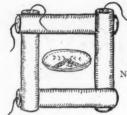


KANSAS CITY, MO., JULY, 1902.



Johnnie's Queer Adventure.

M. F

(ILLUSTRATED BY OUR YOUNG ARTIST.)

N C E Johnnie went to Firecracker Town,

And 'twas on the Fourth of July;

And the Firecracker people invited him in,

And fed him on firecracker pie.

Now, firecracker pie acts very queer,
And our Johnnie no sooner fed
Than he dwindled down to the tiniest thing,
With a Chinaman's cue on his head.

Then a Giant Firecracker strode that way
And seized tiny John by the cue,
And strung him along with a dozen boys,
Everyone of whom Johnnie knew.

There was Tom Taylor and Jimmie Jinks, And Dan and the Larkin boys, three, And little Will Wallace and Solomon Saul, Bill Baker and Lawrence Lee.

Ed Black and brother were on the string, And a sad, sorry lot they were; They looked at each other and softly cried As they dangled together there. "Oh! cruel monsters are living boys!

On the Fourth of July they slay

The people of Firecracker Town by the score,

For patriotism and play."

Today in safety and peace we meet

To taste of glad Liberty's joys,

And this glorious Fourth we will celebrate

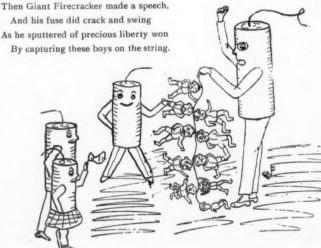
By firing this string of bad boys.

Then Johnnie's long cue in terror stood straight,
And that string of small boys with blanch'd face
Begged for mercy, for, oh! 'tis a terrible fate
To be put in a Firecracker's place.

"Have one of you ever shown mercy yourself?"

Asked the Firecracker fierce and grim;

"The boy that can show us a time when he spared A Firecracker, we will spare him."



But alas! alas! not one of all
Could remember a time or place
Such mercy was ever considered or shown
To one of the
Firecracker race.

Then Giant Firecracker cried, "Enough,
Touch them off;" and with awful scream
At the sputter and siz of his lighted cue,
Our Johnnie awoke from his dream!



VOL. VI.

KANSAS CITY, MO., JULY, 1902.

No. 12.

Bunny Cotton-Tail, or, Have no Fear.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

PART I.

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OOD day, Bunny Cottontail, where are you bound for, so early?" buzzed the Bumble-bee, who was just

crawling out from beneath a green leaf, where he had rested and slept the long night through.

Bunny Cotton-tail, who was making dainty little leaps across the long drooping grasses, stopped and lifting his pretty ears turned to see who it was that was speaking, but he thought it must be Mr. Bumble-bee, for bees have a buzzy way of talking that cannot easily be mistaken.

"Here I am," hummed Mr. Bee.
"Where are you going," he repeated.
"Just for a walk," replied Bunny;
"besides it's a fine morning. I should think you'd be buzzing around hunting your breakfast. Look at those lovely butter-cups with their store of butter, or what is it?"

"The dew is two heavy on the grass yet," replied Mr. Bee. "See how they tilt down, and you know butter-cups hold honey, not butter, but I like best the wild azaleas, those white flowers that grow by the brook. I shall fly down there a little later, when the sun has warmed and brought out their sweetness; then I shall run my proboscis into them, and what a delicious drink that will be."

"Look here, I've found my breakfast already," cried Bunny, "a bed of delicious clover," and the rabbit bent his head down and commenced nibbling away as fast as possible, turning his little head first to one side, then to the other.

"Why don't you keep still when you eat, and not wiggle your head so," said the bee.

"I have to be on the watch always, for something might come chasing after me, dogs or boys or men with guns."

"Nonsense, nobody bothers me!" exclaimed the bee. "I am not afraid of any one. My motto is 'Have no fear."

"Dear me, I wish mine was that," said Bunny, "but I have always been afraid. My mother has told me to run when I see anything bigger than myself, so I usually do so."

"Look here, Bunny Cotton-tail, you must have a very hard time of it; your heart is always in your mouth, and it must go thump, thump, and you don't find much peace that way. I sting if anyone comes near me."

"My mother says, 'Never hit back, it does no good,'" replied Bunny, "and I advise you to follow the same method; just fly away if people or things chase you, and leave them alone."

"Well, Bunny Cotton-tail, that is n't bad advice. I'll try and follow it, if you'll use my motto, then meet me tomorrow and tell me your experiences."

