

pain which continues for hours. If the law could be so altered as to enable lash for lash to be inflicted on the inhuman wretch who flogs a poor intelligent, sensitive horse, the practice would soon cease. Never cause pain or discomfort, by the use of unnecessary restraints, such as the bearing reins, particularly

WHAT IS CALLED THE OVERDRAWN CHECK,

which is a disgrace to modern civilization, and neither ornamental nor useful in more than one case in a thousand. Gentlemen, in conclusion, let me beg of you as future practitioners of veterinary science to think deeply of the intelligence, the sense and the reasoning faculties which exist in all lower animals, and in them as in men in varying degrees. Never become so careless or callous as to deal with them as if they had no feelings, no likes and dislikes, which you can, at least, avoid outraging without detriment to your operation. Nay, on the contrary, learn from the first to gain the confidence of your patients, as well as your clients. The latter will come as a sequel of the former. Never do or allow to be done, if in your power to prevent, a cruel thing to a dumb animal, which you would resent were it inflicted on yourself or your loved ones. I may have digressed from

psychology and merged into the prevention of cruelty, but gentlemen who can be cruel to a rational being possessed of attributes of mind and body similar to, though less highly developed, to our own, yet who has not the language to express it?

"Will none befriend that poor dumb brute?

Will no man rescue him?

With weaker effort, gasping mute,

He strains in every limb,

Spare him, O spare, he feels, he feels

Big tears roll from his eyes;

Another crushing blow; he reels,

Stagger, and falls, and dies.

Poor jaded horse, the blood runs cold,

Thy guiltless wrongs to see;

To heaven, O starved one, lame and old,

Thy dumb eye pleads for thee.

Thou, too, O dog, whose faithful zeal

Fawns on some ruffian grim,

He stripes thy skin with many a weal,

And yet thou lovest him.

Shame, that of all the loving chain

That links creation's plan,

There is but one delight in pain,

The savage monarch—man.

O cruelty! who could rehearse

Thy million dismal deeds,

Or track the workings of the curse

By which all nature bleeds?

Thou moucest crime! thou coward sin!

Thou base, flint-hearted vice!

Scorpion! to sting thy heart within

Thyself shalt all suffice.

The merciless is doubly curst,

As mercy is twice blest!

Vengeance, though slow, shall come—but first

The vengeance of the breast."

—Moncton Milnes.