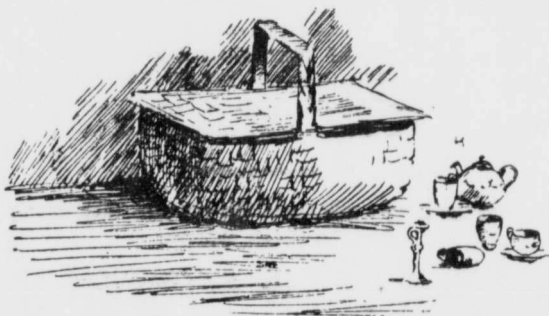


friends she had, or how good they were, or how much they loved her. She would never forget it again, though. And when full health returned what a world of usefulness, service and happiness! —it seemed just wonderful how much she could do of all that wanted doing. In the Mission Chapel the worst class of irrepressible street arabs grew almost quiet under the influence of her calm voice and gentle smile, and when she descended, basket in hand, to the poorer streets of the city (streets she had hardly known to exist before), the people loved her face all the better for the shabby bonnet which enclosed it. Even the china cabinet was soon filled with the books and papers pertaining to her own particular "Scripture Class" of girls which met there in the long winter evenings, and Jane was astonished every day to see her mistress so busy and happy.

So Miss Witterly found how it was possible, even though poor in this world's goods, to serve God in the person of His "little ones," and found it to her own lasting peace and future reward.



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