"It's a bargain!" said Bunny. "I'll say over and over 'I have no fear' from this time on, and remember, you are not to sting people," and with a jerk of his funny white tail, Bunny was off and away to his house in the field near by.

PART II.

The next day toward sunset, Bunny met Mr. Bee buzzing about some azaleas near the brook.

"How do you feel today, Bun?" asked Mr. Bee, who was rather a familiar fellow.

"I feel first rate," replied the rabbit, "and I've something to tell you. You know those words, 'Have no fear,' - well, I've been saying them over and over, and this noon I was down in Farmer John's orchard, standing under one of his cherry trees, when the first I knew I heard steps, or something crackling the dead leaves. Of course, up popped my ears, I could n't very well help that, and I looked, and then I kept still, and then there came a tall thing like a man. only different. It did not have the same kind of clothes, but more of them, of brighter colors, and it had ever so much fur piled upon its head, pretty shining fur --- "

"You mean hair," interrupted the bee.
"Yes, hair, and it walked my way, reading a book, then it stood still, looked up, and saw me, and what do you think, why, it spoke and said these words, 'Pretty Bunny, dear little rabbit, have no fear,' the very words you told me, but I wasn't quite sure of the creature, so I made long leaps for my home. I looked back half way, and it was still standing there."

"That was a woman, she would n't hurt you," said the bee.

"No, I suppose not, she didn't carry a gun. Next time I'll be still braver, and I'll not forget those words of yours —'Have no fear.'"

HOW THE WAVES ANSWERED MY PRAYER.

A True Story.

MARIE L. PECK.

Dear Readers - I have been for many years a teacher of children, and there is nothing in the world to me more beautiful than a bright boy or girl, with a sweet, loving disposition, and nothing more sad than an ungrateful, peevish one. I have a little friend with pretty blue eyes and a wealth of golden curls, and everything to make her beautiful and happy, but she used to fret and stew from morn till night for something she imagined she wanted, and so she wasted her time and her thoughts, knitted her brows, pulled down the corners of her mouth, and filled her home with the atmosphere of discontent and unhappiness, until everybody considered her a most unlovely child, and now I am going tell you how Mabel learned a better way.

We live in the beautiful city of Los Angeles where the roses try to see how large and lovely they can grow, and all the other flowers stretch out their leaves and choose brightest colors so as not to be outdone by the roses. The sun shines almost every day in this City of the Angels. And sometimes he makes up his mind to do his very best. He shines so hard that his great bright face gets very red, and all the little clouds spread their silvery wings and fly away to hide behind the mountains. Then the great palms reach out their broad leaves and fan themselves, and the breezes from the ocean ripple in the tree tops, and rock the little birds as as they sing their songs of gladness. It was on one of these warm days that Mabel and I boarded the cars and hurried away to the beach. We sought the shelter of a great rock, and sat down to enjoy the cool salt air and watch the waves tumbling over each other in their haste to reach the shore.

We were so delighted with the change we decided to remain and we were soon joined by others, and rented a pleasant furnished cottage and began housekeeping. Each day we took our comforts and spread them in a sheltered spot and read and chatted, gazed out upon the the fishermen in their boats, the great vessels of commerce bearing their cargoes to foreign ports, and we watched the saucy gray gulls circling above us.

And now comes the story I have been so long telling. One of the poor comforts grew very tired of being pulled over the stones, and went to shreds. I felt sorry that we should have been so careless, and decided to treat it to a new cover. I thought some dark green goods with pink flowers would harmonize with the surroundings, and took the ferry across the bay to San Pedro to buy it. As I found nothing I wanted, I sent to the city by friends. Every one who returned brought me an excuse. As it was nearing our time to return I began to grow very impatient lest I should go without accomplishing my desire, and then I recalled the vow I had made to myself, never again to waste my energies fretting. Remembering that God works in and through me, I determined I would husband my forces for good and trust my Father's love to lead me into the understanding of how to bring it forth. And so, instead of growing unhappy and disappointed, I affirmed, "I shall have just what I want in good time!" Then I trusted my words of Truth.

