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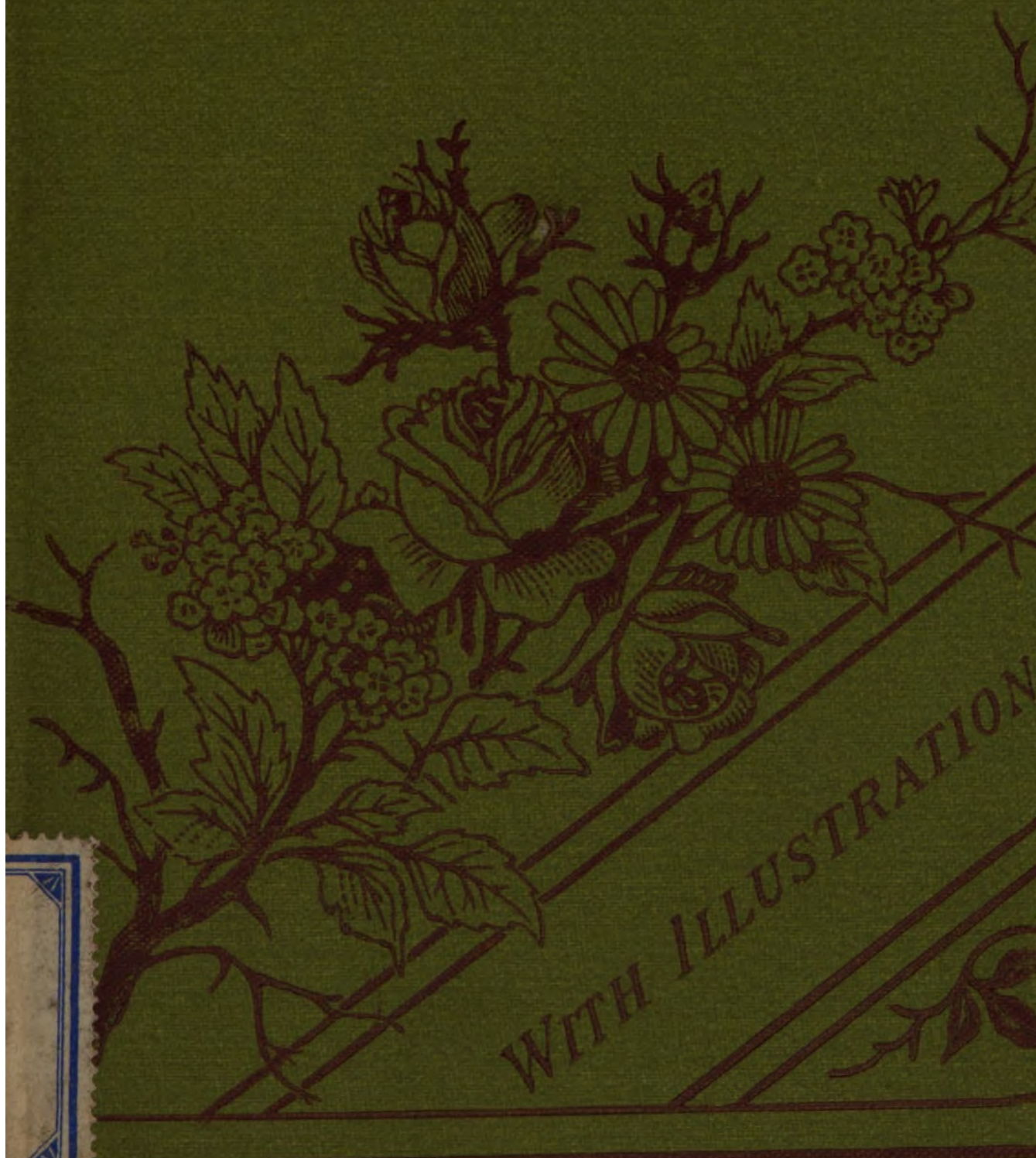


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JANE'S SERVICE

OR

TRYING TO BE HELPFUL

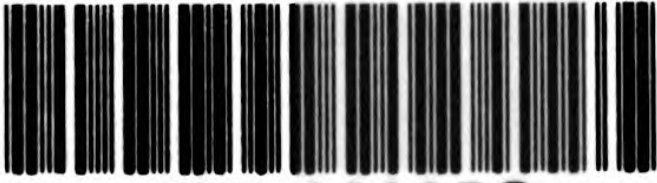


WITH ILLUSTRATION



Jane's service

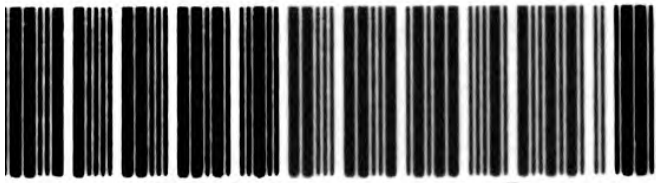
Jane



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JANE'S SERVICE.







