

WEE WISDOM

"We are of God, little
Children.
Greater is He that is in you
than he that is in the
World."



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KANSAS CITY, MO.

Pastor Wormlet.

OLIVE RUSSELL CHAPIN.

Rattling, bangin',
Rushing, clanging,
Horses rearing,
Engines careering,
Up and down hurrying,
Back and forth scurrying—

That was the scene.

I too, rushing,
Found crunching and munching
An unmoving creature,
A true Quaker preacher,
Dressed in brown quaintly,
Striped with gray faintly,
His waistcoat of green.

The leaf he depleted,
Yet, somehow, completed,
He mimicked in color,
In outline moreover;
So curved and serrated,
So leaf- and worm-mated,

Outwitting the birds.

He hath gone, the wise wormlet;
Nor wiggle nor squirmlet
Shall know him again.
More canny than men,
He tented securely,
Because lone, obscurely—
Not cavorting in herds.

Yet writ is thy sermon,
O sapient worm, on
"The Modest Behavior,"
"The Silence as Savior,"
"The Essence of Culture,"
"The True Soul of Nature,"
And similar themes.



VOL. XI.

JUNE, 1907.

NO. II.

THE STORY OF STELLA—A STAR.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER X.

LIFE IS ETERNAL EVERYWHERE.

“**W**HERE is Stella?” asked Elmo, who was busily engaged in making a small grotto in the meadow. He was patting and smoothing and filling it in with varieties of blossoms, all of pink and blue colors.

“Why, Stella is on the earth with Auntie Taysie,” replied Bessie.

“Here comes Meta; she hath been also, and can say if Stella will bring the ‘prettier Mamma’ she so often speaks of!” exclaimed Grace.

“Oh, Meta! Meta! where is our Stella? Hath she gone to yonder Star to bring the ‘prettier Mamma’?” asked Bessie.

“Nay, thou art mistaken; Stella hath returned,” replied Meta smiling, and letting fall from her gathered skirt a mass of white blooms. “See, children, these are for a bank of sweetness. See thou dost build it now, right quickly. Another stranger hath arrived, and we make a soft couch for her recovering.”

“It must be for that one that Stella names her ‘prettier Mamma,’” exclaimed Robin.

“Ah, no!” cried Elmo. “Mistake not; Stella

says she lives ever in that land so far away, and helps to make it new and beautiful. They do not have to come here, nor are they made to. They do as they desire."

"Then why do they come? It gives us much to do to comfort them," said a child lately from that distant Star.

"Why, Leta, wouldst thou not do so much? 'Tis joy to bless!" exclaimed Rosalie.

"Joy to bless!" echoed Robin with approval.

"Here Stella cometh. She will tell thee. Behold her, there within the walk!" cried Francesca, looking to the distance.

Stella floated over the green with Hyacinth beside her, and they soon reached the place where the children were gathered.

"Why, what hast thou, Stella?" asked Leta peeping.

"More blooms," replied Stella, dangling a long spray of lilies over one arm. "We are to make a great bank, and as we make it, sing, and know that thus may the Earth people do."

"Where hast thou been, Stella? again to that Star?" inquired Elmo.

"Awhile back, yes; but now I come from the White Temple. I have there been teaching Hyacinth the motto of our faith — Love. While there Mariana came and brought new songs. We are all to sing them later in a throng, for the bands go forth ere long to greet the souls that come."

"Why didst thou not bring the 'prettier Mamma'?" interrupted Robin.

"I brought her not, for she is wise, and would stay and do where she now is. She is to bless her people and help make new her Star."

"Art not wishing for her, Stella?" asked Elmo.

"No, no; I see her always, and it is often that I go and help her to do that work. So I rejoice, and thou must rejoice with me when Earth souls stay upon their Star. 'Tis wise!" completed Stella.

"Oh, come!" cried Elmo starting up. "Meta

says create the bank, and we are slow beginning."
 "'Tis to be white and pink this time," said Bessie, lifting a velvety pink rose from the branches at her feet. "How joyous 'tis to help!"

"Yes; hush! hark the echoes of Mariana's song. She comes! Lo, in the distance! Stand. O, ye children, sing and make glad the world!" and Meta waved her hand rapturously.

They rose with one accord, arms extended upward, and lifted their sweet voices to Love — the God of all.

Across the brilliant vale came lovely Mariana, her shimmering draperies floating about her as wings, throat swelling to the rapture of her song, as the sweet violet eyes gazed afar into the shining ether.

(The end.)

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

MRS. S. M. BOYNTON.

Singing in the rain, Robin?
 Rippling out so fast
 All thy flute-like notes, as if
 This singing were thy last?

After sundown, too, Robin?
 Though the fields are dim,
 And the trees grow dark and still,
 Dripping from leaf and limb.

'Tis uplifting music,
 That sweet, falt'ring strain,
 Like a mingled memory
 Of sunshine and of rain.

Surely thus to sing, Robin,
 Thou must have in sight
 Glad blue skies behind the shower,
 And dawn beyond the night.

Would thy faith were mine, Robin.
 Then, though night were long,
 All its silent hours should melt
 Their sorrow into song.

QUERCUS.

II.

LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.