It was now full noon and the tides were very high; sometimes the waters reached the top step of our cottage. The day after affirmation, as we stood watching the mighty surgings to and fro, a great wave carrying something on

its crest broke at our door and landed its treasure at our feet. It looked so bright and pretty I ran to seize it. called for help exclaiming, "It is the cover for my comfort." It was two long new curtains of moss green color, covered with bright pink poppies. They had probably been used on some vessel. It matters not when nor what they had been, they were mine now, and just what I had desired. When Mabel saw this she was greatly impressed, and declared she would never again fret her dear mamma or papa for what she wished, but ask her heavenly Father to teach her how to bring the good she desired through the powers He had given her.

All good is mine, yes, every need
My Father doth supply;
He knows each want before we ask
And sends it by and by.
He bids us trust His boundless love
And cast out every fear,
For nothing is, save God the Good,
And He is everywhere.

PRECOCITY.

A 3-year-old boy was reproved by his mother a few days ago. The youngster asked why his conduct was wrong, and the mother replied that grown up persons knew best about such matters, and he must obey without asking questions. The little fellow drew his rocking chair before the grate fire and rocked for several minutes without saying a word. Finally he remarked:

"Mamma, little boys ought to know what is right better'n grown up folks."

"Why, dear?"

"'Cause they came from heaven last."

— Selected.

Love all at home, Love all at school, Then you'll live The Golden Rule.

— J. S. H.

NATURAL LESSONS IN NAT-URAL HISTORY.

CONDUCTED BY "PAPA HARRY."
XII.

BUTTERFLIES.



LBERT and Orion had watched a patch of weeds on a vacant lot next to their home all one warm afternoon, and had noticed many butterflies that

had flitted about, alighting on first one weed bloom, then another. Their inquiring minds had stored up many questions for their Papa to answer when he came home. He arrived on schedule time, and their masked batteries began to open fire.

"Why do some butterflies sit with closed wings, and others sit with opened wings?" asked Orion.

"Those with the most beautiful colors on the upper part of their wings sit with them closed, and those with the bright colors underneath sit with them opened; thus they more easily escape notice by their enemies," answered Papa.

"Do butterflies have many enemies?" inquired Albert.

"No," replied Papa, "comparatively very few."

"Do you think they are intelligent?"
Orion inquired.

"I believe they are. They certainly lead an ideal existence, living a pure, free and spiritual life, obeying the law of their being and interfering with no other living thing. They make themselves very beautiful, cause all things they come in contact with to become more beautiful, are 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever,' make pleasure and beautiful thoughts come to all with whom they meet," answered Papa.

"Do they make their own color?" asked Albert.

"They certainly do," replied Papa;

"and they seem to have grasped the knowledge that 'as one thinketh, so is he.' One species finds that another is protected by a bitter taste, and they soon change their color so that they exactly resemble the protected species, and thus escape their enemies. Mr. Bates, who collected butterflies in South America for eleven years, found this a common occurrence and that butterflies of one species imitated those of entirely different family genus and species. If the human species would all develop this faculty, what a beautiful race we would be."

"How do they make other things beautiful?" asked Orion.

"By properly fertilizing the plants. They carry pollen from one plant to another, and by selecting the largest and most beautiful flowers they continually increase the size and beauty of the flower. Take, for instance, our common Papiho Asterias, which is blue, it likes a dark blue flower, and thus by visiting the flowers of the darkest blue it causes certain flowers to become deeper and deeper blue. The gardener owes his best results in fine flowers and fruits to butterflies."

"What are the weeds good for?" asked Albert.

"Weeds are very beneficial in the cities. They purify the air by withdrawing the carbon dioxide and other poisonous gases thrown out by the fires in the dwellings, factories, locomotives, the breathing of the people and animals, the sewers, etc., and recharge our air with oxygen, the most essential element. They pump out the water from damp places, and keep the ground and air pure and sweet. They keep the dust from blowing in and polluting the air. They furnish the city birds and butterflies with most of their supply of food. They are a source of never-ending supply of investigation for persons inclined to study botany, ornithology or entomology. They are a pleasing sight to the eye, compared with a brown commons. All our flowers and vegetables were derived from the weeds. In fact, the only difference between the weeds and the flowers is that the weeds we plant in our yard we call flowers, and the flowers that grow outside we call weeds," replied Papa.

LULU'S DREAM OF FAIRIES.

WALTER S. WELLER.

ulu Brown was a pretty, fair-haired little girl, with blue eyes and chubby form. She was the only child of wealthy parents, who were very indulgent to her. She had everything she wanted — beautiful dresses, lovely dolls, costly necklaces of pearls and rubies, and all other things that a child's heart could wish for.