THE ADVERTISEMENT.

Page 10.

JANE'S SERVICE.



Page 26.



T. NELSON AND SONS,
LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

1884.

1489 . - . '35 .



JANE'S SERVICE.



Page 16.

I WISH we could, wife. I wish to my heart we could. Robert is nearly fourteen years old now. But what I want to know is, where is the money to come from?" So spake poor Richard Whiteley, the bookseller, to his wife one winter night as they sat together over the embers of a fire in their little back-parlour behind the shop.

All their children, and there were many of them, had gone to bed ; and in this quiet hour, after supper and the business of the day were over, the hus-

band and wife were consulting together about their ways and means, and chiefly about sending Robert, their only son, to school.

“Ay, Richard,” she answered sadly, “money, money! that is always the cry. I do believe, if I were to say I wanted a shoe-string, you would ask, Where is the money to come from?”

Mrs. Whiteley had no sooner given vent to her vexation in these words, than a glance at her husband's worn face made her regret it. She laughed, as though to make a joke of it.

But there was no resentment in Richard Whiteley's nature. “At least, wife,” he said, returning her smile, “you shall never want a shoe-string while I can earn one for you.”

Business had not prospered with the Whiteleys of late. Their small book-shop at the corner of the High Street was unable to keep pace with the grand establishment, containing a circulating library, which stood on the opposite side of the street. New-comers to the town always went to Bennett's, instead of Whiteley's, for their books; and once in Bennett's, they did not so easily get out again, without making a purchase. Bennett's had plate-glass windows, and a good deal of red paint and gilt letters about the doorway. Bennett's, moreover, had the supreme attraction of a circulating library. Stories of all



HUSBAND AND WIFE. *Page 4.*

sorts could be lent there to those whose time hung heavily on their hands,—stories true or false, silly or wise, exciting or dull, amusing or instructive, or both combined. This was to the young people of Everton as sugar is to flies. Thus it happened that Richard Whiteley's more sober-looking shop, the strong point of which was second-hand school-books, was comparatively neglected.

Richard Whiteley had several children too, unlike his neighbour Bennett, who had only one. There were Jane and Alice, twins, nearly sixteen years old, and Robert next to them; then came Annie, aged twelve; fat, rosy-cheeked Madge, aged four; and a baby-girl only six months old.

Poor Richard Whiteley! He did not want to quench his wife's proposal that Robert should go to school. He longed for it himself. All his earthly ambition was centred in Robert. He wanted him to be the man of the family—a wise and learned genius. But how was this to be? Robert at present took straggling, irregular lessons from his father, when he had leisure to spare him from shop-work, and at other times idled about the streets or loitered behind the counter, with no indication about him as yet of the coming genius.

But while this conversation was taking place in the back-parlour, two other tongues, in a bedroom

overhead, were moving also, but in a different strain.

"Alice, are you awake?" whispered Jane from her bed.

"H'm—ah—ye—as," yawned Alice, who had the baby in bed with her, at the opposite corner of the room.

"Did you see the lovely new dress Laura Bennett has got?"

"No—yes, I believe I did. I did not remark it."

"What a noodle you are, Alice. I mean that silver-gray alpaca with the blue trimmings. She has been wearing it these last three days. She does not keep it up for Sundays, I can tell you."

"Well, I am sure I don't care. I suppose she has not much to soil it on Sundays or Mondays," said Alice, half vexed at being aroused.

"I think," continued Jane, unmindful of Alice's evident sleepiness and lack of interest, "I will ask father to get us silver-grays too; only, of course, we could trim them differently. Claret colour would be pretty. Do you not think so, Alice?"

"Think rubbish!" replied Alice very unceremoniously, and rousing herself to speak with more energy than heretofore. "How can you talk like that, Jane, when you know how father is pressed for money? Silver-grays, indeed! Let me go to sleep."