Other little oaks were drinking and stretching and growing, and the proud, uplifted branches hardly knew the struggle being enacted under ground for their sustenance. It is said that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. Thus the branches soared while the roots delved. They pushed against each other, like children kicking each other under the table; and each new year some lost courage and footing, and gave up the fight.

But the branches had their own troubles: smarter trees over-topped slower ones, and older trees were growing heavy atop, and sometimes it was too dark in the forest for little trees to see their way up, and they stumbled and fell in the struggle. Even Quercus could not well see how to mix his food, and grew weak in the heavy shade. Must he, too, give up at last, as he had seen so many others do? never rise and interlace his high branches with the canopy of crowns far above him, and receive the blessing of the sunlight on his proud head? Must he wilt and die and fall, leaving no record of strength and courage and achievement? He tried to drink and eat and grow, faltered, saw his doom before him, his end—to enrich the mould for those stronger in the struggle. It was this, or a century of life—perhaps two centuries of kingly power.

Out of calamity came blessing. A storm swept over the forest. Veterans fell, tall and fine and proud, bringing destruction in their fall. Quercus bowed his head, but lifted it to victory and light.

"They were old enough to die," said Pinus, gazing at the veterans laid low.

The sun looked through the broken clouds and broken ranks of trees, upon *Quercus* and *Pinus*, and asked what they were thinking about? why weren't they busy? They blinked in the flood of light, hesitated, saw the little strangers at their feet perish in the strong sunshine as before a reaper's scythe; then they took heart and began anew, and added inches year by year.

Oh, how *Quercus* stretched himself! There was that glorious open space above, and he far below, like one at the bottom of a deep well. The cover of this well was sapphire sky, atilt for the golden draught of sunlight to pour in. What was without the well, beyond the crowns of the veterans? *Quercus* longed to know. He tried to stand on tiptoe; he stretched his neck, but could not see. Others, too, were trying to see, trying to reach that space of blue. He tried to get there first, for the laggards would miss the prize of sunlight on their crowns. Some did not care, were content with the shadow; but *Quercus* was proud, and would not brook the shade.

The winter snows came and bent him low; the lumberman came, and again the falling tree threatened him; but steadily *Quercus* grew. He had firm roots in the ground, a fine straight stem, and a crown of leafy branches. He dressed like the other young oaks. If he essayed to wear branches lower than silvicultural fashion demanded, some other tree's branches would batter them in a high wind, or so overshadow them that they would have to be pruned off. The country fashion was to wear branches low, but *Quercus* was a social tree and must follow the fashion of the forest; so, as he did not like ridicule, he kept his stem as smooth and trim as he could,

and was not at all disposed to adopt the eccentricities of country trees that grow in the open.

In spite of all this youthful vanity, Quercus had a good sound heart, though he was a little sappy. His heart grew so large that every year he had to let out his vest, which began to look quite seamy.

To discuss Quercus anatomically, his heartwood stood in the relation of a skeleton to him. It was hard and strong. No more was it used as a thoroughfare for the ascending sap, which pushed through the softer tissue of the new wood each year, called the sapwood. Each year's growth formed a new ring of wood about the old, with thin walls to the cells, so that the water could hurry up through them to the laboratory in the leaves. In the summer the cells grew stouter walled and smaller mouthed than in the spring, making a finer honeycomb, or as you would crochet a pattern closer — if you are a girl; only of course these cells were much, much smaller than any stitch ever taken by a crochet needle. As Quercus grew older, his heartwood became so solid with its closed-up cells that it was what is called "dead-wood"; but so long as some cells of the sapwood are lifting water while others are storing away food, a tree grows finely and makes a good appearance, even though death has pierced the heart with decay.

Quercus and his broad-leafed brothers had an improvement in their method of lifting water that Pinus and others did not possess; for they ran slender channels up through the sapwood, forming an almost unbroken row of open cells, through which the water quickly mounted to the leaves.

(To be continued.)

"Those who do most in the world are those who love most."

WHAT WEE TOT SAW IN A BIRD STORE.

GRETCHEN.



NE warm afternoon in November, before Jack Frost had become well established for the winter, Wee Tot paid a visit to a prominent Washington bird store. She was always glad when Mamma took her there, for she loved to see the varied pets on sale. In the show window were several aquaria, with the prettiest, swiftest, and daintiest of gold fish. These came first to Wee Tot's notice. Then they opened the store door, and here all became life and bustle. Overhead were innumerable canaries, and on the walls cages containing birds of various kinds. What a sweet concert the birds were giving! Near the counter stood a lady, who was having a collar fitted on a large Angora cat. Pussie rebelled and showed her disgust, as the saleslady pulled one collar over its head and then off again; when nearly a dozen had been tried on, Wee Tot sauntered to the back of the store, where a great conversation was going on between two or three dozen parrots, who only screamed and jabbered the more as she approached. One upset his food, and all were silent for an instant, being a little frightened at the noise made by the falling iron dish containing it. Then, finding their fears were groundless, the convention of parrots proceeded. "Oh, Pollies, what a dreadful noise you make! Why do you all talk at once? I cannot understand one word you say," said Tot. But they only screamed louder. After a bit she became aware of many tiny cages in one part of the store, wherein were dear little mice and Guinea pigs. Two white mice were playing catching one another. Round

and round the cage they whirled, until it was difficult to tell whether they were alive or just a toy wound up. Then Mamma reminded her to come along, as it was getting late. So they ascended the narrow stairs to the floor above, where the noise of those incorrigible birds was less in evidence.

