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The Story of Lovie.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE Story of Lovie, which will begin with September WEE WISDOM, is intended by its author to be of equal interest to parent and child. The object of this little story is to show what applied knowledge of the Truths of Life will do for the child. The story begins at the beginning before its little heroine is more than an idea in her parents' minds.

So many questions are being asked and so many problems coming up for solution in the lives of those who are thinking along new lines of thought, that the author of "Wee Wisdom's Way" has felt a crying need of something that in a simple, natural way would help in the daily application of these truths. And so she is making this little story the medium through which she desires to give a kind-of worked-out problem for those who are trying to get their figures in line with the Principle.

THE LITTLE BLUE HOUSE.

[An incident in the life of Annie Key Swift, written out for
WEE WISDOM by Wilhelmine Smith.]

HERE is a true story about some birds in Southwestern Arkansas:

Mr. K. was the owner of a beautiful home near Lockesburg, and in a low tree on the sloping lawn near the front of his house he had placed a pretty little bird-house made by a carpenter. This house was two stories high and had four rooms. A tiny balcony with a railing was built about the little house, and the whole was painted blue. Another and a larger bird-house was built and put in a tree near the back of Mr. K.'s residence about the same time.

After a while eight bluebirds took possession of the little blue house, a pair in each of the little rooms. About the same time a pair of black martins had concluded they would move into the blue house, and they tried to drive the bluebirds away, so that they could have it to themselves. The bluebirds were not easily put out, and as a result there was a kind of a bird battle. But the eight bluebirds were too many for the martins, and the latter went away very suddenly, leaving the bluebirds in peaceable possession of the little blue home. At least it seemed so for awhile, and the little feathered creatures perched on the tiny railing of the balcony and twittered at each other as if they were telling over the beauties of their new homestead.

All this time the larger bird-house at the back of Mr. K.'s residence was not in use. Perhaps the birds liked the attention and notice they received from the family going in and coming out of the house

by the main door, or perhaps the color of the small house pleased them. At any rate, both the martins and the bluebirds had seemed to fancy the small blue house, and did not try to move into the larger unpainted one.

One morning, some days after the martins had gone away, Mr. K. looked out of his window and was surprised to see hundreds of martins sitting all about on the trees and lawn and in front of his house. They chirped and twittered, and flew excitedly from tree to tree and from the trees to the ground, but always kept around the front of the house, and especially near the tree on which the little blue house was placed. Mr. K. noticed that whenever a bluebird put its head out of the door of the blue house several of the martins flew toward it at once, and it quickly went back into the little house. All day long the martins kept their places near the front of Mr. K.'s residence, and all day long a group of them flew toward any one of the little bluebirds that was brave enough to attempt to go out to get food for itself or its mate.

There was no loud noise made; only the gentle twitterings and excited little flittings from branch to branch or from tree to tree, and the large number of martins brought together in one place, showed that there was something unusual going on. The bluebirds stayed quietly in their little blue house as soon as they found they were the objects of so much attention whenever they ventured to get out of it.

That night the martins remained in the trees about Mr. K.'s house, and the next morning it was seen that they were laying siege to the tiny blue house and the bluebirds; that is, they were staying around, watching closely that the bluebirds didn't

get a chance to get out for food or water, and seeming to try to starve them out of their little home. The only efforts they made to attack them were when the bluebirds tried to leave the house, when they would fly at them quickly, and in such numbers that the blues seemed glad to fly back to shelter. Then the martins settled down quietly to a little talk with their comrades.

When Mr. K. understood exactly what was going on, he brought a step-ladder to the tree and placed in each room of the blue house an individual salt-cellar filled with fresh water, and put all around on the balcony little lumps of feed that had been prepared for baby chickens, made of grains and corn meal mixed together. The bluebirds seemed to understand at once, and hopped out on the balcony and helped themselves to the food as soon as the step-ladder was taken away. This was kept up for three days, the martins hovering about the home tree, chirping to each other and singing their little song, and the bluebirds eating the food and drinking the water brought to them by their kind human friends.

In the meantime Mr. K. had another bird-house built, which was placed on a tree near the east side of his house, and which he had painted blue also. At the end of the third day of the siege some of the martins examined this new blue house, and a few others flew in and out of the large house near the back, which had not been used.

