



MAY.

WILHELMINE SMITH.

"May I come in?" a soft, low voice
Says gently, after April's showers;
"I come to help you all rejoice,
And both my hands are full of flowers.

"The violet's here, so lowly, meek;
The lilac, fragrant, rich, and tall;
The dandelions which sunlight seek,
And lilies, fairest of them all.

"Kind, happy thoughts, great thoughts,
and bright,
Spring up for me from Mother Earth,
Pure thoughts, all clothed in dresses white;
Sweet Sister April helped their birth."

The children all love Sister May;
She's Father Time's fifth tend'rest child;
They welcome every tearful day
She brings, and all the sunshine mild.

"I'm glad to come. The great God gives
Me work to do, and pretty soon
I'll tell the rosebush why it lives,
And so prepare for Sister June."

SPRING BLOSSOMS.

FLORENCE HARVEY.



HIS is a breath of Spring from California, the land of sunshine and flowers, and the blossoms I am going to tell you about are human ones, some "really truly" little Truth boys. It is not surprising that the wonderful Truth has taken such hold in this beautiful part of the world that even the baby children are understanding and living it.

The Home of Truth in Alameda, California, is surrounded by a beautiful garden, enclosed with a fence, with two big iron gates, which, now that the place is a Home of Truth, always stand open, where at night at least they used to be closed and locked. There are over a hundred children at-

tending Sunday School, and all are being taught how to bring this beautiful thought right into their precious little lives, so that they can live it. How well they understand it you will see from the stories I am going to tell you about four of the little spring blossoms.

Philip Wiggin is seven years old, and is fortunate in living quite near the Home. When this little blossom was born into this big wide world, his mamma understood the thought, so Philip has always been accustomed to thinking beautiful thoughts. In passing back and forth he noticed that the big iron gates, since the place had become a Home of Truth, always stood wide open, so he remarked one day, "The gates are never shut now, for there is no need of it, for God's arms are stronger than gates of iron." You see, he has a good realization of God's love and protection, and knows that iron gates are not needed where the truth about God's love is understood.

Another little blossom of four years named Frank Rutter, who lives with his grandmother, said to his auntie, "My ear bite me," which was his way of saying he had an earache.

"Well," said his auntie, "what did you do when your ear bite you?"

"I telled Dod," lisped the sweet baby lips.

"What did you say?" asked his auntie.

"Father, Mother, Dod, heals me and loves me, and the bite went right away."

"Did you tell grandma that your ear bite you?" inquired his auntie.

Such a look of amazement crossed his baby face, expressing in every feature the question why he should have told grandma about something that she had nothing to do with, and he answered, "Oh, no, I told Dod."

Wee Wisdom

Another little blossom, Francis Pratt, was delicate, so his parents moved to Alameda to be near the Home that they might get an understanding of the Truth, and then they knew their darling would be healed, for they had come into the knowledge that God does not give us our children and then afflict us by taking them away, but He wants us to learn how to nourish them spiritually so as to keep them to grow up into fine men and women who will help uplift the world.

Francis very soon got the understanding, for his little soul recognized how much better his wee body felt after sitting in the silence with one of the dear healers for a few moments. "Going to sleep" he calls it when he is told to shut his eyes and keep very still.

Francis is a true boy, and loves his chuchu cars, just like little girls love their dollies, for everybody must have something to love. Every night he puts his cars to bed, and he is careful not to throw them down anyway, but to stand each one on its legs, or rather, wheels. As Francis puts each car to bed, he kisses it and says, "Good night, red car; good night, blue car; good night, engine," and so on through the long train.

One night he was extra sleepy and forgot to put his cars to bed. Just as he was falling off to sleep he remembered them, and rousing himself called out, "Mamma, put cars to bed."

"All right, dear," she replied.

"Mamma, will you put cars on wheels?" continued the sleepy little voice.

"Yes, darling," answered mamma, and with a contented little sigh he fell asleep.

Francis has learned, baby as he is, of the omnipresence of God, for one day he was sick and his mamma wanted to take him to the Home for a treatment, but he objected and said, "Francis tell Dod; Dod loves me and heals me," and such perfect faith did heal him, and now he has gone away all well to live by the seaside.

Guy Harry is eight years old, and wonders, in his baby way, when God's love heals so quickly why everybody is not "in the truf," as he expresses it.

One day Guy decided he would play a

new game, so he dug holes all over the back yard. While he was at school it rained and each one made a beautiful little puddle. The moment he saw them, he decided to play he was at the seashore, and wade. Quicker than a wink off came the shoes and stockings, and he was splashing in and out of the puddles with his bare feet.

His mother heard such peals of laughter that she went to the window to see what was going on. It was sprinkling, and there her boy was testing the depth of each puddle with his bare feet. Visions of colds, croup and sore throat rose in her mind, and raising the window she called, "O Guy, what are you doing? You will take your death of cold!"

He glanced up with such a surprised look in his face to hear the alarm in his mother's voice, and he answered, "Why, mamma, I'm in the Truf nothing; hurts me, for I'm God's little boy."

"But it is raining," said his mother.

"Oh!" laughed he. "It is only sprinkling and I've got on a coat. Why, mamma, don't you know God's my protection, and nuffin' can hurt me. Please let me play ocean."

