

A BLESSED OPPORTUNITY.

God gave me something very sweet, to be my own this day,  
A precious opportunity, a word for Christ to say,  
A soul that my desire might reach, a work to do for Him;  
And now I thank him for this grace ere yet the light grows dim.

I did not seek this blessed thing; it came a rare surprise,  
Flooding my heart with dearest joy, as, lifting wistful eyes,  
Heaven's light upon a kindling face shone plain and clear on mine,

And there an unseen third, I felt, was waiting—One divine.

So in this twilight hour I kneel, and pour my grateful thought  
In song and prayer to Jesus for the gifts this day hath brought.  
Sure never service is so sweet, nor life has so much zest,  
As when He bids me speak for Him, and then He does the rest.

—MARGARET SANOSTER.

I'LL TELL JESUS ABOUT IT.

IN a country village there lived a little girl named Blanche. Although only six years of age, she was a member of the Mission Band and was very much interested in the Mission Work, and would often make plans and talk about what she would do some day; how she would make nice quilts and aprons, etc., and send them to the children who did not have homes and some one to provide for them as she had.

Blanche was a very good child, but like most children had her faults—she had one fault and that was a serious one—she could not govern her temper, and it often caused her trouble, as you will soon see. One evening as Blanche was playing with her papa after tea she got angry because papa held her hands so she could not get away, and began to cry; her papa talked to her and told her he was only playing, but the more he talked the louder she cried, until her papa left the room. Then her mamma, who was sitting near, began talking to her, and said: "You love to play with papa, why do you get angry? You were very naughty to do so." Little Blanche replied: "I was angry, but what can I do now?" "Well," the mother replied, "do what you think is right." "Well," said Blanche, "I guess I'll tell Jesus about it." So away she went to her own room in the darkness to tell Jesus about it, and returned in a few moments smiling through her tears, as she asked her mamma, "Where is papa? I want to tell him I am sorry I was so naughty, and that I will try and not do it again." The mother then asked: "Did you tell Jesus about it?" "Yes," said Blanche, "I knelt down and said, 'Jesus, I am sorry I was so naughty tonight. Will you forgive me?' and something said to me, 'Blanche, tell papa you are sorry and ask him to forgive you and it will be all right,'" and she was as happy as possible in a few moments after she told

papa. Now I would advise any little girl or boy who reads this to try it. When you have been naughty just tell Jesus and He will tell you what will make it right. Jesus wants all his little workers to be at their best for Him, and to become more and more like Him each day—then when you reach manhood and womanhood you will be missionaries indeed.

Written for PALM BRANCH by request.

M. D.

A FLOATING TESTAMENT.

IN the year 1854 some English war-ships came into the harbor of Nagasaki, Japan. As this was before there was a treaty with England, the people were greatly alarmed. A force of troops was sent out to watch the harbor under a commander whose name was Wakasa.

One day when Wakasa was out in a boat he saw a small object floating in the water in the wake of a vessel which was just leaving the harbor. He sent his servants to bring it to him, and they found it was a foreign book which none of them could read. Wakasa found out, however, that it was an English Testament, and that some people believed it contained news of God. He also heard that at Shanghai this same book printed in Chinese could be bought. He sent for a copy, and with four others, one of whom was his brother, Ayabe, began to study it.

A little later he heard of Mr Verbeck, a missionary in Nagasaki, who was a teacher of this book, and sent his brother to him for advice and help.

Year after year went by, but finally in 1866 Wakasa, his brother, and one other man named Motono, came to Mr. Verbeck and were baptized. Wakasa was a man of high rank, but he became a devoted Christian. He said to the missionary, "I cannot tell you my feelings when for the first time in my life I read the account of the character and work of Jesus Christ."

Time passed on, and one Sabbath in 1880, two ladies, one of whom was evidently of high rank, and the other her servant, came into a mission church in Nagasaki. Rev. Mr. Pooth, the preacher, met them after the service, and behold! the lady was Wakasa's daughter, who was married and living in the city. She and her old nurse were Christians, and had learned the Lord's Prayer and a few scripture texts. They were baptized, and the old nurse returned to her home. A Sunday-school and finally a church grew out of her labors.

Wakasa's daughter and her husband became useful Christians, and so the good work spread which started with the English Testament found in the water.