One night, after enjoying the celebration of her sixth birthday, she had a dream. She thought she was out in the woods, dressed in her "very bestest" dress—the one with low neck and short sleeves, of a pretty blue color. She saw the Fairy Queen and the fairies; and she kept very still, so that she would not frighten them. They did not notice her at first, but after she had been watching them a little while, one of the tiny creatures saw her. The fairy was not scared at all. She simply called the Queen's attention to her.

"Ask her what she wants," said the Queen. "Tell her she can have anything she may wish for."

The fairy came where Lulu was kneeling, and softly gave her the Queen's message.

"I want a contented, satisfied heart," said Lulu.

"You shall have it," said the fairy, and she went back to the Queen, who smiled when she heard Lulu's wish. "She has all she needs except that," she remarked. "Fortune has smiled on Lulu Brown."

To Lulu's delight, the Queen advanced in a slow stately manner toward her; and when she had come to where Lulu was standing (for she rose to her feet when she saw her coming), she spoke to her, and her voice was as sweet as music.

"You precious little mortal-" she began.

"My name is Lulu," said the child.

"I know that," said the Queen.
"We fairies know the names of all the children."

"Oh, do you?" said Lulu.

"Certainly, we do," answered the Queen. "Now, Lulu, if you want a satisfied and contented heart, you must be willing to share all your things with others, even to giving away some of your prettiest playthings to poorer children. You must not be selfish in any way."

"Is that all I have to do?" asked Lulu.

"Yes, dearie," said the Queen. "And now we will show Lulu how prettily we can dance."

So they performed a beautiful dance, to the most exquisite strains of fairy music. When they had finished Lulu thanked the Queen, and then she awoke. The morning sun was streaming into her bedroom window. And she sprang out of her crib, and knelt to say her morning prayers; then she went to her parents' room and was washed and dressed. She told her dream to her papa and mamma, who appreciated it very much, and when Lulu had told it very much, and when Lulu had told it all, and repeated what the Fairy Queen had said to her about being unselfish, her mother kissed her, and said:

"I hope our little girl will never forget to be generous to others."

"No, indeed, mamma, I never, never will!" she said, flinging her arms around her dear mamma's neck, and lovingly kissing her. Then she turned to her father and gave him a hug and kiss, and from that time Lulu was a model of unselfishness and generosity.

The Tried and True.

(Description of an Actual Occurrence.)





OH, KILL ME NOT.

- "Oh, kill me not," the robin said;
- "Although my breast is deepest red, A nest I have in yonder tree, A mate, and downy birdlings three. For food, alas! they'll cry in vain; If I, the parent bird, am slain!"
- "Oh, kill me not," the linnet said;
- "I carol softly overhead;
 My silvery music, soft and clear,
 Full many an aching heart doth cheer;
 Oh, could you hush my voice so gay
 On this clear happy morn in May?"
- "Oh, kill me not," the sparrow said;
- "On errands dear my wings are spread;
 My song may not be sweet or clear,
 But I stay with thee all the year,
 And build beneath your friendly eaves
 My little nest of straw and leaves."
- "Then kill us not," each warbler said;
- "But love and cherish us instead, And all your kindness we'll repay By useful task and sweetest lay. One tender voice is hushed and still Whene'er a precious bird you kill!"
- RUTH RAYMOND, The Ladies' World.

BLESSINGS.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Henry: "Mother, do come and look out the window at the stars. How pretty they are!"

Mother: "Yes, dear, can you count

Henry: "No, mother, there are too many; I have often tried to count them."

Mother: "Neither can you count God's blessings, for they are as many as the stars in the heavens or fishes in the sea."

Henry: "Did you ever try to count your blessings, mother?"

Mother: "Yes, often; it is a very good practice when one feels tired or cross. It rests one, and makes one happy to know that there are so many things for which to be thankful."

Henry: "What are some of your blessings?"

Mother: "Life, health, my husband, children, and so on."

Henry: "Mine are you and father, brother and sister, a strong body, my rabbits, new knife, and—Oh, me! I can't name them all."



Government Avenue, Cape Town, South Africa.

"DARAAR," HOF STREET, CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—It is many years that I have heard of you through "Aunt Mary," and sometimes I read you myself. I have so very little time for reading, because there is so much to do in this quaint little town, with its lovely suburbs.

