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THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

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"William Shak—" began Captain Nazro; and then he broke off in sheer amazement, and said simply: "Well, I'm blown!"

"The Minister giv'em to me," said Captain January; "I reckon he knows. There's a dictionary too," he added, rather sadly, "but I can't make her take to that, nohow, though there's a power o' fine words in it."

One can well picture the strange training Little Star gets. The pair often "play" Shakespeare. Especially when she dresses up in some beautiful clothes contained in her mother's trunk—washed ashore from the wreck—Star unconsciously falls into a quaint method of speech which is amusing and captivating. She is never tired of hearing her Daddy Captain repeat the story of the rescue, prompting him if he makes the slightest slip—after the manner of little children.

When—after all these years of companionship—the time arrives that little Star's relatives by chance discover her, and Captain January is forced to see that his Jewel Bright ought to leave him, the scene is heartrending.

"I think there is no doubt of Star's being Mrs. Morton's niece."

"And what if she be?" Did she take her out of the sea as raged like all the devils let loose, and death itself a-hangin' round and fairly howlin' for that child? Did she stand on that rock, blind and deaf and e'ena' most mazed with the beatin' and roarin' and oneathly screechin' all round, and take that child from its dead mother's breast, and vow to the Lord as helped in savin' it, to do as should be done by it? Has she prayed, and worked, and sweat, and laid awake nights, for fear that child's fingers should ache, this ten years past? Has she—" The old man's voice broke off suddenly. The angry fire died out of his blue eyes, and he bowed his head humbly. "I ask yer pardon, Minister," he said quietly, after a pause. "I humbly ask yer pardon. I had forgotten the Lord, for all I was talkin' of Him so glib. I was takin' my view, and forgettin' the Lord had His. He takes things by and large, and nat'rally He takes 'em larger than mortal man kin do. Amen! So be it!"

The beautiful and pathetic finish of this story equals all the rest—which is saying much. To quote further would, perhaps, take from many readers the full and perfect enjoyment of a book which, of its kind, is a classic.

This authoress has written many other charming stories, called "The Captain January Series," a list of which is on the inside cover of the book.

FELIX.

Sleep and Health.

It is not sleep alone that rests the brain cell, though sleep is absolutely essential to recuperation of the brain as a whole. But not all parts of the brain are involved in any one kind of mental effort. The blood supply of the brain is so arranged that by expansion or contraction of different arteries parts of the brain may be flushed with blood and other parts dammed off, so to speak, somewhat as the various currents of an irrigated field are regulated by the gardener. And as rapid flow of blood is essential to great mental activity, this means that one part of the brain may be very actively at work while another part is resting and recuperating. Thus it is that a person suffering from brain fatigue may leave his desk and go out into the fields with a golf stick, or on the highways with a bicycle, and, by diverting his mind, give the overworked cells a chance to rest and recuperate. But it must not be overlooked that such exercise involves other brain cells, which, in turn, become exhausted, and that, in the end, for the recuperation of the brain as a whole, sleep is absolutely essential. No recreation, no medicine, no stimulant will take its place. The man who does not give himself sufficient hours of sleep, or who is unable to sleep when he makes the effort, it literally burning away his brain substance and can no more keep on indefinitely in this way than a locomotive can run on indefinitely without getting fresh supplies of fuel.—*New York Sun.*

Agriculture in the Bible and Bible Times.

BY REV. W. A. BURMAN, B. D., LECTURER IN BOTANY, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, WINNIPEG.

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ARTICLE IV.

"The first Garden and Gardener."

We cannot dwell longer now upon this fascinating theme of how this earth was prepared to be the home of man, and not only home, but the source from which his wants were to be supplied.

As Professor Owen has said, "Man is the ideal being towards whose appearance nature had been working from the earliest ages, a being therefore whose existence had been foreordained." As David says of God, "the earth hath He given to the children of men."

We pass on now to the opening story of how man at the very beginning was set to till the earth.

The story of Eden never loses its charm; but we must look at it now only as far as it bears upon our present subject.

In Gen. ii., 8 and 9, we read: "The Lord planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there He put the man whom He had formed, and out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight," etc.

Eden, "the delightful place" or "pleasantness"—God's garden; where it was we do not know. Where it matters not. It was God's handiwork; a garden planted by the Great King, and therefore sure to be bright and beautiful. We have come to call it "Paradise," a name which was originally given to

the pleasure grounds or parks of oriental monarchs.