"He should not allow his daughters to go about like sweeps, for all that," replied Jane, rather discomfited, as she, too, laid her head on her pillow.

What Jane meant by "going about like sweeps," was merely not having a new dress or a fresh ribbon on every occasion when Laura Bennett had one. Anything more unlike sweeps than were Jane and Alice Whiteley, with their fair young faces, and clean, neatly-made dresses, could not be imagined.

Jane having thus had her say, fell off to sleep; while Alice, on the other hand, felt herself quite roused up by the conversation she had had with her sister. And she was still wide awake when her mother came in to take the baby from her on her way to bed.

"Why, mother, how late you are in going to bed! and you do look so tired," said Alice, sitting up as her mother stepped gently into the room, candle in hand.

"Yes, dear, it is late. Your father and I had a good deal to talk about."

"It must have been very nasty talk to make poor mother look so tired," said Alice, softly stroking the back of her mother's hand. Alice and her mother were fast friends.

"Well, not so bad after all, my dear child. We were only planning if we could put Robert to school.

But I think we must put it off for another quarter. We have too many bills to meet; we never could manage to find the money. It is a pity too," she continued, with a sigh, "to see a fine lad wasting his best days, as one may say. It is only a marvel he is as good as he is."

Alice was silent. She could suggest no remedy. But she lay awake for a long time after her mother was gone, thinking of what she had said, until a sort of vague purpose arose in her mind.

In the morning her vague purpose suddenly took a definite form. Breakfast had gone over rather drearily. The post had brought two or three bluish-looking envelopes, bearing no resemblance to epistles from absent cousins or friends, full of affection or pleasant gossip.

"*Bills*," thought Alice, in her own mind; and bills they were. Jane did not notice them at all; she was so lost in dismay to find that a certain pattern of lace she was expecting from London had not arrived. Laura Bennett had lace just like it, and made quite a mystery of where it came from.

Richard Whiteley put his letters in his pocket, and ate his breakfast tranquilly enough, although in silence. He had never yet been in debt; and he meant not to be so now either, if any work or self-denial of his own could prevent it.

After breakfast came prayers, — a chapter, or part of one, read by Richard Whiteley from the Bible, followed by a short and simple prayer.

This morning he read a part of the twenty-second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, which tells of the Lord's answer to his disciples when there was a strife among them which of them should be accounted the greatest: "*He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve.*" He read on till he finished the twenty-seventh verse: "*I am among you as he that serveth.*"

The little group round the breakfast-table seemed attentive enough. But Alice felt the most interest as she heard the words, already quite familiar to her, but which never before had seemed so full of meaning. They brought back to her mind her confused thoughts of last night, and seemed to bind them into form.

Prayers over, the little company dispersed—father to his shop, mother to her baby.

"Annie, you must keep Madge for a while this morning; I am busy,—I have to go out," said Jane. "Here, teach her her letters;" and she threw a box of square card-board letters on the floor. "Who saw the newspaper?—Robert, run and find it for me. I want to see if I have written to the wrong address for that lace.—Alice, do not go away."

"But mother wants—"

"Mother can't want anything in such a terrible hurry. Just try and recollect—which was it, 14 or 22 Westbourne Grove, where those lace patterns were to be had? Oh, here is the paper! Thank you, Bob." And having thus occupied every member of the family, she seated herself on a low chair before the scanty fire, and placed her feet inside the fender.

"I am afraid I do not remember anything about it," said Alice, proceeding to lay the breakfast things on a tray, before carrying them downstairs to wash them. "Do you mean the same kind of lace Laura Bennett had in her collar?"

"Yes, of course. It was very pretty."

"It was pretty. But she said it washed badly; and, besides, we have just got new linen collars. I saw mother counting the money to pay for them."

"Just so; you always fight me in everything I say. Well, at least you might come here and help me to find the address in the paper."

Alice smiled good-humouredly, and, leaning over her sister's shoulder, ran her eye up and down the advertisements. "Stop!" she suddenly cried; "that is the very thing!"

"Where?" asked Jane, looking puzzled. "I do not see where you mean."

“Oh, it was not the lace that I was thinking of,” she said in some confusion. It was a strange coincidence that she should see the very thing she had been thinking of last night in the paper this morning. She pointed with her finger to the place:—

“Wanted, by a lady in the country, a young person to act as nursery-governess to two children. She must teach reading, writing, and the rudiments of an English education; also make the children's clothes, and take entire charge of them. Salary, £25 a year. Address,—Mrs. Stanley, Stanley Hall, Burnside.”

