WEE WISDOM



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



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WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.
"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that beholdeth Good always.
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

The joy and gladness that are fullness of life and health.
"In Thy presence is fullness of joy. .....
.....Thou wilt show me the path of life."

The truth that frees from the clutches of race heredity.
"One is your Father, even God."

The knowledge that *Jesus Christ* is the subjective spirit of every child
"The kingdom of God is within you."

The understanding that our word is the builder of our environment.
"For without the Word was not anything made that was made."

Be ye therefore perfect, :: :: :: ::
Even as your Father in heaven is perfect·
—JESUS.

WEE WISDOM

"Little Children Love One Another."

"Wisdom is Justified of her Children"

Volume 2. May, 1895. Number 9.

May Blossoms.

Aunt Seg.

Beautiful, rejoicing month of May! Softly falling refreshing showers, opening buds, and violets, sweet violets! Dear children, look up, up into the deep blue sky and notice how the clouds cuddle together like white lambs under the shining sun.

Now, look down as far as the tree-tops. Notice how the tender leaves are putting forth, reaching out and up and down also. There is a wonderful lesson in this. The great sun shines *down*. The raindrops *fall*. What else falls? Spirit *comes down* to all our needs. The mantle of Divine Love *falls* over *us* and *all*. So you see there is a *down* that is just as good as an *up*. It is good for your high thoughts to come *down* and lift *up* those who seem not yet to know the upward way. A little boy stood under a tree and looked up into the leafy branches.

He said this to himself—that Divine Self, which you and I know about, dear children,—"Some of the leaves look up at the sun, some look east, some west, some north, some south and some look down at the brown earth, and at little boys like me. I think I will name this, True-Love. Perhaps, I might call it Good or Truth; for they all turn to everyone and everything. Oh! you little shining leaves and you great strong, loving branches! you are like God who loves all and gives Himself to all, just the same." Some violets were blooming in the shade of the tree and the child lay down with his face close to them, and this is what he said to them: "You darling little flowers! you are God's sweet messengers to tell me how good He is to you. The great, beautiful sun keeps you warm and bright, and the loving branches and leaves shelter you, and the raindrops water your roots and leaves and the dear God is the love and wisdom and power of them all. Now, little violets, I'm going to tell you *my* story. God gives me my beautiful home, my great, strong papa who calls me his little man. My dear, sweet mama and she says I'm her baby; a pretty big baby don't you see? but I don't mind 'cause I love her so. I've got a beautiful baby and her name is Peace. I named her 'cause she's mine, and I've got a dove and a canary. My canary's name is Dainty. He most died one time, but God helped me to cure him. I've got the *beautifulest* grandma and—well, little violets, I 'spect I've got more to be thankful for than you." The child fell asleep right where he lay, with his sweet, innocent face among the violets.

* * * *

Into a small, dark room the beautiful month of May brought its shining blessings. A little pale-faced girl lay upon a couch drawn up by the one window. Not a very bright light came in at this window because another dark house loomed up beside this one, and only at five o'clock did the sun get where it could give its sweet message of love to the child. The little one had fallen down stairs long ago and the doctors said she would never walk again so she had lain patiently for three years upon this couch and at five o'clock of each pleasant day, the sun had brought her its golden gift. On this particular day, just as the shining fell across her pale face, a knock was heard at the door. She called, "come in," for she was alone, because her mama worked all day long at washing for people. A sweet lady entered with her hands full of apple blossoms and violets.

"Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!" she cried as the flowers were placed on her bosom. It was all she could say with her lips, but her eyes told a tale that lips could not express.

"What ails you, little one?" asked the visitor.

"Nothing," replied the child.

"Why then are you lying here?"

"Oh! I forgot; I'm lame in my back, and can't never walk any more," said she.

"Perhaps you can; we won't say you cannot, any more; because, you know, Jesus Christ heals little children if they come to him in love and faith. You've heard about him, haven't you?"

"Yes ma'am, before I got hurt I went to Sunday school and heard about him. Do you think he can cure me, ma'am?"

"*I* believe he can, and if *you* believe also, what is to hinder? *Can* you believe it, little one?"

"Yes, ma'am, I remember he cured sick folks when he was here, but he isn't here now, is he?"

"Yes, dear, only you do not see him as you see me; but he is here just the same; now, if you will tell me where to find a shawl and bonnet I'll give you a little ride."

She took the child in her arms to a comfortable carriage and *such a ride* for that little one who had never been in a carriage before in all her life. She did not say much but leaned against her kind friend with perfect content shining from her eyes.

