WEE WISDOM



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



Vol. 5. KANSAS CITY, MO., JUNE, 1901. No. 11.

WEE WISDOM

50 cents per year. 5 cents per copy.
Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings per year.

Published monthly by
UNITY TRACT SOCIETY.
1315 McGee St. Kansas City Mo.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

June!

June, sweet June!
Rose month, Rose bloom!
Golden Rose! Red Rose!
Pink Rose, and white!
Everywhere fragrant air,
Everywhere delight.
Like the rose, let there be
Fragrance in each heart,
Glowing with love's purity,
Sharing with love's surety,
Life hath naught apart.

Our Margaret's story of "The Violets" is so good we leave it for August.

Many things have had to be crowded out again — some letters, one from Miss Rix telling about Joy. We'll have it next time.

Thomas' full name is Thomas Dudley Howe, and he lives with his papa, mamma, grandpa, grandma, and Aunt Myrta, at Orchard Grove Farm, not far from Table Rock, Neb.

A dear friend, who thinks our Mothers Truth and Goose are a little slow in getting out their cards, has sent a lot of her own arranging to meet the present need. She is one *who loves you so*, and you can know her as "Aunt Mary."

WEE WISDOM will be furnished in quantities to Sunday Schools at the following rates:

10 to 24 copies, 30 cents each per year.
25 to 49 copies, 25 cents each per year.
50 to 100 copies, 20 cents each per year.

A NEW VOLUME.

Volume 2 of Wee Wisdom Library is now ready for its readers, and we hope to have a large demand for it, as it is filled with good things, entertaining, healing, enlightening. You may be glad to know that the lovely story "How Marjorie Blossomed" is one of the stories in this Volume. The other stories are: "While Hazel Waited," "The New Shoes," "Whatsoever," "How Tulips were Made," besides poems and illustrations. Price, 25 cents.

DECORATION POEM.

DEDICATED TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

HALLIE LUCILE FAUCHER.
Age 15.

Today our people, brave and true,
Bring flowers in memory of you,
Brave, patriotic men;
To deck your graves and show their love
To you whose spirits have risen above
Sorrows and trials that were then.

We love and honor you, dear ones,
Who proved so true your country's sons
In time of war.
Though oft you thought of those at home,
Who waited long for you to come
Back from afar,

You bore up bravely 'gainst the foe,
And made your countrymen to know
That you were brave.
Now o'er your graves the flag you fought for,
During that time of terrible war,
We proudly wave.

Although we know you are not dead,
And lying there in your lowly bed
Beneath the sod,
Your spirits are living and working with love
For those who do not realize that above
All sorrow is God.

But still as a symbol of love and of peace,
The bringing of flowers will never cease
To cover your graves,
For our people believe in the true, the good,
And in each of you it really stood
For the one that saves.

God is Light, Love and Truth,
This we learn in our youth.

— HAZEL KIEL.

WEE WISDOM
"Little Children Love One Another."
"Wisdom is Justified of her Children."

VOL. V. KANSAS CITY, MO., JUNE, 1901. NO. 11.

"Old Rink's" Cherry Tree.

FLORENCE HARVEY.

A NUMBER of large trees had been left standing in a vacant lot right in the midst of the little town of Laighton, making a beautiful place for the boys of the village to gather unmolested by older people. This heavenly Spring morning a party of lads had collected in this favorite spot; they were evidently bent on mischief, for they were hiding behind some of the larger trees, and each boy was carrying his hat most carefully, filled with what appeared to be black eggs, but really were mud balls, well patted and pressed into shape.

One of the boys peered cautiously forth from behind a tree into the garden opposite, where an old woman was working among her flowers; he gave a low whistle, and said in a subdued tone of voice, "All safe! 'Old Rink' isn't looking!" The call of "All safe, boys!" was passed down the line, and then with one accord they ran for another tree a little further ahead, dodged behind it, and stood very still, while they waited for the next order from their leader.

They were now directly opposite a tiny cottage, nestled among the flowers of a most beautiful garden; it was so covered in the bloom of a glorious white rose as to give it the appearance of a bank of snow; an enormous old cherry tree stood just back of the house, its overhanging branches clothed also in their Spring dress, which assisted much in giving the very picturesque effect to the little home.

When the boys had taken breath for a moment in their new hiding place, Johnny Morrow's saucy little face peered out from behind the tree to see how the land lay; he again gave the low whistle, and called quitely, "All safe, 'Old Rink's' lookin' t'other way!" Then, like so many monkeys, the boys climbed the trees, and swung themselves into the topmost branches, where they hid among the clusters of leaves, so that it would have taken a skillful eye to have found any one of the rogues, who all the time were most tenderly guarding their hats filled with mud-balls.

In the sweet garden opposite, "Old Rink," as the boys called her, was working among her flowers; such a delicious garden as it was! It fairly scented the whole neighborhood with the fragrance from the heliotrope, mignonette, and jessamine that grew in it. Miss Rincon had lived there many years; indeed, it was her hand that had planted the beautiful white rose as a slip that was now climbing in such luxuriance over the house, while she and the cherry tree had grown old together.

She loved her flowers, and smiled on them, but otherwise appeared to be hard and cold. She had always thought unloving things of people, and necessarily her face had grown like her thought, so it was drawn and wrinkled looking, she being so ugly that one of the boys said it made his face ache to see her. They enjoyed teasing her for the pleasure of hearing her scold and snarl at them.