On the morning of the fourth day there were only a few martins in sight, and these flew in and out of the two bird-houses not used by the bluebirds, and seemed as if they had decided to make these their homes. The bluebirds were now allowed to go to and from their house without any notice being taken

of them, and the martins showed that they had given up the siege. When they saw that the bluebirds were being fed and cared for by such great creatures as men and women, they must have known that it was useless for them to try to starve out their blue rivals; and when another blue house was made for them they gladly took it, and then advised some of their relatives who had come to assist them, to move into the large bird-house and remain near these human creatures who had been so kind to the bluebirds.



*Before my papa takes his trip
He puts me in his nice new grip;
Then he and mamma laugh and say,
He'll surely take me some fine day.
I'd love to take a good long ride
On "Choo Choo" train by my pa's side;
But whether I go, or whether I stay,
I'll be gay and happy all the day.*

QUERCUS.

III.

LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.

As *Quercus* grew stouter with the years, the new rings of wood became narrower. Between bark and last perfect ring was the layer of cambium, which being pushed out, would cause his old bark coat to crack. Knots came by the new tissue tightening around a dead branch so hard that when the ring of cambium was formed, it would break off; but within the new wood would remain the imprint of the dead branch, like a fossil, ready to drop out when the wood was made into boards. This was the way that *Quercus* pruned himself. He was much more inclined to branch than *Pinus*, who went up like an arrow.

One pretty mark in *Quercus*'s anatomy was his medullary rays, extending from his heart outward. These are the lines along which the wood cracks when dry. You can see them as silvery lines in your oak desk. He had a much more complicated structure than *Pinus*, who had few kinds of cells.

Quercus was not only drinking moisture with his root-mouths and absorbing air with his leaves, but he was really breathing, having plenty of little noses, called "lenticels," in his bark. In breathing, he took oxygen from the air through his lenticels and leaves, and set the carbonic acid free, just as we do, only at a much slower rate. He perspired, too, through his leaves.

So *Quercus* was kept quite busy, breathing, drinking, digesting, assimilating; and the end was that he became in the course of time a fine large tree. He had conquered many enemies, not least among which

were insects, small, but mighty to kill. Many times the locusts had come and gone, leaving some of his branches dead. In bark and twigs and leaves he had fought an infinitesimal enemy more powerful than drought; the mistletoe had sought to overcome; but these things taught him the strength of little

things, the power for the weak when persistence takes the place of might. It was the yearly growth of tender buds and twigs that had at last given him his powerful frame and made him monarch of the forest. But Quercus was too busy to do much moralizing. He was supplying acorns for the next generation of trees.



"QUERCUS HAD CONQUERED THE YEARS," trees.

(Reproduced by permission of the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

Quercus had conquered the years—a century of them; and not insects, nor mistletoe, nor man—nor sun, nor shade, nor struggle for sustenance—had marred his strength. But the time came when he must pass through the fiery furnace; yet, like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, he came forth unscathed. By day Quercus had rested in the silence

of the forest; by night he had listened to that Voice which is like the sound of a mighty ocean in a mammoth shell, when Life breathes upon the forest, and it becomes alive with myriad beings, awake and musical. He had listened to the wind passing o'er the wind-harp of boughs, with the soft touch of the zephyr and the reckless crash of the storm, when each tree screamed its separate note and strings of the wind-harp snapped with breaking boughs. But there came a sound which was not the rush of the restless wind, like a stampede of frightened, flying horses; though the wind was awake, and he lashed the fiery steed that he drove, goading its bleeding side till in its mad flight its red mane streamed far above the tree tops, and the dust that marked its track clouded the sky as smoke.

And so the wind drove the fire close upon Quercus, who felt the thickness of his armor of bark and yet was afraid, not for himself, but for the child-trees, for the nestling birds, for the soft-eyed squirrels. He looked at Pinus, slim and straight and tall and proud; and Pinus said,

"My armor is thin; to you will be the victory at last."

But the wind caught the words. "The fight shall be more fair," he said; and he stopped and tore the wings of flame from the steed's shoulders; and maimed it crept along the earth, past Quercus, past Pinus, and stopped at last at the stream that flowed through the forest, and quenched its burning thirst and lay down and died. But about the feet of Quercus the red lips had licked up the tender seedlings and left the ground black and dry; and the red mane had rubbed against Pinus and left a scar. As in the soul of man, where the weak spot is, there evil enters: so

disease came to Pinus through his wound; he weakened with the years. He failed to claim his birth-right of two centuries or more.

Once, when Quercus was a sapling, men had entered the forest with sharp saws and cut down and carried off some of the largest trees. This had given the youngsters a chance to grow, and offered places above them for which they could make application. Years after, they came again, and yet again. Quercus had attained a high position, but this did not make him forget the friends of his infancy and youth, and he often wondered whither they had gone; so one day he asked the wind.