After they came back, the lady sat quietly by her side and prayed for Jesus to come and make her well, so she told the child. *We* know, children, that she was realizing the perfect Life within that little body and calling it into sight. She told Mamie that she would come everyday and see her and help her get well. When it was pleasant they had a ride out into the country, among the trees and flowers, and each day the little one grew stronger, until she could bear her weight upon her long unused feet just a little bit. After that it was easy to see that Mamie would walk once more, and before the tender month of May had passed out of sight she could take a few steps all alone.

Can you understand, children, what a wonderful change came over this little child, who had lain for three long years upon a couch, who never went out into the sunlight, who never felt the wind blow nor saw the flowers grow? Now, she could do as other children; run and play, laugh and sing, plant seeds and watch them grow and bloom, and be of use to the dear mama who worked for them both.

What do you suppose the little boy who went to sleep with his face among the violets would say to this?

I think he would say that the Life and Love and Wisdom which made the great golden sun to shine, and dressed the trees with shining leaves and warmed the tender violets into bloom, was all the while in little Mamie, and only needed to be recognized and loved to manifest in joyous, bounding health.

* * * *

Mary Ross, filled a basket, and a big one too, with apple blossoms and May flowers, and carried them to the children's hospital. There were two long rows of little white beds and in most of them lay a child. These children were said to be sick one way or another and the doctor came everyday to give them medicine. You see, children, the people in charge of the hospital believed very strongly in sickness and even death; and once in a while, a little soul left its tired body and went away from sickness and death.

Mary Ross believed as you and I do, that God is Life, not death, and that the life in everyone is God in them, and God never fails where people believe in Him. It is only people who do not know this that have to get on in their own poor way.

So Mary took her May treasures and went among the ailing little ones. She had been there before and every little face brightened at her entrance, and so many glad "Ohs!" and so many little hands stretched out for the sweet blossoms.

The young girl was very happy to do even this much to cheer the sick babies, and she did something more that doctors and nurses did not know about. She sat a few minutes by each little cot and while each child was smelling and admiring the flowers she bestowed upon them, she silently added some precious thoughts fragrant with God's own truth, such as these: "Little one, God is your life unfailing; God is your health unfailing. You are Spirit and you are life."

The nurses wondered what there was about that young girl to leave a smile upon all those little faces, some of whom had been contracted by pain and weariness when she entered the room.

We know, don't we children? She be-

lieve l in the Good so strongly that she carried its Presence everywhere she went. We can all do this and scatter blessings *all the year.*

The Land of Make-believe.

Have you ever heard of the wonderful land,
The dear land of Make-believe,
Where the rivers have beds of golden sand,
And the clouds all day are rainbow-spanned;
Where every good girl at a word's command
May summon a beautiful fairy band
And bid them new wonders weave?
Oh! nowhere has earth, with all her noise,
Such a glorious spot for the little boys,
Where never they fret or grieve,
As the kingdom, known since the world was planned,
As the land of Make-believe?

Have you heard who own all the houses and things
In the land of Make-believe?
Why, sweet little fairies with silver wings,
Wearing satin slippers and diamond rings;
And, they say, every time the south wind brings
Good boys and girls, the fairy Queen sings
And takes them all down to the honeysprings
If they never, never deceive;
But then, if the children grow very bad
The fairy Queen becomes silent and sad
And folds her feathers to leave,
After tying the boys in her apron-strings,
In the land of Make-believe.

In this wonderful land far over the seas,
In the land of Make-believe,
They have candy horses and candy trees,
And the candy cows are taking their ease
Lashing their tails in the peppermint breeze,
Or standing around right up to their knees
Where the taffy billows heave:
There the kittens all fly—they never climb—
Everything has a magnificent time
As happy as Adam and Eve,
And every story comes out as you please—
In the land of Make-believe.

J. J. Rooney, in Young Catholic.

The Legend of the Two Sacks.

There is an ancient legend that tells of an old man who was in the habit of traveling from place to place, with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him.

What do you think these sacks were for? Well, I will tell you.

In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were quite hid from view; and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging round his neck, under his chin, he popped all the sins which the people he knew committed; and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along, day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing, just like himself, a sack in front and one behind. He went up to him and began feeling his sack.

"What have you got here my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop, don't do that!" cried the other, "you'll spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked number one.

"Why, my good deeds," answered number two. "I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them, and take them out and air them. See, here is the half-crown I put in the plate on Sunday; and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl; and the mittens I gave to the crippled boy; and the penny I gave to the organ grinder; and here is even the benevolent smile I bestowed on the crossing sweeper at my door; and ——"

"And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveller, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

"Tut, tut," said number two, "there is nothing I care to look at in there! That sack holds what I call my little mistakes."

"It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said number one.

Number two frowned. He had never thought that, although he had put what he called his "mistakes" out of his sight, everyone else could see them still. An angry reply was on his lips, when happily a third traveler, also carrying two sacks, as they were, overtook them.