Milton has sung its beauties in "Paradise Lost." Less known is the picture of Cædmon—the farmer on the lands of Whitby Abbey in England—who, in the 7th century, wrote a metrical paraphrase of parts of the Bible. Of Eden, he says:

"It stood good and spiritual, filled with gifts.
Fair washed the general land with running water
And welling brooks. No clouds as yet
Over the ample ground bore rains,
Lowering with winds;
Yet with all fruit earth stood adorned."

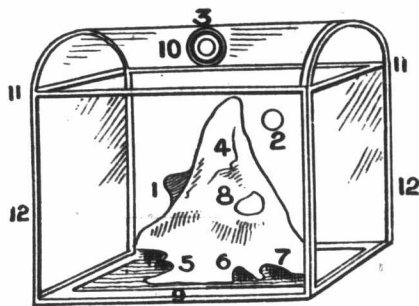
Long treatises have been written to prove, or disprove, some supposed location for this cradle of the human race. In the myths and legends of the ancients are found many stories suggestive of various parts of the Scripture narrative. The garden with its beauties—the wondrous trees, the temptation to eat of the fatal fruit, the serpent, the curse, the awful guards placed around the approach to the tree of life—all these have their counterpart in the folklore of races of long ago.

Perhaps later we may be able to give space to some of these intensely interesting stories, told or written as we tell or write now, to instruct or to amuse the serious, the inquisitive, the children of ancient days.

We are interested now in the work God gave to men. Gen. ii., 5: "The Lord God took Adam, and put him into the Garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it." The "earth" was to be his workhouse and his storehouse. He was to work, and that was to be not only a delight, but his livelihood. The garden had flowers as well as trees; it was a "pleasant place" and beautiful.

There man learnt his first lessons in the oldest of occupations—"to dress the earth and make it more beautiful by his toil, to keep—that is, to guard—and protect from harm that which he called by the dear, sweet name of "home."

How many a man and woman since to whom God has given some "spot of earth"—"to dress it and to keep it"—has found it "Eden" indeed—a "place of pleasantness"; and the tiny farm has seemed to many to deserve the name of Paradise. There is a significant lesson for us in the fact that the first employment given to men was the healthful, delightful work of caring for some corner of God's earth, that all mankind might be the richer thereby. Next there follows the sad story of the Fall and the Curse.



Map of the heavens and earth, by Cosmas, a monk of Alexandria, sixth century, known as "The man who sailed to India." Shows supposed site of Eden. Reproduced from Geikie's "Hours with the Bible." Original in British Museum.

KEY.

1. The setting sun.
2. The rising sun.
3. The arch of the heavens.
4. The mountain which receives the rising and setting sun.
5. The Mediterranean.
6. The Red Sea.
7. The Persian Gulf.
8. The Garden of Eden.
9. Part of great ocean encircling the world.
10. The Creator surveying His works.
11. The firmament dividing and supporting the upper waters.
12. The heavens at each side of the earth.

The punishment was expulsion from the Garden of God, with all its delights. Yet, it was not destruction, nor even removal from God's presence and God's earth. All that it meant has not been revealed, but aside from spiritual loss, it evidently meant hardship, anxiety, disappointment, and death in the future. Work was to be more arduous and less remunerative. The very earth seemed to frown upon them, for in place of fruit luscious and sustaining, instead of trees yielding knowledge and life, the ground cursed for man's wrong doing brought forth to his sorrow "thorns and thistles." Gen. iii., 17, 18. Whatever else this may mean (and its full significance is beyond our ken), it points to truth we are learning all along, that only by hard work and long toil can the earth be wooed to yield us our daily bread. Thorns, thistles, briars, weeds, that haunt us year by year and dog our footsteps wherever man treads—these are here with us to stay. No doubt they have their uses; they are no unmitigated curse, but they are a perpetual reminder of what folly and covetousness can do to wreck or mar human happiness.

Of the identity of the "thorns and thistles" here referred to, nothing certain is known, but some of these pests now prevailing in Palestine and Bible lands will be referred to in another chapter.

Waur Things than a Cough.