"They went to the mill," replied the wind, "where they were sliced up into boards and shipped into towns."

"And then?"

"And then the boards were made into articles for Man; for Man wants a great many things, without which he thinks he cannot be comfortable or happy."

"What does Man make of our bodies?" asked Quercus.

(To be continued.)

*A whole little army of pink-clad men
Climbed to the top of a tall, slender stem,
And stood on the little green tuft that was there,
Sending sweet incense out through the air,
In praise of the great and lofty God
Who had drawn them up from the lowly sod.
They blew their breath the wide field over,
And children and honey-bees soon found the clover!*

— W. S.

A TRUE STORY.

AUNT ELLA.

“



H, Aunt Ella," cried the children; "come out here in the cool and tell us a story. Do, please." "I will if you promise to be quiet."

"We will!" exclaimed they."

"Well, I will tell you of a happy little girl."

"And was she always happy?"

"No, there came a time when her life was full of sorrow; but we will speak of her happy times. Little Elza lived in the South on a cotton plantation; and just as soon as she could toddle she was at her papa's heels, never losing sight of him when he was at home, and when he would go to the field she went too. He would seat her on the horse, her feet sticking straight out on either side. She would hold fast to the harness, and ride from one end of the row to the other, and back again; and when the cotton was ready to pick, a negro man would put her in a basket and carry her to the field. She would play in the shade until the basket was filled with snowy white cotton; then he would place her on top of the cotton, lift the basket to his shoulder, and carry her to the house again. Day after day she would take those rides.

"One day the children of the neighborhood witnessed a baptizing in the creek; so one afternoon they had a meeting, and went to the creek to baptize some one. Elza being the smallest, and easy to handle, each of the larger girls took a turn in dipping her under the water. If a man had not come by just when he did, and stopped them, she might have been dipped once too often; for they had not thought of any danger until he told them. When they looked at Elza they were sorry they had not thought of her

instead of their own pleasure so much, for she looked so white and weak; but they put her in the sun and dried her clothes, and she was soon all right. Oh, weren't they having fun, though!"

"What did she do next?"

"Well, she was never idle, and spent a great deal of her time at or in the creek."

"And wasn't her mamma afraid she would get drowned?"

"No, she had a big dog that was raised with Elza, and was always with her. If she went into deep water he would bring her out, and then the nurse was always in sight. One time the teams had occasion to pass through a big gate, and her papa said, 'We must have some one to mind the gate. I do not want the men to stop to open and shut it every time.' 'I can stay at the gate,' said Elza. 'Oh, you are too little,' said he; 'the stock will run over you.' She picked up a stick. 'See, now they will stay back!' He looked at her and said, 'I believe you, my daughter,' and left her. The father and child had perfect confidence in each other. He knew if he put a negro boy there he would go to sleep and let the stock in as they had before. When the men drove up they were astonished to see that little mite of a girl at the gate. 'Those cattle will run over you,' said one of the men. 'Just see,' said another man, 'they walk up, look at her, turn and go away. Ha-ha! Did you ever see anything like it?' And when the last load went through, one of the men said, 'Now we will close the gate; you can ride home in the wagon.' 'No,' said she, 'my papa is coming for me.' 'No use, Sam; if her pa said he would come for her, she would stay here till midnight waiting for him.'"

"And do you think she would, Aunt Ella?"

"Yes, I am sure she would; for sheneverkne w anything to be afraid of. She loved everybody, and all that knew her loved her. She knew, too, that whatever her papa said he would do she could depend on. She never thought of disobeying him—the love was so strong. And that is the way we ought to love our Heavenly Father. She was a very reasonable child, and always knew before she asked her papa for anything that she would get it, for he never refused her anything. And that is the way with God. When we ask for what is good and right and just, we can feel sure he will not refuse.

"Now I must go; and if you like this story, I will tell you more about Elza another time."

JIM'S DEMONSTRATION.

Jim came home with every symptom of measles. He said, "Let's say, *God is all*, grandma," which we did—but his papa thought the doctor must be sent for at once. We persuaded him to wait till morning. Jim said, "Grandma, let's treat the doctor so he won't give me any medicine." We did. Jim awakened twice during the night and said, "Let's treat him again, grandma," which was done. In the morning when the doctor came he looked at Jim and said, "An old-fashioned case of measles. Your grandma's taking care of you all right; you don't need any medicine."

*With pop, bang, and splutter
He's trying to utter
One word of syllables three.
East, West, South and North,
The glorious Fourth
Of July shouts the word "Liberty!"*

THE UNWELCOME CHILD.