The most beautiful thing in the garden to the boys was "Old Rink's" cherry tree; during the season it was fairly laden with luscious fruit; they were the kind that

when ripe were so red that they were almost black, and so large that it took two bites to eat each one. While the cherries were ripe, poor Miss Rincon's life was made a burden, guarding them from the boys; many a moonlight night she had sat up to prevent the scamps from stealing a march on her, for when it was bright they could see to pick the fruit. There were plenty of other cheery trees in the village of Laighton, but they did not have a cross old woman to guard them; really, the best part of the fun to the boys was the excitement of having "Old Rink" scold and chase them.

As she worked in her garden this beautiful Spring morning, with the blossom-covered cherry tree filling the air with fragrance, and the world with beauty, she was thinking that she would have it cut down, before the fruit was ripe, and for once get the best of those boys. She dearly loved her old cherry tree, and the thought of destroying it caused a tear to fall from her eyes and splash upon her hand, making her feel more than ever hard and bitter toward those "rascals of boys."

When she had finished her morning's work in the garden, she gathered up her tools, put them away, and went within her cosy little home. She had just stirred up the fire, and set the tea-kettle on to boil, when she was startled by the dull thud of something falling against her front steps; too well the poor old soul knew what the noise meant, for she had heard that sound many times before.

"Oh, those horrid boys, why do they pester me so?" exclaimed she to herself. She peeped out from behind the slats of her closed shutters in time to see the second well-aimed ball of mud land with a bang against her front door. She looked across the street in the direction from which the missiles were thrown, but not a boy was to be seen. She knew if she went outside to find them she could not do so, for she had tried it many times before. She stood looking out of the window with a dejected air, thinking hard thoughts against the boys in particular, and the world in general, while all the time the mud balls were flying through the air, always landing on her porch or front steps. At first she made up her mind to pay no attention to the youngsters, but wait until their supply of ammunition had given out and then to quietly sweep off her steps; but the boys were particularly naughty this morning, there apparently being no end to the lumps of dirt. Miss Rincon's temper rose every time one hit the porch with a bang until she fairly boiled within. Finally some mud struck the shutter through which she was peeping; that was one ball too many, and catching up her broom she flung open the door, and tore outside to see if she could find those boys. She rushed frantically up and down the street in pursuit of them, vowing dire vengeance upon the one she would catch; but look as she might, she saw nothing but the old forest trees standing so quietly opposite her little home, as if they wanted to protect the little cottage nestled in the midst of the Spring blossoms, among which the birds were sweetly singing, making the only sound that was to be heard.

Miss Rincon felt sure that Johnny Morrow was the boy who was leading the other youngsters on, but she had not seen him, and she could hardly complain to his parents when her suspicions only were aroused against him. No dirt was thrown while she had been outside, and, hoping the boys had gone off, she went within her home; no sooner was the door shut than another ball of mud fell against it with a crash.

"Oh! those horrible boys, why don't they let me alone? I just hate them! I don't see what they are good for anyhow!" and the poor unloved old soul burst out crying.

Even ugly "Old Rink" would have enjoyed being loved, only like a great many other people in the world she did not know how to draw the affection of those with whom she came in contact; she adored her flowers, but then they were so sweet and responsive, while boys were such pests. She did not realize that it was her own hard and bitter thoughts that repelled

everyone from her, as well as seaming her old face with lines and wrinkles.

The balls of mud were still falling at regular intervals, and as the lonely woman realized her inability to cope with those mischiefs of boys and prevent her sweet little home from becoming a target for their missiles, it caused her to lift her clean white apron to her face and cry bitterly. As she sobbed she said, "I'll move away where there are no boys!" and then paused in the midst of her tears to think where such a place could be found.

Just here, the front door bell rang, much to Miss Rincon's horror, feeling so dreadfully that anyone should find her steps in such a condition, but as it could not be helped, she went to answer the summons. Susy Turner, the daughter of one of her old friends, stood there with rather a puzzled look upon her face.

"Why! Miss Rincon, what has happened?" asked she. Even as she spoke a well-aimed mud ball flew right in between them.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! What shall I do?" almost sobbed the old woman; then raising her voice to a high key, so those scamps of boys could not help hearing her wherever they were, she hollowed at them, "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! I'm going to send for a policeman!" but, even as she spoke, another lump of dirt fell at her feet. "You horrid boys!" she now fairly screamed, becoming almost beside herself with rage. Then, remembering Susy who had gone in, she shut the door with a bang, and followed her into the sitting-room.

"Why, Miss Rincon," exclaimed the young girl, "who is making you so much trouble?"

"Oh! those boys!" snapped the poor old soul. "They are the bane of my existence! I just hate boys, and I think I'll move away so as to get rid of them."

"But, Miss Rincon, what good will that do, for there are boys everywhere? There is no corner of the earth where they can not be found, and in abundance, too."

"No, I don't suppose there's any getting rid of the little pests," and she heaved a sigh as she realized her inability to exterminate the two-legged nuisances.

"How exquisite your cherry tree looks!" exclaimed Susy in her endeavor to divert her old friend.

"Yes, but I'm going to cut it down!" answered she, in a high vexed voice.

"Have it cut down!" cried Miss Turner. "Why, what for?"

"Oh, those horrid boys pester my life out through cherry season!"

"Is that so!" said Susy sympathetically. "Boys, then, are really your problem in life, are they not? Everybody has something that seems especially hard for them to overcome." Miss Turner became lost in thought for a few moments, and then said, "Do you know I'm sure I could help you with those boys, so that you would not have to cut down your cherry tree, or move away either."

"Could you?" said Miss Rincon, wonderingly. "What would you do?"

"Make friends of the boys," replied Susy. "You see they just do all these naughty things to hear you scold."

"Do you think so?" said the old lady. "Why, those horrid boys call me 'Old Rink,' and they plan to eat 'Old Rink's' cherries, steal 'Old Rink's' flowers, and throw mud on 'Old Rink's' steps." As she spoke her eyes became hard and steely, while the wrinkles in her face seemed to grow deeper.

