

maker, and of the crafty Jacob, his son, who wronged his brother, and suffered so grievously for it.

When the Quarter is finished, the little ones may not put it in so many words ; but the Lessons will surely have taught them, as the Golden Text for the Quarter says, that, "*The Lord knoweth them that are His.*"

### Twenty Times a Day

Twenty times a day, dear,  
 Twenty times a day,  
 Your mother thinks about you,  
 At school, or else at play.  
 She's busy in the kitchen,  
 Or she's busy up the stairs ;  
 But like a song her heart within,  
 Her love for you is there.

There's just a little thing, dear,  
 She wishes you would do,  
 I'll whisper, 'tis a secret ;  
 Now, mind, I'll tell it you :  
 Twenty times a day, dear,  
 And more, I've heard you say,  
 " I'm coming in a minute,"  
 When you should at once obey.

At once, as soldiers instant  
 At the motion of command ;  
 At once, as sailors seeing  
 The captain's warning hand.  
 You could make the mother happy  
 By minding in that way,  
 Twenty times a day, dear,  
 Twenty times a day.

—Margaret E. Sangster

### How the Children Helped

By Esther Miller

Mrs. M—— came home from church one Sunday morning in a hopefully determined mood. The minister had made an appeal for the India famine orphans. " Eighteen dollars would support a child for a year," he had said ; and why could not her children do this themselves ?

She had always tried to interest her four bright juveniles in the cause of missions, with but small success. The needs of the heathen

seemed beyond the grasp of the little ones, just because their own lives were so full of blessings. The contemplation of millions of human beings growing in spiritual darkness did not move them.

The mother had long realized, that this was not because their little hearts were not kind and loving, but because they needed some particular object towards which their sympathies might go out. If she could only establish some active, vital relationship between her children and those less blessed, she felt sure that their interest would be aroused. And here was the object required. They would " adopt " a famine orphan. She had already spoken to the minister, chosen a name from the list, and now it remained only to see how the little ones at home would take to the new enterprise.

She disclosed her secret, when they were all seated about the dinner table. Instantly, eager enthusiasm met her. Of course they would adopt the poor little boy. Here was something real and tangible, something capable of calling forth their sympathies. The little boy was hungry ; he needed clothes ; he had no father nor mother to love and care for him ; he did not even know that Jesus loved him ; he was dependent upon them for so many blessings.

There was no more trouble over inculcating a love of foreign missions in the hearts of those children. The little famine orphan did it all. Mrs. M—— wrote to the missionary who had him in charge, and received in reply a picture of the little boy, and a letter describing him. The picture was set up on the parlor mantel with a little mite box in front of it. On this box the family artist inscribed, in wonderfully illuminated letters, LACKWA, the adopted child's name ; and many a cent, and five or ten cent piece, that might have gone for candy, or popcorn, or some other selfish pleasure, was slipped into " Lackwa's Box " instead. The children soon came to look upon him as a member of the family ; they wrote him letters ; and when he learned to write, they received answers. On his birthday they gave him a party, inviting all their little friends, and set a place for him at the head of the table, with the mite box on his chair. Instead of bringing presents, each