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

JUNE, 1908

Mother Goose Rhymes

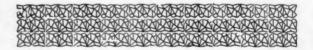
For Twentieth Century Boys and Girls.



MOTHER GOOSE

Good Mother Goose is picking her geese, See the feathers a-flying? They're wafting about below and above, They're floating along on the breezes of love. Dear Mother Goose, that's only her way Of sending love-thoughts by night and by day.

-L. H. H., Topeka.





VOL. XII.

JUNE, 1908

No. II

THE STORY OF LOVIE:

OR. ESTABLISHING IDEALS.

MYRTLE FILLMORE

CHAPTER X.

HER FIRST BIRTHDAY



OVIE had successfully carried out the charming programme of sweet babyhood for a whole year without encountering one of the nursery phantoms that beset the fear-ridden home. Her cooings had never been

interrupted by physical inharmony, nor her slumbers disturbed because of the little pearls so lovingly slipped into the pink casket of her mouth by the Bountiful Giver.

Baby Lovie had never been deprived of her natural birthright of health and harmony, for no one evertalked error in her sweet world, and no one trusted other than the presence of Love and Wisdom in that peaceful home, and so God walked unhindered in her budding life, and like the Child of long ago, she "grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom and the grace of God."

It was a rare pleasure to witness the unfolding of this uninterrupted soul, for with Lovie the sweet naturalness of the child was blended with that ineffable something before which humanity bows and to which art lends a halo.

When, in celebration of Lovie's first birthday, Trixey took her by the hand and led her toddling steps through the little forest, she was wild in her delight. She buried her baby face in the fragrant grasses; she kissed and patted the brown tree trunks; she fluttered her little arms after the flying birds; she prattled to the frisking squirrels, and when they stopped beside the running stream she clapped her tiny hands and dipped them into the water, while her silvery laugh rang out, a new and wholesome chord in the sweet noises of the wood.

It was a wonderful day. Out under the big oak a banquet was served in honor of it, and the three boys were bidden guests. You should have seen Lovie. She showed herself a royal hostess, patting the three urchins with her baby hands and assuring them in sweet and tender ways of a cordial welcome.

We will not attempt a menu of this feast. Janie had spared no pains in the decoration of the birthday cake, and had filled it with surprises, known only to herself and Lovie's stately grandfather. So that when Philip and Richard and Henry were given their pieces, they found a golden coin in each. Janie beamed all over at this disclosure. Jack and Trixey looked their surprise. A good, glad laugh followed the explanation, and the three boys could hardly believe their eyes as they saw the golden eagles shining in their brown hands. Janie gave them each a purse to hold their treasure, and no millionaire ever felt richer than they.

When they had recovered from their surprise, Trixey returned to them the gifts they had tried to bestow upon the irresponsive babe of a week, with the instruction that they were to present them again at this — Lovie's first birthday.

A rustic throne had been constructed for the little queen under the big oak, and here she sat in state when Philip approached with his gift. He hesitated, his face changed color under the stress of conflicting thoughts, for Philip was not quite sure it was "honor bright to fool 'er that way," as he afterward said. So he cleared his conscience by this explanation:

"I know, Miss Lovie, you'se only a little bit of girl, but I'll be fair and square with you just the same, and won't give this thing o'er again without tellin' vou I brung it for you a year ago. You's awful little then and didn't know much, so your ma kept 'em and let us do it over again. Its name is jack-ina-box, and when you push this way, he jumps out," and suiting the action to the word, out jumps jack to the great delight of Lovie, who clapped her hands and cried, "m-o-e, m-o-e," every time jack went back into the box. Then Philip showed her little hands how to press the spring, and poor jack-in-a-box got no rest for the next ten minutes. The enthusiasm of the one-year-old Lovie was surely sufficient to make amends for the indifference shown by the week-old baby, and the boys were satisfied.

The white teething ring presented by Richard afforded her entertainment for a season, and then Henry's pink ball was given a trial. When Lovie discovered she could toss it on the grass, and keep the three boys rolling over each other in their efforts to return it to her, she kept them busy till her attention was diverted by the chirping and chattering going on under the hickory, where a banquet had been spread for the wood-folk from the fragments of her birthday feast. The birds and squirrels were having

a merry time over it, for there were plenty of nuts as well as crumbs on the white cloth spread under the tree. Lovie's little heart felt the importance of making those other guests welcome, and so she clambered down from her rustic throne and toddled over to them. She sat down among the feasters with the greatest composure. Her presence created a little flurry at first, but the creature-folk were soon satisfied of her good intentions, and were not long in accepting the dainty morsels her dimpled hand held out to them.