COUSIN JO.

“**F**RANK, whatever made you bring that child home? Could you not leave it with some of your relatives? My time is occupied with Queenie. You are so thoughtless, you never consider *me* or *my pleasure*. He looks delicate, too, and to have a sick child around will make me so melancholy.”

“Anna, listen; I could not refuse Fannie’s request. Just two days before she passed away, she called me to her bedside, and said: ‘Frank, you will take my boy and bring him up? Promise me this, my last request.’ She was my twin sister, and we loved each other very much. My other sisters have large families, and are not very prosperous, and I thought he would be a good companion for Queenie. He is very polite and manly, and though he looks frail, I believe he is wiry and rarely sick. If he is inclined to be weakly, I shall have him treated by a Truth Healer.”

“Treated! there you go again! Oh, I do wish we could agree upon anything! Running after a fad, as usual! Always trying to find the *other* world. What’s the matter with me? I cannot get enough of *this* one.”

Frank sighed, was silent, well knowing words were useless.

The two children, Queenie and Albert, walked into the room, holding each other’s hand, looking so happy; but the boy instantly glanced anxiously at his aunt, dropped his cousin’s hand, walked quickly to his uncle’s side, and stood partly concealed by the large chair in which his uncle reclined.

“Queenie, come here,” said her papa. “What were you and Albert talking about?”

"Oh, papa, he was telling me about his home, his lovely mamma—how he treated her for headaches, and the headaches really went away; didn't they, Albert?"

A groan from the other side of the room caused Queenie to turn immediately and cry: "Why, mamma, are you sick? Albert can speak the Word for you, and you will be healed."

"Frank, this is *too* much! It really makes me shiver! Queenie, do not let me hear you talking *that* way any more. It is positively wicked."

"Why, mamma, you do not understand! God does the work, but He does it through Albert."

"*Through Albert!* Why, this is blasphemy."

The boy stood forth, his eyes dilated, the color flushed his cheeks. "The spring of water bubbling out of the earth is not the earth, but it has to have the earth to run through; but something under it makes it break through."

All looked at the lad in astonishment, for there was something in his tone that arrested attention.

He quietly left the room, Queenie running after him.

"Frank, I will not allow Queenie to hear such horrid doctrine! It must be stopped."

"Anna, it is a great pity you will be so prejudiced as not to investigate the Truth. Bright, intelligent people all about us are talking and living it. But this I will insist upon—the boy shall not be silenced, and if Queenie is interested in it, she shall hear it. Do we understand each other in this matter?" Mrs. Staples did not answer, well knowing when her husband spoke in that stern, determined tone, resistance was useless.

Two months passed. One night Queenie awoke

giving that peculiar cough that signals the croup's appearance. The mother went to her darling; she saw the child was far from well. She became nervous and frightened, for she had always depended upon her husband in any trouble, and he was away from home for two days.

She sent a servant for a physician, and stood wringing her hands, crying loudly. The child rapidly grew worse. The servant returned, saying Dr. Brown was away, and his family did not know when he would return. Should he go for Dr. Malcolm?

Albert appeared, asking timidly, "May I speak the Word for her, Aunt Anna."

"Oh, dear! what do you think *you can do*?"

"I can do nothing. 'All things are possible with God.'"

She looked at him, awed. After a long pause, she said slowly: "You *may* try." He sat down by the bedside, closed his eyes, and she watched her darling girl.

In a few moments the child relaxed, and her breathing became more natural, and soon she was sleeping quietly.

Albert said softly, "I thank Thee, Father," kissed his cousin's hand, and left the room.

Mrs. Staples looked thoughtfully at Albert as they ate their breakfast. Her tone had lost its coldness when she addressed him, and she allowed him to go in and talk to Queenie. Later in the day, Mr. Staples called at the school for Albert, kissed him warmly, exclaiming: "Oh, my dear boy, how glad I am that you came to us!"

"So am I now, Uncle; for Aunt Anna is glad also."

CHILD-GARDENING.

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY.

THE GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY.

LAW OF EXPRESSION.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE BUTTERFLY.

My dear Wee Ones:

In this beautiful earth home of ours, there are surprises for us on every hand; and some of the most marvelous come from the most common-place looking objects. A wonderful example of such surprises is given to us by the butterfly.



What a charming story Mrs. Butterfly would tell us if she could only speak. But most of Mother Nature's children are silent, which is a good thing for us, because it makes us search for ourselves to discover their wonderful lessons. The more we understand God's gifts, the better we love them. And in loving His gifts the stronger is our love for Him, the dear heavenly Father, who is All and in all.