The mother knew the child was right, so she said, "Well come to the bath-room and wash off the mud when you are through." Then she stood quietly for a moment while she lifted the thought of fear which she had placed upon her boy. She thought, "Guy is God's child, and He loves him better than I do. It is not puddles that gives cold but the thought of fear back of it."

My! but he did have a jolly afternoon; he even got the spade out and dug some of the holes deeper, just so that the water would almost touch his knees. Deeper than this the Christ-child whispered to him he must not go, for then he would wet and soil his underclothing, and that would cause trouble and would not be kind and loving.

When Guy had waded enough, he appeared in the room where his mamma was sewing, with sparkling eyes and cheeks like two red apples on his way to the bath-room with his shoes and stockings.

The next day Guy was rosier and happier than ever, for nothing could hurt a child who had been awakened to the conscious knowledge of God's love and protection.

The Au-to-bi-og-ra-phy of A Nickel.

CHAPTER II.

Written by MAMIE.



FTER Fred blessed me and told me I was to go to WEE WISDOM, he put me with the other nickel and penny into a white envelope and we felt ourselves going and going. When at last we were taken out we were in Unity Rooms, in Kansas City, Mo.

It was the editor of WEE WISDOM who took us out and called Morris and lots of friends to greet us. We were very happy over the loving word she said about Fred and us.

When she asked Tesla and Morris and Bert where I should go next, they all said "To Brightside." I like the name, and I hope I shall make the boys very happy when I go there. I have waited here to raise a company of twenty more nickels to go with me to "Brightside."

WEE WISDOM wishes me to listen and learn while I stay here. So I have gone through a class with many people and listened very carefully to "Leo Virgo's" teaching about the everywhere presence of Life and Love, of Good and Plenty, and I know of a truth that I am to tell about the good and the plenty of God wherever I go. I have attended the Wednesday and Sunday and Noon meetings regularly.

I have been in the big room and seen Marie and Bert's mamma put in the cunning little black type into the words and stories of Easter WEE WISDOM.

I have peeped in the press-room where a new press and cutting machine have just been put.

I have visited the Business Department and made the acquaintance of Marie and Bert's papa and seen him handle the long yellow paper with your names all on it.

Then I went upstairs where Morris lives and saw Morris' good papa bending over a funny little thing that went click, click, when his fingers touched it, and he was sending out words of health and courage to people who wanted to be well and happy, and Morris' dear mamma was there, too, and I found out how she is always doing something to make somebody comfortable and happy.

I have seen Mabel, and she makes such lovely things out of beads. You ought to have her make you some. Mabel says she will have some beautiful new eyes someday, for she has asked God for her sight.

Mr. Bennett took my picture for you, and he can do wonders with his pencil. I've heard him tell some wonderful things about the All-Good.

I went out to Royal's house once. I liked his pretty grandma. I saw Lowell's flowers and garden, and Rick's pony. I even visited "Ye Editor's Sanctum" and saw her write and write.

I am ready now to go on to "Brightside" and help the boys buy their farm. I hope I shall find one of the boys ready to tell you about my stay there, and all about the dear, good boys and their dear good friends at "Brightside."

I am all ready to start. WEE WISDOM sends her blessings with me. "In God I trust."

 May!

HELEN AUGUSTA FUSSELL.

'Tis May time! 'Tis May time!
 Wee lad and lass give ear—Oh!
 The crocuses and daffodils
 And snowdrops, too, are here—Oh!

The Buttercup Talks

CHAPTER II. BY GRACE HOLMES WHITE.

The next time I made my appearance all my friends were in the midst of the biggest kind of a frolic, and I at once joined in with them. This time I didn't mind one bit how rough was the wind. When he blew me about I just laughed and danced and clung to the nearest passing bee, so as not to quite lose my balance. My friend, the droopy bee, I saw on my last arrival was lively as a cricket — yes, or a grasshopper, or a humming bird, and there were a dozen others just as lively. They sprang from one flower to another, and had something nice to say to each one of us.

"Do you ever look straight in the sun's face?" asked the sentimental bumble-bee, who thinks he is poetical.

"You know I do," I answered; "that's the way I'm looking now."

"And does n't it dazzle your eyes?"

"Not one bit."

"Because, do you know, you don't look as tho' you had come out of the ground, but right out of the sun's heart and slid down here on one of his beams."

"Indeed," said I, "do you think I confine myself to any one place? I don't. And I wasn't made in the ground, and I wasn't made at one particular time. *I just am.* I always have been — 'yesterday, to-day, and forever!'"

"That will sound well when I fix it up in poetry," said he.

"It's the plain truth!"

"Oh, well, let me hear what your cousin has to say about it."

Then I heard him telling Shooting Star that she must have been born up among the stars on the softest kind of a night and slid down here on a moonbeam. I didn't notice what she said, for just then Bettie, the dear little girl we all know and love, came and sat down very near me. She took off her blue bonnet and I noticed she had been crying.

Now, Bettie is too young and happy a child to cry, and when she looked around and brushed her hand over us with a caressing movement

as if asking for our sympathy my heart went out to her and I nearly cried myself.

