



MR. TAKAHASHI, THE FARMER.

"He had it in a pot with verses of Scripture hung on it for the passing farmers to read."

THE STORY OF A POT OF RICE.

BY J. H. DE FOREST.

But here's a story for you, since you live in the great grain country of the Dominion of Canada. The grain of Japan, however, is not wheat or corn, but rice. And here is the charming story.

A farmer near here became a Christian two years ago, and at once began to tell his friends what a glorious thing it is to be a Christian. But they laughed at him and got sick of hearing about this new religion. So he thought and thought how to win their attention, and at last hit on this plan. He planted five or six grains of rice, carefully, one grain in each spot; then carefully manured and hoed half of them, leaving the other half to get on as best they could amid the growing weeds. For he had read the parables of Matthew, 13th chapter, and believed that the way to get at farmers' hearts would be through their farm work.

Well, the grains came up, and those that were carefully tended did splendidly, while the neglected ones did nothing but try to grow and failed. When I went there last summer he showed me what one grain of rice well cared for would do. He had it in a pot on his verandah with verses of Scripture hung on it for the passing farmers to read—about the grain that bears sixty or one hundred fold—and that was the way he drew farmers' attention to Christ's teachings. This bunch of rice that came from one grain had forty-three stalks to it and over 2,000 seeds! I was so pleased that I had it photographed in the pot, with Mr. Takahashi, the farmer. Seeing my plea-

sure he carefully dried the whole bunch, and sent it to me labelled, "God's rice," and I photographed it one afternoon on my verandah. Two little Japanese from my wife's Sunday-school got their heads taken also.

The seeds of Christian truth yield the best crop in the world. The Savinour modestly said "one hundredfold," but once in a while there comes one so skillful in sowing and tending the seed, that you can write at the end of the harvest "2,000 fold!" Here's your chance, girls and boys. Take it. Get the biggest crop out of your lives that is possible. Make your lives tell even in this far East.

A SUNDAY SEA STORY.

BY E. P. ALLAN.

What was the cloud that suddenly came over the bright faces of our little fishing party? It was Saturday evening, and the sun was dropping down behind their backs, as they stood on the long wharf jutting out into the sea, fishing for crabs.

Do you know how to fish for crabs? You have a line, and a pole if you choose, but no hook; little Bess held the line, on which was tied a scrap of raw meat, and looking down into the salt waves she presently saw a gray-colored thing, with a shell, and a strange collection of feet and legs, rise to the surface and seize hold of her bait.

Then right away, out of some deep place, there came another crab, and seized hold of the first one. This made the line so heavy that little Bess might have toppled over if it hadn't been for papa's holding on to her.

Now it was George's time. He carried the little dip-net with the open mouth, fastened to a long pole; this he now dipped down quickly under the crabs, lifting them up shining and dripping and kicking.

If you ask me what part Baby Buntin' took in the fishing, I can't tell you, except that she screamed with delight every time a crab was brought up, and a great many other times, too.

But as the sun was setting, it was time to go back to the hotel and tell about what we had done. Then the cloud I spoke of came over the faces of the crabbers.

"What's the matter, fishermen?" asked papa, looking from boy to girl.

"To-morrow is Sunday," exclaimed Bess; "mamma said we couldn't catch any crabs to-morrow."

"I wish Sunday wouldn't come to-morrow," sighed George.

"Why, little folks!" cried papa, "the sea has the most beautiful Sunday stories in the world to tell; we'll come down to the shore to-morrow, and listen for one."

With that promise they trooped back joyfully to mamma.

So, bright and early Sunday morning,

they all went off to the shore, and mamma went along this time.

"The story the sea is going to tell you today," said papa, "is of an animal that sees without eyes, hears without ears, eats without tongue or teeth, and walks without feet."

"O papa! you are making fun," cried George.

"No, here it is," said papa, and he pointed to a bright-colored flower growing just under the water. It had a thick stem and a crown of beautiful pink leaves.

"But that is a flower," exclaimed mamma.

"Do you think so?" said papa. "Can a flower be afraid? Look here!" He touched the thing, and in a minute all the long pink leaves had curled up, and it looked like an ugly knob. The children watched, and presently it uncurled again, the stem swelled, and it was a wide-open flower.

"Can a flower eat?" asked papa. "Look here!" he caught a little shrimp and dropped it just over the pink leaves or tendrils, and—would you believe it?—they snatched the shrimp and sucked it down into the middle, where papa said it would be digested.

"You see, this animal, which men call a sea-anemone, has no eyes nor ears, but it saw the shrimp coming; no tongue or teeth, but it has eaten him up; no feet, but when it pleases it can get off this rock, to which it seems to be fastened, go off to another and fasten itself there. Now let us remember that God has filled the earth and sky and sea with marvels like this; and greater than this; then we can look up to him this morning and say, 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all!'"



This is the bunch of rice which came from one grain, it had 43 stalks and over 2,000 seeds.