The party under the big oak were watching with loving interest the proceeding under the hickory, when Jack discovered his father had slipped in among them unnoticed, and was as much absorbed in the little drama as the rest of them.

Lovie and her feathered friends were getting very intimate. One little sparrow was tugging at the blue ribbon in her hair, which he evidently fancied. Two others were nestling on her shoulder, while the food scattered over the cloth had been discarded for the tempting bits dealt out by her little hands. It was a pretty sight, and Lovie worked hard to keep up with the demand.

Suddenly there was a shrill chirp, a whir of wings, and Lovie's feathered friends were in the air, while across the white cloth glided a dark, sinuous form that made the boys spring to their feet and the stately grandfather turn livid.

Instantly Jack stayed them with his hand, and quietly commanded everyone to sit down and keep still. "It is only another one of our wood friends come to the birthday party; there is no danger whatever. The child is perfectly safe," he calmly said.

Then laying his hand on Trixey's, which was trembling slightly, he continued softly, "There is nothing to fear, sweetheart, for we know there is but One Life pulsating these little woods and that belongs alike to every living creature, which makes it sacred as well as common to us all, and we love it and bless it in all its forms, even in yonder reptile."

All had resumed their sitting posture at Jack's command, though with great effort as they beheld that subtle thing glide near the precious hand that reached out to it a bit of the birthday cake.

Would this awful moment ever be done with? Lovie's proffered hospitality passed unaccepted by her strange guest, but as if to show comradeship, the snake coiled itself in the grass beside her, greatly to the delight of Lovie, who put out her little hand and softly patted its shining coils.

"My God!" groaned the frantic grandfather. "I can stand this no longer; get a gun, Jack, and end this reptile before he fastens his fangs into our baby."

Jack's face was calm and fearless as he made answer, "Father, there never has been a gun in these woods since my time; every creature here has my protection. The child is perfectly safe — see! they are friends, even a snake appreciates confidence and love, and that serpent coiled up yonder beside our babe is as innocent of doing her an injury as she is of harming him.

"We have put emnity between ourselves and certain creatures and hunted them down, and made ourselves believe we were doing it for self-protection, when in reality we were only sacrificing them to our ignorance and fear. It is we, and not the creature-world, that are responsible for the feud set up between us. If we would exercise the love and trust of that child, there is not a living creature in all this world would do us harm.

"Have you not read of how the mothers of India leave their babes under the trees while at their labor, and though poisonous serpents crawlall around them it is said there has never been one bitten? It is not until a child arrives at the age or state of mind that seeks self-defense that he is ever molested by them. "Love never faileth." God's creatures always respond to the God-quality in man."

As Jack finished he gave a soft, warbling whistle, which was known to Lovie as "papa's play call." She looked up and answered the signal with a little wave of her hand, then she clambered to her feet, while her strange companion uncoiled and glided swiftly into the grass.

The strain was over. Tears followed the stately grandfather's pallor. Trixey breathed a fervent "Thank God!" The three boys looked at each other in speechless astonishment for a moment, and then, unable to control the reaction of their feelings, threw up their hats with a whoop and hurrah!

Then with one accord they all rushed to meet the little heroine. The mother caught her to her heart; the father tossed her high in the air; the grateful grandfather kissed her with shining eyes, and put in her hand a precious birthday packet; while the boys declared she was a peach.

(To be continued.)

Just like a breeze in summer

Are the peaceful words we say;

They fall upon our brother's heart,

And smooth the cares away.



SERIES XI

THE ROSE PARTY

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER

June had arrived, with all its roses, bushels of them - red, yellow, pink, and white and every shade betwixt and between. They nodded in at the windows, they swayed upon graceful branches in the clear bright sunshine, they climbed over trellis, woodshed and barn, they twined themselves around the porch pillars and covered the rustic tea-house from the very lowest railing to the very tip-top, where a tiny bark bird house peeped out from among the golden blossoms and shining green leaves. The air was fragrant with their perfume and it seemed as if the earth was holding a rose festival; as if the big round earth was giving a rose party and had invited the birds and the butterflies to participate in the celebration.

