

We are not without this form of malice nearer home. Thus, in Ireland I have known an outgoing tenant, in spite of his eviction, to sow wild oats in the fields which he was leaving. These, like the tares of the parable, ripening and seeding themselves before the crops in which they were mingled, it became next to impossible to extirpate."

In his note upon this passage in his Greek Testament, Dean Alford says: "The practice it not unknown even in England at the present. Since the publication of the first edition of this commentary, a field belonging to the editor, at Gaddesby, in Leicestershire, was maliciously sown with charlock over the wheat. An action at law was brought by the tenant, and heavy damages obtained against the offender." Charlock is known to Canadian farmers as "wild mustard." The plant is not a native but an adventitious importation from Europe.

3. *The Chestnut Oaks.*—A Western farmer pointed out to a friend from the East a grove of trees and asked him what they were. "Chestnuts," was the confident reply. "Come and see," the farmer said. The ground was strewn with acorns. Greatly surprised the traveller looked up. The leaves surely were chestnut leaves, but the boughs hung full of acorns. It was the chestnut oak of the West. Not the leaf, but the fruit, decided the species. We often detect the chestnut oaks. The Manitoba maple is another illustration. A stranger would readily mistake it for an ash, judging by the leaf and general appearance, but the winged seeds declare its true relationship.

4. *The Reasonableness of Sin's Punishment.*—A rebel who hath stabbed an earthly prince but once, and deeply repents of his crime, is mercifully dealt with if he be imprisoned for life, were he to live a thousand years. An impenitent sinner hath risen against the Majesty of heaven a million of times, and "crucified the Prince of Life afresh," for, it may be ten, twenty, forty years. What is more, he goes on still in his rebellion, and his task of repenting to-morrow is only a contrivance to sin with more cheerfulness to-day. Now, if he die in this state, shall God be unjust in condemning him for life to his own choice, and punishing with infinite woes sins committed against an infinite Majesty—sins from which he should have been deterred by

considerations of infinite force; in short, sir, in which he would have lived forever had not death interposed?—*John Fletcher.*

5. The following quaint poem by Bishop Kerr, will be found interesting:

Lord, 'tis not in thy church alone,  
That tares among good corn are sown;  
Satan our hearts does discompose,  
His tares there sows.

Soon as the amiable Dove  
Sheds in our hearts celestial love;  
And our cleared heaven-erected eyes  
This world despise.

Soon as our powers begin to feel  
The suavities of heavenly zeal,  
And stand propending to obey  
Love's gentle sway.

Satan his force and wiles collects,  
Loose thoughts into our souls injects;  
Which our imaginations lure  
To loves impure.

Thy word, Lord, in this life declares  
That corn will mingled be with tares,  
Thou separation dost delay  
Till judgment day.

My God, let neither tares nor weeds  
Choke in my soul Thy heavenly seeds,  
Keep, Lord, what Thou Thyself dost sow  
From the cursed foe.

From the cursed foe, for in my heart  
'Tis he would fain usurp a part,  
But I to Thee my heart resign,  
Keep what is thine.

My love shall Satan's spite oppose,  
And if in me his tares he sows  
May he at judgment bear the blame  
I them disclaim.

Tares in the hearts of saints remain,  
Fails to the true and beauteous grain,  
For love thy trials are designed  
In souls refined.

Our birth propension sensual sows  
To wilful sin, which cherished grows;  
We all our life must God invoke  
That growth to choke.