The first two men at once pounced on the stranger.

"What cargo do you carry in your sack?" cried one.

"Let's see your goods," said the other.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger, "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"Your sack looks nearly touching the ground. It must be a pretty heavy weight to carry," observed number one.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger: "the weight is only such as sails are to a ship, or wings are to an eagle. It helps me onward."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little use to you," said number two, "for it appears to be empty: and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did it on purpose," said the stranger; "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So you see, I have no weight to drag me down backwards."—*Selected.*

Dog and Cat-ology.

Aunt Seg.

Prince.—Good morning, Mrs. Tabby: I am glad to find you here. Although you are a cat and I am a dog, I don't see why we should not be friends; do you?

Tabby.—I'm not so sure, Mr. Prince that it is best for us to associate, because, while I see nothing in the world against a friendly interchange of good will, yet public opinion seems against us. It is a popular saying that cats and dogs cannot agree.

Prince.—Now, Mrs. Tabby, discord is only a belief. The saying you have just quoted is only an old rag of tradition.

Tabby.—And what do you mean by tradition, Mr. Prince?

Prince.—It is what your father, grandfather, great grandfather, great, great grandfather, and so on, has been saying for ages. It is time that the cats and dogs of the present generation had a little more independence than to follow the foolish traditions of their ancestors. I heard our master saying that there is no such thing as discord,—that peace has dawned upon the earth.

Tabby.—But Mr. Prince, you still see cats and dogs quarreling. Why, Mary Ann just across the way, puts up her back and snarls at Dash if he even looks at her. I asked her why she did so, and she said she did it upon principle. I asked her what she meant by principle. She said, "It is the opinion of the world that cats and dogs naturally hate each other, and that it is the proper thing to do: regarding the opinion of the world as of the utmost importance, I am bound to keep up appearances: not that I have anything againt Dash; oh, no! he always minds his own business."

Prince.—Well now, Mrs. Tabby, don't you think that a very lame excuse? Master says that *all things* are full of God or Good. Cats and dogs come under the head of *things* and are equally good. It strikes me, in that case, there is nothing out of which to make discord.

Tabby.—It would certainly seem so, Mr. Prince, but can you tell me how the people came to pass such an opinion upon our respective races.

Prince.—To quote again from our master it all sprang from an idea of two powers called good and evil. Now, knowing that there is only the Good, not only sets mankind right but cats and dogs also. So Mrs. Tabby, will you withdrawn your objection to our friendly intercourse? For we might as well eat out of the same dish and have a friendly chat over it if you agree.

Tabby.—With all my heart, Mr. Prince. It was only public opinion which made me ungracious to you.

"There was a little girl
Who had a little curl
That hung right down on her forehead,
And when she was good,
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid."

Very few people know that this nursery rhyme was written by Longfellow. Blanche Rosevelt, in her charming little volume, just published by Carleton, entitled "Longfellow's Home Life," relates the incident of the great poet's confession that his pen wrote the lines years ago when his daughter Edith was such a child as the verses described. This disclosure will give the lines a new interest.—*Clipped.*

The Lily's Romance.

As read by Madcap Violet before the Wild-Wood College.

For long ages the stone had perched upon the bluff beside the pond and had been quite content to stay there, surrounded by the sweet green grass and to furnish a shelter for the bugs and worms which lived under it.

But one day the desire came to it to be something more than a stone—to live and be useful, by giving pleasure to someone. Now, what had inspired this desire was hearing the wind and grass whispering among themselves in regard to desires and their fulfillment, and the Wind, who had traveled a great deal, and had had every opportunity for knowing things, said that the wanting to be and do a certain thing was a proof of the power to do or be it.

Shortly after this. the stone began to grow soft and crumbly and it feared it was going to fall all to pieces.

A rain storm coming up, a peal of thunder shook the earth and down fell the stone into the pond.

It didn't like it down there at first for the water soaked all through it and it was just mud, but a little seed lay on the bank and after a time they became quite well acquainted and the little seed told how it had once been rocked in a lily pod on the bosom of the water, but now, it had to lie up there on the dry, hard bank, just because it wanted to go with the wind on a journey to see the world. But had it stayed at home it would have been married to the scft earth and been changed to a beautiful lily bride. The lump of earth loved the little seed and longed to have it come to him that they might grow into a higher life, and so, asked the gentle Wind's advice. The Wind said it would give the bride away if they wished to be married, and so the trees and grass put on their new spring suits and with a great blowing of leaf trumpets the Wind carried the little seed and placed it on the soft bosom of the earth.

Then Father Time said the ceremony that made them one, and Mother Nature gave her blessing and they blossomed out into a lovely lily bride and groom.—*Auni Emma.*

"The Word is the Seed."