Every morning my sister and a friend of ours play tennis before breakfast, or if it is damp or rainy, we take long walks; our favorite one being around the "kloof," which is the Dutch word for cliff. It is a steep, good road from our house, beginning in the shade of trees and some houses and their gardens, but as it comes to the summit, or pass, it is very nearly all rock with a few shrubs below. From this pass in the range of mountains, whose peaks still remain, Table Mountain on one side, and Lion's Head on the other, you look down upon Cape Town; which from its white-walled, red-roofed houses shining in the sun, might be Athens. Its one long avenue lies straights in the center. The public gardens on one side, and the gardens of the government house on the other, making dark green patches in the bright little spot—Cape Town.

Turning your back upon all this, you face a long, winding, sloping road that leads to the sea, which stretches for miles and miles unheeded. Table Mountain was given its name from the form. It is perfectly flat on top, and every evening about

five a thick white bank of fog rolls down over its sides from the top looking exactly like a tablecloth.

One's friends live scattered within nine different suburbs, so one's time is fully taken up in traveling to see them, and home again; although there are many quick trains to all places.

Cape Town and its suburbs are much more civilized than most of us would imagine, and have truly great natural beauty and fascination for people who have lived here. But, dear Wee Wisdoms, one always loves home best, and I came from California, and long to be back again in that refreshing state.

From a friend, SARA QUINAN.



Charles and Myrtle Fillmore, of Kansas City, Mo., will conduct the Sunday morning services at the College of Divine Science, 730 Seventeenth Ave., Denver, Colo., Sunday, August 3d, and Sunday, August 10th. They will also deliver a course of lectures on Regeneration, beginning Monday evening, August 4th, and continuing every evening for two weeks, Sunday night alone being excepted.

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"The pure in heart shall see God."



DENVER, COLO.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I received the Truth cards, and thought they were very nice. I think the verses on them are very nice, and I know the verses. I would like a Flower card that you speak about. I know I am selfish to ask for so many cards, but I do love those Truth cards so much, and I know I would love them just as well as the Truth cards. I do think Aunt Mary must have taken lots of pain in making them. I enclose a stamp for them if you will please send me one. I must close for this time. Your loving friend,

MARJORIE JAMES.

P. S.—Mamma and I like WEE WISDOM very much.

— M. J.

ROULETTE, PA. DEAR MRS. FILLMORE - I have gotten on wonderfully well with my school work and music, and am asked to help everywhere, and somehow I am always ready without much trouble. One of my schoolmates is very sick, and all the doctors have given him up. The teacher had him brought to school to spend an afternoon with his class. She took up a collection among us and got him a lovely funny book with a list of our names written in it. and such a lovely basket of fruit, flowers and bonbons, and he seemed so pleased. I felt as there was everything but truth for him, so I tied together my large and small Truth cards with a pretty ribbon and gave him those. He was there last Friday, and today we hear he is some better. Oh! I do hope they may help him and that he will understand them. His name is Frank Sheldon; he has lost the use of his feet and hands. I am so glad I found you. I hope my mamma knows how good you are to me. I will try to send you something for the birthday number of WEE WISDOM. Some day I hope to be a teacher like you. Your own loving HAZEL.

JE 38 31

BIG RAPIDS, MICH.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I have taken you for four or five years, and read you every month and sometimes over again. I am eleven years young, and go to school every day. We all like the "Two Gardens" and many other stories. I am in the fourth grade, and my teacher's name is Mrs. Lincoln. My brother and I would be very glad

to get one of the Flower cards for which I enclose a stamp. With much love to you all, I am yours in truth,

ISABEL GRIFFITH.

JE JE JE

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have only had one of your papers, and I like it very much. I have one cat, and it is very sick with a cold. I have one sister and a brother. My brother is sixteen, and my sister is thirteen, and I am nine. I hope to get a Flower card. Your loving friend,

ALMA AULT.

FAIR OAKS, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I sent a nickel to Aunt.
Mary de Witt and she bought dye for Easter eggs,
and they made over fifty children happy. Good
bye, from OSCAR W. HAMBROUGH.

JR JR JR

OLIVER, VA.

Dear Wee Wisdom—A lady in Brattleboro, Vermont, sends you to me each month. I like the letters in it so much I thought I would write and tell you so. I am ten years old. I have never been to school, but I hope to go this winter. I love to read, and have quite a number of pets. I live thirty miles from Richmond, but have never been out of my state. I would like a Truth card if you have one to spare. I will close.

Your little friend, JULIET G. LUCK.