"My canary is dead, dear flowers," said she. "He had the loveliest feathers, as bright as any of you, and soft. He would put his head on this side and on that when you talked to him, and answer, 'Sweet! yes, Oh, yes! I know! I know! I know! Sweet!' And when I asked him what he knew, you should have heard him sing! I used to think he might not *exactly* like the cage and that was why —"

She paused, and I was glad, for I wanted to tell her a few truths she seemed to have forgotten. There is nothing like the Truth for all times.

"But, dear child, he knew the cage couldn't really confine him. Didn't he sing of his freedom? I heard him when I was with you those few days, and now he has only proved to you that he is free. As for being dead, he could n't die. Nobody can. I suppose you thought I was dead when you threw my stem away, and here I



am! Oh, your canary is having a grand, free time, somewhere."

I stopped, for Betty had a look on her face that made me think of the time I sailed so far above the earth with an angel.

"Oh I am glad you have told me. I was afraid he grieved. But if he was free after all—"

"Everybody is free, if they only knew it."

"I had better tell them. I will go and tell mother now. I hear her calling."

It was getting late. The sun was nearly down, the wind was lain, a full silence was upon us.

I thought every bird and bee and all the rest of the winged families had gone home, when the words of a very low voice came to my ear.

"Now Pansy, tell me the truth, you were made up in the purple streak of a rainbow, and you climbed down the yellow trail till you reached the earth at the end of the bow. Then you traveled here on the wind over the waving grass, through dim woods, a mysterious way, and you reached this place an hour ago."

"An hour ago," said Pansy.

"Tell me all the story, the rest of it, Pansy, before I go."



Nimble Nickel Stories.

NO. 1. BY JESSIE SWAIM.

FOR AGES and ages I lay in a dark and dismal home underneath the ground and was compelled to associate with a redish-brown metal called copper and the poison arsenic.

One day the miners dug to where I lay and took me out. They took me to a building where they used some kind of acid and separated me from my companions, the arsenic and the copper.

After they separated me from the copper and arsenic they put me into a crucible and melted me, and then they poured me into moulds to cool. Some of the melted metal was to be sent to a government mint to be made into money, and it fell my lot to be some of the metal sent. The bar I was in was placed in a car with many, many other bars just like mine.

After having a long ride we reached the city of the mint and were loaded on wagons and were taken to the mint. Here I again met my friend, the copper, and we were remelted and then partially cooled. Soon after they rolled me and the metal that made a great many other nickels into long sheets, and then they punched me out of one

of the sheets. Then I was stamped with the government stamp and was called "A Nickel." Soon after I started on my travels.

Nimble Nickel Stories. No. 2.

BY THERESA BECKETT.

What! you want to know my history? Well, I will tell it to you. Suppose I begin from the time I first left the mint, at least I think it was the mint, for I have heard so many people call it by that name. It was a very large building, with many strange fixtures inside, where many such creatures as I were to be met with. When first I left that place it seemed to me that I was lost. Where could I be? But why! right here seems to be one of my old friends. I can not see him for it is too dark, but I can feel him, and when I ask if he is, he replies, "Certainly, I am; how came you here?"

"Oh, I don't know, only that I was laid down by somebody and picked up by somebody else, put into whatever this is, and closed up here."

Then all of a sudden I felt something clutch at the thing I was in; it was opened

and I was taken out. I heard somebody say, "I would like to have a loaf of bread for this nickel." I was very much embarrassed at this. The idea of giving me for a loaf of bread! but I soon learned that that seemed to be what I was made for.

Next I was put into the hands of a little girl. Although I liked her, I did not like the way she held me. She seemed to be afraid I might get away. After awhile, however, she laid me down on a counter, and said that she wanted a nickel's worth of candy. I was then picked up and put into a drawer and remained there for some time, wondering what would happen next. I had been lying there for a day or so when I was taken out and handed to a young man whom I heard say that he was going to take a journey to Africa. He slipped me into his pocket, but I did not stay there long before I tumbled through a hole and found myself in the lining of his coat. Here I remained for many, many times as long as I had in the drawer, being jolted and tossed about. When I was beginning to think that I would never see the light again, the coat was ripped open and there I was really in the open air once more.

Nimble Nickel Stories No. 3.

BY BESSIE PYATT.

The first thing I remember is being down town in the Unity Rooms. Then a lady took me and put me in her purse with some more nickels and went on the car with me. She gave me to the conductor, and he rang a bell and put me in a funny little box. I did not like to be in there for it was dark, and I was all crowded up. The conductor gave me to a young man for change. When

the young man got off he took me to a pretty little cottage. A little girl came out to meet him and said, "Oh, did you bring the fan for Laura's birthday present?"

"No," said the young man, "I will give you the money to buy it yourself." So he gave her some nickels, and I was one of them. She took us to a store and bought a lovely fan. The store-keeper was just going to put me in a drawer, when a boy came in and bought some candy and the store-keeper handed me to him for change. The boy saw another boy, and started on a run to meet him, and in running he lost me and I fell into a dirty, wet gutter, and I did not like it for I was clean and new, and it made mud stains on me. I lay there I don't know how long. It grew dark and then light and rained and snowed, and children came out to slide but none of them saw me. At last one day after it had



rained, a poor little girl in a ragged dress and shawl and old torn shoes came by.

She was just crossing the street when she saw me and she said, "Oh, how good! now I can buy some bread for mamma's supper." And she picked me up and went down to a store near by and bought a loaf of bread.