"I know I can help you, if you will let me have my way, and do just what I tell you!" replied Susy.

"Well, what would you suggest? Let's hear your plan!" said Miss Rincon, as she settled back in her chair with such a forbidding air that Susy hardly had the courage to say what was in her mind.

"Well!" began she, "you see boys are n't such dreadful creatures as you think, but they do love to tease! My plan is ——," and she leaned toward her old friend, whispering something in her ear. As Susy unfolded her project to Miss Rincon, and that lady realized what was necessary for her to do to win over the boys, she felt it to be an impossibility for her to perform; what Miss Turner said made Miss Rincon

give many a sigh and groan, she not hesitating to tell her young friend that her plan was impossible to carry out. But Susy was undaunted, and as she talked she became so enthusiastic that finally "Old Rink" actually consented to try what she proposed.

"Did you say you would come and help me?" inquired she.

"Oh, yes," replied Susy as she arose to go. "I'll get everything ready, and the party won't cost much but love, for so very little amuses children."

After Susy Turner had gone, and Miss Rincon sat thinking it over, it really seemed impossible to her that she could have promised to do such a foolish thing. "What! give a party to those horrid boys!" she said aloud. "And I'm to give them lemonade and cake, and play games with them under the cherry tree. Dear! dear me!" sighed she as she arose to get her broom to sweep the steps, now that the canonading had finished, probably owing to the lack of ammunition.

[*To be continued.*]

A TRUE STORY.

Walton got a bad bump while playing, and after one or two exclamations and having me kiss his eye, he said, "I am God's child; my eye need not hurt," and he kept back the tears and soon was at play. This is about a Wee Wisdom four and a half years of age. —M. B. D.

It will not be long before WEE WISDOM will celebrate her fifth birthday. We will want a reception after the manner of the one we had last August. So be ready to participate. Every one of you is invited to take some part in the festivities. Come in story, song, letter or picture, but be on hand without fail. Come early. We will leave the editing to "The Boys" and the writing to you.

Ding-dong-bell,
I am sound and well.

Dickory-dickory-dock,
Of the Truth I talk.

A Letter From One Who Loves You.

My dear Wee Wisdoms:

For many a day I have wanted to write to you, so now I am going to do it. Some of you I have seen face to face, so we are good friends already. Perhaps you are now wondering what "Aunt Mary" (as some of the little ones call me) has to say to you in a letter. The truth is she has a big heart for little people all the world over, and so she wants you all to feel at-one with her.

Let us play that you are calling upon me, here in my room. One little girl cries out, "Oh, who's dolly?" Another little girl exclaims, "There's another doll sitting on the book shelf—see the little one dressed in pink."

"That one is Pinkie," I hasten to explain, "and the larger one with brown eyes and curls is Lillis. They are my dolls, and I keep them to entertain other little girls' dollies. Why do you laugh? I, too, am a little girl, only I'm not so small as you, that's all."

What have I to amuse the boys? Books and books, and pictures and stories! Bring me the red book from the third shelf. See here is "Bre'r Rabbit," and we can read all about him, or else I'll tell the story. Here are some rocks and here are shells. The shells came from a place not far from San Diego, called La Jolla (pronounced La Hoyijer). Yes, I visited there last year and picked up many many shells. Shells tell us wonderful stories; they, you know, have been the homes of the little sea animals, but those we find are empty, the little tenants have left them so we may have them. If you hold a big conch shell to your ear you will hear it say, "Life, life, life, is everywhere," at least that is what it says to me.

Now you may look out of my window, my pretty round window with the five large panes. What can you see? Why, that is Oakland, but if we were going there we would have to cross a bridge, for Alameda and Oakland are separated by water called the estuary.

Now that you know where to find me I shall expect to hear from the Wee Wisdoms, and shall look forward with such joy to receiving your little letters.

God blesses you all.

Lovingly your friend,

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.
2316 BUENA VISTA AVE,
ALAMEDA, CAL.

THE BLUE PIG WITH THE BLACK TAIL.

It was a rainy evening, and it was cold enough for a fire in the grate in grandma's room; so after supper, all the Adams children went there. Somehow grandma's fires always glowed more brightly than any other fires.

"It's just the kind of a night for a story," said Tom throwing some pine cones on the blaze.

"So it is," agreed Helen and Janie. "Grandma, won't you please tell us one — one we have never heard before?"

Helen perched on the arm of grandma's chair, and Tom and Janie settled themselves on the rug before the fire, and waited for the story to begin.

"Let me see," said grandma, as if thinking. She closed her eyes for a moment, but the knitting-needles kept flashing in the fire-light, for grandma could knit without looking at her work.

"Once upon a time," she began.

"Oh! that's the right way to begin," said Helen, clapping her hands while Tom applauded softly with his feet.

"Once upon a time, there lived a heathen king, who had an ambition to own a blue pig with a black tail. So he sent a messenger to another heathen king, who said: 'O king, live forever! My king says you are to send him a blue pig with a black tail, or —— '

"The king thought this sounded like a threat, so he interrupted the messenger, saying, 'Tell your king that I have n't a blue pig with a black tail, and if I had ——'

"The messenger did n't wait to hear any more. He went back to his own country and told his story, and immediately war was declared between the two nations. After both sides had suffered much loss, a truce was affected, and the two kings talked the matter over.

"'What did you mean by telling me to send you a blue pig with a black tail, or ——'? the second king demanded of the first.

"'Why, I meant, or any other pig if you did n't have a blue one with a black tail. But what did you mean by sending word that you had none, and if you had ——"?

"I meant to add that I should be glad to send it to you, of course."