N 36 38

144 37TH ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Mrs. Fillmore—I was glad to see the picture of Ralph and Beatrice Barton. I wonder if they are any relation to our Swedenborgian Bartons. I have a good many flower seeds left for your little Truth seekers; if they will send me ten cents, I will send a packet to any address. I have double and single hollyhocks, dolichos (a vine), marigold, sunflower, etc. If it is not convenient to send it otherwise, I will accept 5 two-cent stamps. I have the most of the dolichos, which is a pretty Japanese vine, with blue pea-like flowers, three to six on a stem. I have them in five and tencent packages. The five-cent packets have seven seeds; the ten-cent ones, thirteen.

Yours sincerely, Walter S. Weller.

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WATSONVILLE, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Dorothy Wren is a new girl, and she wants a Truth card if you have one to spare. Her friend, Joanna Bald, subscribed for WEE WISDOM for her. Enclosed find five cents.

DOROTHY WREN.

LITTLE BROTHERS.

At one of the summer hotels in the Berkshire Hills there was a flight of wooden steps leading from the higher to the lower part of the grounds. Under these steps the hornets had made their nests for several years, and, although they had been smoked out again and again, back they came before the summer was ended.

One beautiful August day Willie Chapin's mother saw her little boy seated at the foot of the steps, intent on something in his hand, and as she came nearer she observed hornets flying around him and settling on his face and head. To the one he held he was saying gentle, loving words, and stroking it lightly with the forefinger of his right hand. So absorbed was he that he did not notice his mother, who watched him for some time. Then she said:

"My child, what have you done to make the hornets love you?"

"Loved them first, Mother dear," he replied, looking up at her with a joyous laugh.

Day after day the little fellow, only five years old, would spend hours in play with his hornet friends, and never received the slightest injury from them; for they seemed to sheathe their swords whenever he was with them. He had no fear of any living creature. mother had taught him that the insects were his little brothers, to whom he must always be kind if he wished their kindness to be shown to him in return. There were no children of his own age in the hotel, and he believed that God had given him the hornets as playfellows during that summer in the Berkshire Hills .- HELEN CHAUNCEY, in Mind.

[&]quot;The only way to be something is to do something."



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON I. JULY 6.

The Giving of Manna.— Ex. 16:4-15.

Golden Text—Give us this day our daily bread.— Matt 6:11.

With today's lesson begins the third quarter, and we are to go back to the Old Testament, where we left off six months ago. If you will stop and think a moment, you will remember the story of the Children of Israel crossing the Red Sea under the direction of Moses. Now we find them in the wilderness after their delivery from Egyptian bondage. These children of God had many things to learn, just as we have today, before they could be altogether free, so their Good put them through a training school. The first thing necessary was to learn to trust God, and our lesson today is upon this point. Moses was a miracle worker: he could do the wonder works of God because he trusted God and looked to God for all his help. When the children of Israel could find no water in the wilderness, but bitter stuff that was not fit to drink, the God in Moses took the branch of a certain tree, threw it into the water and at once it became pure and sweet.

When the children of Israel were starving, he used his spiritual power to make bread for them out of the air and dew, and many other wonderful things did he do. The God that is in each one of us is a miracle worker, and Jesus said of this wonder worker within, that nothing is impossible unto it. The more we trust it and place our faith in it, the more can it do for us, but doubt will ever keep it hidden.

In John 6:32 Jesus tells the people that Moses did not give the true bread from heaven, because the manna he gave was only a symbol, just as the eagle is a sign standing for our country, but is not our country. This manna, then, was a sign of something greater, something hidden out of which comes the good we see and enjoy. This only good is the Christ, the divine self within, which is the true bread from heaven. If we eat of this true bread we will hunger no more, neither for knowledge of God or outward food or clothing.

There is no need to worry about tomorrow, just

have plenty of trust today, and every day, and everything good will come your way.

LESSON II. JULY 13.

The Ten Commandments—Duties to God.—Ex. 20:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, — Luke 10:27.

Children, can you repeat the ten commandments from memory? If not, then the best thing to do is to learn them; this will serve you hereafter. Today we are given the first four to learn and study and next week we will have the other six. Jesus read the first commandment this way, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength." This means that we must love the Good with every thought we think, with all the strength of our love, and express it in our body. This commandment does not simply forbid our loving anything or anyone more than God, it goes deeper and further than that, for it forbids our giving any love to anyone or anything but God. Remember it is God the Good, in everything and everybody, that is to be loved by everyone. Why, this makes the kingdom of heaven, does it not, and how easy it is when we see it right?