I was old looking now and wet. The man put me in a drawer where I felt comfortable.



Nimble Nickel Stories. No. 4.

By ETHEL WILMOT.

I am a nickel. I once was in a rock. I was dug out and sent where I was smelted into bullion; then I was sent away, 'way off and made into a nickel. I was then very proud of myself and everyone else seemed proud of me, too. I was then taken with many other nickels and scattered over the world; lots of my brothers and sisters I never saw any more. But I went into the hands of a merchant; the merchant gave me to a grocer for a cigar; then a little boy came into the store with a basket of eggs and the grocer gave me to him in part payment for the eggs. The boy took me and gave me to the butcher for a piece of meat; then the butcher gave me to the saloon-keeper for something that made him awful sick. Oh, how glad I was when the saloon-keeper gave me back to the merchant with some more nickels for a shirt. The merchant kept me a long time; then after a while he gave me to a grocer for some cheese and crackers for a lunch; then the grocer gave me to a little ragged boy, and I am with the merry little creature yet, and I don't know where I will go next.

A little tot of about four years went with her mamma to call on a friend. During the conversation the ladies were speaking about Pike's Peak, and the little girl listened thoughtfully. Finally she repeated to herself, "Pike's Peak, Pike's Peak," and then earnestly interrupted, saying, "Mamma, what was he peeping at?"

"Be merry, if you are wise."

A GOOD GUESS.

CHICAGO, APRIL 3, 1900.

Dear Wee Wisdom:

You say you want us "to guess" who wrote your Bible Lessons last month. Do you think that I do not know who A. R. M. is? Well, I do.

She is one of the dearest and sweetest and best little women to be found anywhere. She has teeth as white as pearls; they are so clean that everyone who sees them can tell that in her mouth is found no guile. She has large, clear, blue eyes that reflect such an honest heart that everyone who looks into them can tell that she always wants to do just what is right. She wrote your Bible Lessons because she loves to help everyone, big and little, who wants to learn how to be good; she knows that no one can be really happy or healthy or prosperous unless he honestly *loves* to be good.

She is such a little dumpling that when my sweet sister, Helen Augusta Fussell, and I speak of her, we often call her "*dear little fat Annie*."

Now don't I know who she is? Her name is Annie R— M— z.

I am your sincere friend,

FANNY M. HARLEY.

A GOOD BOY.

I woke before the morning;
I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word,
But smiled and kept at play.

And now at last the sun
Is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy,
For I know that I've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh,
With linen smooth and fair;
And I must off to slumber land,
And not forget my prayer.

Then sleep will hold me tightly,
Till I waken at the dawn,
And hear the robins singing
In the lilacs round the lawn.

—Selected by little WALTER HEINRICH, five years young.

"God teaches us good things by our own hands."

One of these Little Ones.

Baby Ward Lawrence Raegen, of Pueblo, Colo.

Sweet baby darling! how came you to be here?
Tell us from whence your happy life was given.
Did angels waft you on a rose leaf fair,
Or bring you on a downy cloud from heaven?

Did morning touch your cheek this roseate red —
This dainty sea-shell pink, O baby dear?
And did the Great Sun's splendor o'er you shed
The golden halo of this golden hair?

And baby, tell us how these dimples grew.
Did angels melt them with their loving kiss,
When from God's baby-cherubs they chose you,
The one who best could fill a home with bliss?

And tell from whence those laughing, twinkling
eyes —
Softer than violets, deepest of all blue —
Did God Himself search through His midnight
skies
To find these two sweet heaven-orbs for you?

And did He from the sounds of heaven take
The sweetest strain, the gayest notes pick out
For you, sweet one, that love of them might make
Your cooing lisp, your merry, joyful shout?



This much I know, though you will tell me naught,
And at my questions only laugh and coo —
Infinite Love and Wisdom brought you forth,
Naught else could give such winning grace to you.

God sent a thought of wisest Father-love
And bade it grow into a baby fair,
Perfect as is its Heavenly Source above.
You smile. I've guessed your secret, dear.

— Lovingly dedicated by Mathilde Schmidt.

NATURAL LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

CONDUCTED BY "PAPA HARRY."

V.

SNAKES AND LIZARDS.

"And God made every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that it was good." Gen. 1:25.

"Papa," said Orion, "it will soon be warm enough for the snakes and lizards to come out, and then I intend to catch some to have for pets; won't you help me?"

"Yes," added Albert, "and we can put 'em in a barrel, like you used to, can't we?"

"Well," said Papa, "on condition that you boys let me first catch them and on no account do you bother one until I have first seen it, so to be sure it is harmless."

"But you had all kinds, and why can't we?" asked Orion.

"Because the poisonous ones were nuisances, and were always getting out and frightening people. It used to make me laugh to see your Grandma and Aunt Nellie whoop and come for the house on a sprint just because they had run across one of my lost pets sunninghimself on the sidewalk. Their screams were welcome music in my ears, as I knew I should then recover a runaway. Then, too, your Uncle Frank, who roomed with me, used to have *such* a fit if he happened to step with his bare feet on a poor little snake that I had let loose in the room till morning. And I remember how provoked your Uncle Albert was one morning, when he went to put on his boots and found a reptile in each boot. One of the most amazing things to me was to see Mother, Father, Albert, John, Frank and Nellie, all try to get through one doorway at the same time, just because I wanted to show them what a pretty pair of four-foot Blue Racer snakes I had captured. And the snakes were doing their best to show off, too, swinging from my hands out over the supper table, and running their tongues in and out. My! the hired girl did not stop running till she was several blocks away. There is no accounting for the queer ways different people will act. But, boys, you can have all the harmless snakes you

want, provided you avoid all snakes unless I am with you," said Papa.