By Our Mother Goose.

Dear Little Wisdoms: — This is the month of miracles — garden miracles. I hope each one of you has some little spot of earth, if only a box or a pot—even an old tin can will do—where you can plant seed and watch for yourselves this wonderful life that lies hidden in the seed, spring forth, bearing blossom and fruit, each after its kind. I thought of you all last week, and want to tell you *why*. I had sowed poppy seed in my flower bed, each one so tiny that it would take many to make one the size of a pin's head. I thought as I sowed them: "You are so little, what can you do under the soil I am going to cover you with? But in you is Life, and that is God, so I guess you will know how." Then I *waited*. In about a week I went out one morning, and sure enough, those little fellows had pushed their way up, and as so many of them all *pushed together*, they had raised the earth almost one inch from its level. It was just one row of little green heads, looking up as if to say, "Yes, we know how, and here we are, glad, glad to be here." This it was that made me think of you, dear little ones. Two thousand of you; just think of it—twenty hundred. Now if you all pushed together—that is, if you all said one true word *together*, don't you believe you could push away all belief in hard words? I do. I wish you would just try it one month. After your pillow motto at night, all say the one magical word. We know the one word above all others—*Love*. Just say that one word. That is what *you* have to give to everybody—young, old, black, white, rich, poor, insect, animal, plant and person. Just for one moment, think Love, as hard as you can, and then go to sleep, feeling sure this same Love will hold you in quiet slumber and bring you to a joyous morning of happiness and peace.

Two-year-old Charlie Topping, seeing the great, round moon suddenly rise into view, ran as fast as his little legs could carry him into his mama's presence, where, feeling safe under her sheltering wing he exclaimed, "Me aint 'faid of moon, moon aint got any legs."

Ottar Birting.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen,
in St. Nicholas Magazine.

A mighty king was Sigurd the Crusader;
The earth's wide orb could scarce contain his fame.
Ne'er faced the Turk a lordlier invader,
Nor flashed a brighter sword a deadlier flame.
When home he steered to Norway's mountains hoary,
From battles with the dusky Saracen,
Each Norseman felt the prouder for his glory;
Yea, he was peerless, he was radiant then.

II.

But now, alas! the shadows fast are falling,
And gloom encompasses the hero's soul.
In vain the skalds his splendid deeds recalling
Make empty echoes 'neath the rafters roll,
For now the demon in the king is waking,
As cloudy-browed he sits upon his throne;
And at his side the queen sits pale and quaking;
And round the castle angry storm-winds moan.

III.

They sent in haste unto the king's confessor
(It was the solemn Pentecostal feast).
"The evil fiend," they said, "the soul's oppressor,
Cannot be banished save by tonsured priest."
Soon breathless came the monk, with pyx and censer,
And holy water sprinkled in a ring,
And with the perfume sweet the air grew denser;
But deeper in the darkness sank the king.

IV.

In spirit troubled sore the pious friar
Then oped the parchment of the Sacred Writ.
No priceless gift was ever treasured higher;
It was a tome that might a king befit.
That mighty pope who roused the battle's thunder
Had with this gift made glad King Sigurd's heart.
His crown in jewel's flashed; his name thereunder,
'Mid birds and beasts inlaid with wondrous art.

V.

But as the priest, the Lord's compassion praising,
The story read of Christ's great deeds of yore,
The king arose, his eyes with anger blazing,
And darkly frowning strode across the floor.
"Now hold thy peace!" he cried, "thou fool bald-pated!
And prate no more to me of Christ the White!
With litanies and silly tales I'm sated;
Sing me a song of battle, blood and fight!"

VI.

In every face a dread suspense was painted!
Fear fell upon the spirit like a pall;
The laughter died away; the bold jest fainted
Upon the jester's lips, and hushed was all.
It was a silence heavy, deep; sore straining
Each breath that stole from out the anxious breast:
A silence such as in the copse is reigning
Beneath the cliff where is the eagle's nest.

VII.

But like the lightning, from the storm-cloud flashing,
So felled the timorous priest the monarch's ire,
As prone he dropped, King Sigurd, forward dashing,

The hallowed volume hurled upon the fire.
Straightway the queen, with horror shaken, started,
And from her tortured soul escaped a shriek.
When lo, the proud Crusader, lion-hearted,
In fury brutal smote her lily cheek.

VIII.

The slumbrous flames, their crimson flags unfurled,
In eager joyous crackling upward leapt;
About the parchment hungry tongues were curled,
And soon in ash-flakes skyward would have swept
The writhing leaves—when, swift from out the drooping
And awe-struck throng, distraught by fear and shame,
A dainty shape sprang forth, and deftly stooping,
The smoking volume plucked from out the flame.