A June day in Oregon, with the mountains blue and misty in the distance! The snow peaks gleamed and glistened in the dazzling sunlight. The river, deep, still and mighty, made its way with unchanging purpose to the ocean, and the great dark firs and spreading maples and fragrant balsams mingled their soft murmurs with the clear, sweet bird-notes and the rippling of the meadow brook.

Sallie and Lois stood upon the wide stone steps

and between them stood their little cousin, Archie. Three children, happy as the birds, restless as 'the butterflies, sweet and dainty as the roses, and with hearts as pure and warm as the June sunshine.

They were about to have a party. You could see it in their smiling faces, in the impatience with which they watched the gateway, the very bows on the girls' curls proclaimed that there was to be a party. Archie's white suit with the blue silk braid was no other than his party suit; and then, too, the very air seemed to tingle with the word "party."

A rose party it was, to be sure, and no ordinary one either, for the three children had worked with untiring energy for several days past and were now ready to

cease work and begin play.

Lois and Archie had filled the big stone jars in the hall with water in which they put the long branches of crimson rambler; they had swept the porch and spread rugs upon it, and had dusted the porch swing. Sallie had filled all the vases in the house with roses, dusted the furniture, and straightened up the bookcases.

Then after the big table had been moved out upon the front porch, the three children had arranged the places and put the big bowl of La France buds in the center and the bunches of white La Mark at either end.

Sallie wrote the twelve place cards, Lois tied each one to a long stemmed rose, and Archie laid it carefully upon the paper napkin

The ice cream was to come from town, but the cakes and candy had been made by the same six little hands that had already done so much to make the party a success.

Of course Auntie Laura had been in the kitchen during the making of the cakes and candy, and had assisted quite a little, but the little lad and lassies had done the real work and were right proud of the result. "Nothing like work to make us feel proud of ourselves," Auntie Laura had said, and unless we know how to work we won't know how to enjoy."

"But it's just play to do this kind of work, Auntie Laura!" Sallie replied.

All kinds of work is play if we put our hearts into it. Our lives are just what we ourselves make them, if we turn our work into play we live happy lives; if we grumble and dislike our tasks then we will live unhappy, gloomy lives; now we have had the jolliest kind of a time working for this party, but if we "—she did not finish her sentence, for just then Archie upset the nuts and Lois let her candy boil over, and by the time order was restored the cakes were ready for the icing.

Everything was finished now, and the three children stood upon the steps in the shade of the gray stone house and waited for their company to arrive.

"Why don't they come?" and Lois jumped up and down impatiently.

"They ought to have been here hours ago," said Archie, leaning forward the better to see the gate.

"I'm sure it's long past two o'clock, and it's not polite to be late for a party," and Lois looked quite shocked at this breach of etiquette on the part of the invited friends, then raising her voice she called out, "What time is it, mother?"

"Half past one," was the answer.

"Oh dear! I didn't know time was so long. Come on, Archie, I'll run you a race down to the gate," and away they went like the wind, while Sallie laughed at them from the steps. Promptly at two o'clock the party arrived, five little boys and four little girls; and then the fun began.

A game of "drop the handkerchief" came first, and the children stood in a circle around the white sun dial while their shouts of laughter so shocked the birds that they flew away into the trees and discussed among themselves the unseemly conduct of children. "Prison base," a game of "Hop Scotch" and "Tin Tin," were played and just in the midst of "Pondpond, pull away," mother and Auntie Laura appeared and suggested luncheon. The party seemed to approve the suggestion, and a mad rush was made for the porch, and an eager search around the table for the card bearing the right name. All were seated at last and refreshments served, and what satisfaction for the three children when everything proved so good!

"Lois and I spread these sandwiches," announced Archie, examining his with great pride.

"Yes, and Archie and I pulled this taffy," said Lois, "and it's the best taffy I ever tasted."

"I cut out these tarts and put the jelly in them, and they look nicer than any tarts I ever saw," added Sallie.

Mother and Auntie Laura looked at each other. Mother's smile said, "Bad training; I'll have to put a stop to it"—Auntie Laura's smile said, "O let them be, they will learn better when they get older."