Many people spend their entire lifetime in living close to the heart of dear Mother Nature. Some choose to learn their lessons from the flowers, others from the insects, still others, like Dr. Long, prefer to learn from the animals.

One of the natural science teachers of Washburn College, has made a very wonderful and very beau-

tiful collection of butterflies from all parts of the world. He used to live next door to us, that's the reason I know so well about him. Often he would go out in the wood in the evening, taking with him his breakfast and a little pail of molasses. Just think how anxious he was to learn of butterflies and their ways, to stay out in the dark wood all night alone, watching the beautiful night flyers and painting the trees with molasses in order to tempt them near him, only to learn for himself, and then to give his knowledge to others. In the morning he would come home with hundreds of the loveliest night flyers, many of which he kept for the College collection; many he sent in different directions all over the world in exchange for butterflies from other countries. This same gentleman very kindly allowed me to study his collection and with my water colors I have made copies of some of the oddest and most rare.



EGGS.

LARVE.

CHRYSALIS.

BUTTERFLY.

I wonder if, whenever you see a butterfly, you think of the marvelous change it has passed through, from a creeping caterpillar to a dainty flower on wings. And whenever you see a woolly caterpillar I wonder if you think of its having come from the egg of a butterfly.

The mamma butterfly always lays her eggs where there will be plenty of food for her babies.

The caterpillar begins to eat as soon as it comes from the egg. It eats so fast and so much that in a

short time it needs a larger dress, so it throws the old dress away and in its new one commences to eat again just as fast as ever. There is so much eating to be done that a little caterpillar does not even have time to play or do anything else.

It has five different new dresses before it grows to be a full grown caterpillar. It is great fun to watch a caterpillar eat, because it has such a queer mouth and opens it in such a funny way. The next time you see Mr. Caterpillar creeping along, and creeping along, you just open your bright eyes wide and see if the one *you* have found is like the one *I* have found. There are many different kinds, you know. They even make their little-rest rooms just as different as can be. Some of them make a little silk bag called



a cocoon; others cover themselves with just a little wrapping like a tiny silk blanket, while others, after they have stopped eating, fasten themselves up somewhere, where a covering forms all over the body and where they stay safely shut up in this state, which is called its chrysalis, until wings have grown and the perfect butterfly comes out.

Well, now to return to my caterpillar. The body of mine is made up of thirteen rings, the first one is the head. Sometimes caterpillars have horns, perhaps yours has, mine has not. On the lower side of the head is the mouth. The eyes of my caterpillar can only be seen through a magnifying glass. The body of my caterpillar is covered by a thin skin which lies in wrinkled folds, allowing him to twist and turn in any direction. On the lower side of each ring of the body, except the second, the third and the

last, there is found on either side a small round opening through which Mr. Caterpillar breathes. On each of the first three rings of his body there are a pair of legs which end in a sharp claw. There are also four more pairs of legs on the underside of the rings from the sixth to the ninth, and another pair on the very last ring.

Some caterpillars stay in their little rest-rooms longer than others. In the chrysalis some stay all winter and then come out butterflies in the spring-time. The little white butterflies stay in their little rest-rooms only a few days. The most wonderful part of our story is that a butterfly comes out of the chrysalis, but a caterpillar made it.

Now let us open our bright eyes and look at the butterfly. It doesn't look much like a caterpillar, does it? It has four wings, six legs, large eyes that can see in all directions, two antennæ or feelers and three divisions of the body. The rings in the abdomen are all that remind us of our old friend, the caterpillar. Instead of eating coarse leaves, this dainty creature feeds upon early dew and honey from the blossoms. Mrs. Butterfly has a wonderful tongue which is like a long tube. With this she is able to reach the honey in the deepest flowers. When she is not sipping honey, she curls her tongue up out of sight. We love to see Mrs. Butterfly floating off in the sunshine, and that is where she loves to be.

One season, our neighbors had quite a number of cabbages growing in their garden. Every day I noticed that hovering over the cabbages were hundreds of white butterflies. I went over into the garden and found on the cabbages many little eggs and many little green caterpillars. I asked the lady if I might remove some of the little green fellows to an-

other place. She thought she could spare a few, so I went home for a wooden cracker box and in it placed several cabbage leaves containing about sixty caterpillars. I then covered the open side of the box with mosquito netting and took the box to Kindergarten so that the children there could enjoy the beautiful lesson that I knew was sure to come. In a few days the mosquito netting was removed and the flowers in the window garden were being hovered over by half a hundred airy white butterflies, who had never dreamed during caterpillar days of such



SCISSORS CUTTINGS.

beauty and loveliness. And it had all come about through living faithfully and well each day and accepting trustingly all that that day had brought in its own time and season. And while the butterflies went flitting from flower to flower sipping the drops of honey which tiny fingers had placed for them, the children were at the same time eagerly receiving the glorious lesson which God's white messengers had come to bring.