"Then the two kings shook hands, and led home what was left of their armies, feeling very silly, no doubt."

Grandma finished the story in her usual tone. Then, to the surprise of the children, she began talking in different voices — just like a phonograph, as Tom said afterwards.

"Helen, have you seen my composition? I left it on the desk last night. If you do n't help me find it, I'll have to take ——"

"I guess you wo n't take my composition. It's stealing to copy, and I don't believe you ——"

"You do n't believe I wrote any? You are a nice sister."

"Oh, Janie! my new story-book is gone again, and you ——"

"I have n't touched your book; if you would keep your eyes open you would ——"

"I'm no more of a sleepy-head than you are."

The children were very quite for a moment, then Helen said:

"We did n't expect a story with a lesson, grandma, we're — we're a little surprised." Grandma's eyes twinkled.

"If the shoe fits, put it on," she said.

"It fits me," said Helen, slowly.

"And me," added Janie.

"Our feet must be of the same size, for the shoe fits me"— this from Tom.

"We were scratchy this morning," said Helen, who was usually the first to confess. "Perhaps if I had waited to hear more when Tom said he'd have to take my composition ——"

"I did n't say so at all," broke in Tom. "I was going to say that if you did n't help me find it, I'd have to take a demerit. But you said you did n't believe I had written any composition."

"No, I did n't; nor did I mean to say so. I was going to say that I did n't believe you would copy a composition."

"Oh," said Tom.

"But Helen," said Janie, "what did you

Concluded on page 15.



[These seed words are contributed from month to month by the Wee Wisdom Society of Merchantville, New Jersey, and are for the use of all WEE WISDOM'S Truth sowers.]

Class Word — WE DWELL IN HIM, AND HE IN US.

Jewel Word — I AM TRUTH.

Song Word — TRUTH IN SONG, No. 29.

Verse Word —

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."

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]



BROCKTON, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I write for my little niece, Viola Hutchinson, who sends "Eulalia" a name for her baby brother. It is Verne. One of her playmates in the kindergarten has that name and she likes it. Viola's little brother came before she was old enough to help name him. His name is Clarence. A friend who has the WEE WISDOM papers sent some of them to Viola at Christmas. She was delighted with the stories and pictures, and more than anything else with the picture and words on the outside of each number. I made up a little story about it, and had to "tell it over," and over again many times. And now I want to tell the Wee Wisdoms a great secret. It is this: I am *almost* sure that your letters helped the mammas and grandmas and aunties in the beautiful Christmas holidays as much as they delighted the little Violas, Marions and Leons. Love to all the Wee Wisdom people.

AUNT ELLA.

[Won't "Aunt Ella" tell us all the story she told Viola about WEE WISDOM'S frontispiece.— ED.]

***

MT. ETNA, IND.

DEAR FRIEND — WEE WISDOM has enjoyed my home very much and I would like to take it another year. I think it would be very nice to keep on knowing each other. This paper has made my home happy for the last year, and how good it would be to make my home happy another year. I tried to have some of my friends take the good little paper, but they would rather take papers of the world which do them not the good WEE WISDOM does. The good little paper! I would rather take God's paper that does me good, and is willing to help everybody. It helps us to love one another, and keeps us from evil. I do not want to be sick, and this little paper helps me very much. I would n't have as much belief in God as I have if it had n't been for this good paper. It has helped me so much. I think I am God's child and cannot be sick. I would like to have my name put into the Silent Unity Society to help me in my music and studies, and to be a good girl. How well I would like for you to speak the good word so I can get my music lesson good.

Yours faithfully,
GRACIE OLIVE DOUB.

***

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am a little girl seven years old. My mother has often read stories from WEE WISDOM for me, and about the moss cards Mother Sparr makes for the children, and I would be pleased to have one. I will send a stamp. With love to all. Good bye, ETHEL B. BUSSARD.

P. S.— Will you please send my little brothers, Roy and Ross, each a card? They will write you a letter sometime.

[Mother Sparr is not furnishing cards now, that is to be Mother Truth and Mother Goose's work hereafter.— ED.]

Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Wee Wisdoms and big ones, too, as in Truth we are really the same. As you asked to hear from Joy's sisters, I thought I would write to you and send one of my poems. The poem which I send is for Decoration Day, and I have tried to put Truth into it. I hope you will like it, and if you do I may send another one sometime. I am fifteen years young, and have been in the Truth since I was six. Little Joy has never known anything else but Truth and so she thinks nothing else. My older sister, Mabel, also loves the Truth, and so I say we are three Truth sisters.

Yours in Truth,
Hallie Lucile Faucher.

***

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Wee Wisdom — I have been intending to write a story for you for a long time, and have just finished one entitled, "The Violets." I hope the boys and girls will like it. I am in the seventh grammar, and go to school every day. I have a kitten named Punch. He is very black, has silky fur and a little white spot on his neck. When we are at the table he goes from one to another and sits up for something to eat. My favorite story in Wee Wisdom is "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key."

Yours in Truth,
Margaret Washbourne,
Age ten years.

***

Spokane, Wash.

Dear Wee Wisdom — I would like to see Wee Wisdom in magazine form, but I am afraid I will have to demonstrate to get it. I would like Royal for the baby's name, so would my little friend, Madge. Enclosed are five stuffings for the June pillows. I have them for June, because June 15th is my birthday. I will be thirteen years young. I would like a Truth card. Well, good-bye for this time.

Your affectionate friend,
Zaydee Smith.

***

Foxcroft, Maine.

My Dear Mrs. Fillmore — I enclose my poem of which you so kindly thought worth printing, and also 50 cents for Wee Wisdom and $1.00 for Unity. I forgot to tell my age in my other letter, and as I like to know how old the children are that write pieces, I thought I had better tell mine. I am thirteen years. I will close with a great deal of love.