Here new attractions came, for in the center of the floor stood a colored man with a basket with five tiny doggies. They trembled and looked so frightened at their new quarters, and huddled close together. Tot loved their bright eyes, so round, large, and expectant. She thought the puppies would be much more attractive if they had a bath, for the white of their coat was nearly gray, and many patches of black finished their dress. The man evidently was desirous of selling them. Tot was next attracted to one corner of the room which was divided by a large glass door from the rest, where a dear doggie was peeping through, seemingly interested in all that was transpiring. He was not very large; he had big round black eyes; a face like a circle, so round, and a lovely coat of long white hair hanging about him like a fringed shawl, with here and there a bit of black, and one-half of his face white, the other black. A few feet above the floor were immense wire cages containing nice glossy, sleek cats of various species, into one of which the saleslady thrust the pretty cat which was down stairs. Wee Tot watched her as she treated puss so roughly and next brought a dish to each cage with food; and as each cat came forward expectant, they were given a slight slap in the face, which made them retreat in disgust, and Tottie felt so sorry for them; for they would have received nothing but caresses at her own little hands.

There were also a number of very unpromising looking dogs chained in another part of the house, which was reached by a narrow hallway, also pretty

chickens, rabbits, pigeons, and a few monkeys. A small black dog, in a cage by himself, was howling dismally; as Tottie went to him, he pawed and tried to get near her. She consoled him for a time, and when she left the store his grief became very marked and her little heart ached for him. "Mamma, I am glad I am not a little doggie, so I can go home when I like," she said. And Mamma answered, "Yes, you are my own Tottie; and now let us hurry home, and you may come and see doggie again."



I am just as happy as I can be,
And if you'll look, the reason you'll see:
I've plenty to eat and plenty to wear,
And sit every day in my nice high chair.
I live in a world of beauty and joy,
And I'm filled full of all that is good for a boy.
I never can be unhappy or sad,
Cause all the time I'm too jolly and glad. — L. H.

A TRUE STORY.

MAY and Tommy were sister and brother, very unlike each other. May was timid, thoughtless, and quick tempered, while Tommy was daring, impulsive, and bright. With all their seeming faults they loved each other dearly, but they were continually getting into trouble.

One day one of their companions invited them to take a long drive. They were delighted with the prospect and expected to enjoy every moment, as such pleasure was rare.

Their little friend gave them the choice of two beautiful scenes—one by the river, the other winding round the foot of a lofty mountain.

May wanted to go one way, Tommy the other; so to save a quarrel, the friend, whose name was Willie, decided for them, and they drove to the mountain. It was a lovely day—one of June's rarest creations, when delicate spicy odors flood the earth, and all Nature blends in one melodious song not heard by human ears, but in the heart of hearts, where rhythm dwells and sings that one whole note—"harmony."

Tommy and May were not in unison with their surroundings. "I wanted to go to the river," said May, and pouted out her lips until they looked like a piece of rare beef. Tommy replied, "This is just where I wanted to come, and it is *so* pretty." May answered quickly, "You are so selfish, you always have your own way and never think of anybody else." This made Tommy so angry that he jumped out of the carriage, seized May and lifted her to the ground, and said: "Walk to the river! go your way and I will go mine." Suiting his action to his words,

he resumed his seat in the carriage, told his friend to drive on, and see if their pleasure would be interrupted any more.

Now Tommy did not intend to leave his sister, but only thought he would frighten her. They drove pretty fast for a little while, and then retraced their way, expecting to find May repentant by the wayside.

In the meantime May had been rescued by a friend of her family, who was close behind and who had been a witness to the unpleasant scene. He helped her into his buggy and talked kindly to her, until she was quite ashamed of herself; then he drove with her to the river, where she had longed to go. Oh, that river, with its strong, rapid current going ever towards the ocean — how it quieted her! how it soothed her and made her think! made her whisper in her heart, "I might be like that river; might go rapidly forward, turning neither to the right nor to the left, until I found the ocean of Good, and could always be in it!" Her kind, fatherly friend read her thoughts and said, "Do not spend time regretting the past, but resolve never to do the same again. You are God's child, the child of the Good. When evil thoughts and words come to you, do not listen to them. Put them out of your mind. Do not even answer them, for they have no power over you. Say constantly, 'I am the child of Infinite Spirit; I am the child of Love. The arms of Love are ever around me, for they reach through the everywhere. I never can get out of the everlasting arms. They are above me, beneath me, around me. I breathe in Love, I speak in Love, I act in Love. Love, then, is all, and I am the very embodiment of Love.'"

May's face fairly shone when she felt for the first time the truth of her being. She knew the all-power

was hers, and she resolved to use it and *be* the true representative of her Father — God.

In the meantime where was Tommy? and how was he enjoying himself?

He had returned to find May, but no trace of her could be seen. He called, he shouted, he scolded by turns, until he was wearied.

How different everything appeared! Even Nature sympathized with him. Clouds were over the sky, and dim mutterings of thunder were heard in the distance.

