

LECTURE.

SLIDE 1.—SLEIGH AND PAIR OUTSIDE A CHURCH IN WINTER.

"Oh, all ye beasts and cattle, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

So had sung the congregation in a fashionable church, while *outside* the gates in the wintry wind stood several elegant equipages, many of them being sleighs; for a snow-storm of the day previous gave excuse for a sleigh-drive to church. The beautiful horses attached to many of the vehicles were disfigured by the tight check-rein and the tail being docked. One especially handsome pair attached to a sleigh, though closely clipped had no rug over them, and stood, as we see them in the picture, a shivering pair, their sides steaming, owing to the rapid rate the coachman had driven them; also cruelly docked and with the check-rein tight to the utmost demand of fashion.

"Spot," said one of the horses, "I'm shivering with cold, and tortured with this abominable bearing-rein and tight collar. Let us make a break for the country, and try to find our old home and kind master."

"Don't try it, Petrel," answered his comrade, "though I am just as sick of this wretched harness as you are, not to speak of the bare-faced theft of our tails, and they saying the eighth commandment in the church. Still, my dear comrade, I must repeat, don't try to run away; we couldn't run far with this sleigh at our backs. It would end in a big smash-up and the whip for us."

"Oh, pshaw, Spot; you are always preaching!" exclaimed Petrel, stamping his foot impatiently.

"Well, yes, you are right," responded Spot, emphatically, and trying to nod his poor tired head as we do; but as we see, it is fastened back so tightly he cannot say yes, with a nod, as we do. "You see, Petrel," continued Spot, "though we horses are very wise and know more than most men, still I must confess to have learned something of men's ways from the talks our friend the kind boy, Dick Niven, has with our ignorant hard-hearted groom, Nettle; and if I were in the pulpit in this church here, I would give the men a bit of a horse's mind on what I have heard Dick Niven say about the eighth commandment and the stealing of our tails. Goodness knows what we'll do without them in fly-time!"