Helen Dyer Paine.

[Your poem will come out in August. — Ed.]

Austin, Tex.

Dear Mrs. Fillmore — Love and Peace. It is so long since I wrote to you that I thought I would write to you today. I like to read the stories in your little paper, so I thought I would like to write a story; it is called "Pink's Valentine." Would you be so kind as to send me one of your Truth cards? Lovingly,

Alma Anderson.

["Pink's Valentine" will appear in August Wee Wisdom.— Ed.]

***

Bath, Maine.

Dear Wee Wisdom — I thought that I must write to you and tell you what I read in Wee Wisdom last night about having it changed into a little magazine. I think it would be a nice thing, for we do need the good so much, but it would be a nicer thing if it did n't cost so much to have it changed. I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school, and like it very much. I read in the Fourth Reader. I expect the Fifth as soon as I get through the Fourth. Please send me a Truth card. I must close, with love to all. Your friend,

Jennie C. Schofield.

[You see, Jennie, if Wee Wisdom dresses up like a magazine, she will have a much bigger dressmaking bill to meet, and how can she pay it if her little friends don't want to help her out with it? What little Truth-lover cannot save two cents a week? It will take a little less than that to pay for Wee Wisdom enlarged and in pretty magazine dress.— Ed.]

***

Grand Forks, N. D.

Dear Wee Wisdom — I am seven years of age. My brother was six months of age yesterday, and mamma is making him short clothes. He's a pretty baby, and that's true. From Virgina Stivers.

I send a verse.

God is our leader
Wherever we go.

***

Shoshone, Idaho.

Dear Wee Wisdom — Ray is a little boy four and a half years old who is very much interested in Wee Wisdom and Mother Sparr and the moss cards. Although so young he reads well in the Second Reader, and reads the *little letters* and Pillow Verses in Wee Wisdom. He wants a moss card *very* much.

Written by his Mamma,
Mrs. Ellen Millsaps.

NATURAL LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

CONDUCTED BY "PAPA HARRY."

X.

An Easter Morning Walk.

EASTER Sunday dawned warm and bright, and as soon as breakfast was stowed away out of sight, Orion and Albert concluded they wanted to go "out in the woods," so, as soon as Mamma had started for Unity Hall, they, and a basket of the usual implements, took Papa and boarding an electric car were soon at Washington Park.

A Cardinal Grosbeak and a Flicker were sending forth a beautiful Easter song that floated out over the hills, echoing through trees, helping to raise the living creatures to the higher life. Robins were running around bathing their brown breasts with the dew on the rich green grass, and the omnipresent English Sparrows were loudly discussing the news of the day. Some Black Snowbirds flitted away, zigzaging through the bushes, the white feather on either side of their long tails forming a halo of light around their delicate forms that harmonized well with the scintillating water drops on the undergrowth. A Pewee flew over a little bridge and alighted on a fallen tree, and the boys and Papa ran under the bridge and discovered a most exquisite little nest made out of mud, lined with horsehair and covered over with growing green moss. It was just finished, and did not as yet contain the usual frail white eggs—eggs more delicate than a Hummingbird's eggs. The little Pewees snapping their bills, flew at the intruders, who laughing ran away, leaving the Pewees to feel proud of their great victory. Orion found a bunch of beautiful lichens on a stump and he gathered some to carry home to Mamma. Some Kingfishers were flying around uttering their jerky notes, evidently happy to bathe in the glorious sunshine. The boys came to a second little bridge, and going under found another Pewee nest more beautiful than the first, which also contained no eggs, neither did the owners appear, so Papa concluded that it had been robbed and the first nest found was the pair's second effort.

Strange noises were heard down the creek and Albert wanted to know, "What's that?"

"Frogs talking," replied Papa.

"I never heard them make that kind of a noise," said Orion.

The boys crept quitely along the bank of the creek and soon came to three old fat frogs arguing about something, evidently the weather. After watching them awhile, Orion dropped a chunk of mud among them and two dived out of sight, but the third refused to be frightened, but sank under the surface of the water and kicked up a lot of mud so he could not be seen.

Away in the distance a Crested Titmouse was musically calling "Peter-Peter-Peter," but just why he wanted the Saint the boys could not guess. A Yellow-bordered Butterfly floated by—a living jewel as a messenger of Spring. It had probably hidden all winter in some hollow tree, and was now glad to again make friends with the flowers. The little creek was full of water cress, flowers and moss, and over it all hopped cute little Grasshoppers and ran pretty little Spiders, while a few bees and beetles buzzed along.

The intense blue canopy overhead, the bright green grass underneath, the dazzling sunlight, the hum of life, all made a fitting day for an awakening world to commemorate the arising of its Savior. Even the little creek seemed happy and contented, and preached an endless sermon as it flowed quitely and grandly on its winding way. Here Papa became absent-minded and stepped into the creek and his shoes took a good big drink.

Climbing up on the path the boys found the stump of a small tree in which a Hairy Woodpecker had bored a cunning little hole. A Comma Butterfly passed, but stopped long enough to say "Hello" to the creek. The dam was reached and climbed and the peaceful lake lay spread out to view sparkling in the sunlight. Along its banks were many men fishing, but greatly

to the satisfaction of the boys, not a fish was caught. Some Chick-a-dees up among the trees were having a "big talk." A little Moth flew out over the lake but turning reached the land in safety. Walking along the bank the boys discovered many little springs under the surface of the lake, which were throwing up sand and small pebbles and looked like they were boiling. The boys played they were volcanoes throwing up bowlders and lava. A little Boat Beetle came along and he was named Vulcan, but when he tried to dive down into a crater the little volcano tossed him up with the miniature bowlders in great glee. Some baby Grasshoppers fell into the lake, but were rescued with life-lines of straw.