IX.

It was a page—his name was Ottar Birting—
A boy, scarce fifteen summers had he told.
The courtier's band in haste the throne deserting
Made wide the space about the stripling bold.
But he stood firm; no empty valor flaunted,
Nor quailing turned his lord's dread gaze to shun.

"Shame on thee, King!" he cried, with eye undaunted;
"Thrice shame on thee for that which thou hast done!

X.

"When home thou camest erstwhile, a crown of glory
Thy forehead's noble round encompassing,
Our hearts beat higher, when we heard the story
Of deeds resplendent, wrought by Norway's king.
But now, alas! since evil days befell thee,
Thou art no more the hero we adored.
Yea, though thou slay me for the truth I tell thee,
Again I say, thrice shame on thee, my lord!"

XI.

Dark-visaged, like a cloud of fell disaster,
The startled monarch glared upon the page.
Out flashed his sword! His breath came hotter, faster,
His great breast toiling to contain his rage.
Then through the boy an icy dread was rippling,
But dauntless still he stood. A gleam! a thrust!
O God have pity! Save the gallant stripling!
Save that fair head from rolling in the dust!

XII.

One breathless moment the keen falchon hovered
O'er Ottar's brow; then lightly downward sped,
And gently struck the cape his neck that covered.
But from the king's dark face the gloom had fled:—
"Since thou, brave boy," he said, with accents trembling,
"Durst 'gainst his evil self the king defend,
Henceforth sit thou amid the lords assembling,
As it behooves King Sigurd's noblest friend.

XIII.

"I make thee now a lord of wide dominions;
To serve thou art too bold—too great, I trow.
For I have slaves enough and fawning minions;
But where a friend so brave and true as thou?"
Down-stooping, to his brawny breast he pressed him,
And girt about his loins the gleaming sword,
While all the joyous courtiers cheered and blessed him;
And shouted: "Hail unto the youthful lord!"

The Spider that Longed for a Good Name.

The earth was fair and golden as a dream, for sunshine rioted everywhere, and all young things rejoiced, as if life were one glad holiday. The tender green leaves whispered and tittered merrily together, as the gentle breeze romped among them; and all the birds seemed to be playing at hide-and-seek, flying now here, now there; all the butterflies seemed to be out, as if to add their beauty to the rest; and bees, gnats, flies, and I know not how many more little folk, flitted, hummed, worked, and enjoyed. And only one little spider was unhappy. He was no thing of beauty; nobody was his friend, all the world were his enemies; no one needed him, no one wanted him; all his family had a bad name. It all swept over him that fair May morning, when to live was such a joy to all other living things, and nothing, as it seemed, to him, a poor ugly spider.

"Yes, I am ugly," he moaned. "I have a bad name, and I never shall get on in life and win a better one, although I long to do something useful and noble and grand, like the rest of the world—something for the general good!"

Ah, children! the little spider was very wretched just then. "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him," says the wise world; and thus many a poor little trembler with a bad name has gone down, and won no better one, just from down-heartedness at the coldness and the cruelty of those looking on.

But to return to the spider. There he lay, with his head resting on his small black claws—if a spider may be said to have claws—a wee, sorrowful thing, weeping and moaning in the very dust.

"Why, you poor little mite, how now?" cried a frog in his usually hoarse voice, briskly leaping towards him, as if about to swallow him up. "Why, this is a pretty way to spend a bright May morning! What's the trouble?" he continued, as the mite glanced up, disdain curling his tiny nose, and then down went his head again.

"I want none of your croaking," he muttered in the dust.

"Well, child, I don't want to croak, but nature is nature, and I can't help it. What is the trouble, though, I say? the old story of ugliness?" said the frog, looking wise as a judge.

"Yes, and my uselessness, and my bad name," moaned the spider. It is a comfort to have even a frog to talk to when we are in trouble.

"Well, some folk say I am no great beauty, but I don't let that keep me from being useful in killing a slug now and then."

"But they all believe me as useless as I am ugly, and as bad as both!"

"Eh, who is that talking of being ugly?" It was a toad which spoke, peering wisely out of a flower-pot which lay close by.

"Me, Mr. Toad,"—you see, we cannot expect spiders to understand anything of grammar—"I am a useless, bad-named do-nothing."

"Well, I never did agree with people giving themselves bad names—the world will do that fast enough. They say I am ugly, but then I don't believe it. I am sure my eye is a perfect gem of beauty, and I know the gardeners like to see me in their gardens." And the toad laughed a knowing laugh.

"But they say I do harm," moaned the spider.

"So they say of me. They say I poison folks. Ha, ha! that's a good joke! poison them, indeed!"

