

WEE WISDOM

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



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.

*In Society.**Helen Augusta Fussell.*

Foxglove said to ragged Robin,
 "Why's yer head forever bobbin'?"
 Ragged Robin says, says he:
 "I am in so-ci-e-ty.
 Every time the breezes blow,
 Every flower that I know
 Nods to me, and so I throw,
 It's the proper thing for me to bow."

*The New Shoes.**Florence Harvey.*

LITTLE Joe Billont was standing idly in front of his home one Sunday afternoon. His mamma was sick, and he was very lonesome. He was thinking about his dear papa who always use to take him out walking at this time, when along came his little friend, Peter Carter, merrily whistling.

He spied Joe, and called, "Hello, Joe! Ask your mother if you can't come with me to the Newboys' Room. It's lots of fun; only boys go, you know. Miss Rose she is awful sweet; she has got pretty yallar hair; and she reads and talks to us. Come, it's awful fun."

Joe glanced down at his bare feet, and said: "I will have to put on my shoes before I ask mamma, for you see my mamma is sick, and my shoes is most worn out, so I go barefoot except when I am around where she is, 'cause she would worry if she knew. You see, since my father was killed we are pretty poor, for I don't earn much selling papers."

"Well," said Peter, "hurry up then, and I will wait while you put on your shoes and ask your mother."

Joe came back in a few moments with some very old shoes on, saying his mother had said he might stay an hour.

Peter was very proud to take his friend to the big sunny rooms, with a piano to make pretty music, and lots of books and beautiful pictures. Joe found a story about an elephant, and he was so

happy reading about it that he forgot he was a poor little newsboy with a sick mamma.

After a while a little bell rang, and Joe saw all the boys gathering around a young lady "with yallar hair" and the sweetest smile. She beckoned to the little stranger, so he closed his book and joined the other boys.

Miss Rose told them two or three nice stories about trusting God and the dear Christ-child within. She told them that none must fret and worry because they were afraid that things were not coming out all right, but just trust everything to God, who loved them all so much. Miss Rose talked so sweet that Joe was very sorry when the hour was up and he had to go home.

He found his mother feeling badly, and that made his little heart sad. As he was moving around the room his mother noticed the condition of his shoes, and then she did begin to worry. She kept saying: "To think of my Joe being without shoes, and now you will have to take that long walk away into town with nothing on your poor bare feet. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What would your poor father say?"

"Never mind, mother, don't worry. You see Miss Rose says it makes you sick to fret. I like to go barefoot," said the brave little fellow, "'cause it is such fun to splash in the puddles."

Ever since his papa had been killed nothing but sorrow and sadness had surrounded Joe's life. But the worst part of these sad days was that his mother's smiling face was gone, for she thought only of the sorrow, and worried about everything until she was sick. She tried to keep her little boy in school, and earn money by sewing and cleaning, but her face was so sad people did not like to look at her, and she worried so that every day she grew weak and weaker.

She was afraid they were not going to have anything to eat, or anything to wear, or that Joe could not go to school. If she could only have trusted God and not worried at all, she would have kept well. When she said or thought, "I am afraid Joe cannot go to school," if she had said, "Joe is God's child, and He loves him a great deal more than I do

and He will see that he has enough to eat, and go to school. I won't worry, I will leave it all to God. I will just do my part and keep a bright, smiling face for Joe, for he is a darling boy, and I will sew or clean, for I know my dear Heavenly Father will send me work."

But then this poor mamma did not know that she must not worry or it would make her sick and then she could not work. So she worried and worried, and she grew weak and weaker, and finally one morning in the week following Joe's happy Sunday afternoon, she was so sick that her little son had to be up all night to wait on her.

They lived on the outskirts of a great city, so Joe had to be up before it was daylight in order to reach the spot where he sold his morning papers. Joe thought he would peep into the room, for when he went to get his breakfast his mother had fallen asleep. She awoke as Joe was tiptoeing out softly and called, "Is that you, Joe?" "Yes, mother," answered the brave little fellow, "and I've had my breakfast. I must hurry 'cause I am kind of late."

As he was leaving the room by the dim light that was burning she caught sight of his bare feet, and she cried out, "Joe, my poor boy, no shoes, and it is such a cold morning."

Something within helped him to say, "O mamma, don't worry about me. Miss Rose says we must trust God and then everything will be all right, and I am going to trust, and I will get some new shoes, you just see if I don't." And away the dear little fellow went whistling to show his mother that he did not mind going barefooted.

He sold his papers all the morning, and the sweet look of trust in his face made many a man buy of him instead of some other boy. When his morning's work was done, after the last paper was sold, Joe was very tired, for remember he had been up all night waiting upon his sick mother. He said to himself, "I wish I could ride home, I am so tired;" but then he thought, "No, I must not do that because we need every cent I earn." Again the voice of the Christ-child within said to this dear child, "Trust." With a great joy in his heart he said, "Yes, I will trust, for I am God's little boy," and he hailed the car and got in.

It was cold outside, and the car was so warm and cozy. He nestled down in one corner, and pretty soon the tired little body fell asleep. His head with his little old cap wobbled back and forth as the car jolted, and his little bare toes were curled up to keep warm.

Sitting across the car was another boy, well dressed, and expressing happiness and love in all

the sweet smiles that made his face so pretty. He was just about the age and size of Joe. His mother was with him, and together they watched the sleeping child.