[While this butterfly lesson was being put into type at Unity, a great, big, beautiful "night flyer" found its way in through the window and spent a couple of days about the building, a living sample of this lesson. — ED]

"The happy face, like the diamond, reflects light everywhere."

Epistles.

TYABB, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — When I was three years of age, mamma told me if I asked God every night he would give me everything I wanted. "So I started in my own little way with what I thought I needed most: "Please, Godie, give me black appy, red appy, green appy, dressie, bootie, capie, pennie, dollie, chickie, cowie, money and broachie." At this time we had no home and no money. I used to say this prayer every night until I went to sleep. Although it has taken seven years to complete it, I am happy to say that the UNITY broach you sent completes the circle. The first "black appies" were grapes, the "red appy" were plums, the "black appy" were black cherries, the "green appy" were cooking apples, the fruit, clothes, boots and cap were all sent to me as gifts; books and dollies I won in a race; the chickie a man gave daddy to get rid of, as it was a lonely chick. Daddy carried it in his coat pocket six miles to me. A neighbor's cow came to where we were staying one day, and I ran in to mamma rejoicing that Godie had sent the cow to me. I got the can, I wanted mamma to come and milk her. Mamma said she was not ours, and oh, I cried when I saw a man taking her away. I said, "She iss my cow, Godie sent her to me." Daddy was so sorry for me that he told a friend, who said, "Come and get one of my cows and milk her and I will sell you one later on." And now comes the UNITY broach, which is the fulfillment of all my baby prayers. It was only a week before Christmas I said to mamma, "I wonder who will give me the broach I asked God for," never thinking you would be the presenter of it. I danced with joy seeing your letter saying it was coming. I thought I would tell you this.

MARY ELSIE FOLEY.

[Although this was a personal letter from our little Australian friend, the beautiful faith it reveals and the sweet acknowledgment of its fulfillment are too precious to keep from you, and so Elsie will surely pardon ye Editor for this little breach of confidence. — ED.]

VALMEYER, ILLS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a letter to let you know how well I am. I like to go to school, our school is closed now. On the last day of school we had a good time and lots of fun. I stayed a week and three days at Fountain, with my aunt. We have a little baby girl at home since May 14th. We have a Sunday School in church since Easter. I like to go. We get tickets which we have to learn, and when we get four tickets we get a nice picture. Here is a nice verse:

"I love every living thing,
Everything loves me,
Love and joy and kindness bring
Blessings back to me."

With much of love to the little Wees, I will close. From
FRIEDA L. SCHELLHARDT.



LINDSAY, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Our school has not closed yet. so I am very busy. I have been to school two years and am in the fifth grade. Our school will close next Friday. We are going to have a fine program and after that we are going to have ice cream, cake and lemonade. We are going to the mountains this summer where some of my relations live and where we used to live. We moved down from the mountains about two years ago. My birthday was two days ago, and I was nine years old. I had a nice time. We have a man teacher. His name is Mr. Purday. I have not much more time now, so will say good-bye. Your affectionate little member,

LAURA D. HOPPING.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first time I have written to you. I have been taking WEE WISDOM for about a year and like it very much. I think we are going abroad this summer in the automobile; and if so, I will send you some postal cards.

Your friend,

B. A. TUNNELL



SUNBURST, N. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Since I last wrote to you we have come to the mountains in North Carolina. I was very much interested in the shingle mill here, and I thought you would like to hear about it too. First, the logs are brought from higher up on the mountain on little tramways to the mill; then they are barked;

then the logs are put on a car and made into timbers about twelve inches thick; then they are cut into blocks for the shingle saw. The shingle machine has a row of cog wheels at the top and a row at the bottom, and the shingle block is put between them and run against the saw. The saw cuts them into shingles to be baled and sent away. Each bale holds 250 shingles, and the saw cuts 20,000 a day. The mountains about here are covered with calmia, which have beautiful pink and white blossoms. My love to all the Wees,

MORTON ROBERTSON.



