

## A HORSE'S PRAYER

To thee my Master, I offer my prayer, feed me, water and care  
for me and when the day's work is done, provide me with a  
shelter, a clean bed and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in  
comfort.

Be always gentle with me and talk to me. Your voice often  
means as much as the reins. Pet me sometimes that I may serve  
you more gladly and learn to love you.

Do not jerk the reins and do not whip me when going uphill.  
Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand you.  
Watch me, and if I fail your bidding, see whether something is  
wrong with my harness or feet.

Don't draw the straps too tight: Give me freedom to move my  
head. If you insist on my wearing blinkers to prevent me looking  
around, at least see that they do not press against my eyes.

Don't make my load too heavy and don't leave me tied up in the  
rain. See that my feet are well shod.

Examine my teeth when I do not eat, I may have an ulcerated  
tooth, and that, as you know is very painful.

Do not tie my head in an unnatural position or take away my  
best defence against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me pure cold water  
frequently. Do all you can to protect me from the rain; and throw  
a cover over me – not when I am working but when I am  
standing out in the cold.

Don't force an ice cold bit into my mouth, but warm it first in  
some hot water or in your hand.

I always try to do cheerfully the work you require of me; and  
day and night I stand for hours patiently waiting for you.

And finally, Oh my Master, when my useful strength is gone,  
do not turn me out to starve or freeze or sell me to some cruel  
owner to be slowly starved to death, but do thou, my Master,  
take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you  
here and hereafter.