"Whatsoever ye mete, that shall be measured to you again." He had given angry thoughts to his sister; now they came back to him, and he was reaping a quick harvest.

No more pleasure, no more enjoyment for him. He asked Willie to take him home as soon as possible. When he arrived there, he found May absent. This of course alarmed him, and his parents also. They were almost frantic, not knowing what had become of her. They asked some of their friends to assist in searching for her. Just as they were ready to begin their search the friend drove to the door, and May was soon in their arms. The lost was found! There was no need of alarm. The lesson of love and patience was well learned by the children, and also that of divine protection.—EMMA E. M. L. BURT.

A LIE REFUTED.

"I think," said Hazel, as she measured the butter and sugar for her cake, "that when a person is sick and in pain, it is telling *lies* to say he is not sick; and I wouldn't tell lies, not even to be well."

"But, Hazel," expostulated Mrs. Ross, as she shook out another garment from the basket and fetched a hot iron from the range, "you do not understand. The pain and sickness are the lies. They are a denial of the good, a denial of God, who stands for health and happiness and wholeness. Take care, Ralph," she added, as her little son brought his toy

too near her work, "mamma's iron is hot, and it will burn the little fingers."

"Well," said Hazel, beating the butter and sugar industriously in the big yellow bowl, "according to your ideas, it would not hurt him, if he did get burned."

"According to the absolute truth he could not be hurt," maintained Mrs. Ross, sturdily.

"Oh, mamma," cried Ralph, "I did burn me, and it *did* hurt! Kiss it quick and make it well! Oh, mamma! mamma! hurry, please."

"Ralph should have been careful," said Mrs. Ross, who as a rule made as light as possible of her little boy's mishaps. "Mamma is busy with her ironing; you make it well."

"Oh, I can't!" moaned the little fellow, "and it hurts. Please, mamma."

Mrs. Ross put down her iron, and sitting down, took Ralph into her arms. Smiling into his distressed face, she said, "Now, Ralph, say 'It does not hurt.'"

"Oh, mamma, but it *does* hurt!" said Ralph piteously.

"No, dear," said Mrs. Ross, as she noted Hazel's significant glance of triumph. "You did not say it right. Say 'It does *not* hurt.'"

Thus adjured, Ralph with an effort brought out the words, "It does not hurt."

Even as the syllables left his lips, the baby face, which had been puckered with the sense of the smart, cleared like a flash of sunshine over a darkened landscape.

"Why, mamma," he shouted in astonished joy, "it *doesn't* hurt!"

Hazel was silent. So were her mother and sisters, who had been interested observers of the miracle. Mrs. Ross, who did not feel called upon to add any further comment, resumed her ironing, and Ralph, with a shining face, crooned softly to himself a happy song as he marched up and down the kitchen. He was experiencing the joy of his first demonstration.—A.

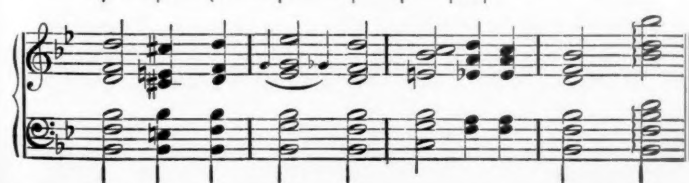
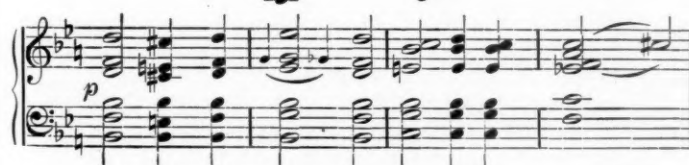
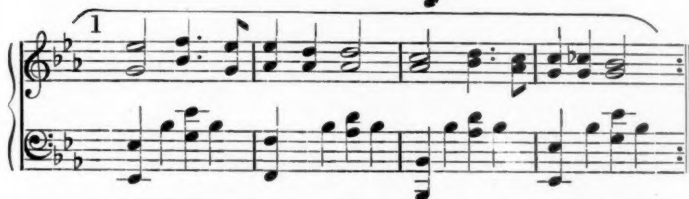
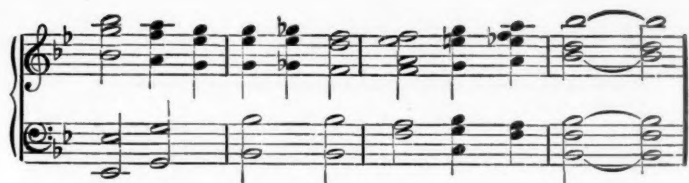
To Miss Marion Dingee, West Grove, Pa.

DREAM OF THE ROSE.

WALTER S. WELLER.

Andante Expressivo.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of five systems of two staves each. The tempo is marked 'Andante Expressivo.' and the first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is primarily in the right hand, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The left hand provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The score concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained octave G in the left hand.



CHILD-GARDENING.

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY.

THE GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY.

LAW OF EXPRESSION.



"GOOD MORNING."