Jane read all this aloud, and then turned round and stared at her sister.

Alice rather faltered before the shining brown eyes that looked up at her so unsympathizingly.

“Well,” said Jane coldly, half expecting what was coming, “what of that?”

“I was only thinking,” said Alice with some nervousness, “that we, or at least that I, should try to do something to help poor father. And—and—do you know I was thinking of it last night. I think I could be able to be a nursery-governess, or something.”

Jane listened quietly to the end of this rather fragmentary sentence.

“Nonsense!” she said shortly; “we have not

come quite so low as that yet. Besides, I am sure mother would not allow us. We never could be spared from home."

"I think one of us might, Jane," said Alice, quietly gathering courage, once she had fairly spoken out the thought that filled her mind. "We do not seem to be so very busy after all;" and a mischievous sparkle gleamed for a moment in her soft blue eyes, as she looked down at her sister's easy attitude and slippered feet inside the fender. "I will speak to father about it," she concluded gravely.

"You do not really mean that, Alice," said Jane, getting out of her chair, and standing upright in amazement on the shabby old hearth-rug. "Have you no proper pride?"

Alice coloured. "I do mean it," she said in some agitation; "and I am sure I do not know how you can talk so, if you remember what father read this morning."

Jane, however, not having been listening, could scarcely be expected to remember. Not liking to confess to this, she had no answer ready for her sister; so she tossed her head, and passed out of the room, singing a little defiant song.

Alice returned to her tray and her tea-things, a good deal disappointed at the result of her con-

versation with her sister ; but she held fast to the purpose in her own mind for all that. Her face cleared again as her imagination hurried her on into the future. "How delightful it will be if I can really give any help to father, even ever so little ! How glad I should be to feel mother was pleased with me ! And then, oh then, to think of what father read to-day ! How could Jane think it was a low thing to be of use to others ?"

Jane had to go out, as she said—that is, she wanted to go out herself ; and in half an hour later she might have been seen crossing the street, and knocking at the private door of Mr. Bennett's bookshop.

Her business, after all, was not very important. She wanted to cross-question Laura as to where she had bought her silver-gray alpaca ; and also to borrow from her, under the strictest pledge of secrecy, a book from Bennett's library containing a foolish story, which she knew very well her mother would not wish her to read.

In her vexation at her sister, she could not help repeating what had occurred to her friend, even though she feared Laura's ridicule.

"How ridiculous !" exclaimed Laura, as she listened. "People like us never do these kind of

things. But, of course, your mother will not allow her."

"Of course not," answered Jane, feeling not at all sure about it, however.

In three weeks after this, Alice Whiteley was at Stanley Hall, twenty miles away from home, settled as nursery-governess to Mrs. Stanley's children; and in three weeks after that again, Robert, by Mr. Stanley's advice and assistance, was placed in a good school near London—Alice's salary going most part of the way to pay for it. Few people who looked into Alice's timid, modest face would have thought her capable of the energy and resolution to carry her purpose through as she had done.

The fact was, Alice did not meet with nearly so much opposition from her parents as Jane had foretold. They rather admired their daughter for her courage; and when she said, half-tearfully, that she could not any longer bear to stand idle and see her father harassed, and that she longed to feel herself of some little use, her father drew her towards him. "God bless you, my child," he whispered in her ear; "you are indeed a blessing to me!" Any tears that fell from Alice's eyes after that were tears of genuine joy.

This was all very surprising and rather disagreeable to Jane. She did not understand it.



ALICE AND HER FATHER.

Robert could have gone on very well as he was; he was doing no harm that Jane could see; and then their neighbours the Bennetts, and other folk down the street, could not have said, as they would be sure to say now, that one of Richard Whiteley's daughters had gone to service. Service! odious word.

It mattered not to Jane that work has been a noble thing, and idleness a mean and sad thing, since the day that God set Adam in the Garden of Eden to keep it, till the present hour. It mattered not to her that everything in the universe was at work—from the tiny ant, struggling with its grain of wheat, to the glorious sun, giving her his warmth and light. No; Jane's mind was narrowed down to one idea on the subject: and that strange and yet not uncommon idea was, that it was vulgar to lead a very useful life, especially if you made money by it.