"Can you teach snakes anything, Papa?" asked Orion.

"Some were easily taught, but with others I could do nothing. Several of the Rattlesnake family (*Ancistrodon contortrix* and *Toxicophis piscivorus*) were sullen, intractable and always ready to strike. But the graceful and playful Blacksnake (*Bascanion constrictor*) and the pretty little Striped snakes (*Eutænia*) made quite interesting friends, and would perform on a trapeze and do many pleasing things, among which was hiding in my pockets and then crawling out at inopportune times," answered Papa.

"Do snakes know much?" asked Albert.

"Yes," replied Papa; "they exhibit good reasoning power, strong passions, mutual affections, and a fine taste in selection of colors. They recognize human friends and show many signs of pleasure and anger. For ages they have been held as symbols of shrewdness and wisdom; even Jesus told his disciples, 'Be ye therefore wise as serpents' (Matt. 10:16), and in the Old Testament is the high order of intelligence of serpents alluded to a great number of times."

"Will some snakes poison you?" Albert wanted to know.

"Many snakes are considered poisonous. This quality has been obtained for self protection as so many things were prejudiced against snakes and destroyed them unceasingly. This error brought about its apparent evil results. The same causes brought thorns on many plants. Whenever an animal or plant is being destroyed, it usually evolves a plan of defense, such as thorns, poison, bad odor, bitter taste, etc. People that wantonly destroy God's creatures 'know not what they do,' " replied Papa.

"Did you ever see a Hoop Snake?" asked Orion, who had heard a friend tell of them.

"No," answered Papa, "and I never expect to, as they do not exist. Hoop Snakes are only a superstition, like the belief of the power of snakes to charm, the number

of rattles on a Rattlesnake's tail indicating its age, a snake's tail not dying till sundown, and many other queer ideas which are as laughable as the belief in 'Ground Hog' day."

"Is there such a thing as a Chain snake?" Orion wanted to know.

"The Chain or Glass Snake," answered Papa, "is a lizard. The representative (*Ophisaurus ventralis*) that lives in Missouri, is about 20 to 40 inches long, the color above yellowish green, spotted with black; the under color yellow. The body is short, without any legs, and tail is very long and the vertebrae of it easily separates. It looks much like a snake, and when struck a blow its tail flies in pieces, making it appear as if the greater portion of the 'snake' had been broken into pieces. Each part retains some life for a short while, adding to the delusion, but the body and head crawl away and grow a new tail. Some people imagine that the several parts come together and unite again. Nearly all lizards have this faculty of easily losing their tails, and growing new ones; and Geckos are said to be able to throw off their tails spontaneously, and that they do this when pursued by another animal, allowing the pursuer to devour the wriggling tail, while the tail's owner escapes."

"Where will we go to catch the lizards?" Albert asked.

"We will go to Washington Park, or over on the Northeast Bluffs. The rocks at both places swarm with them. But you will have a hard time catching them, as their motions are so rapid they look just like streaks of colored fire," replied Papa.

"Did you ever catch any?" questioned Orion.

"Yes," answered Papa, "I have caught many of them, but always lost their tails. They are as pretty and delicate as humming-birds, and much nicer to handle, and they cuddle down in your hand to get warm, and look so wise and gentle, you just cannot help loving them when once you get acquainted with them."

"Are any lizards poisonous?" asked Orion.

"With one possible exception, all lizards are absolutely harmless. This possible ex-

ception is *Heloderma horridum* of Mexico and Southwest U. S., and although claimed to be poisonous by even as high authority as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, still I have personal reasons for disbelieving it," said Papa.

"Our Florida Chameleon and Horned Toads are lizards, too," said Orion referring to some of his pets.

"Our Chameleon changes color at will, and while held in the hand will rapidly change to many shades of green, brown, drab, yellow and black. It has the freedom of the house, but usually remains on the flowers or lace curtains. The pretty little Horned Toads will hunt a spot in the carpet that exactly harmonizes with their color, and although Papa may know within a foot of where they are, he can not find them."

"Tell us about some more lizards," said Albert.

"Well," said Papa, "there is the Iguana, like the one our friend Herbert has; he grows from three to five feet long, eats only leaves and fruits, is fond of music, is an excellent swimmer and diver, and is considered a choice article of food.

"The Basilisk of South America appears to most people to be appropriately named.

"The Frilled lizard of Australia looks very fashionable.

"The most beautiful of lizards is probably the Flying Dragon of the Old World. It makes great flying leaps by means of bat-like parachute wings.

"The little Gecko can run on smooth perpendicular walls, and has the distinction of being mentioned in the Bible.

"Then there are the Skinks, the Blind-worms and the Double-walkers, these latter running forward or backward with equal facility.

"Closely allied to the lizards are the Crocodiles, Gavials and Alligators, and farther away were the ancient giant reptiles, that swam, flew, and crawled around during the Secondary Period of the earth's age."

