

prised at the energy and wisdom of the man, and his ability in accomplishing so much work. He was especially sent to England to attend the coronation of King Edward. What a marvel it is that such a man can be brought so to the front within the score and a half years since Stanley found the Baganda sunk in degraded heathenism!"—Baptist Missionary Magazine.

Bishop Tucker writes—It was in January, 1885, when the first Christian martyrs of Uganda met their death. After an interval of twenty years 60,000 souls are numbered to-day in the church of Uganda. Verily the seed sown has brought forth its fruit sixty and a hundred fold to the glory of God. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

### MISS JOLINA'S CONTRIBUTION.

By Sally Campbell.

"Poor old Miss Jolina Saunders!" said Lucy Fletcher to the three or four school friends who had stopped for a moment at her gate with her. "Who has heard about her?"

Three or four pairs of eyes glanced across the street at a small brown house in a very tidy yard, and three or four faces showed ignorance.

"None of you?" said Lucy. "Why, the poor old thing has something wrong with her eyes; she mustn't read but ten minutes a day for a year."

"Mustn't read!" cried Grace Fowler. "How will she exist? It is the only thing that Miss Jolina ever does—the only other thing, I mean," she added, laughing.

The girls laughed with her.

"She is the most persistent complainer in this world, I do believe," said Anne Parker. "Did any of you ever once see her when her latitude was not the latitude of 'the dol-drumms'?"

Nobody offered evidence.

"She 'mourns and mourns and mourns,'" Anne went on, "like a dove that I read of once somewhere. It is a tiresome line of procedure in doves—in poetry; but in a rational human being in real life it is—Miss Jolina Saunders!"

A few days later, at school, Anne asked Lucy whether she had been to see Miss Jolina.

"Yes," said Lucy, "I have. It was like a book."

"What kind of a book?"

"Well, I guess, the Bible. I don't see how it could be anything less. Miss Jolina is as if she wasn't Miss Jolina at all except bodily, as if what the old sermons called the 'tenant of her clay' was somebody brand new. What do you suppose she talked about?"

"Not her eyes?" asked Grace.

"The heathen!"

"Oh, I understand," said Anne. "Her conscience has begun to trouble her for weeping over her own woes, so she weeps over those of her neighbours! Miss Jolina could not get through a day comfortably without shedding tears. Tears are her meat and drink!"

"She didn't shed one yesterday," said Lucy. "She was full of the triumphs of the missionaries, all the good work that is being done everywhere all over the world."

"Please tell me," said Anne, "what is the connection between losing one's eyesight and rejoicing over Foreign Missions?"

"Mrs. Jennings is the connection," answered Lucy, promptly. "You remember her, don't you?"

"She was the thin, little, scared missionary's wife who tried to make a speech before the Women's Society. I remember her well; she was so mortally afraid. I hope that I shall never hear her speak again."

"She stayed with Miss Jolina," said Lucy, "and was a far greater success privately than she was in public. Miss Jolina thinks that there isn't anybody like her. What sort of a plan would it be to have the next missionary meeting of our girls' society at Miss Jolina's house? Grace can't take us. Miss Jolina would love to, and she would provide enthusiasm. Our society needs it," added Lucy, significantly.

"That last is not an original idea," said Anne. "But it would be very original, indeed, for Miss Jolina to provide the enthusiasm. I should like to see it done."

Miss Jolina was overjoyed, as Lucy had foretold, to have the meeting at her house.

When the afternoon came the weather was not propitious.

"And our society is very dependent on the weather," said Lucy.

Lucy and Anne were the only members present. It could hardly be said to be a meeting; the most of the time they talked together.

"I used," said Miss Jolina, "not to be as thankful a woman as I ought to be."