"They say I'm spiteful, and bite, and that my bite kills sometimes. But who wouldn't bite and snap, poked about as I an my family are?"

"Cheep, cheep, cheep! how do you do?" chirped a robin. "I help to keep the spiders in order—

"If it wasn't for the robin and the knowing little wren,
The long-legged grizzly spider would overcome the men."

"'Tis a lie," shrieked the spider, stung to the quick by the taunt.

"I heard you say something about biting," spoke a cockroach, halting in his morning walk to listen. "I know a better way than biting when ill-used."

"What?" The spider opened his bright, eager eyes now, and rose from the dust.

"I breathe a very unpleasant smell wherever I go, that teases people more than a bite—something the same as evil-speaking does among men. I only give a sly bite or two in self-defence."

"Shame, Mrs. Cockroach, to give such

advice!" said a little ant, creeping along and overhearing the talk. "I am for helping the world and making it better. I know it is but little I can do, still—

'Many little heads and many little hands
Can scatter little blessings over many lands.'

That's my opinion."

"Well, as you are a wise little lady, come and teach this poor discontented spider his duty, for I don't know what it is."

"How should you? Everybody should learn their own duty first, and it seems you haven't learned yours. Now, I don't want to boast, but this I will say, that as I teach industry so a spider can teach patience. Don't any of you remember the king who learned patience and trust from a spider, and went and won a great battle afterwards? Go and teach the world this."

"I am so ugly, and have such a bad name," sighed the spider.

"Go with your ugliness; the lesson will be just as beautiful. Beauty of work is better than beauty of form. 'Handsome is that handsome does," says the world, dear lover of beauty though it be. Teach the world to trust and take hold, to clutch and cling, to hope and work on, to throw self aside, and who knows that your name will not be handed down with that of some great king and conqueror, as that of your far-off relation is?

The ant made a homely bow and plodded on its way; the cockroach had long since crawled on its course; the frog and the toad hid away from the sun; and the poor little spider was left alone, with all the glad sounds of summer life wooing him to the right and the true.

The tiny creature crept away into a barn near by, as we can suppose that other spider of Scottish history did, and pondered and mused, till by-and-by night came on, and the world slept. A homeless wanderer lay slumbering and sleeping just below where the small insect was perched; he wondered if that could be some king whom he was to encourage to fight another battle. A feeling of awe crept over him, his heart throbbed with a longing to do what he could. But no, not a king, he decided, as the hours glided on; then came thick smoke, burning and flame; and still the man, who was no king, slumbered and slept.

Down on the sleeper's face he dropped —he never knew why. Something prompted him; it may have been the wish to do good—he never knew. But the next morning he heard the man say to the owner of the barn—

"'Twere a spider done it, master. If he hadn't woke me when he did, the whole lot would have been burnt down." So the spider did a good turn for the farmer, and saved his farm, and, taking courage therefrom, felt that, with his ugliness and his bad name, he could be of use, and looked right and left for more work.

Winter came, and he crept into the house. Up, up, always up he seemed to be mounting, and at last he found himself in the sick-room of little Nina. He climbed into a sunny window and began to weave, while two little languid eyes watched the tiny thing, now breaking his thread, now joining it, now going on with a right good will. Watching thus, the child's weary tossings to and fro ceased, and she slept. When she awoke, they hoped with glad surprise that she was better, and again she lay, smiling and watching the spider.

"See that spider, mamma!" There was a ring of pleasure in the weak little voice. The spider had been weaving for days, but only Nina had noticed it, so anxious had they all been about the little girl herself.

"Dear me! let me poke him down," said mamma.

"No, mamma, don't; it makes me better to watch him," pleaded the child; "he's so pretty and so hard-working. I should like to be a spider."

"Pretty and hard-working!" The little weaver's heart throbbed with joy as he listened.

"Yes, spiders are hard-working little fellows, dear; but let me poke this one down," replied mamma.

"No, mamma, he makes me better," was the child's plea. So mamma let him stay; and by-and by she and Nina called him "Dr. Spider," because he made the little sick thing laugh and grow cheerful, and with cheerfulness came strength.

But by-and-by a day rolled round—frost and snow, with biting winds, were abroad out of doors—when Nina was carried down-stairs, and Anne, the servant, came to air and dust the room. Poor little Dr. Spider in the window! poor, eager-eyed,

tiny worker, with such a future of usefulness stretching out as bright and golden as a spider's future could be! Anne saw him, knew nothing of his healing powers, nothing of what he had done for Nina; she only saw him as a long-legged, grizzly spider. She poked him down, she crushed him, poor little longing, throbbing heart and all! He lay on the window-sill, not dead, but quivering with intense pain. Must he die? It was hard, very hard, for him to be cast aside like this, but he had thrown his mite of work into the world; he had not lived uselessly, though but a poor little ugly insect with a bad name. True he had sent no great king to battle, strong and brave and full of hope, like that spider in history; still he felt he had not lived in vain. He bowed his head and grew calm, and just then came Nina's mamma into the room.