When Alice was gone, however, Jane soon found there were a good many things to be done in the household which their one servant could not possibly manage to do. So Jane made the best of it, and did them.

An event occurred, however, about this time, which made Jane see herself and the whole world from a very different point of view for the remainder of her life.

Having now more than usual to do in the day-time, she found less time than she had formerly done for reading the books with which Laura Bennett supplied her from her father's library. Jane did not like this. The books she chose were, for the most part, tales of some exciting description, and she could not forego the pleasure of reading them. Very soon she got into the habit of putting one under her pillow to read in the early morning. But she found she was too sleepy-headed to enjoy that, and she determined instead to read a few pages of her hidden volume by candle-light every night before going to bed.

Her mother knew nothing of this dangerous practice, nor of the silly books in which Jane so much delighted.

One night a scream rang through the house. Jane's bed-clothes were on fire, and the terrified girl screamed loudly for assistance, as she tried in vain to extinguish them. Then Annie and Madge woke up, and screamed too in stupified horror at the scene before them.

Before aid could come, the flames had caught Jane's night-dress, and she was badly burned, especially about her neck and arms. In her struggles to free herself from her clothes, she fanned the flames higher and higher ; and she would probably

have been burned to death, but for the timely arrival of the servant Kate. Kate was stout of nerve and ready of wit, and throwing a blanket over her young mistress, and forcing her down upon the ground, she soon extinguished the flames.

It was not without considerable difficulty that the furniture and walls of the room were saved. But this was as nothing to Richard Whiteley and his wife in comparison with the sufferings of their poor daughter Jane.

“Great prostration, terrible shock to the system!” said good old Dr. Dale, who had known Jane from her infancy, as he stood beside the bed where they had laid her, with his finger on her pulse. Jane looked at him languidly, and did not seem to care what he said.

Yes, the shock was worse than the burns, though they were bad enough. Her right arm, in particular, was so badly burned that she was quite unable to use it.

In a week, however, Jane was pronounced out of danger, though she was still quite helpless. One day, soon afterwards, the good doctor suggested to take Jane away into one of the paywards of his hospital, that she might be under his own supervision, till she was able to go about as usual once more. After some consultation, the

plan was agreed upon. Jane shed a few silent tears over it, but offered no remonstrance. She knew well enough what a burden—yes, a burden, that was the word—she must now be to her over-taxed mother. She knew nothing about hospitals, and dreaded to leave home. But yet she felt she ought to do so, otherwise Alice must be recalled from her situation to help to take care of her. So she determined bravely to make no objection. Dr. Dale undertook to make all the necessary arrangements; and this he did so effectually that he managed to have Jane conveyed to the hospital the very next day, with as little fuss and as little pain as were possible under the circumstances.

But now that her great effort was over, and her father, who had accompanied her to the hospital, had gone home, a good deal of Jane's courage forsook her. She looked out from her bed round the bare whitewashed walls of the little ward. She looked at three neat iron bedsteads, with their counterpanes of blue and white check—at two old arm-chairs by the fire-place. It was not home, no, nor like it; and a great sadness came over her. A morbid thought sprang up in her mind. "It is because I am not wanted at home that they have sent me here," she thought, and tears began to flow very fast.

This was not in the least true, but it came into Jane's mind just because of a little lurking thought she could not get rid of, that when she had been at home she had not been of much use there. Then her eyes rested on a printed card-board text hanging above the mantle-piece—" *Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.*"

Just then a tall thin woman entered the ward : her brown hair was plentifully streaked with gray ; a plain muslin cap lay on her head ; of plain gray stuff was her gown ; and she wore a capacious holland apron, with three large pockets in front.

"This must be Miss Wilmot, the matron," thought Jane. "How kind she looks ! How happy too ! How can she be happy, I wonder, going in and out all day looking at sick people ?"

She approached Jane's bed, and spoke to her. Jane thought more than ever that she was kind, and happy too. She asked all about the accident ; she spoke encouragingly of recovery. She seemed so interested in what she was saying, that for the first time since she left home Jane felt a glow of fresh courage, a return of springing hope. The room seemed quite dull again, Jane thought, when Miss Wilmot left it ; and as time wore on, she began to look forward to the good matron's visit as one of the greatest pleasures of the day.

There was but one other patient in the ward with Jane; a little girl, named Annie Lee, whose eyes had been injured by some accident, and who, though well enough to be out of bed, was unable to do anything which required the use of her eyes. Jane was fortunate in having her for a companion, for she often proved a helpful little nurse, in arranging her pillows or going on messages for her, helpless as she was.