Just then Iva Barnes spoke up and saved mother the trouble of a reprimand:

"My mama says it isn't polite to brag about your own work. She says ladies never boast about what they can do," and Iva looked as if she herself could do a great many things worth mentioning, only she wouldn't be unlady-like enough to say so before company.

The three children looked crest-fallen for a moment, then Lois, as usual, rallied to the occasion, "Well, my mother says it isn't polite or kind to mention other folks' faults, and ladies aren't ladies unless they are polite and kind; and besides we ought to attend to our own faults."

"Well, I don't care; I don't brag anyway," said Iva. "Well, I don't care, we didn't talk about other folks' faults, "returned Lois.

The ice cream put an end to what might have become open warfare, and all questions of etiquette were forgotten upon the discovery of a bright silver dime, fresh from the mint, inside of each of the twelve little spice cakes.

"Sallie started to say, "We saved our own money until we had enough to go round"—but stopped and looked uneasily at Iva.

Iva looked ashamed and her face colored up as she said, "Please go on, Sallie; I was awfully rude and I'm sorry I said what I did. I think it was just lovely of you three to work so hard for us."

Everyone felt good again and Sallie answered, "I was just going to say that Archie, Lois and I saved up our money and when we had enough father took it down town and exchanged it for these 1908 dimes, and then we baked them in the cakes yesterday."

No sooner was lunch over than more games were played, and it was nearly five o'clock, almost time to go home. "Just one more game of hide and seek, and then we must go," said the little guests. Each one was to hide by himself and any place in the yard or house was fair, but not outside of the yard. Three of their number stood at the base and the rest scampered away behind bush or tree, in the barn or woodshed,

up stairs or down stairs and any place large or small enough to hide a boy or girl.

Soon the three at base called out, "Bushel of wheat, bushel of rye, all not ready, holler I." No one "hollered I," so the search began. First one, then another was caught, several "got in free," and at last all had been found — no not all, for where was Archie? Sure enough, Archie was still hidden away someplace, so the hunt went on.

Where could be have hidden himself? The eleven children searched every nook and corner, but no Archie, in white suit, could be found. Then, as it was time to go home, they called out, "All that are out are in free," but still no Archie.

Auntie Laura began to be uneasy about her little son, "Didn't any of you see where he went?" But no one had seen him.

The older people began to hunt in earnest. Father got home and joined in the search, so did the neighbors; they looked in every box and trunk in the garret, down the cistern and in the cellar; then they went down the hillside and looked at the cold, dark, deep river and wondered if he had gone so far.

Sallie and Lois held each others hands and choked back the tears.

The little girls had been taught that when they were in doubt or trouble all things would come right if they would keep peaceful and quiet within and know that harm can come to none of us if we trust the power and silence within.

So they stood in front of the big brick fireplace and in silence gazed into the mass of roses they and Archie had taken such pride in arranging—big jars filled with roses until the fireplace was completely hidden. Then Lois gave a little jump and Sallie said "Oh!" and together they pulled one of the jars aside and there, back of the flowers, with his curly head resting against the sooty bricks, lay Archie fast asleep; quite comfortable and quite unconscious of the trouble he was making.

The girls ran to inform the searchers that the lost had been found and quite a crowd gathered in front of the fireplace, for the entire neighborhood had been alarmed.

Archie awoke and stood rubbing his eyes, the very picture of distress. His pretty white party suit with its blue silk braid was covered with ashes and soot, his white slippers were a sight, as he had upset some water on his way back of the jars, and his face and hands were beyond description.

Everybody laughed, and the little five-year-old couldn't see the joke, and when he tried to tell them how it happened they laughed all the more.

Then the searchers went home and Sallie and Lois sat in the porch swing and talked over the party, while Auntie Laura took Archie up to the bathroom where she gave him a good scrubbing.

THE FLOWER'S MESSAGE

Clara H. Dodge

Love created me to be;
Just to live and bloom for thee;
Just to blossom and to grow.
Why? Because He made me so.
Just because He made us so;
That is all we need to know:
Just to live and grow and flower,
Trusting in the Spirit's power.

"Life is More than Meat"

M H. Cla

There was an old woman, and what do you think? She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink. Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet, And yet this old woman scarce ever was quiet."

How often this nursery rhyme I have read,
While deep in my heart I have pitying said:
Poor soul! Pray why so poorly did you live,
When life had so much better things to give?
The scent of orchards blooming sweet and fair
Is better food than all the fruit they bear.
The fragrant beauty of the purpling vine
Is more delicious than the taste of wine.