Albert exclaimed, "Watch me make a great splash," and picking up a large rock, he threw it and it fell right into the basket, and rock, basket and all, rolled off the bank and sank in the lake!

The boys secured long sticks and went along poking in the grass and watched the frogs jump in with a "ker-plunk," which reminded Papa of the time when Orion was doing the same thing and fell into the lake, making such a splash that Papa thought it must be a larger frog than any he had ever seen, till Orion came up spouting water like a whale. Some Spiders would run out onto the surface of the water and dodge underneath on the underside of leaves and play that no one knew they were there. A pretty little pearly-shelled Snail was found but put back into the water.

They came to a long, tall bridge and tried to find another Pewee's nest, but failed. They did find a nest of the original paper manufacturers — Wasps. A Wood Pewee flew off a Gooseberry bush — the first bush to get green in the Spring. Large moss-covered bowlders were scattered around and with a clear, sparkling creek, and dense growth of trees and brushes, made quite a wild and beautiful scene. A hollow tree was found, around the base of which were scattered many nut shells cut in a peculiar manner, showing that Mr. Fox Squirrel had his residence there.

This creek was followed a good distance and a small stream was found running into it. Albert cried, "Oh! here is where it leaks out, but I didn't know water could climb up hill." Among the leaves all around pretty little pink and white wild flowers were peeping out, the first wild flowers of the season. Albert fell off the bank of the creek, but was caught by Papa and did not get wet. Orion wasn't so fortunate a few moments later. A Nuthatch seemed to greatly enjoy Orion's baptism.

After tearing an old stump to pieces to examine the bugs in it, getting some snail shells, and investigating how some bushes seemed to grow out of the solid rock, they went back to the lake and passed around to the east side. A little pond was seen with something floating upon the surface, which proved to be a Wild Duck — a Redhead. This rare and beautiful bird, although usually very shy, did not seem at all afraid but allowed itself to be approached within ten feet, where it paddled 'round and 'round in circles, much to Papa's surprise and Orion's and Albert's delight. Finally when "shooed" it arose and sailed away over the trees. There were many frogs "talking," and Albert said they were saying, "Come back, little duck."

The boys and Papa passed around the lake and over the dam and came again to the little stump with the Hairy Woodpecker's excavation in it, and there, as busy as could be, was a pair of Black-capped Chick-a-dees building a nest in it! How these busy little birds did work! and on the Sabbath!! and Easter!!! Some of our orthodox ministers would have been terribly shocked to see how busy all the free creatures were laboring that delightful Easter morn — each busy about the Father's work and fulfilling its mission. The boys placed pieces of wood in the creek and played they were boats going down the river. A flock of little Goldfinches were hard at work fuzzing out sycamore balls, eating the seed and sending the yellow down flying in the breeze to scatter seed and perpetuate the species.

The boys had now arrived at the depot, and took a car for home. Papa looked at his watch and found that they had been gone only two hours, but it would take volumes to tell about all they saw and did and said and thought in the two hours of that inspiring Easter morning.



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON IX. JUNE 2.

Jesus Our High Priest in Heaven. Heb. 9:11-14, 24-28.

GOLDEN TEXT — *The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.* —John 6:63.

Little children, Know ye not that ye are the temple of the living God, and that God dwells in you? Well, it is true, true of everybody, no matter where they are born, or what the color of their skin, they are all blessed with the presence of the dear Christ-child in their hearts.

Now do not be troubled at this talk of Paul's about the blood of Christ; no, do not worry your little heads about it, and bye and bye you will understand much better just what it means. You see Paul was a Jew, and his religion had taught him to sacrifice animals to God, and that their blood would make him pure. You know, children, that people are sometimes very slow in changing from one way of thinking to another, and thus it was with Paul, for after being converted to the Christ, instead of dropping his old teaching about the blood of animals cleansing people, he just changed it a little, and began to teach that it was the blood of Christ that would save and purify, and this is true when we fully understand the meaning of blood. Now, no one's blood that runs red through the body can save you from sin, fear or ignorance, but the life of Christ can, and blood means life.

This true life of harmony, health, peace, and all good, is right in your heart now. Your heart is the Kingdom of Heaven, the home of Christ, and by knowing this it saves you from sin and suffering. Jesus once talked about his blood, telling his disciples to drink it, but when he saw that they were puzzled about it he explained that what he really wanted them to drink was his divine life, his true words, saying to them the Golden Text of this lesson, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." The more you drink in the truth that Jesus taught, the wiser, stronger and happier will you be.

LESSON X. JUNE 9.

Jesus Appears to Paul. Acts 22:6-16.

GOLDEN TEXT — *I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.* — Acts 26:19.

Obedience is one of the steps in the ladder of Truth, and no one can go up higher who thinks he can skip this step. It is a very strong and helpful step to the one who uses it. Little children who love and obey their parents find it easy in after years to obey the voice of the Good. I think that when Paul, who gave us this lesson, was a little boy he must have loved to do whatever his mother and father asked of him, because he was so full of loving obedience to God as a man. All the good you see in the world is the result of obedience. And all the beauty, too. We must all, from tiny flower to man, obey the good and the true within and around us, then all is well.