My dear Wee Ones:

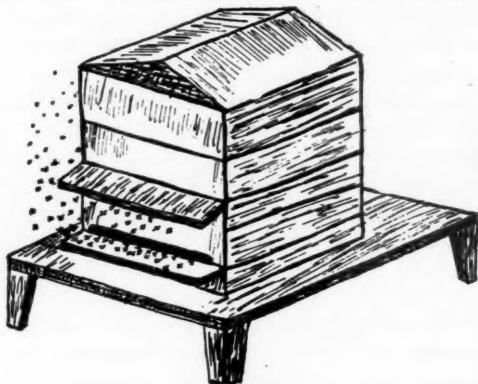
The greatest teacher that ever lived was Jesus the Christ. His way of teaching was to tell the people the truth about themselves, through the lessons that the flowers, birds, insects and all nature bring. He taught that these gifts unite man with God and earth with heaven.

One day Jesus gathered the beautiful lilies and placed them in the hands of the little boys and girls, and as they looked into his own kind and loving face he gave the lesson — "Consider the lilies."

I hold in my left hand a little glass jar, on which is a cover. In the jar there is a honey bee. In the cover is a magnifying glass, also little windows through which the air may pass. Let us together consider this busy little creature so "fearfully and wonderfully made." Go out with me for a little while and let us watch it as it gathers honey and pollen from the golden dandelions. How many legs has it? how many wings? how many feelers? What kind of a noise does it make? How does it move? What can it do? We have a neighbor who keeps

bees, so I have had a good chance to learn about them and their home life.

Sometimes wild bees live in hollow trees. Sometimes they live in the hollow walls of old houses. My grandma told me of an old house that had been torn down, where the hollow walls were found to be filled with honey comb. A "skep" is an old-fashioned hive made of twisted straw. Our neighbor's bees live in little square houses whose covers may be



A BEE HIVE.

taken off whenever the bee-keeper wishes to care for the bees or get the honey. Bee-keepers always leave plenty of honey for the little honey makers themselves. Every hive is like a little city, and has within it from 20,000 to 60,000 bee people. My, but isn't that a big family! The Queen is the mother of all, and lays as many as 3,000 eggs in one day. There is always only one Queen in each hive; the other members of the family are the workers and the drones. The drones are the fathers. In Bee Land, "Everybody works but father."

Bees talk to each other as the ants do, by means



of what naturalists call the "antennal language." When you see two bees making signs with their antennæ, you may know that they are talking to each other.

Let us call this creature under the "Little Mrs. Buzz-fuzz" has a very long like the butterfly's she sips the honey She gathers the the flowers too,



MRS. BUZZFUZZ.

mixed with honey, makes bee-bread for the babies and "royal jelly" for the Queen. Look at her very carefully, and you will notice that two large eyes almost cover the sides of her head. Then right on top of her head are three smaller ones. Now listen! Each of the two large eyes is made up of about 6,300 smaller ones. That makes 12,600 in all. Just think of poor little Bessie and Johnny Bee being looked at through 12,600 eyes whenever Mamma Buzzfuzz has something to say to them.

buzzing fuzzylittle magnifying glass, fuzz." Mrs. Buzz-tongue, something tongue, with which from the flowers. yellow pollen from which, after being

Quite as wonderful as anything about Mrs. Buzz-fuzz are her feet, which are made up of a tiny basket, a pair of pincers, and a comb and brush. Her fine, soft brush she uses 'most all the time to keep her beautiful velvet robe clean and free from pollen dust,

for she is a very neat little person. With the pincers she forms her wax cells, and takes the wax from her little pockets, which we will speak of later. You see, Mrs. Buzzfuzz carries her tool-box right with her all the time and without the least bit of trouble.

Every bee always carries two little baskets — one on each hind leg. She has these baskets just on purpose to carry her flower pollen in. This very morning Mrs. Buzzfuzz has been — oh, so busy gathering pollen from the dandelions that grow just across the street. As I look at her now I see her two little pollen baskets just as full and just as yellow as can be. You can easily see them without any magnifying glass.



You will be able to find all these things for yourselves any bright day. Always remember to be kind and polite, and Mrs. Buzzfuzz will be the same to you.

Besides her two little baskets, Lady Bee carries a sac to put her honey in as she gathers it, and to bring it home in. After she has gathered the honey with her tongue it passes into her honey sac, which is found in the abdomen. Some of the honey feeds the bee herself, but the most of it is taken to the hive for the baby bees. Wonderful! wonderful! wonderful! is the word that comes to us all the way.

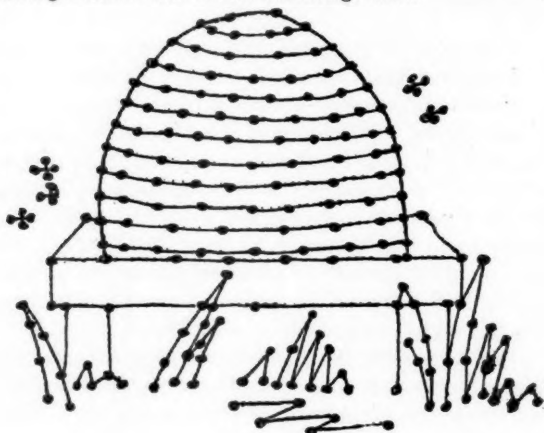
I am going to tell you something now that is quite as wonderful as anything else we have talked about: She has eight pockets full of wax.