A clover field with sucking bees alive
Is sweeter far than honey from the hive;
To think, while dining, of the babbling brook;
Where spotted fish lie hidden from the hook,
Can give poetic flavor to the fish,
Like water-cresses round the savory dish.

Believe me, old woman, the chief of your diet Should be the glad sunshine, and beauty and quiet. Let love be the sugar and kindness the spice, To give a keen relish to everything nice. See only the good, and of good alone think, If peace you would have with your victuals and drink.

"KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE"

BLANCHE



E odder day I ast my ma,

Why don't the sun shine out?

I feel so awful sorry like

Wid all dese clouds about.

En den she says, "De sun it shine Des all the live long while. De reason you don't see it's 'Cause youse on the wrong side, chile.

"De way you got to do is dis: When clouds am in the sky, Don't you all sit 'round a-whinin', But lif' yo' voice up high.

"Des sing en laugh en play about De bressed livin' day. En den es soon's de sun cum out You'll sure 'nough feel dat way.

"En soon you'll get de habit,
Because des once you tried;
En den 't won't be no trouble 't all
To keep on de sunny side."

Just like a gentle shower

Are the loving deeds we do;

They fall upon such fertile soil,

And their growth is fast and true.

ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES



This is our darling boy Alfred, just twenty-two and one-half months old. He has on his first Buster suit. He is always such a happy, smiling, sunshiny little man.—Mrs. S. R.

Child-Gardening

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY

THE LAW OF EXPRESSION

SERIES V.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE AIR

All of God's creatures fill us with awe and wonder, but the most wonderful of all is man.

After God had created the light, the water, the birds, the butterflies, the fishes, the animals and the creeping things, He said: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." "So God created man in His own image male and female created He."

"And he breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

In speaking to some children about "The aerial ocean in which we live." Miss Buckley said:

"Let us suppose for a moment that a being was looking down from a distance upon our earth. He would see an ocean of air all around the earth, with birds floating about in it, and people walking along the bottom, just as we see fish gliding along the bottom of a river. He would never see even the birds come near to the surface; for the highest flying bird, the condor, never soars more than five miles from the ground, and our atmosphere is at least one hundred miles high. So he would call us all deep air creatures, just as we talk of deep sea animals; and if we can imagine that he fished in the air ocean, and could pull one of us out of it into space, he would find that we

should gasp, just as fishes do, when pulled out of the water." And so we see that we live in something



THINGS THAT THE WIND MOVES

that is as real as the water in which the fishes swim. This something is the air, the breath of life."

Air is made of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, some watery vapor, and a very little carbonic acid gas.

All animals breathe air into the lungs. The lung cells keep the oxygen, and throw the carbonic acid gas back again into the air. Plants breathe air too. The leaves of the plants are covered with cells and are the lungs of the plants, and both animals and plants breathe over the entire surface of the body.

Plants keep the carbonic acid gas, which we throw off and cannot use, and throw back into the air the oxygen, which we need. That is the reason that it is good to have house plants.

In the sea there are ocean currents. In the air there are winds.

A current of air that has only a slight motion is called a breeze. When it moves with greater force it is called wind; sometimes a gale or storm or hurricane. We have all seen what the wind can do. Let us name some of the things.

How many things can you find that the wind moves in the picture that accompanies this lesson?

Yes, and besides these it blows the leaves down. It blows the nuts down. Blows the clothes dry. Lets the birds know when to go to a warmer country. O yes, and it plants seeds too. Right now, as I look from my window, I see mother dandelion's children leaving her, one by one, to make a new home for themselves, helped along the journey, planted and covered over by none other than the friendly Mr. Wind.

Then there is another useful thing the wind does. It turns the weather vane or weather cock so we may know which way the wind is blowing. This is very important to people who live on the sea and who depend on the wind to carry their boats.

One of the Mother Plays is called "The Weather Vane."

Play this game with any baby you know and see how much fun he will have.

Hold your fore-arm and hand up straight; spread-

ing out the fingers to form the tail of the weather cock; the flat hand forms the body and the thumb its throat and head. Now move the hand backward and forward like the weather cock.

To you this little game may seem very simple, but the baby will enjoy it heartily and will use his own little chubby hand to show you the way the weather cock goes.