"Oh, Anne! what have you done? Killed poor little Dr. Spider!" So she said, and crossed over to the window where he lay. "Why, I do believe he has done more for Nina than all our nursing and the doctor's medicine together, for we never could get her to smile till he came. And now he's dead!"

A tear dripped down upon his small mangled body; it thrilled him through and through. He panted, his heart gave a great leap of gladness, it burst, and he was dead!

That human tear of sorrow at his loss had crowned his life and made his death a glory.—*Selected.*

A Child Creed.

I believe in the Child. I believe in the possibilties for good in him, no matter what hereditary may have forced upon him. I believe in his divine right to see with good eyes, to feel with the good heart, to express with the good sense. I believe in his ultimate happiness and freedom and in his final liberation from evil, and his return to the source of his best attributes. Amen.

—*Emelen A. Dunn, in Kindergarten Magazine.*

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."



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

Epistles.

La Plata, N. M., March 15, 1895.

Dear Wee Wisdom:—I must write and tell you how much we enjoy our dear little paper Wee Wisdom. I am sure none of the dear Wee's appreciate it more than my little ones do. It helps them so much to love the good. They were so disappointed when "Wee Wisdom's Way" was ended, and were delighted to hear that Trixy wauld tell them some more about Aunt Joy and the Day family sometime. Cina was talking with a neighbor's boy one day. He began to talk of the Science, said it was a humbug, and that no one believed in it here but her folks. She told him that Mrs. H—— did and that it made his Aunt Mary get well. She told me afterwards that these

words were in her mind all the time he was talking—"*Father forgive them for they know not what they do.*" If she thinks she has a headache or any pain now if I speak a word of truth it vanishes. Many times she holds words for herself. Eddie helps himself also, with true words. One morning I asked "How is my boy now?" he said "Well, mama your boy thought he had a stomach-ache when he woke up, but he said his true words and it all went away." Last winter when they went to school they had to walk for a few days, as their papa was using the horses. They usually ride, for the school-house is three miles away. The first night after this long walk they thought they were very tired and next morning were wishing they didn't have to walk. I said, "Now children I want you to remember that you are Spirit and Spirit cannot be tired." They brightened up saying *that* made them feel better. They started away, talking and laughing, and came home bright and happy. I heard no more of fatigue. One morning, Eddie thought he had the tooth-ache and didn't feel like going to school. I said nothing; in a short time he came to me with a bright face saying he felt better and would go, "and mama," he said, "I shall hold true words, then I shall be all right. * * * Husband and I think as much of WEE WISDOM as the children do, for we are only "children of a larger growth." Lovingly yours,

MRS. R. F. SMITH.

***

In a family where WEE WISDOM has been a constant visitor since its first issue, is a youngster of four years of age. One night he awakened saying, "O mama, I'm so frightened, what pillow shall I say?" and immediately began, "Ye are of God, little children," continuing to repeat the words till quite lost in sleep. Another time his brother, eight years of age, was out of harmony with himself, fretting and crying when the wise four-year-old called out, "Say a pillow Bob, and that will make you all right" Verily "out of the mouth of babes hast Thou ordained praise."

A. M. H.

***

EAST SULLIVAN, N. H., April 27, 1895.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—I am pleased every month when you come to my house, and I am always looking for you. I am much pleased with the little pictures you bring me. Mama and I were pleased with Aunt Seg. She is a lovely lady, I think. I am so pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Coonie. I hope to have them framed, for they are so pretty. I am nine years old and have a kitty and a little rabbit. I have a little niece and nephew, too. I like them very much. "*God's child is perfect, well and happy every minute,*" is my motto. When I have the leg-ache I say my motto and it cures me. I think I will not write any more, as this is my first letter to WEE WISDOM. I remain, yours,

BERTHA M. HOLT.

***

LYNDON, Kans., Mch. 15, 1895.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—I like you so very much. And I sleep on a little pillow every night. I think Dr. Charlie did real well. I like to read you. I am glad whenever you come to my little brother. He is eleven years old and I will be nine the 4th of next month. Am I too young to join "Unity"? I would love to be a member.

MARY ELLEN PERT.

Aunt Seg's Catechism.

WEE WISDOM.—Auntie, we children want to tell you how hard it is to think about the truth when we go to school and hear the rest talk about "*taking cold,*" being in "*bad company,*" being "*stupid,*" or "*smart,*" getting "*hurt,*" and the hardest of all is, knowing that somebody is being whipped for something or other. If you can help us out on this line we shall be very grateful.

