

Now get a large sheet of paper, and if you can't make a good circle for the numbers, like a real clock, write them one after the other down one side of the sheet. Then take some word, as Jesus, for instance, as the unit word of your figures. Add another word to it for number two—two more words for number three, and so on until you get up, or down rather, to twelve. All the sentences, short or long, must be about Jesus. And when you get through, you will be surprised and delighted to see how much you have learned about Him. Do you understand the Sunday Clock now? Let us begin to make one. Start on the upper left hand corner of your paper, thus :

- I. Jesus.
- II. Jesus loves.
- III. Jesus loves me.
- IV. Jesus died for me.
- V. Jesus died for all men.
- VI. Jesus pleads for us in heaven.
- VII. Jesus will come again to the earth.
- VIII. Jesus will save all who believe in Him.
- IX. Jesus is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.
- X. Jesus took little children in His arms and blessed them.
- XI. Jesus said : " Come unto me, and I will give you rest."
- XII. Jesus is the Good Shepherd who gives His life for the sheep.

Another way to make the Sabbath pleasant is to get up a Sunday album. Take a blank book. Get a picture, like that of "Christ blessing children," paste it on the top of one of the pages. Then hunt up in your Bibles all the verses that tell of the love of God for children, and write them under the picture. Get a picture of a light-house, and write under it all the verses that tell about Christ and the light of the world. Get a picture of a shepherd and his flock, or a shepherd carrying a lamb, and write under it the passages about Christ as a shepherd. Get a picture of a well, or a spring, and write under it all about Christ as the water of life. Get a picture of a cross, and write all around the best verses you can find about Jesus as a Saviour.—*Evangelist*.

The Christ-Lady.

Such is the sweet name given to a missionary of the Cross, by one who accompanied her on an errand of love through the streets of a Chinese city. We quote from a letter given in "Our Sisters in Other Lands," published by the Woman's

Foreign Missionary Society of the English Presbyterian Church :

"It was time to go home, and we retraced our steps through the grimy, slippery lanes, saluted with 'foreign devils' frequently, but once or twice with the sweet name of Jesus. One or two boys, seeing Miss Whildon coming, just said 'Je-foo' as they passed her, and I thought how sweet it was for her to hear herself so saluted as she passed along. I could not help feeling, as I saw how meekly she bore the revilings of the men, how gently she kept the boys in order, and how she brought out a tenderer light on rough, weather-beaten faces of heathen women, that it was true Christ in her was being recognized by these people, and so they saluted her with His name. As we went along, Miss W. pointed out an old, old woman, toiling along ; she called out to her, but at first she did not hear. Another woman said, 'The lady is calling you,' and she turned and caught sight of Miss Whildon. The light in her face was just wonderful ; I never saw such a change, I think, come over any human face. At first it looked leaden-gray, and weary and dull, but when she caught a glimpse of the Christ-lady who had made her know the love of God, the sunshine that was in her soul broke out, and she looked like another woman. She is poor and old, but she loves to hear the gospel, and says it seems like food to her, and makes her heart glad. God alone knows how many such hidden ones He has in this great and ancient citadel of heathenism."

What a blessed office, to be the means of calling that "wonderful light" forth on any human face ! What an honor to womanhood that her own and her Saviour's name should ever be thus linked together ! How beautiful that the Christ in her should shine out so as to be thus recognized by all, and kindle sunshine on otherwise dark, dull countenances !—*Woman's Work for Woman*.

Rewards of Grace.

The Duke of Burgundy was waited upon by a poor man, a very loyal subject, who brought him a very large root which he had grown. He was a very poor man indeed, and every root he grew in his garden was of consequence to him ; but merely as a loyal offering he brought to his prince the largest his little garden produced. The prince was so pleased with the man's evident loyalty and affection that he gave him a very large sum. The