The baby is always pleased, and yet he is at the same time serious. He looks back of the moving object to find the power that moves it.

This hidden power claims his attention even more than the moving object itself. When he grows older he will learn that back of every living object there is a living power.

The picture which accompanies Froebel's Weather Vane Play, is of a mother who has gone out doors with her children on a very windy day. One little child says to the mother:

"Mother, this is such a fierce wind, it makes everything bend and shake. Where does it come from mother? this wind that moves so many things."

"My child," said the mother, "a change in the temperature causes wind. But you do not understand this very well. You can understand, though, that even if you can not see the wind itself, with your physical eyes, you do know that it does a great many things. Through this lesson of the wind we learn that we may be sure of many things which we cannot see.

"You see my hand move, but you do not see the power back of it that moves it.

Froebel's great lesson here is, that we should love and believe in the power we cannot see.

Whenever there seems to be a lack of anything that is good, and that you desire, just —

Go forth under the open sky, and list To Nature's teachings.

Nature, dear children, is only another word for God.

Thank the great Creator of all, that you have caught this beautiful lesson.

God now breathes into your nostrils, every moment, his breath of life, which fills you to overflowing with all that is good.

Your part is to love and believe in this power which you do not see.

Now as you quietly and gratefully inbreathe this priceless gift of love, pray:

"DEAR, kind God, I thank you that I know that you are in every place and in everything. In the water, in the light and in the very air I breathe. And as I inhale this sweet breath of life, I am thankful that I believe and know that it now fills me full of health and joy and peace and love."





DEAR WISDOMS—Ye Editor would remind you that there is only one more Wee Wisdom after this one before Wee Wisdom's birthday, which comes in August. That number we call her Birthday Party, and every one of you is invited to come and help in her entertainment. You can write a story or a letter, sing a song, make a nice picture, or send your photograph with a birthday greeting. Then, too, you can make her and others happy by bringing some new friends along with you—they may pay her visiting expenses, so she can come and see them every month.

If only everybody could understand that health and happiness go with WEE WISDOM in her visits. they would want her cheerful presence in their homes. One thing you must all remember, and that is, to never tell about evil. We pull up the weeds we want to get rid of in our garden. We never gather them and mix them with our bouquets, for that would spoil the fragrance and looks of them. So, dearies, leave out of your letters and stories everything you would have left out of your sweet world. Don't describe unkindness and cruelty and sickness and death. We want to get everything out of the garden of our mind that God has not planted there. And the good, loving Father of us all never put into his world anything to hurt or make us afraid. So let us all pull up the weeds of error, and just keep the sweet-and-happy always growing in our thoughts and words and works .- [ED.

VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I take pleasure in writing you a few lines to let you know that I am well, and I think you are the same. We have a little baby girl. It can say, "Papa, Annie, Oscar and Otto." I am eight years old. I will be nine years old on the first of November. My little sister's birthday is on the 14th of May. She will be one year old. Our school closed on the second of May. We had good times together. We are going to have a new teacher next year This is all I know for this time, so I guess I will close. From your little Wee, FRIEDA SCHELLHARDT.



DARWIN, MINN.

DEAR FRIENDS—I like WEE WISDOM very well. I am a little girl ten years old. I have two sisters and one brother. We all go to school, except baby Florence. I will enclose fifty cents for WEE WISDOM. Your loving little friend. CLARA WAGER.



VIOLA, WIS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—Please change my WEE WISDOM from Boaz to Viola, Wis., as I live there now. I am living on a farm. I have four pets—three cats and a dog. We have four horses and two little colts. We have five cows, a yearling calf and three little calves. We have thirty-five hens and over two hundred little chickens. Today was papa's birthday. I have been reading a book called "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." I will close with much love to you and the Wees.

EDITH V. LOOKER.



The grace "Wee Wee" says at the table every day:

God is Great, and God is Good, And we thank him for our food. By his hand we all are fed; We thank him for our daily bread.—Amen.



HAWTHORNE, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will write you a second letter. I am in the sixth grade at school, and I hope to pass to the seventh in June. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and I have joined the church. My little sister always goes with me. I like WEE WISDOM very much, and I do not think I could do without it. I

think that the "Story of Lovie" is the best story I ever read. My sister loves to listen to the stories, and I like to read them to her. I am sending you a little story about "A Brave Dog." Hoping to see this published, I remain your little Wee,

MARJORIE LUCILLE STUART.