AUNT SEG.—My dear little ones, what are all these you have been talking about?

W. W.—They are appearances: Of course we know that, but it is so hard to remember.

A.—I understand, children; and it is just as hard for grown-up children as for you. Do you know that you are ministers of the gospel, everyone of you? You are very fortunate little people, and I'll tell you why. All the trouble in the world comes from a belief in evil instead of good. You know there is in reality no evil; it is only

people's way of *thinking* untrue thoughts that make bad appearances and so are called evil. It is said of God that "He is too pure to behold iniquity." Now little children are pure hearted when they begin their life in this world, but if they are surrounded by grown up people, who believe in the reality of evil, their sight of the Good soon becomes clouded or veiled, because when they hear so much talk about it they begin to see by the same false light. In this way the older they grow the more they talk about and see evil, and every year adds to their spiritual blindness or their blindness to Good. Now you see why children are better off in this respect than grown people, because their hearts are pure and they readily believe in the good. They are the best ministers of the gospel.

If you say something that is pure and good, or tell some great truth right out in a straightforward fashion, people don't stare at you and say, "He's crazy, or he's a crank," they say, "Just hear that innocent child." So you children have wonderful opportunities for planting your seeds of truth all along your way. The grown-up world forgets its innocence, forgets it childhood, but sees it again in little children. I want to tell you this: Innocence is to redeem the world from its sins which are only mistaken ideas. Do you remember that John the Baptist said, pointing to Jesus, "*Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world*?" Lamb means innocence, Jesus was innocent. God means Good. Jesus was Good. Lamb of God means the Innocence of Good. So little children, being innocent, see only Good and are like Jesus,—Innocence of Good.

The Lamb of God, or Innocence of Good, taketh away the sin of the world or it is the same as saying, To think no evil is to remove the very appearance of evil, thus the sins of the world would dwindle out of sight if no one saw them. No you don't want to get mixed up with appearances, do you?

W. W.—No, ma'am, of course not.

A.—If you hear about bad company, what would your true thought be?

W. W.—I should think, there is no *bad* company for the good is the same in all.

A.—That is right, dear child; you stand by that in your thoughts and in your actions and your innocence will help to redeem the world. Now, if the people around you are are afraid of taking cold and fill your ears with that kind of nonsense, what is your true thought that shall protect you and save them?

W. W.—*God is all there is*, so there is nothing to take but God.

A.—That is a beautiful answer and right to the point; if you keep that truth in your mind, you will never get mixed up in the idle words going on around you, and soon those idle words will cease. What will your thoughts declare if you hear talk about accidents?

W. W.—I would say, *All is Spirit and Spirit can't be hurt.*

A.—That is a grand thought. Don't you see how you protect the world from its foolish fear of accidents? And now how will you help the child who is called stupid —as well, as those who call him so?

W. W.—I would say, *There is only God* —and God is Intelligence unfailing. God sees no difference between His children.

A.—My dear children, what a good statement that is, and as you hold such a noble grand thought, your own minds will brighten and glow, and you will become in very truth "the Light of the world." You say it hurts worse to see whipping going on than anything else and no wonder for it is very disgraceful business according to my idea. Surely God never made one person to whip another. Well, you will have to say *in your mind* to the one who whips: *There is only Good*, so there is nothing to whip and no one who wants to do the whipping. For the one who is being treated in this mistaken fashion you can think this:—*You are good* and have no need to be *made* good. Your life is God and you cannot be hurt. You are Spirit and cannot feel pain or grief.

W. W.—Oh, that is beautiful, Auntie, and I'll say it every time, you may be sure.

A.—I hope you will, and do you not see how strong you will become in the truth as you thus preach it to others? for your thoughts will be ministers of healing, ministers of mercy and ministers of peace. *You* will be the *living gospel* of Jesus Christ.


Tuesday
Good night! dear world,
Good night!
My heart is glad
And light.
For like the stars,
God's love doth keep
Shining watch
While I'm asleep.
Monday
I am spiritual!
I am spiritual!
This is true.
I am spiritual!
I am spiritual!
So are you.
Thursday
I love every
Living thing.
Everything loves me.
Love and kindness
Always bring
Blessings back to me.
Wednesday
God is my life,
God is my health,
God is my joy.
God is my wealth.
In the day
Or in the night
God never fails
To be my light.
Friday
There's not a place.
There's not a spot
In all this world
Where God is not.
Sunday
When God's way
Every day
Is my way,
Then every day
I obey
Is God's day.
Saturday
There's nothing in all
This world to fear,
For God is love
And God is here.

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How many of our Wee's have framed their pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Coonie? If any of you have discovered some pretty and original way of making frames for them let us hear about it.

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