When people eat much sugar they become fat. When bees eat more honey than they need, instead of its going to fat it goes to wax and fills these eight little pockets. Whenever Mrs. Buzzfuzz is in need

of wax she just eats a great big meal of honey, then hangs herself up by her toes, and goes to sleep. When she wakes up she finds her eight pockets full. Then she goes right to work forming her wax cells.

Ever since the first bees were placed in our beautiful earth home they have made their cells the very same way. They never forget and make round cells, or cells with five or seven sides. No, they form each one with exactly six sides. They never make a mistake. Again we see God's wonderful Law of Expression.

After this, when there is honey on the table let us eat it slowly and thoughtfully. Let us think of the long and patient work of forming the little wax cells, the marvelous little tools with which they were formed, the many and wonderful eyes that pointed the way to thousands of fragrant blossoms, the pockets, the honey sac, and the little baskets; and most of all let us think with grateful hearts of the kind and loving Father who doeth all things well.



A "SKEP."

Epistles.

FREWSBURG, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have not written you for a long time and I feel I have done you a great injustice, as you are such a help to me. I am all alone with my *good* thoughts. It seems to me as if every day the Good whispers more in me. I think that the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians is so good and true. I often think of "Now we know in part and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away." If we only think love thoughts, "that which is perfect" will soon come. For we cannot stay blind with love breathing around us and in us. It seems if as everything was speaking of His love.

I have had a sore throat today, but I have been thinking health thoughts and I *know* it will drive it away.

Your friend in Love,

OLIVE FOX.

(12 years young.)



TYABB, AUSTRALIA, Feb. 28, 1907.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Did you forget to come to me in December or did you get lost on your way? I have been so *lonely* for you. I want you to come forever now. I was so glad when January number came into the school last Friday. You must have great fun on your voyage with all your friends — books and papers. There was such a lot of books came to our school. We did not know how we were to get them home, but just then Dada came past in his *trap*, so he carried them home for us. That evening I was reading you. I wished I could go all around the world like you, carrying my letters, my two sisters' pictures and myself. I guess you have lovely times of it. I was ten years of age the 28th of January. Unity pin came, which made me rejoice immensely. I hope I shall get more orders for you. I will write you a letter for WEE WISDOM's birthday. I am winning in my mission, and I hope I shall have something good to tell you. I am your little Wee,

MARY ELSIE FOLEY.



FYFFE, ALA.

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY — Please find inclosed fifty cents for WEE WISDOM. I am a little boy seven years old. I enjoy reading WEE WISDOM very much. I have a little William Goat; I call him Simon. I am trying to break him to work, but he doesn't like to work very well. He jerked loose from me and skinned

my finger, but I only laughed at him. Well, I won't write any more, for fear this lands in the waste basket.

CURTIS GIPSON.



SALEM, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. I send fifty cents for WEE WISDOM another year. I am eight years old, the 12th of May. WEE WISDOM is my birthday present. I am in the third grade. I have a kitten; her name is Winnie. Love to all the Wees. I send you a little song:

We thank the Lord for water,
We thank the Lord for food;
We thank the Lord for strength and health,
We thank him for all good.
We thank him for the sunshine
Each bright and happy day;
We thank him for his guidance
In his blessed, blessed way!

CHORUS: Holy Spirit, blessed Dove,
Lord, we thank thee for thy love;
Thy love light shines around us,
A blessing day by day
To guide us onward, ever,
In thy blessed, blessed way.

We thank thee for thy goodness,
We thank thee for thy love;
Pure thoughts as min'stering angels,
Guiding our hearts above.
Thy love light shines around us,
A blessing day by day,
To guide us onward, ever,
In thy blessed, blessed way!

BLESSING OF UNITY.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Power of grace to set all free,
On wings of love it comes from thee.
We thank the Lord for UNITY!

Your loving friend,



GOLDIE HOLT.

CUTHBERT, TEXAS.

KIND EDITOR — As you are so kind as to send me WEE WISDOM free, I want you to send me eight or ten sample copies to hand to my schoolmates. We have a large country school and I am sure some of them will want to take WEE WISDOM. I have to go nearly three miles to school. I wish Ruth and Julia Nissen, of Denmark, would send me a souvenir postal card from Denmark, I will send them one from here. Your loving

EXIE WATERS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEES—This is my first letter I am writing to you. I am ten years of age. I go to DesPeres School. I am in number three. My teacher's name is Miss Pearl Stites. I go to Mr. H. H. Schroeder's Sunday school. I have two and a half miles to go. I have not missed but once in two years. I love to go to Sunday school. We love to learn the truth. I love to read the stories in WEE WISDOM. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have a playmate, my little dog Penny. With love to all the Wees,

Your loving friend,

LUCRETIA IWIG.



NATURITA, COLO.

MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—My new playmate, as you call it, is getting along fine. It has almost left me. I began to get better right after I sent your letter off, and have been getting better ever since. I think I know now, why my brother Ralph had it lighter than I did. He took it in a funny spirit all the time. He was always doing something for a joke, as he called it, and laughing about something. There was a little girl here that had a "playmate" the same time I did, and her mother kept giving her medicine of some kind for quite awhile. But she seemed to get no better. In fact she seemed to get worse. Then her aunt, who is a Christian Scientist, began treating her, and she began to get better right away. I think my "vocal lessons" have done me lots of good. I will have to close now. Lovingly yours,

ELDA CHATFIELD.