The second commandment says, "Thou shalt make no idol," that is, we must watch our heart, our feelings, to see that we do not fail in perfect love to God. Just remember the first rule of true living, love the good in all, and you are all right.

The third commandment says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain." This not only means that we are not to swear, use profane and impure language, but it means more than this, for many people who never swear are being judged every day into sickness and unrest, because they do not know how to think and talk right.

Not only must we learn how not to speak God's name, but we must know just how to speak it right. Jesus said, "Hallowed be thy name." That means God's name is holy, sacred, respected. Moses not only gives us this commandment, but he also tells us God's name and you will find it in Exodus 3:14, 15. It is, "I AM." Now if we love and respect the I AM, which is God's name in us, we will never speak lightly of it, or add words to it that are vain, as, "I am sick," "I am poor," "I am afraid," for we have learned that such speaking of the name judges us even more sick, poor and afraid. Instead, we will add to this name of God words such as Jesus used, "I am the way," "I am

the good shepherd," "I am life," or in your own words, "I am loving, kind, healthful, peaceful," etc.

The fourth commandment teaches us that the true life is not all work, but that our Good wants us to play, to laugh, to rest and take time to grow light-hearted and spiritual, and so the outer Sabbath is just a picture of the rest and peace of the soul

LESSON III. JULY 20.

The Ten Commandments — Duties to Men. — Ex. 20:12:17.

Golden Text — Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. — Matt. 19:19.

Here we have the other six commandments, and our golden text is the golden key that unlocks all the truth in them, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

There are three steps leading up to the door of heaven. These are morality, righteousness and holiness. The first step is taken when we keep these ten commandments outwardly, no outward killing, stealing, etc., but this is not the whole of life, for we have a mind, children, as well as a body, so the second step, which is righteousness, or right-thinking, is taken when we no longer think killing, stealing and impure thoughts toward anyone, but instead we think right toward and about everybody.

Again this is not the whole of life, for we not only have a body and mind, but we have a Spirit which teaches us that we are not only to refuse to give evil, but we are to refuse to receive evil. This is the third step called holiness, and when this is taken no evil that anyone may do to us, or think about us, can hurt our feelings or injure us in any way. By loving God in our neighbor, we will learn how to mount all three of these steps.

This true love teaches us how we can truly honor and obey God in loving our earthly mother and father. It takes away every killing thought, such as hate and unforgiveness. It makes our minds so pure that we never take any pleasure in impure deed or thought, for we love the good which is pure Spirit.

We will not steal outwardly or inwardly other people's things, or other people's time, their good names, their faith, their hope, or anything that is our neighbor's. We love them too well to either wish them harm or do them an injury. We will never gossip about anyone, but always look for and talk about the good in all.

We shall not covet or desire any good that our neighbor may have, but rather rejoice that he has it, for this love teaches us that there is enough good to go round the whole earth. In fact, all evil falls away from the one who truly loves, while all good comes into his life.

LESSON IV. JULY 27.

Worshipping the Golden Calf. Exodus 32:1-6, 30-35.

Golden Text — Thou shalt have no other gods before me.— Ex. 20:3.

Today we have a lesson on idol worship, that error that caused so much suffering to the children of Israel, and that still causes suffering First we must know that anything that separates us from God also separates us from health, peace, wisdom, love and all that God is.

Since God is all there really is, all the good in all the world is God, and to love God means to join ourselves to the All-Good. If we think we can love something else besides God, then we have idols.

Do you think there are no golden calves that people worship today, children? Oh, yes, there are, but we give them different names, such as money, vanity, good looks, pride of birth or knowledge, and other kinds of pride, a person, an object, or anything, it matters little what, that takes the place of God in our hearts.

Now every idol has to fall down because they all have clay feet, poor, weak feet that cannot hold them up very long. It is always best to get rid of them before they do much harm, and we can do this by placing ourselves and all our loves on the Lord's side, just as the true children among the Israelites did. Moses is God's right hand of the Old Testament, while Christ is God's right hand in the New. They stand for the power of God to deliver us from this ignorant and foolish idol worship. They are w thin us, and will always appear at our bidding, ready to forgive and take us back to true worship.

Let us all now declare, "Money is not my god, clothes and finery are not my god, fine houses and things are not my god. I do not love these. My God is Truth, my God is Light, my God is Love, my God is Gentleness, Meekness and Purity. I have a loving altar for these — it is a true heart; and a white, pure temple — my consecrated body, where God is enthroned as King of Kings and Lord of All. Amen."