[Marjorie's story has told nicely the good act of a faithful dog, and goes to show she believes in being kind to all creatures. The story will be in WEE WISDOM'S birthday number.—Ed.]



CALDWELL, IDAHO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have been intending to write to you for a long time. I am eleven years old, and in the sixth grade. I have three black cats and one dog. I can hardly wait to see you again. We have eighty acres of land here, and are fourteen miles from town. Our land is covered with sage brush. I am your true friend.

DORIS H. DREW.

[Doris' writing is as plain as print. - Ep.]



MARYSVILLE.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I like you very much, because you tell me things that make me wise and happy. I like to read the letters the Wees write, but I would like to hear more about what they think. Some of them think it's a letter if they only tell how many brothers and sisters they have, and count their cats and things. Cats are real nice, but I wish they wouldn't catch the birds. I think birds are like our happy, loving thoughts, and I don't want them eaten up by cats and things. One little bird comes out into our trees and sings, "Cheer up, cheer up," and it brought me right out of the dumps one morning when I was discouraged about my lessons, and I did cheer up, and read in WEE WISDOM about a girl that got her lessons easy when she stopped and remembered, "God is my Intelligence." You're always thinking, and I want to think so's everything will be beautiful and good in my world. Your loving Wee. JAINEY JONES.

DOWNINGTON, WYO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I think I will write another letter for Wee Wisdom. I expect this letter to get there too late for May, but hope you will put it in the June number. I am ten years old. I like Wee Wisdom so well I don't know if I ever will quit taking it. I haven't succeeded in getting any new Wees yet. I hope

every little Wee had a happy Easter. I did, although I had the measels. Well, that is all I can think of, so will close. I am as ever, your little Wee.

ALICE I. TOOTHAKER.

[We will have to get out of the fashion of repeating those old beliefs, Alice, and to do so we must forget their names.—Ed.]



VIRGO, S. C.

Dear Wees—I am a boy seven years old. I attend school, and am in the fourth grade. My papa is the teacher. I like to read Wee Wisdom; I like to read the letters from the brother and sister Wees. I have three brothers and no sisters. Yours in peace.

Lewis E. Alford.

Blanche's Bible Lessons

LESSON IO. JUNE 7.

Jesus Appears to His Disciples .- John 20: 19-31.

Golden Text — Thomas answered and said unto him. My Lord and my God.—John 20:28.

In this lesson it tells about how one evening the disciples were gathered in a certain house, with the doors all shut for fear the Jews would come, when Jesus suddenly appeared and said, "Peace be unto you." Now the Jews represent our old ideas of things. That is the belief in evil. Sometimes when people are just learning this truth, their old ideas don't want to go and leave room in their minds for the pure, true thoughts. Of course, the thing to do is to keep thinking good, until the other thoughts are crowded out. But very often people are half afraid to do this, just as the disciples were afraid of the Jews. Then Jesus appeared and said. "Peace be unto you." If we just try the truth and find out what wonders it will do. we will not be afraid of the Jews, or old ideas.

There was one disciple, Thomas, who was not there when Jesus first appeared, and who would not believe He had come. So eight days later, Jesus again appeared to the disciples in the same house, and this time Thomas was with them. To this disciple Jesus showed the scars on His hands and side and Thomas believed. Now Thomas was a doubter. He represents that in us which must always have things proven. Some people never believe anything until they can understand and prove it. This sometimes takes years and often is never done, so these people go through life missing a great many good things because they will not trust. Have faith in the good and it will prove itself. We do not want to darken our lives by being like Thomas, a doubter. We want to have faith and always believe in the best, then we will never miss any good thing.

LESSON II. JUNE 14.

The Risen Christ by the Sea of Galilee. - John 21:1-25.

Golden Text -Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.- Matt. 28:20.

Peter had three times denied Jesus, but he really loved Him, and Jesus trusted Peter.

Once in a while, we forget to fill our minds real full of good thoughts, and a tiny untrue one creeps in. But we must send it right away and fill its place with truth. We must not think that because we fell a little short, we cannot start again. Why, every morning we can begin anew. No matter what we did yesterday. Today is the time. Every morning we should put the past behind us, where it belongs, and start out with strong, pure thoughts. Jesus says in the Golden Text, "Lo, I am with you alway." Now isn't that a wonderful promise? And what is this I Am? Why, it is the Spirit, of course. And if this all-powerful Spirit is always with us, what difference does a little slip make? It only makes us fill our minds more full of good, and isn't that worth while?