P. S.—I am sending a dollar to help in your good work. — E. C.

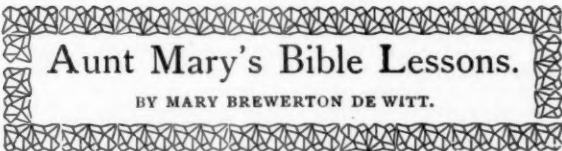
[Elda had written that she and her brother had whooping cough, and she seemed very much distressed about it. We instructed her to make friends with it, to call it her new "playmate," and when she coughed to play she was taking physical culture or vocal lessons; and you see how soon her adversary became a friend. It is *fear* that makes adversaries of these little experiences. —ED.]



SPOKANE, WASH.

DEAR EDITOR—I am going to write to you and tell you how we are getting along. I say "we," because there are three of us children in our family. I have a sister twelve and a brother two years young. I am ten. I am in the sixth grade; sister is in the seventh. My brother, when he hurts himself he says, "I want the sheet." He means he wants the "Red Sheet" that comes in UNITY. I think the story about "The Story of Stella—A Star" is just lovely. I am so glad it is continued. I just got my WEE WISDOM for May today. I have read it from cover to cover, and have learned many lessons from it. I have seventy-two copies of WEE WISDOM. Brother has just woke up, and Mamma is away, so I will close, with love to all. Your Wee,

BRENDA IAN MITCHELL.



Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

LESSON 9. JUNE 2.

Moses Called to Deliver Israel.— Exodus 3:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT— *And He said, Certainly I will be with Thee.*—Exodus 3:12.

God is with each one of us always, no matter where we may happen to be, at home or abroad, at church or at school.

The Angel of the Lord is the messenger, or word of God.

The flame that Moses saw in the bush was not fire such as one sees in the stove or grate, but it was a peculiar light that may appear to persons whose eyes are opened to behold the flame of God.

This was a strange thing to Moses, and while he was watching and wondering why the bush was not destroyed, God spoke to him.

God then told Moses that he was God—God of all. Moses covered his face, but he could not have beheld God, for God is Spirit.

God really speaks from the soul of man, so Moses heard his own God within advising him, and he thought it must be outside of himself.

God speaks in the heart of every little girl or boy, showing the true way to act.

Sometimes God sends his angels, in the form of wonderful men and women, to teach us the right way when it seems difficult to us to hear the word within.

God promised Moses to be with him; then again, he told Moses who He was, in these words: *I Am that I Am.*

We all know that *I Am* is the Divine Self, so we may say,

I am wisdom;
I am strength;
I am truth;
I am peace;
I am joy;
I am love.

LESSON 10. JUNE 9.

The Passover.—Exodus 12:21-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—*When I see the blood, I will pass over you.*—Exodus 12:13.

We know that God never kills or smites anyone; but in the old days, before the time of Jesus, men believed that God dealt out punishments. We know that God is only good. The only punishment that ever comes is from one's self; for instance, if you disobey your mother, and play in the pond when she has told you not to do so, you are liable to fall in the water, spoil your new clothes, and lose your supper; and possibly you will have a cold besides.

God loves His children, and all are His.

The Israelites believed that if they put blood on the lintel and side posts, God would save them from death, and it was as they believed. "As your faith is, so shall it be unto you."

God did not kill Pharaoh's children, for God is life, and life cannot bring the picture of death. Pharaoh and his children believed in death and sorrow, and as they had tried to bring trouble on others, so were trouble and sorrow brought to them. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

This all happened before the time of Jesus, when men believed in the law of evil for evil; but when Jesus came he taught the law of love—"forgive thy enemies."

Jesus said, "God is love," and this is the only God there is—Love.

The Israelites believed in a very different God—a God of vengeance and hate.

We may be thankful that Jesus came and taught the truth of God's love.

"God is Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth."

LESSON 11. JUNE 16.

Israel's Escape from Egypt.—Exodus 14:13-27.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Thus the Lord saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians, and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore.*—Exodus 14:30.

Moses said to the Israelites, "Ye shall hold your peace." Things will always come out well if one is peaceful and still within. The angrier one gets the more harm one does to one's self.

God hardens no one's heart. We are the ones who are hard, and forgetful of God many times. Thus it was with the Egyptians; for they did not care for God, and they wished to keep the Israelites among them to work for them.

Moses had the faith to obey God, the divine Voice, and so saved the Israelites from the enemy.

All the way were the Israelites protected from the Egyptians on the journey to the Red Sea and in crossing it. We are always protected from any dark thing if we will only remember our good and know that God goes with us every step of the way. There is never anything to fear if we will think of God and obey His voice, which speaks within the heart.

Evil always dies with evil. If any one of us tried to do a wrong to another, that wrong would occur to us; thus it was with the Egyptians. We must never try to harm another — not even in thought; for it will so surely return to us again.

Do good, and good will be returned to you again — "Good measure, pressed down and running over."

Speak these words daily:

I believe in good;
I believe in God;
I am glad to do good;
I love to do good;
I am one with the good.

