

Her guests looked away from each other.

"But, after that little slip of a missionary's wife stayed with me for three days, things looked entirely different. After Mrs. Jennings told me what she did I got interested in something besides myself."

"Tell us what she said, Miss Jolina, will you?" asked Anne.

The next day Anne went alone to see Miss Jolina.

"I want you to let me come sometimes and read to you," she said. "You must miss your books dreadfully."

Anne explained to Lucy and Grace that "it was a miracle, and she wished to watch it and associate with it. It must be good for a person to associate with miracles."

"I hardly like to whisper it, even at this distance," said Grace. "But can Miss Jolina do much for Missions? She hasn't any money to speak of. What can she contribute?"

"She can say her prayers," said Anne. "And such a wealth of interest and sympathy bestowed on the cause must be really worth something to it, mustn't it?"

"Of course she can; of course it must," answered Grace. "But—but—I like things to be more tangible."

"Miss Jolina has me read the missionary news to her," said Anne. "And every time she hears of a new native Christian or of an old one who has kept the faith she calls that tangible. She puts in what she can, and then she seems to feel that she has a right to a share in every bit of gain everywhere. Isn't it the true way, I wonder?"

Anne went off to school in the fall. In about a month she wrote to Miss Jolina.

"One of the teachers and I," the letter said, "are trying to start a Missionary Society among the girls. But we have had hard work to get anybody to begin. They all agree to it as a matter of theory, but practice is another thing. Now we have brought two or three to the point of promising to join, but they are not much more than lukewarm. What would you say to coming over for a day—the first day—and telling what you told Lucy and me on that rainy afternoon when we met at your house? We just want you to put heart in us. Will you?"

Miss Jolina was in a great flutter over this letter. But with Lucy and Grace to assure her that she "could do it beautifully," she made up her mind to go.

Only four or five girls were gathered in

Anne's room at the appointed hour, with the mother of one of them and the teacher of whom Anne had written.

Anne took care that Miss Jolina should not be called on until something had been said about the need of Missions and its victories. Then she was asked to "give Mrs. Jennings' reports from the field."

She did it with all her might.

"Just as vigorously," Anne thought, "as she used to tell about her rheumatism and her nervous system and her cake that was dough ingeneral. This is much better to listen to."

"Certainly we must have a missionary society!" cried the member who had been "lukewarmest" of all. "How could we ever have imagined that we could do without one?"

Her mother asked Miss Jolina whether she "would come help her start a Band among the young people at home."

When the long vacation had rolled around again Anne and Lucy and Grace once more stood at Lucy's gate and looked across at Miss Jolina's tidy brown house.

"She is the busiest and the happiest of women," Lucy was saying. "Her eyes are getting better every minute, and already she is a Secretary and on committees by the dozen, not to speak of the addresses which she is asked to make in many places."

"Not to speak," said Grace, "of the times when she meets her neighbours on the street or stops for a moment at their homes and leaves them thinking what a beautiful thing it is to be transformed by the renewing of one's mind!"

"And not to speak," said Anne, "of how she makes her neighbours here feel near to her neighbours across the world, near enough to know what a pity it is for them to perish with hunger when there is bread enough and to spare in the Father's house. Grace, do you remember asking what Miss Jolina could contribute to missions?"—In Regions Beyond.

God bends from out the deep and says—

"I gave thee the great gift of life:

Wast thou not called in many ways?

Are not My earth and heaven at strife?

I gave thee of My seed to sow,

Bring'st thou Me My hundred-fold?"

Can I look up with face aglow,

And answer, "Father, here is gold?"

—Lowell.