“How kind Miss Wilmot is!” said Jane to Annie one day. “And she never seems a bit cross or put out about anything. I am sure if I had to lead such a life as she does, I should be—well, I think I should be as cross as a bear.”

Annie laughed. “No one ever saw Miss Wilmot cross,” she said gaily. “I believe the more full of bad cases the hospital is, and the more work she has to do, the more she likes it. She must have some special receipt that makes her like to take trouble. And the best of it all is, she need not be here at all; for, as I hear, she is a real grand lady, with plenty of money of her own.”

“You don't say so. What on earth can she like about it!” murmured Jane in astonishment. “I only wish I were out of the place, I know;” and she heaved a sigh as she looked down at her poor bandaged arm.

But it was a long time before Dr. Dale would countenance Jane's return to her home, and during that time her acquaintance with Miss Wilmot made rapid progress. Once, twice, thrice in the day would she come to Jane's ward to see if she wanted anything, or perhaps to sit and talk or read with her, or bring her some kind message from her home. Jane began to grow quite fond of her, and to talk to her in an easy, confidential way, as to an old friend.

"Miss Wilmot," she began one day after some thought, "I wonder if you would think me very impertinent if I were to ask you a question?" and she fixed her eyes eagerly on the matron's face.

"Probably not. Try," answered Miss Wilmot, laughing.

"Well, then," said Jane, "what makes a real lady like you, with plenty of money, go slaving and working about amongst poor folk as you do in this hospital?"

There was a pause. For several minutes Miss Wilmot seemed lost in thought. "Your question ought to be easy to answer, Jane," she said, "and yet I find it very difficult to put my thoughts about it into words. I think,—but remember I say it very humbly,—I think I am here to-day for what people call the 'love of God.'"

“Oh!” said Jane in a low tone of wonder. She was rather awe-struck by the matron's manner.

“You see, Jane, somehow I was not happy when I was an idle, rich lady, though I am very happy now. I had neither husband nor children, so I thought I had best see if there were any other people to whom I could be useful. That text up there,” and she pointed to the mantle-piece, “was the first word that made me think I ought to bestir myself in this unhappy world: ‘*The servant is not above his master.*’ My Master thought it no shame to take ‘*the form of a servant,*’ and to ‘*go about doing good;*’ and when I thought of my riches and my idleness, I was deeply, deeply ashamed. Then it happened that the matron who was here fell into bad health, and people said she could never keep her place if she did not get rest and change. So I undertook to do her work for a year, to give her time to get strong. I am half-way through it now.”

“How glad you will be when it is over!” said Jane, speaking out her first thought.

Miss Wilmot laughed quite pleasantly. “I fear my preaching has been rather wasted, Jane,” she said good-humouredly. “But you are wrong; I shall not be glad. I have never been so happy as since I came here. I have found my work, and I thank God for it.”

Jane wondered, and was silent. She felt there was truth in what Miss Wilmot said, and yet she could not heartily agree to it. She did not yet understand, as she did afterwards, that the devotion of all her faculties to God was but her "*reasonable service*;" and that to feel oneself of some use, even though it be but little, in this wide unhappy world, where God has left so much for us to do, brings with it a dignity and pure joy of heart unknown to the idle and the selfish, be they ever so rich, ever so clever, ever so high in the rank of this world's nobility.

It was not till she had been at home again some little time that Jane felt how good a school the hospital had proved to her. She returned to her father and mother with restored health, but with her arm in a sling. So much injured had her hand and arm been by the ruthless flames, it was doubtful if she ever could use them again.

But no gloomy thoughts could be listened to on the day of her return. She was alive, she was well, she was in the midst of them again, and all was joy in that simple household. Robert was home for the holidays, and Alice was home for her brief holiday too; and merry was the laughter that rang through the sitting-room behind the shop on that dark December evening.

In all that happy group, perhaps the happiest was Alice. She had had her work-day, and her holiday now was sweet to her, and enjoyed with a light heart. She read in her parents' faces, and in Robert's improved appearance, how successful had been her enterprise of going as governess, and she rejoiced that she had disregarded Jane's foolish warning that she was about to do a low and disgraceful thing.

But Jane herself had quite changed her mind on that point.

The days became more quiet and dull for her when the holidays were over. Needlework was impossible, writing was impossible, even holding the baby was impossible, and never before had Jane so longed to do all these things.

