

THROWN AWAY

And some are sulky, while some will plunge.

[*So ho! Steady! Stand still, you!*]

Some you must gentle, and some you must lunge.

[*There! There! Who wants to kill you?*]

Some — there are losses in every trade —

Will break their hearts ere bitted and made,

Will fight like fiends as the rope cuts lard,

And die dumb-mad in the breaking-yard.

— *Toolungala Stockyard Chorus.*

To rear a boy under what parents call the 'sheltered life system' is, if the boy must go into the world and fend for himself, not wise. Unless he be one in a thousand he has certainly to pass through many unnecessary troubles; and may, possibly, come to extreme grief simply from ignorance of the proper proportions of things.

Let a puppy eat the soap in the bath-room or chew a newly blacked boot. He chews and chuckles until, by and by, he finds out that blacking and Old Brown Windsor make him very sick; so he argues that soap and boots are not wholesome. Any old dog about the house will soon show him the unwisdom of biting big dogs' ears. Being young, he remembers and goes abroad, at six months, a well-mannered little beast with a chastened appetite. If he had been kept away