An old Scotch beadle, Saunders by name, was a great victim to asthma. One day whilst in the act of opening a grave, he was seized with a violent fit of coughing. The minister, towards whom Saunders bore little affection, at the same time entered the kirkyard, came up to the old man as he was leaning over his spade wiping the tears from his eyes, and said, "That's a very bad cough you've got, Saunders." "Ay, it's no very gude," was the dry response, "but there's a hantel fowk lyin' round about ye that would be gey glad o't."

THE QUIET HOUR.

Help that Comes Too Late.

'Tis a wearisome world, this world of ours,
With its tangles small and great,
Its weeds that smother the spring flowers,
And its hapless strifes with fate;
And the darkest day of its desolate days
Sces the help that comes too late.

Ah! woe for the word that is never said
Till the ear is too deaf to hear,
And woe for the lack to the fainting head
Of the ringing shout of cheer:
Ah! woe for the laggard feet that tread
In the mournful wake of the bier.

What booteth help when the heart is numb?
What booteth a broken spar
Of love thrown out when the lips are dumb
And life's bark drifteth far—
Oh! far and fast from the alien past
Over the moaning bar!

A pitiful thing the gift to-day
That is dross and nothing worth,
Though if it had come but yesterday
It had brimmed with sweet the earth—
A fading rose in a death-cold hand
That perished in want and dearth!

Who fain would help in this world of ours,
Where sorrowful steps must fall,
Bring help in time to the waning powers,
Ere the bier is spread with the pall:
Nor send resources when the flags are furled
And the dead beyond recall.

For baffling most in this weary world,
With its tangles small and great,
Its lonesome nights and its weary days,
And its struggles forlorn with fate,
Is that bitterest grief, too deep for tears,
Of the help that comes too late.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Some "Might Have Beens."

"There, I meant to have sent that coat and hat of Elsie's to the mission rooms!" said Mrs. Warner, as she began to clean out the closet in her little daughter's room in the early spring morning. "I am so sorry, for it would have kept some little body so comfortable during the very cold weather we have had. But now the weather is so mild, I think I had better pack it away until another winter."

That was one of the "might have beens." Some little child would have been made very happy by having that good warm coat which Elsie had outgrown, but just because of thoughtless procrastination it was left hanging in the closet, of no use to anybody.

"I believe there is a funeral across the way. I wonder who is dead," said Mrs. Whiton, as she stood by the window one afternoon.

"It was that little Barton girl's mother," replied the daughter, Agnes. "You know I told you she went to our Sunday-school and was in my class. Our teacher told Mrs. Hunter that the mother had been ill ever since they came here a month ago."

"It must be the very lady that Mrs. Hunter asked me to call upon because she was ill and a stranger," said the mother. "I told Mrs. Hunter I would try to go, but I really forgot all about it, so many other things have taken up my mind and my time."

That was one of the "might have beens." "I was a stranger and ye took Me not in." What comfort that neighbor could have brought into that suffering stranger's life if she had taken the time and trouble to go and see her during the last few days of her stay on earth. Oh, the "might have beens" that have made life lose so much of cheer and brightness! We could have brought joy into a sorrowing heart by a few words of hearty sympathy, but we let the opportunity pass and did not speak them. We might have given a lift to somebody who was carrying a tenfold heavier burden than we were, but we did not consider what help we could give, and passed by on the other side. Why are we so careless of these things that are but small matters for us to do, and yet are productive of so much good in the world? Why do we let the moth and rust destroy things that might have been of such great value to others if given at the proper time? Things that are useful to others should be considered as belonging to those of God's children who need them. They should never be allowed to hang or lie uselessly in secluded places in our home. We shall be called to account for wrapping up such talents and putting them aside where they are of no use to anybody as much as for letting other talents God has given us be idle.

Let us all remember the injunction, "Do good as ye have opportunity," and then we shall not have to sorrow over the "might have beens," the remembrances of which have come too late to bless and help.

"And still beyond your household duties reaching,
Stretch forth a helping hand—
So many stand in need of loving comfort
All over this wide land;
Perchance some soul you aid to-day, to-morrow
May with the angels sing—
Some one may go straight from your earthly table
To banquet with the King."

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close.

We cannot remain at rest! When we think of enjoying ourselves, a foe is sent us to try our valor, a friend to try our patience.

He that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is alive, prevents its doing any good to himself when he is dead.