It would have been such a comfort to her to have helped her father in correcting his book catalogues, or adding up his accounts, as Alice used to do. Now he often had to sit up at night to do it, for Jane's arm hung useless by her side.

It would have been a comfort to her to have taken at least half of the needlework from her mother's heaped-up basket, to have darned at least some of the stockings, to have patched one or two of the table-cloths; but Jane's hand was folded in a sling—her fingers could not hold a needle.

Again, it would have been a real comfort to her to have helped her mother with the baby. She had tried it once, but the heavy child had struggled from the grasp of her left hand, and fallen with a thump upon the floor. This caused a good half-hour's crying, confusion, and noise; and Jane, trying in vain by sweet words to soothe the angry little climber, felt disappointed in the depths of her heart. She could not even hold the baby.

A small Bible, light and easy to hold in one hand, had been given to her by Miss Wilmot as a parting present, and it always lay beside her on a little table, except when she held it open to read in her left hand, and this she did more and more frequently every day. New meaning, new comfort, new commandments she found each day within these holy pages the more she studied their contents.

"How can I best serve God, who is so good to me?" was the unspoken question she now continually asked herself; and the answer came in a thousand ways, as it will to all who ask that question in sincerity.

One day she was turning over the pages of the Book of Proverbs, and reading here and there its short and weighty maxims. She was glancing down the verses of the tenth chapter. "*The lips of the righteous feed many,*" she repeated half aloud to

herself, as she came to the twenty-first verse. Quick as thought it occurred to her, "My hand may be useless; my lips need not be so."

That was the turning-point that aroused Jane. She would be idle no longer. She would do what she could, be it ever so little. It was then she began regularly to read to Annie every morning while the little girl sat and sewed. It was then she coaxed Madge to her knee every day, and beguiled her into being quiet for a good hour or more, while her mother was busy in household matters, by singing little hymns and rhymes to her, and teaching her to repeat some of them for herself.

And her father. Was there no way she could help her dear, good, care-worn father? Yes. She could help him by a cheerful word, by a pleasant face; that service she could render him at least. She could read to him too in the evenings, when his eyes were tired. Sometimes a pleasant book, sometimes a broad sheet of news; always, as the last thing, some verses from God's Book of Life. Richard Whiteley quite looked forward to his pleasant evenings now after the worry and cares of the day.

Soon Jane's desire to be of use, as Miss Wilmot had explained it to her, stretched itself beyond the walls of home. She got a class to teach in Sunday



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. *Page 27.*

school. How hard she tried to make it pleasant to those little children gathered before her; how earnestly she prepared for her class during the week! Jane thought to herself, "There are so many things I am not able for, I must do my very best with what I can do."

But Jane was not to suffer from a useless arm for ever. Dr. Dale was constant in his care and attendance, and never gave up hope of its recovery. A bright colour rushed into Jane's cheek and brow as he told her one happy morning that he could discern at last a great improvement, and that she might begin to try her powers and practise the use of her hand as much as she could. It never would be a pretty hand again; but Jane was so thankful to get back the use of it on any terms that she scarcely thought of its lost beauty as each day she noted its returning power.

A year came round again, and brought its Christmas holidays, and, as before, brought Robert and Alice Whiteley to their home. It was a no less joyful gathering than the previous holidays had been. In one way it was far more so. Jane was quite well now, and was, moreover, the pride and comfort of her parents' hearts to a degree she had never been before.