"We can do more good by being good than in any other way."

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM



DEAR Wisdoms—What a name I name you! A name "more precious than rubies or fine gold." A name that is your open sesame into ways of

pleasantness and paths of peace, into "length of days and riches and honor." A name at which ignorance and foolishness vanish away, and all that is good and true and beautiful comes forth to meet you. Why? because those who love Wisdom inherit Substance.

You know what it means to inherit anything, don't you? If you don't, ask your mamma or some friend who can explain it to you, and then you will understand what a wonderful thing it is to inherit Substance, for Substance is the shining stuff out of which you can make up your most beautiful thoughts into reality. If only you could make a "sure enough" of that Fairyland that comes and goes in your mind, like a dream of beauty, how happy life would be, would'n t it?

The big folks have a place fixed up in mind, too, so beautiful and blissful they can never half describe it, and sickness and death, sorrow and want, have no presence there. The cream of all that joyous life ought to be, is in this "grown up's" Fairyland they call Heaven, but they don't slip in and out of it like you do yours, for they have fixed it 'way off somewhere in the skies and expect some day, some way, to get into it and stay there always. Now, my Wisdoms, it is not one of Wisdom's ways to expect. She tells you of the kingdom of shining Substance you inherit here and now, and that the enchanting Somewhere, you have fixed up with such grace and beauty, is yours

now, if you will throw away the ugly thoughts and skimpy patterns of life as it seems to the mortal of you. You are kings and queens in the realm of Mind, and there is nothing too beautiful or good to be true. Keep hold of Wisdom's hand, keep hold of Wisdom's name, and you will inherit the Substance of your beautiful Fairyland.

40

We have come to the end of our sixth year together. Next month will be WEE WISDOM'S seventh birthday. You are all coming to help celebrate it, and make it a grand success. The "Three Boys" will have charge of Ye Editor's Sanctum and will make you welcome. Be sure and come early with your letters, stories, songs and photos. Let our artists bring along the little products of their pencils. We shall expect Dorothy to write another story and illustrate it. Perhaps Ralph will too. Lorena has shown quite an aptness for drawing, as we have seen by some pictures she has sent the boys.

The young Editors have not unfolded their plans for August to me, but Wisdom will guide them, and we will have the best and brightest birthday party yet. Has anyone thought of the Bible Lessons yet? The Alameda Sunday School wrote them last year, and did it well. Who will write them this time? Orion says he will be be on hand with "The Natural History Lessons," and I think his bright little cousin, Helen, will help "A Nickel" relate what befell him after the Easter Service, which he so graphically described in May WEE WIS-DOM. Morris, I hear, is going to tell us about one thing and another at "Headquarters."

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You will all enjoy Ella Collins' sweet little healing story, told in the song, "The Tried and the True," and you must all learn to sing it.



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July, 1902.

A JOLLY FIRECRACKER.

A little firecracker,

In a brilliant coat of red,

One Fourth o' July morning

Jumped nimbly out of bed.

Out in the street it capered In the boiling July sun; For this jolly firecracker Was bound to see the fun.

But accidents are many
On Independence Day;
This little redcoat met its fate
In quite a curious way.

The boy who held the cracker

Held a lighted match as well.

A bang! What happened after—

Only the boy can tell.

- HELEN M. RICHARDS, in Ladies' World.

Hurrah for Freedom and Health and Gladness!

We have a number of Aunt Mary's dainty Flower cards waiting to go to the birthday contributers for WEE WISDOM. Send in your contributions early. They must all be in by the 15th of July. We would like to have all our little writers give full address. Sometimes

someone leaves out a street or number and sometimes one forgets to give the address entirely, then, of course, we can't send the card, and that is why some of you have missed yours.

You will notice Alma speaks of her "very sick" cat in her letter. Now, if Alma had been reading Wee Wisdom for a longer time, she would have known how to make kittie strong and well by telling about the free and beautiful Life that is everywhere present, even in little kitties, and whenever you describe that wonderful Life it springs into health and beauty. Try it, Alma; tell kittie she is filled with strong, free, perfect life. How many of our Wisdoms can tell Alma how they have proven the truth of this with their pets?

Mary B. de Witt will commence a new story in the September WEE WIS-DOM, called "Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose." In it we will hear from some of our old friends of "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key."



"Happy is he that hath God."