The little seed obeys the call of life within to manifest beauty, and puts forth its many shoots. When these appear above the ground they obey God's sun that ever tenderly and gently coaxes them on into more perfect manifestation until leaf, stem, bud and flower, all obeying the voice of their Good, the rich, ripe fruit at last comes forth. Even so God calls upon each one of us, in the voice of the spirit within, to obey whatever love and truth would have us do, and it is well with those who listen and obey. As all the good comes from obedience, so all the trouble comes from dis-obedience. You probably remember the stories of Adam and Jonah, and of the hard times they had because they refused to do that which was right, but as soon as Jonah repented and became loving and obedient peace returned to him.

The heavenly vision that opened to Paul's sight is what we all may see, the Kingdom of Heaven within, and the beautiful white light is the Truth, for Truth is the greatest light in the world — yes, far brighter and more beautiful than the most beautiful electric light you ever saw, because the electric light cannot show you God's Kingdom while Truth does.

LESSON XI. JUNE 16.

Jesus Appears to John. Rev. 1:9-20.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever.* — Heb. 13:8.

We're not to think of Jesus Christ as a man with a body any more than we think of God in that way, and when John de-

scribes Jesus in Revelations, we are to see it as a symbol or picture of a state of mind. You all have pictures on the walls of your rooms; some of these are flowers or people, animals, or landscapes, but stop a minute and think, are they really flowers and people, animals and trees? No, they are only paintings or drawings representing these.

Well, just so it is with this lesson. John drew a picture in words of the Christ state of mind. He did not see a real live man standing with seven stars in his hand and a sharp sword coming out of his mouth and eyes of fire. Oh, no, but this was the best way he had of telling you that the Christ is all-powerful, his words strong and true, and his sight, or knowledge, full of spirit and life, for the right hand always stands for power. The seven stars are the seven Christ lights that send forth that power into the world to do God's work of healing and freeing, and their names are love, faith, wisdom, harmony, peace, gentleness and meekness. These heart stars will shine away all darkness. The two edged sword coming out of the mouth teaches us that the word of Truth is to do the work of Good for us — the words that deny all evil and affirm all good.

Jesus Christ is the same divine mind living in the hearts of all people in all the past, in the hearts of all people today, and in the hearts of all people forever. Just as we declare that the alphabet is the letters "A" and "Z" and all the letters that come between, so the Truth shows us that Christ is Alpha and Omega, the first good, the last good, and all the good that comes between, and this good Christ is our very life and all we are.

LESSON XII. JUNE 23.

A New Heaven and a New Earth.
Rev. 21:1-7, 22-27.

GOLDEN TEXT — *He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.*— Rev. 21:7.

Here is another word picture. This time it is a beautiful description of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The first thing that takes place in our life, after we accept the truth that the Kingdom of Heaven is within, is the receiving of a new kind of sight, for in order to see this Kingdom we must have the right kind of eyes, spiritual eyes. When this change takes place how different everything and everybody in the world appears to us. The world has truly become a new heaven and a new earth, full of goodness and beauty, just as John saw it.

Once people ignorantly thought that the Kingdom of Heaven was a grand city of pearly gates and golden streets, far away up in the sky, but because this idea was not true it had to die away, and in its place came the new heaven, or the right idea of heaven, which taught that God's Kingdom was right thinking, a city of the heart.

Have you read the verses of the lesson over carefully, and did you notice what John saw outside the Kingdom, and what he saw inside? This was his way of saying evil is an unreality and has no place with the real, only the good is real, only the good is true.

Outside of the Kingdom is fear, unbelief, lies, tears, sin, pain, sorrow, and death, for God did not make these, therefore they are not real. These must all be put out of the mind, and this process is what our Golden Text calls overcoming. We must come over from them to God's side, the side of the good, and there we will find unending joy, perfect peace, health, and the fullness of pure love.

To overcome means to work, to serve, to be cheerful, to forgive, and in fact to do everything in the name of Christ until no thought is left in the mind but good. All of God's children are to enter into this blessedness sometime, somewhere, and as many as so will may enter into it now. It only awaits our faithfulness, our willingness.

LESSON XIII. JUNE 30.

REVIEW OF THE SECOND QUARTER.

Read I. Cor. 15.

GOLDEN TEXT — *God hath both raised up the Lord, and will also raise up us by his own power.*— I. Cor. 6:14.

Subject: Christ the Ever Living.

* * *

April 7th. — The Resurrection of Jesus.
Luke 24:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Now is Christ risen from the dead.*— I. Cor. 15:20.

God is life; there is no reality to death. God's life fills everybody and everything, for it is everywhere.

* * *

April 14th. — Jesus Appears to Mary.
John 20:11-18.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Behold, I am alive for evermore.*— Rev. 1:18.

Mary stands for love. Where love is

God is, and to every loving heart God reveals the Truth that love is alive forevermore, therefore there is nothing to fear.

* * *

April 21st.— The Walk to Emmaus. Luke 24:13-35.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way?* — Luke 24:32.

"As I walked by my-self, I talked to my-self,
And my-self said this unto me:
'Make friends with thy-self, be true to thyself,
And thy-self thy good angel will be.'"

By keeping my words and my thoughts pure I shall walk with God.

* * *

April 28th.— Jesus Appears to the Apostles. John 20:19-29.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.*— John 20:29.

I have faith in God, I have faith in man, I have faith in myself. I will bring forth divine manifestation by my word of faith.

* * *

May 5th.— Jesus and Peter. John 21:15-22.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Lovest thou me?* —John 21:17.

I love God, the Good, with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength, and my neighbor as myself Love never faileth.

* * *

May 12th.— The Great Commission. Matt. 28:16-20.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.* — Matt. 28:20.

I am willing to do whatever God wants me to do. The Christ who is always in me and with me does God's work.

* * *

May 19th.— Jesus Ascends Into Heaven. Luke 24:44-53; Acts 1:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — *While he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.*— Luke 24:51.