Then let's never be afraid to begin all over, as Peter did, and we will do better each time, until after a while we will never sin, or fall short, which means the same thing. Above all, remember this. If you fill your minds just full of truths, there won't be any room for other thoughts. That is the best way to keep out of trouble.

LESSON 12. JUNE 21.

Review

Golden Text—But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name."—John 20:31.

During the last quarter we have been studying the book written by John. Now John, you know, means love. He was the nearest and dearest of all Jesus' disciples. It was into John's hands that Jesus gave the care of his mother before he was crucified. Well, John loved Jesus Christ so well that he wrote this beautiful book in the Bible for us that we, too, might love and believe in him. John knew about the Spirit within, because Jesus had taught Him. He wanted us to know also, and if we will fill our hearts with love and faith we will learn, as John did, that the Spirit within is Almighty.

LESSON 13. JUNE 28.

Temperance Lesson. - Eph. 5:6-21.

Godden Text — Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess: but be filled with the Spirit.— Eph. 5:18.

Again we have a temperance lesson. The Bible is just full of them, for temperance or balance is absolutely necessary to health, happiness and prosperity. Now to be temperate is to have just enough of every good thing — both mentally and physically. The golden text says, "Be filled with the Spirit." Of course we are all of us filled with the Spirit, but the trouble is, most of us don't know it. People are always wanting something. Some people think they want strong drink, and others think they want more money, but really the thing they all want is to know about the Spirit within them. If we once learn to use the all-powerful force within us for everything we want, we will find that all our needs are fully supplied, and that we are satisfied.

Just like the blessed sunshine
Are our laughing happy faces;
They lighten up with their cheeriness
All sorts of darkish places.

Blanche's Corner.

DREAMS



Do you believe in dreams? Well, I want to tell you about one I had the other day. It was of the variety called day dreams. Not that I was awake; Oh my, no! I was fast asleep curled up in a big chair, but then it was about four o'clock on a warm afternoon, so we will just have to call it day-dreaming. Well, to go on about this dream of mine. I thought that every time that a baby first opened its eyes

on this bustling world of ours, Ye Editor with her smiling face was there and blessed it. Sometimes it would be a Japanese baby, whose big almond eyes would look into hers, and sometimes the Wee one would peep from a warm nest of furs away up in Iceland, but always Ye Editor would be dressed in pink. That is for love, you know. And she always gave the baby the same kind of a present. Now what do you suppose it was? Why, our own little WEE WIS-DOM, of course. Then every month after that it would go to that home, because it had found the way; just like it does to yours and mine. You all know how WEE WISDOM loves to visit, and now since it went to visit every little boy and girl in the world, it was so glad it just fairly beamed. And the children? Oh! that is the most wonderful part of all. There wasn't a child in all the world who couldn't run about and play, and every one of them had the happiest, smilingest faces you can imagine.

When I woke up I felt so cheery and good. Now wasn't that lovely? Let's tell everybody we know about Wee Wisdom. They are just sure to like it. The more homes Wee Wisdom visits, the more it will grow, for nothing is so good for it as visiting. Just think about it a little, and see what you can do.



"Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasan.
and all her paths are peace."

Young folk's Magazine Devoted to Practical Christianity

MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor. BLANCHE SAGE, Associate Editor.

50 cents a year.

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5 cents a copy

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June, 1908

Jiminy crickets! aint it fine

Fer the birds to sing, and the sun to shine?

Everything's jest right in line;

The roses is bloomin', an' the vine

Around the porch is tryin' to twine;

Your heart's a-singin' an' so is mine.

Jiminy crickets! aint it fine?

—B.

This beautiful world of friends and flowers,
With singing birds and bees;
My heart is so full, with the joy of it all,
I shall clap my hands with the trees.

-Sunshine Bulletin.

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F THERE IS A BLUE MARK at the end of this notice it is because you have forgotten to invite WEE WISDOM to continue her visits to you. You must not miss her this year, for she has planned many new treats for her readers, great and small.

"I, Wisdom, cause those that love me to inherit substance, and I will fill their treasuries."