Jane overheard a word too on that Christmas-

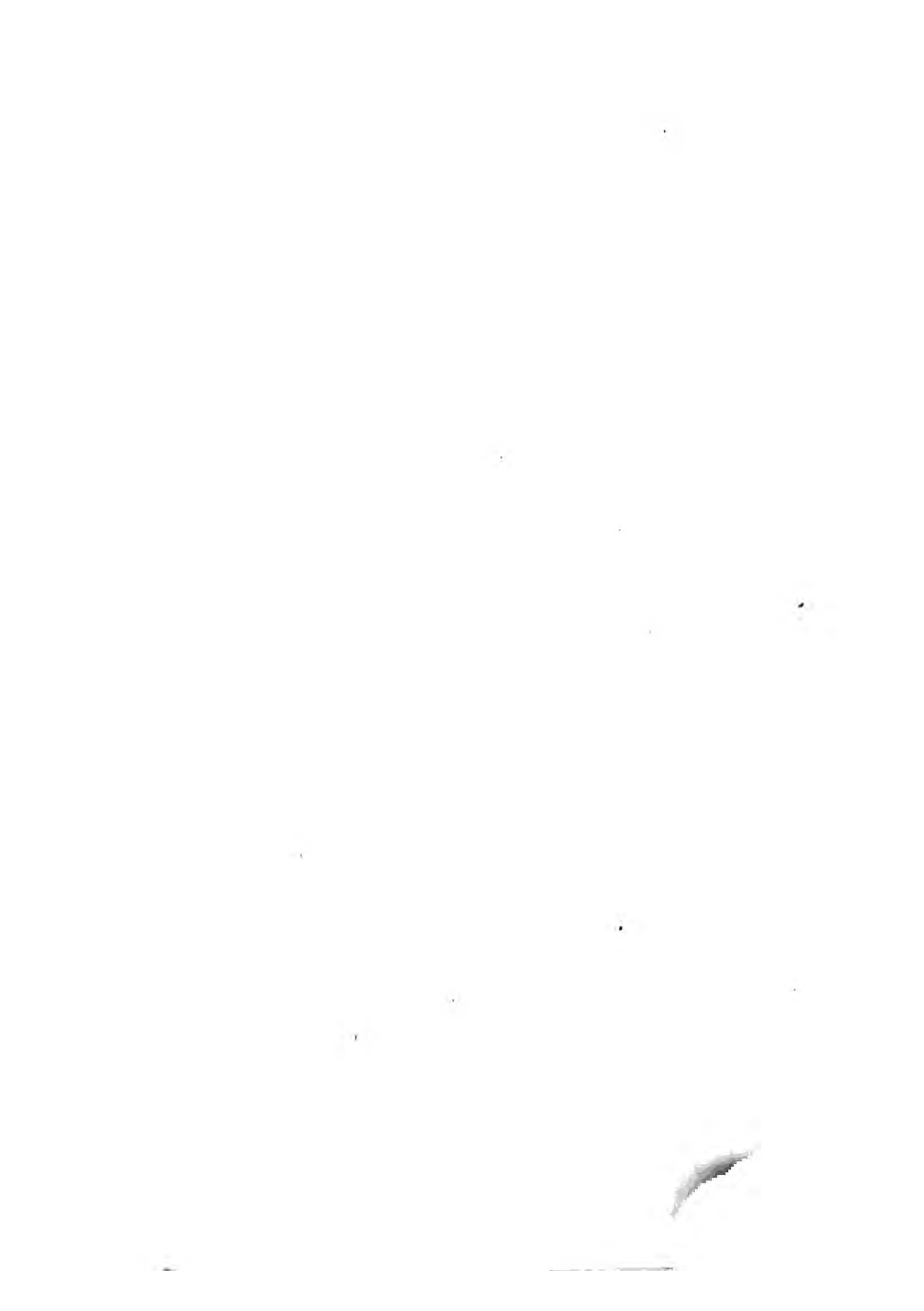
eve that filled her with joy—a word that fell from her mother's lips as she was speaking to Dr. Dale.

“You may be proud of your patient, my dear doctor,” she said with a happy smile. “You know I call Jane my right hand now; I do not know how I could get on without her. She is a real blessing in the house. Alice is my left hand,” she added, laughing; “I could not do without her either. She gathers in the money, and helps to keep my boy at school. But Jane is truly the right hand, who serves me so well at home.”

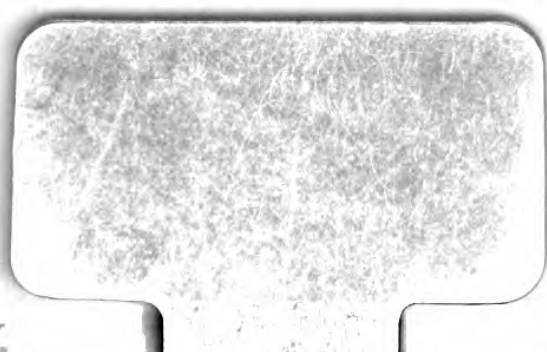
Jane had never felt so happy as now. She was in her natural place, trying to be helpful and useful to every one around her. That is the natural place for every Christian; for Christ left us an example that we should follow his steps, and “he went about doing good.” “He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister;” and to endeavour to be like him in this is only our “*reasonable service*.”













22