DORCHESTER, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is the first time I ever wrote to you, and I don't feel shy any more. I am very glad you put my story in WEE WISDOM, and hope all the Wees like it. I am going to show it to my teacher. I think she will be glad. I am so glad it is spring once more with everything in bloom. WEE WISDOM travels to many places, and I think everybody likes her and so do I. Well good-by Wees, I will write again. I send love to you all, I am,

JUNE PARKER.

P. S. Let one of the Wees write to me for I would like to be a friend of the Wees.



TONOPAH, NEV.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — Donald and I wish to thank you for your loving kindness in spreading the "Laugh Cure" (See Donald's Laugh Cure, May WEE WISDOM) to all the Wees in such sweet little verses. We trust all will have as good results as we have. Donald cures all kinds of bumps, scratches, cuts, etc., just by laughing instead of crying. He tells all the children he knows about the "Laugh Cure," and they think it's so funny they start right in laughing. He is always beaming himself, and is truly our own little sunbeam. "A little child shall lead them," and this is one of the blessed little ones. He has led me thus far in the "Truth." During the hard winter Donald and two little neighbors and I held our Sunday School at our little home. We found two Wees in town. They attend other Sunday Schools. We are all trying to secure more little ones to take WEE WISDOM. It is surely a great blessing to every home it enters. I enclose 50c for ten numbers. Donald thinks he knows ten people who need the "Laugh Cure" and all the good things found in the blessed little paper. With much love from us both,

Sincerely,

DONALD'S MAMMA.

Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

LESSON I. JULY 7.

God Feeds Israel in the Wilderness.—Ex. 16:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*I am the living bread which came down from heaven.*—John 6:51.

We all know that it is not a good thing to complain or to find fault about anything.

When anyone is a fault-finder and grumbles about his food, his clothes, his lessons, teachers and associates, he makes it disagreeable for all those around him.

We read in the lesson that the people who came out of Egypt complained against Moses and Aaron. They were afraid of the wilderness. They did not realize that God could care for them there just the same as in any other place. But it was soon proved to them that it did not matter how things appeared, their good was everywhere present, and could feed and nourish them there. God is everywhere, and God is the Good.

The combined faith of Moses and Aaron brought the quails and manna, so they were fed each day.

We must have faith in order to realize the goodness of God.

Without some faith in the Good the Israelites would have starved.

Complaints do not bring about our good. Only stopping our grumbling, and putting in its place smiles and contentment, bring to us our blessings.

Say these words:

I am thankful for all good.
I am cheerful and happy.
I am God's child.
The Good is for me.
God loves me,

LESSON 2: JULY 14.

The Ten Commandments—Duties Toward God. Exodus 20:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.*—Deuteronomy 6:5.

Moses gave the people the Ten Commandments as the Lord within Moses dictated them. You know God speaks within us as we let him speak.

In those days the people needed just such laws as Moses had received upon Mt. Sinai.

We must worship the good always, serve the good, think of good, and do good to everyone.

The second commandment tells us to have no graven images. This means we must not love things above God. Think always of God first. Some people love money better, or dress, or books, or art. We must love God first and best, then will be added all of these unto us, as Jesus has promised.

God must be all in all to us. He must be first in our hearts, not only on Sunday, but on Monday, and all the other days.

One must not speak carelessly or unlovingly of God, nor of any person, for everyone is the child of God.

The Sabbath is the holy place within the soul, and here we must be still and think of God, the Holy Spirit.

Days spoken of here does not mean the days of our week, but a much longer period of time.

Be still as you can in your prayer, and hear what God has to say to you.

LESSON 3. JULY 21.

The Ten Commandments.—Exodus 20:12-17.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*
—Leviticus 19:18

We must have respect for every soul, and remember that each one is a child of God.

The real father and mother is the God-love, and this we must obey.

We must not kill out or push from us our beautiful holy thoughts. They are from God.

Nothing must be destroyed wantonly. Sometimes I have seen little children stamping down and trying to kill cunning ants in their pretty homes on the little ant hills, where they are doing no one any harm. This is cruel and heartless, for there the ants live and we have no right to interfere with them.

The ants are wonderful little creatures, teaching us lessons of industry.

We are told not to mix things; for instance, if you know God is Love, and want to be love yourself, you can't say, "I hate that girl and boy." You must try to love them.

If you want to be pure and holy you cannot use ugly words that no one cares to hear.

In the fifteenth verse it says, "Thou shalt not steal."

This means you must not take anything away that belongs to another, and in the seventeenth verse we are told not to wish for that which belongs to another.

Every good thing is yours and mine now, for God has given us all good, so we do not need to envy another their gifts. Think of all your blessings, and let your heart be filled with thanksgiving to the Giver of all good.

