

until in this thorny thicket it has become a hateful curse.

Spreading far and wide, as its seeds are transplanted by browsing cattle, this terrible pest now appears all over the country, wherever new lands are cleared for cultivation, baffling every effort of the settler to eradicate it from the soil.

#### THE FABLE OF THE ROSE AND THE VINE.

To the traveller's vivid imagination, the old deserted garden is haunted by the ghosts of that by-gone age, and as he thinks of those early pioneers who had lived, loved and laboured here, the very plants become eloquent, and appeal to his fancy in a language which may be thus interpreted:—

In the early days, when the garden was tended with such watchful care and skill, the lovely rose had complained bitterly to the vine, of the tyranny of that remorseless monster MAN, by whom her most promising buds were nipped off, and all her efforts at growth cruelly thwarted and checked.

That whenever she put forth a really healthy and vigorous shoot, it was sure to be pruned away.

That her most lovely blossoms were always cut off in their prime.

That the world, alas! was full of pain and suffering, and life was only repression, weariness, and disappointment; because, in short, she was never allowed to do as she liked.

The vine replied in tones of even greater bitterness:

"Oh! what an enemy to our race is MAN! How terribly cruel and vindictive is his nature, and how tormenting are all his ways!

"I want to live the free life to which I was born, and to have my own free will; but instead of being permitted to enjoy life's pleasures and grow into luxurious beauty, I am thwarted and pinched and restricted, and all my cherished plans doomed to disappointment. I am sure that if I only had the opportunity, I could do infinitely more good in the world.

"The birds only mock us when they say: 'Be patient, man is a Providence working for your good.' I want to know how that can possibly be good, when every bud I put forth is nipped before it opens, and every shoot I try to grow, is cut off as soon as it appears?"

"I want to rise in the world, to climb over all obstructions, and triumphantly assert my natural right, but this tyrant, man, has only brought us here to suffer, and I am sure he glories in our pain, for he smiles with happiness, whenever he checks our dearest desires.



"If man were good and knew everything, as the birds say, why does he check all our natural instincts, repress all our hopes, and take away all our joys? Oh! how earnestly I wish he would only just leave me alone!"

Then the stock of briar, on which the rose was grafted, might have been heard grumbling and growling from below, and this was the burden of her cry:

"Why am I doomed to live down here in the dark, damp earth? Why am I to give all my life and strength to nourish that gaudy foreign beauty, so cruelly grafted on