The Kingdom of Heaven is within me, the kingdom of peace, health and harmony. All good is mine.

* * *

May 26th.— The Holy Spirit Given. Acts 2:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — *When he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth.*— John 16:13.

I am a pure, loving child of God. The spirit of Christ within me teaches me all things.

* * *

June 2d.— Jesus Our High Priest in Heaven. Heb. 9:11-14, 24-28.

GOLDEN TEXT — *The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.* —John 6:63.

The life of the Christ within me saves me from fear, sin, sorrow and evil here and now.

* * *

June 9th.— Jesus Appears to Paul. Acts 22:6-16.

GOLDEN TEXT — *I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.*— Acts 26:19.

I love to be obedient. It is easy to be good and true. I am always in the presence of God.

* * *

June 16th.— Jesus Appears to John. Rev. 1:9-20.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever.*— Heb. 13:8.

In my real nature I am changeless, for I am spirit. I have always been and forever will be God's child.

* * *

June 23d.— A New Heaven and a New Earth. Rev. 21:1-7; 22-27.

GOLDEN TEXT — *He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.*— Rev. 21:7.

"All that the Father hath is mine." I am a child of God, therefore all good belongs to me.

[NOTE TO YE EDITOR.— This is a poem made up for June number of WEE WISDOM.]

Forth comes June,
In a garment of green,
Roses are in bloom,
And flowers everywhere are seen.

Too soon she gives up
Her roses and bloom,
For July and hot summer
Follow her soon.

— ZAYDEE SMITH.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Once I was in the cellar where it was dark and I could n't get out, and I said, "God is with me," and I was n't afraid any more.—*Sunday School pupil.*

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

WITH the trees a-beckoning and the flowers a-blooming and the bees a-humming and the birds a-singing and all the voices of June a-calling outside, it looks as if "Ye Sanctum" might be vacated at any moment, and then what? Would there be a blank in WEE WISDOM where ought to be the very soul of this glorious June day? O Robin, don't stand there and coax Ye Editor from her pen, but tell her, tell her, tell her how she may give her Wisdoms the very essence of all this that so fills and glorifies this June morning! And sweet voices without tempt no more! but tell us the secret of all the joy and beauty and freedom that pulsate sweet life outside.

Does the robin speak? Is it the trees and the flowers that tell it, or is it the united voice of It all that speaks so clearly this message: "*There is no without and within, there is no you and us. We are all the one glorious manifestation of gladness, beauty and freedom. We are not separate, we are one in Om-ni-pres-ence.*"

What a message of joy! Then dear hearts, walls cannot hold us, and there is nothing, absolutely nothing, to make us feel shut in or shut out or shut off any more. We are *one* with it all, because *we are It.* "All that the Father hath is mine."

We glow in the heart of that fragrant rose, for we are *one* with love and beauty. We sing in the melody of the winged songster, for we are *one* with harmony and joy. We can only see that which we *are.* A thousand years ago a wise man said:

"What thou seest —
That thou be-est."

So, dear hearts, because we are *one* with that glad, pure life that pulsates It all, we see this glorious, radiant day of June, its colors, its wings, its songs, are all in us, and we in it, and the Infinite Good in all.

Can we not see,
Can we not know,
There is no place
To come and go;
Just here, right here,
Our good we find
In loving heart,
In willing mind.
Rejoice and *be* that
Which thou art—
The *light* of Good,
Of Good the Heart.

AN EASTER OFFERING

FOR THE "DEN-ERS OF THE DEN."

A Basket woven by the fingers of Faith.
Luscious Fruits from the Tree of Love.
A wreath of Lilies from the Garden of Purity,
And Dasies from the Land of Innocence.

A MESSAGE FROM DREAMLAND:

"The Basket will never break,
The Fruits will never die,
The Flowers will never fade."

The "Den-ers" have a friend in
MARY FAIRY.

The Blue Pig With the Black Tail.

Continued from page 7.

mean when you said, 'My new story-book is gone again, and you ——'?"

"I was going to say, you found it for me only last evening, if you had given me the chance to finish the sentence."

"Oh," said Janie, looking rather foolish.

"I want to know why you said that about keeping my eyes open?" Helen demanded. "You need n't have twitted me about being a sleepy-head, if you do get up first in the morning."

"I did n't twit you. I was going to say, if you would keep your eyes open, you would see the book on top of the book-case, where you left it."

It was Helen's turn to say "Oh." Then all three children laughed.

"You see," said grandma, as she rolled up her knitting-work, "that people who have n't the excuse of being heathen jump at conclusions. Often half a sentence sounds very different from a whole one. You children have n't felt quite right towards each other all day, because you did n't wait to hear the end of some sentences this morning. I've noticed this failing before, and thought it time to call your attention to it."

"We'll try to remember the blue pig with the black tail," said Tom, as he picked up grandma's ball and handed it to her with a courtly bow.—ADELAIDE L. ROUSE.


Monday
When with kind
words you sow,
In the Garden of
Kindness,
Bright flowers will
grow.—Zaydee.
Tuesday
Think of Love
in the morning,
Think of Truth
all the day;
Think of Good
in the evening,
And kind words
always say.—L.
Wednesday
Kindness will always
Come your way
When kind words
You always say.
—Zaydee.
Thursday
The bird in the tree
Sings his merry song
All the day long.
The bird in my heart
Sings, I'm free! I'm strong!
All the day long.
—Aunt Emma.
Friday
Truth and Love
Show the way
For Happiness and Joy
To stay.—Zaydee.
Saturday
As the Substance
Builds the tree,
So living Truth
Reneweth me.
—Aunt Emma.
Sunday
Happy day
Of happy rest;
Happy thought—
I'm blessed!
I'm blessed!