LESSON 12. JUNE 23.

REVIEW.

(Read Psalm 106:1-12.)

GOLDEN TEXT — *When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.* — Isaiah 43:2.

LESSON 1. There is no separation between God and His children. Heaven is right here with us always. We must be happy and joyous, and make our heaven upon earth.

LESSON 2. Never fear, for fear brings trouble. Believe in God, trust in Him, feel His near presence. He will not let any harm overtake us if we will only trust and know that there is

no evil. We must ever hold to our divine self—never forge. it.

LESSON 3. God has no favorites; God loves us all alike, and gives us equal chances. It is we who must love God, and do good.

God gives us divine gifts; no one is left out of the kingdom, but we must think true thoughts, so that we may be conscious of this heavenly kingdom here and now.

LESSON 4. If we are faithful to God we will grow in understanding of our own power, and everyone will trust and love us.

LESSON 5. For every kind thought we think, good is returned to us in some way at some time. We will look for good in our friends and acquaintances, and we will find the good.

LESSON 6. If anyone does us a wrong, it is Christ-like to forgive that one and to do good to him.

LESSON 7. If we turn to God, and ask for wisdom in all matters, we will be led to act wisely. "God is the same, yesterday, today, and forever."

LESSON 13. JUNE 30.

Temperance Lesson.—I. Cor. 10:23-33.

GOLDEN TEXT—*It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.*—Romans 14:21.

It is good to follow and obey these words—verse 27: "Whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no question."

There is no evil. We are taught, then, that there is no evil in the thing we eat, whether it be meat, or bread, or wine. The evil is in the person's mind who thinks of evil when he partakes of food. All things are good in the sight of God. "Call nothing unclean. God hath blessed everything."

If you do not care to eat meat, as many of us do not; if the sight of it troubles you, then be silent, and give others their freedom in the matter. Do not sit at the table and speak of the evils of meat-eating. Possibly there are others who will not think as you do.

"Resist not evil." Call nothing evil. Let others do as they please. Give them their freedom, as God gives us all our freedom.

It is as wrong to condemn a thing, and as intemperate to see evil in it, as it is to over-eat or over-drink.

Be tolerant, be wise, be kind; in other words, let us all mind our own business, and only preach God-thoughts by thinking God-thoughts and living them.

"Give none offence," the lesson says. Be tolerant of all. Condemn not. "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

Say these words daily:

I do not judge;
I see good in all;
I am tolerant and kind;
I am at one with God.

Our Talk Room.



JUNE and roses are with us, beauty and fragrance are everywhere, and we are glad and happy. It's a wonderful thing to be glad and happy; it is really the rose-blossom of the human heart. Blossoms of this kind do not depend upon the weather; there's a warmth and sunshine to be had every month in the year by those who *know* that the GIVER of it all is not limited to times or seasons, but is a continuous giver to every mind and heart that reaches out its hand. Why should we go about lacking anything, when here is our Giver of All Good waiting for us to take what Divine Love has made ours from the beginning? Don't be poor; your plenty is right here. Don't be sick; your health is pushing itself upon you. Don't be unhappy or feel friendless; your joy with plenty of friends is waiting for you.

We cannot find this waiting Good while our minds are full of complainings. We are to turn from our thoughts of want and pain and unhappiness, and with all our mind and heart praise God that *only the Good is true*, and that Good is everywhere and evil nowhere present in God's beautiful world; for

GOD IS GOOD,
AND GOD IS ALL.

* * *

One more month and then WEE WISDOM is to have her birthday party. Shall it not be the very best party she has ever had, and will you not all be here in song or letter or story? You know it is her custom to have her children write everything that appears in her Birthday number, and so *you* will be responsible for its success. Do your best. We will call in the services of our young editor for that occasion. Please get your "copy" in early; by the first of July will do.



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Devoted to
Practical Christianity

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June, 1907.

MAY-BEE IT'S A JUNE-BUG.

*A little gray grub and a little brown bug
Exchanged wise notes on the weather.
Not a word*

Could be heard

*By a friendly bird,
Though the three were close together;
But each of them knew that the hour was near
When one of the three would disappear.*

* * *

*Said a passing breeze with a merry hum:
"May-bees go when June-bugs come!" —W. S.*

Our file of WEE WISDOM for May, 1907, is exhausted and we need some copies of that number. If any of our readers have one or more copies which they will send us, we will in return extend their subscription three months, or send literature to the amount of fifteen cents. Please do not pass this notice by without giving it attention.

THE BUILDING OF THE NEST.

*They'll come again to the apple tree,
Robin and all the rest,
When the orchard branches are fair to see,
In the snow of the blossoms drest;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.*

*Weaving it well so round and trim,
Hollowing it with care;
Nothing too far away for him,
Nothing for her too fair;—
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,
Their castle in the air.*

*Ah, mother-bird, you'll have weary days
When the eggs are under your breast,
And shadows may darken the dancing rays
When the fledglings leave the nest,
But they'll find their wings in a glad amaze,
And God will see to the rest.*

*So come to the trees with all your train
When the apple blossoms blow,
Through the April shimmer of sun and rain
Go flying to and fro;
And sing to our hearts as we watch again
Your fairy building grow.*

The Myrtle.