"And God saw everything that he made, and behold, it was very good." — Gen. 1:31.

There is but one Life-source.

WHAT DO YOU OWN?

HARRIET LOUISE JEROME.

HAVE you a dog, or a kitten, or a bird, or a hen, or anything of your very own to care for in your home? I wish that every boy and girl in America owned some living animal which he or she loved well enough to feed and care for all by himself or herself.

And did you ever plant a tree? Why don't you each own a tree? How fine it will be when you are a man or woman to say, "Come out to the door and see the great peaches, or apples, or plums which are growing on *my* tree. I planted that when I was a child, and when we moved I took it up and we brought it with us."

You can find some man near your home who will sell you for a very small sum a cutting from the very best kind of a fruit or nut tree which can be grown in your neighborhood. Wouldn't you like to feel that the best apples or chestnuts in the state were growing on a tree you had planted and cared for all yourself?

Froebel says, "To make one tender he must have something to tend. To make one careful, give him something for which to care."

I really envy those of you who live out on a roomy farm where you may own a whole orchard, a small garden, a calf, or a hen, just by saying, "Father, I will take care of that if you will let me have it for my own."

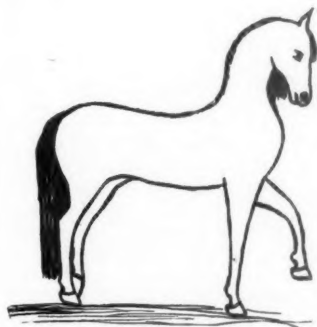
When you write to the Wee Wisdoms won't you tell us about the animals and plants and trees which are really your very own, and which you care for all yourself without help?

For myself, I am going to start a sprout of an Italian chestnut tree this spring. I am very fond of chestnuts, and am going to raise a whole colony of toads. Some day I wish one of the Wee Wisdoms would write us of the very useful things which toads do. Of course, you all know that you can tell the toads' eggs from those of the frogs when you go to the mud-pond for them, because the toads' eggs are always

in strings like beads, while those of the frog are in a mass. Bring home a jar of the pond water to begin with, if you can, then add a little fresh water every day, and have some weed growing or decaying in the water. You can feed your poly-wogs on bread crumbs as they grow larger. When they are really toads they will gladly eat any kind of bug, if only it is *alive*, that may be troubling you. No beetle or bug has ever been found which the toad will not eat and he will destroy cut-worms by the hundred while you are sleeping. Whole books could be written about our friends, the toads, and I wish some of you little wise ones would study them and watch them, and then tell us what you've actually seen.

One boy near me counted the flies his toad caught in half an hour. He counted over a hundred and fifty, and Sir Toad was just as busy with his swift, slender tongue (which of course, you know, is fastened in just opposite to the way you and I wear ours) when the boy left as at the beginning.

Watch the trees and plants and animals which you own, please, and tell us carefully and very exactly what you see, for we all want to know more about them, and no one pair of eyes can see all. I am very grateful for all the very interesting things that "Papa Harry" has been telling us about life, aren't you?



This is Susie's horse, drawn by her own little fingers. The engraver has reduced it to one-half the size she made it, but you can see just how it looks. Now, we must help Susie with our word to demonstrate the sure-enough horse she so longs for. See her letter on page 12.

Wee Wisdom



*Love suffereth long, and is kind;
Love envieth not.
Love vaunteth not itself,
Is not puffed up;
Doth not behave itself unseemly;
Seeketh not its own.
Is not provoked,
Taketh no account of evil;
Rejoiceth not in iniquity,
But rejoiceth in the truth;
Beareth all things,
Believeth all things,
Hopeth all things,
Endureth all things.*

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

Epistles.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—All the children seem to be writing for "Moss Cards," so I thought I would like to have one, too. I am curious to know what they look like; but am sure they must be pretty if Mother Sparr makes them. We have just moved to Manhattan, and I have started to school. I like all my teachers very well. I take WEE WISDOM and like to read it. If I feel afraid of anything I take up WEE WISDOM and read a little while, and fear soon goes away. Hoping to see my moss card soon, and love to all the Wisdoms, I am your friend,
INEZ RUTNER.
[P. S. : The stamps are for Mother Sparr.]

**

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I love you very much and I send you a pillow. My mamma reads me her stories and if I like them she knows other little girls nine years old will think

they are nice too, and so she sends them to you. I liked "The Real Santa Claus," but I thought "The Little Fishes," was the best. Please ask Mother Sparr for a moss card.
EVELYN HARVEY.

**

SOUTH BEND, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have taken WEE WISDOM one year and have sent for it for another year. I like it very much. I am thirteen years old. I have a baby brother and sister; they are twins. Besides them I have two other brothers. I should like to have a moss card. Love to one and all.

JESSIE SWAIM.

P. S. : I send one chapter of "The Autobiography of A Nickel; also pillow verses.

**

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I love you very much, and love to read the nice little letters of the other children. I am a Japanese boy who is going to school every day to Japanese M. E. Church. I would like very much to have one of Mother Sparr's pretty moss cards if I am not too late. I am your little friend in Truth,
FRED MORIKAWA.

Enclosed find twenty cents for moss cards.

