doubt like a good mother she would feed her family proportionate to their requirements. But would not the big fellow starve on what would feed the little ones? Yet we find that she not only gave him the right kind of food, but in sufficient quantity; for we are told that he developed into a full-fledged martin, and no doubt is to-day forming an important member of a community of martins.

WAS IT INSTINCT

that caused that martin to betake herself to the friendly nest of her housekeeping neighbor? I think not. It was clearly a train of thought in consciousness. The egg had to be laid. Her own nest was gone; she had no time to build another. She may have tried her own tribe, but they would allow