

her and we submit it to you under the title of—

**A Nova Scotian's Tribute to the Cow.**

We have sung of a man and his achievements—of the poet, the orator, the statesman, and those who, in their lot in life, have done their duty. We have sung of our country—its resources, its beauties, its grandeur. We have written of the throngs of the city and have idolized the life 'midst green fields and by running waters. We have thrilled at the song of the bird and the speed of the swift limbed horse. We have wondered at the instinct of the beasts of the forest, the field, and the air. These things terrestrial have filled our minds. But who, that has pictured the brute creation, the noble horse, the mighty lion, or the songful bird, has stopped to think of her, who of all man's animal friends, is the greatest—the cow.

Remove her from this globe and think what we will take. Old England's roasts of beef, the food of her valor and solid achievement, those smoking steaks—we'll take them. That mug of milk by yonder high chair—we'll snatch it from the eager hands of that rosy-cheeked child. That plate of yellow butter, that pot of cream, that cheese—we'll take them and leave you to give thanks over dry bread and tea and strawberries unmellowed by these toothsome products of the cow. Those boots and shoes that save you from the snow and rain—we'll take them. And more too, for stop to think of what we owe the cow. From her head to her tail, there is not a thing but is used to minister to man's wants. Our milk, our cream, our butter, our cheese, all come from the cow. Her flesh is the food of all nations.

Her skin is on our feet and with it we guide our swiftest horse. We comb our hair with her horns. The very buttons that hold our clothes together are hers. We purify our sugar with her blood. We wash our hands with her fat. Her hair holds the plaster of our walls. Her hoofs are the source of our glue. Her bones and her blood fertilize our land. Her sons have drawn our plows and have cleared the fields by our settlers' cabins. None other like the cow. From morn to night, and from night to morn, she gathers her food and, even while we sleep, changes it into the food as well of our babes as of our aged parents.

Think of the commerce that would cease with her. Think of the long freight trains, the mighty ocean boats, the great stock yards, the creameries, and the factories all over the globe. Let her cease and half the world's commerce is at an end. Think of a Denmark, scarce two-thirds the size of Nova Scotia, exporting, through the medium of the cow, one hundred million dollars worth of produce. Think of a Holland vying this. Think of what she might do for this province by the sea.

Grand and noble brute—of all man's friends the best. Where'er enthroned prosperity rules. We pay our tribute to you. And he that would abuse you, would fail to care for you and feed you as he ought, we would remove from his table all that you have placed upon it. We would exalt you in our province. We would plead your rights, for in doing so we plead for everybody; the smiling babe, the loving mother, the aged grandparent, the merchant and the laborer, the pauper and the millionaire—yes, for humanity itself.