**

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl ten years old. I have had the scarlet fever, but my mamma treated me and I was only in bed three days, and I sat up and played most of the time then. I take WEE WISDOM and enjoy it very much, especially the letters from our little brothers and sisters who are in the Truth. My Sunday School teacher is Mrs. Annie Rix Militz. I would like to have dear Mother Sparr send me a moss card. I send you two little pillow verses that I wrote. Yours in the Truth,

MABEL ROGERS.

**

NATIONAL CITY, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write you. I do not take WEE WISDOM, but a kind friend gives it to us. I think Mother Sparr is so kind to make those beautiful moss cards. I like horses so well, and I have been asking a long time for one when I was nine years old. I am nine now, but mamma says I will get one this year. I held for a cat and it came, and I held for some rabbits and we got them. I thought I would draw a picture for you* I would like very much for you to send me and my sister and brother a moss card. I think they are so pretty. I send a pillow verse. With much love, your loving friend,

SUSIE EDWARDS.

* See picture on page 11.

PORTAGE, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— I am a little girl eight years old. My aunt, Jennie Carlou, takes WEE WISDOM for my brother and me. My brother's name is Willis. I would like one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. I never saw one of them.

FLORENCE LYNN.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— Enclosed please find the first chapter of "The Autobiography of A Nickel." I am fourteen years old today. I think WEE WISDOM a very nice child's paper, and I hope this chapter will be of use to it. Yours with love,

THERESA BECKETT.

ANSON, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE— I write to let you know how much I love WEE WISDOM, and how glad I am to get it. I learned the "Caterpillar Poem" in February WEE WISDOM, and spoke it at the concert we had the last day of school. I love you very much, because I know you are so good, and I do love pillow verses so much. I will send some stamps. I am six years old. My name is

AGNES AUTREY.

[Agnes' mamma says, "I don't know whether you can read Agnes' letter or not, but she wants to send it." Yes, indeed, we can read every word of it and she did splendidly for a wee girlie.— Ed.]

AUBURN, MASS.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR— I am a little girl six years old. I have a little sister one year old. When I have to do anything which seems as though I can't, I say *I can*, I CAN, until I do it. Please can I have a pretty moss card for which I thank you. I send some stamps.

RACHEL CLIFFORD POND.

[You printed your letter beautifully Rachel.— Ed.]

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR— I am attending the Home of Truth Sunday School, and I enjoy it very much. I receive WEE WISDOM paper and always read it through with great pleasure. I have heard much about your moss cards, and if you have one to spare I should very much like to have one.

Yours lovingly, MABEL E. CLARK.

SHERIDAN, WYO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— A friend of mine gave me WEE WISDOM for a Christmas present. I like the stories in it very much, and I like the pillow verses. I am ten years old, and I have a brother four, and a sister eleven. I would like one of Mother

Sparr's moss cards. My school will commence the first of April. I live about five miles from the Big Horn Mountains, and nine miles from town. Yours truly,

EDITH M. ROBINSON.

[Enclosed find six cents.]

CONCORDIA, KAN.

TO WEE WISDOM— Auntie gives me WEE WISDOM and mamma reads it for me. I am a little girl four years old. When I learn to read, I will read them myself. I like the stories very much. I would like one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. Some day when I get big I will send her something. I can only send her my love now.

EDNA FERN TRUMK,

Per Auntie.

PACIFIC GROVE, CAL.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR— I go to school and Sunday School. I read WEE WISDOM. My aunt Mary sent it to me. I am ten years. I love the story of the "Real Santa Claus." I have a sister nine years old, and her name is Phebe. I would like one of your moss cards. Well I must close, good-by.

MARRETTA AHERTON.

Hope to see my letter in WEE WISDOM.

DANBURY, CONN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— I am a little girl eight years old, and I like WEE WISDOM very much. Enclosed please find fifty cents for a year's subscription commencing with Jan., 1900.

MISS MARION WILSON.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— I love to read the pillow verses in the WEE WISDOM. I am six years old, and I go to Lowell School, and I want a moss card.

MARY CLARK.

[Five pennies enclosed.]

HUNTINGTON, IND.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR— I like the story "An Autobiography of A Nickel," and will try and write a chapter sometime. I am a little girl eight years old. I will send a pillow verse. Yours truly,

ELIZABETH MASON.

DEERING CENTER, ME.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— I am going to send you to my little niece this year, and I hope you will open her eyes wide to see God in every thing. With best wishes,

ELLEN T. WAY.

Be not simply good, but be good for something.—Thoreau.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



AS THERE ever such a blessed place and time as "Here" and "Now"? These windows open upon a world of beauty and sunshine. The dear old, brown cradle of Mother Earth is filled with May's lovely babies, and the frogs and birds are singing their continual lullabys. The Great Life is everywhere clothing Itself with wings and leaves and blossoms! Intelligence is shaping Itself into beautiful forms and colors and sounds! while Infinite Love warms and thrills and permeates all with unhindered joy and gladness. Praise the dear Good! What a joy living is! What a glad gospel of great joy is it to know *living is joy*.

