

observe the Saturday until the evening as their Sabbath, and also to find that Friday evening was considered part of it. Edward was now preparing for his examination for the Engineers; but he often found time to walk out with the little girls, and frequently read for them while they worked or helped them to manage their little gardens, besides supplying them with pretty bouquets from his own. Mrs. Hillis was a gentle Christian woman, and she took a pitying interest in the little Jewish girl thus thrown into such close intimacy with her own children. She, too, was a widow, and tolerably well endowed with the riches of this world, a portion of which, and not a niggardly one, was devoted to the service of her Master. One Sunday evening she was sitting in her drawing-room window reading the Bible, when the sweet strains of a musical-box, playing in Mrs. David's house, struck her ear. The tune was a lively polka, and it jarred on the holy quiet of the thoughts she had been indulging in. But the recollection that her neighbour had already kept her Sabbath, and could not be expected to observe that of the Christian world, speedily dissipated the slight feeling of disturbance that the music had occasioned. At the same moment, she looked from the window, and her eyes rested on a scene that was calculated to restore the full evenness of her spirit.

On a grassy bank just before the window sat, half reclined, her own blue-eyed, golden-haired little Ada, the soft blue of whose dress was in as strong contrast to the scarlet cloak of Leah, who rested beside her, as were her fair hair and laughing, sunny eyes with the black tresses and dark radiant orbs of her companion. Together the children leaned over a book, in deeply thoughtful study; but after a few minutes the low, sweet voice of Leah inquired, "Who was this Jesus, of whom we have been reading?"

"Do you not know who Jesus is?" asked Ada, in an awe-stricken tone of voice. "Oh, Leah, he is the Saviour of the world. He came and lived on this earth, and did such wonderful miracles; and then He died to save us from our sins."

"Why, that is something like our Messiah, Ada, only that he has not come yet; and when he comes he will be a great king, and will not die at all."

"Our blessed Saviour is the Messiah, dear Leah," said Ada, softly; "and he was called 'the King of the Jews.'"

"That is very strange. I know that our Messiah will be a king; he is called the 'Prince of Peace' and the 'King of Kings.'"

"So is Christ, our Redeemer. He is the only son of the Father, and is called also 'Christ the Lord.' Oh, Leah! he loved little children,

and had them brought to him when he was on earth, and took them in his arms and blessed them. I have a sweet little hymn about that; shall I repeat it for you?"

"Do, Ada. I love your hymns."

"I am sure you will like this one, it is so beautiful:—

"I think, when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.  
I wish that his hand had been laid on my head,  
That his arm had been thrown around me;  
And that I could have heard his kind voice, when  
he said,  
'Let the little ones come unto me.'

"But still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in his love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above;  
In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare  
For all that are washed and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"It is a lovely hymn," said Leah, after a pause. "I wish I understood more of what you have told me about Jesus; but I must go in now. You will tell me more, or let me read out of your book to-morrow, will you not?"

"Certainly, if you like," replied Ada, kissing her, and slowly entering the house as Leah passed through the garden gate.

Mrs. Hillis had been a deeply-interested auditor of the conversation of the two little girls, and she offered up a silent prayer that the Lord might make her family instruments of his mercy, in leading this precious lamb of his chosen flock to receive Jesus, the Good Shepherd, as her Saviour.

After a few minutes Ada entered the room, and her mother asked her what it was that she had been reading with Leah.

"The second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, dear mamma; and Leah seemed so struck by it."

"Yes, dear, I heard all your conversation from the window, and I trust that you will do all in your power to lead this dear little girl to love Jesus."

"Oh, yes, dear mamma, I shall tell her everything I know about him, and when she reads of all his love and goodness, surely she cannot help loving him in return."

Bright tears stood in Ada's eyes as she spoke, and her mother felt her own eyes overflow as she kissed her child and prayed the Lord to strengthen the missionary spirit of love that filled her young heart.

As month followed month, and winter and summer alternated, the visits of Leah became more frequent and prolonged, and on every occasion she learned more of Jesus, and joined