One must not speak evil of another. Always say the best you can of those you know, and if you can think of nothing good to say, then keep silent.

Hold these thoughts:

I see the good in all.
I love the good in all.
I see the good in myself.
God is the Good.

LESSON 4. JULY 28.

The Golden Calf.—Exodus 32:1-8; 30-35.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Little children, keep yourselves from idols.*
—I. John 5:21.

There are so very many idols in the world, and many persons are tempted to worship some of these idols.

They are not golden calves now-a-days, but are rather apt to be money, riches, fine clothes, high positions of authority, a family name, one's ancestors, and so on. All of these may be idols if one thinks of them more than of God.

God must be very close and dear to you, then will you know how to have all of the good things of life without making them into idols. Always love God best.

If a mother loves her child better than she does God, she is apt to be separated from that child. If a little child loves toys better than God, that child is making idols.

Many persons are worshiping idols and do not know it; for instance, the little child who will not permit another to play with her toys or even look at them, is selfish. That child has forgotten to love God, and is making idols of the toys.

The old lady who keeps telling over her troubles and describes her aches and pains over and over is worshiping trouble and sickness and making of them idols.

God is Peace and Health. He knows neither trouble nor sickness.

Say these words daily:

I am health.
I worship God.
I worship God as my life.
God satisfies me.

I am God's loving child.

Our Talk Room.



Of course everybody knows that the Fourth of July is "Uncle Sam's" birthday, and the more firecrackers you use and the more noise you make the more you are supposed to show your pa-tri-ot-ism. We like "Uncle Sam," first-class; we couldn't be the United States without him, and maybe it wouldn't be out of the way to invite him and "Hail Columbia" to our birthday party. I think we could tell him a whole lot of things that would be good for him to teach all his neices and nephews. If they would all say our little prayer,

"God is my help,"

and sing our little love song,

"Love is gentle, Love is sweet,"

with us everyday, we know there wouldn't be any more bad boys and girls among 'em. We'll keep on living and doing our best and then all our cousins'll find out and want to be "Wisdoms" too.

Are you getting ready for WEE WISDOM's birthday party next month? She will be twelve years young and we must have the very best time we've ever had. There may be some of you who have never met with us before and so do not understand that it is WEE WISDOM's custom to turn the August number over to the children and let them do all the writing and everything for it. We call this the birthday party, for all the WEE WISDOM children send in original stories, letters, poems, songs and pictures; also do everything possible to celebrate these birth-

day occasions with the best and brightest their little hearts and heads can conjure up. Several guests have already arrived — three of them from Australia in photograph — that's a good way to come.

The young editor who will be in charge says, "Come as early in July as possible, so everything can be fixed up just right. How delightful WEE WISDOM will be if every one can bring her a new subscriber for a birthday present. We must think of ways to make WEE WISDOM so good that everybody will want it in their homes. What would *you* suggest? How would you like to have it different? It's little readers are just the ones to know what it needs.. Be sure and let us hear from you on this question. When you write letters to WEE WISDOM don't be afraid to tell her the most beautiful and wonderful thoughts that come into your mind, and tell her, too, what you can do by knowing,—

God is my health, I can't be sick;
God is my strength, unfailing, quick;
God is my all, I know no fear,
Since God and Love and Truth are here.

Every Wisdom knows there is but

ONE PRESENCE AND ONE POWER IN ALL THE UNIVERSE — GOOD OMNIPOTENT,

and trusting this GOOD delivers them from all evil.

Mrs. Boynton, desires us to explain the mistake made in June WEE WISDOM as to the authorship of "The Robin Song." It was written by Edward Rowland Sill and not Mrs. Boynton, to whom WEE WISDOM gave the credit.



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THE FOURTH.

Bombs and shells,

Flash and smells,

Boys and yells,

The story tells

'Tis the Fourth.

Could the foe

Of long ago

Have met such a charge,

Malice would have changed to fun,

Merriment spiked every gun,

Boyish sport the day had won,

For the Fourth.

MAMIE.

We have quite a quantity of back numbers of **WEE WISDOM** which should be out in the world doing good. If you would like a package of mixed numbers to give to your friends, or to read yourself, just let us know and we will gladly supply you.



Be Sure to Read This.

Do you like WEE WISDOM?

Do you want her to keep on visiting you?

Well, you keep a watch on this notice, and when there's a blue mark across it be sure to send 50 cents to Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo., to pay for WEE WISDOM's monthly visits, or she will be out of traveling money, and cannot come to see you any more.