But turning from the open window "ye editor" inhales the fragrance of these other "Spring Blossoms" which are represented by these dear little letters. Why is it the room seems full of color and fragrance and life? One entering in would say, "ye editor" is alone, but how can an *outsider* know, how can an outsider see in here — *our real sanctum*—where we are met in close and happy thought? Do you know, the outside world gets all its beauty and coloring from *in here!* It is *our* joy and *our* gladness, *our* sweet kindnesses, and loving thought that sets the world blossoming and the birds to singing for *us*. And it is because such great love of you comes sweeping through "ye editor's" soul today that she sees a glorified without and within. And this makes her believe there is nothing so delightful as coming heart to heart with her Wisdoms. When we are all dissolved in this kind of love there will be just One Great Loving Heart, and It will be God's whole universe.

How the Nickel family are coming to the front! They seem to have quite as pronounced individualities as the human family, too. Can *you* tell *why*? You see, we will need to let our Science nickel go on in the way Fred started him.

But here comes a multitude of nickels, who seem to be having the common experi-

ence of common nickels, so we will put them under the head of "*Nimble Nickel Stories*." We already have several chapters of this sort on hand, and you are all invited to help tell some specially good experience of the nimble nickel.

A very highly instructive nickel has now appeared on the scene. He will start in next month. What shall we name him — Instructor Nickel?

Dear little Margaret has sent in a nickel pasted in a cardboard with a paper star over it, on which are the words, "*Good Luck Nickel*." What shall we do with it? Send it 'round among the Sunday Schools to carry "Good Luck" (Margaret's name for blessings) to all the Wee Wisdoms of all the Truth schools? Of course, there would need to be reports from it wherever it went and in that way we might hear from all the Sunday Schools.

Let us know if anyone needs the especial blessing of this "Good Luck Nickel."

After this the dear little moss cards will be discontinued. Our sweet friend, Mother Sparr nas gone away from her home by the sea to live with her daughter. Her great loving heart will be always *ours*, and her blessings she sends to *you*, and says you have made her so happy with your loving words of appreciation, and you must still remember she is kept in love and peace.

When you write now, in place of the moss cards, you will receive a card with some beautiful truth statements on to hang up in your own little room.

Your dear letters can be full of the things you love, and the good you see, and the truths you learn.

Do you believe God made pain? No? Then when you speak the *true* word, pain *must* go.

Do you believe God made anger or unhappiness? No? Then speak the word of joy and love, and the sweet good-will becomes manifest. Why! we can be so full of loving kindness that everything living will grow happier in our presence.

"Unselfish love makes unselfish lives."



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

WHAT WEATHER WE'LL BUY.

We don't want a rainy first of May,
Like the one we had before,
So Teddy and I are going today
To call at the Weather Store.
And we'll ask the clerk who is always there
To show us the very best,
And we'll sort and choose with the greatest
care
Before we dare to invest.

We go so early and play so long
When we crown our Queen o' the May,
That we want our weather quite new and
strong,
And certain to wear all day.
We'd like the kind that is full of sun,
The same as we had last week;
But if there are clouds, why, everyone
Must be warranted not to leak!
—*Youth's Companion.*

Who brought in a new subscriber in answer to WEE WISDOM's request? Hands up!

The Pillows must be very downy this month, for every one of them is stuffed by a happy little Wisdom.

Instead of "Mother Sparr's" moss cards, hereafter little writers will receive *Truth Cards* in return for their efforts.

The Bible Lessons contributed this month were too lengthy for our space. The dear friend who sent them we thank most gratefully for her kindness, and pass on the beautiful substance of her truth-statements to you through this wireless way of loving thought.

N. B. means TAKE NOTICE that every little reader of WEE WISDOM is invited to attend WEE WISDOM's birthday party next August. And how are you to do it when you are so far away, many of you? Well, you (that means everyone) may do something for the August number. You can make a photo visit, and tell the very happiest thing that ever came into your little life, or you can draw a picture, or write a poem, or a letter, or a song, or tell a true story. And what shall you do about the Bible Lessons? Write them, or in their stead tell which you think is the very sweetest story in all the Bible, and what the truth-meaning is. Shall August WEE WISDOM be good or VERY GOOD?

Premiums for Subscriptions.

Do you want to help WEE WISDOM and at the same time have a book free? Then get your little friends to subscribe.

For two subscriptions (\$1.00) we will send you "The Wonderful Wishers of Wishing-well," or "Aunt Seg's Catechism," or "Wee Wisdom's Way."

For three subscriptions (\$1.50) we will send you "Big Truths for Little People."

For four subscriptions (\$2.00) we will send you "The Story of Teddy."

For five subscriptions (\$2.50) we will send you "How Edith Found Fairyland."

WEE WISDOM'S WAY 25c.

By Myrtle Fillmore. A booklet of twelve chapters telling a sweet story of how the Day family were healed. All who have read it have only words of praise.

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Monday

Like the stars
That shine above,
We are shining
Through God's love.
—Mabel.

Tuesday

God is gentle,
God is kind;
All bad things
God will bind.
—Elizabeth.

Wednesday

Goodness is an angel
That watches over us,
When we together mingle
In love and happiness.
—Mabel.

Thursday

I find blessings
In my path
All along my way;
For God gives me
All he hath.
—Jessie.

Friday

God, Life and Love
are here;
You should never,
never fear.
—Susie.

Saturday

Blessings on one,
Blessings on all,
I ask you to give,
O Giver of Love and
Peace.
—Jessie.

Sunday

God keeps me
Through the night,
And wakes me
With the morning bright.
—Evelyn.