God can only give us a new pair of shoes by putting the thought into the mind of someone of His children to do it for him. So as little Ned sat very quiet he heard the sweet voice of the Christ-child say, "Give him some of your money." Then Ned whispered to his mother, "May I put some of my money into that little boy's pocket, so that when he wakes he can find it? See! the pocket is gaping open."

The mother smiled her consent, and Ned took twenty-five cents out of his own little purse and tiptoed across the car to the sleeping Joe, and gently slipped it into the open pocket.

As he returned to the seat by his mother, he smiled so happily to think how surprised little Joe would be when he found the money. The mother now opened her purse and gave Ned fifty cents for the sleeping child. Again Ned tiptoed across the car and gently dropped the money into the waiting pocket.

As Ned returned, an old gentleman who had been watching the two boys, beckoned to him, holding up a big dollar. He motioned to Ned to drop it in the pocket, and again the happy child tiptoed up to the sleeping Joe and in the pocket went the dollar.

A young man called Ned next and handed him some money, and so it went on until each passenger in the car had followed dear Ned's example, and little Joe's empty pocket was now full to overflowing.

The passengers enjoyed Ned's present happiness in doing this loving act as much as they did the thought of surprise they knew would take place with Joe when he felt his pocket.

At this point Ned and his mother had to leave the car. As Ned reached the door he pulled off his cap, held up his finger as a sign to be quiet and not wake Joe, and blew a kiss to one and all of the passengers.

One after another of the people in the car got out, and still poor, tired, little Joe slept on. Finally an extra jolt of the car woke him up. At first he did not know where he was, and then he remembered that he was a poor little newsboy and that he was riding home because he was so tired and was trusting God in doing it.

Just here it was time to get off the car, so he ran the remaining block to his home. As he wanted to let his mother know he was coming he began to

whistle, at the same time sticking his hands in his pockets.

How was this! Both pockets had money! All his newspaper money was in his right-hand pocket. He stopped and counted it. Yes, it was all there. The other hand went into the other pocket, and there was more money than he could hold in his hand at one time. Where did it come from? Then the Christ-child whispered, "You trusted God, and God has sent it to you."

Away flew his cap into the air with joy, and with a whoop! He rushed into his mother's room saying, "Mamma, see! I trusted God, and now I have more than enough money to buy my shoes. Oh mamma! it is so nice to trust God; let us do it all the time, and then I can go back to school."

Joe was so excited, and he talked so fast that his mother could not understand where her boy had gotten so much money, so he had to sit down beside her and tell her all about it. He told her how he was so tired, and how he had trusted God so that he rode home; then how he fell asleep in the car, and how somebody must have seen his bare toes and put the money in his pocket.

The mother lay very still for a few moments after Joe had finished his story and then she said: "Joe, mamma has done very wrong, for I have not trusted my Heavenly Father at all, but have worried and fretted. Now we will both try and trust all the time, and I know we will have everything we need."

Joe helped his mother to keep her promise, and every time she began to worry he would say, "Trust God, mamma, you know you said you would."

The mother did stop worrying, and, of course, she got well, and then work came to her, and her face got "so smiley" and pleasant that everybody wanted her to sew or clean for them, and bye and bye she trusted so much that she got rich enough to send Joe back to school.

THE REASON WHY.

"When I was at the party,"

Said Betty, (age just four,)

"A little girl fell off her chair,

Right down upon the floor;

And all the other little girls

Began to laugh but me—

I didn't laugh a single bit,"

Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,

Full of delight to find

That Betty—bless her little heart!

Had been so sweetly kind;

"Why didn't you laugh, my darling?

Or don't you like to tell?"

"I didn't laugh," said Betty,

"'Cause it was me that fell."—*Scattered Seeds.*

EVENTIDE.

Kate L. Cutler.

Slowly fade the colors
Of a sunset bright;
Softly now the twilight
Deepens into night;
Hushed in leafy shadows,
Birdlings rest content,
Thankful for the safety
By the darkness lent.

In the heavenly meadows
Daisies 'gin to bloom,
One by one we see them
Shining in the gloom;
Now the milky pathway
Gleams athwart the sky,
It must be for angels
Traveling there on high.

Though we cannot see them
In their robes of white,
Though we cannot hear them
Singing through the night,
By this peaceful feeling,
By this heavenly fear,
One, I believe, is surely
Somewhere very near.

The Wishing Cup.

(An Allegory.)

By Hurtry.

LONG years ago a farmer lived where two ways met, and many travelers stopped at his well to drink. He placed at the well a cup which, unknown to them, had the wonderful power to bring to those who drank that for which they wished while drinking.

At first the farmer had great fun, because the travelers wished so many funny things. They were so used to wishing things they did not want; so very used to it that they were not conscious sometimes that they had wished at all.

One man wished someone would kick him for being such a dunce as to bring a heavy coat with him. Immediately he received the kick, but seeing no one around he thought it must be a rheumatic twinge, and hobbled slowly away in much pain.

One man wished as he drank that he might find his family well and strong on his return home. He did not know that his wish saved his little son from falling into a ditch near his home.

Some wished good things and some made very foolish wishes, but none had an idea that they had

brought the results which followed upon themselves.

It is surprising how many wonderful things happened at the well. Old friends met there who had not met for years. Old friends parted there never to meet again. Some found "good luck." Some brought sorrow and misfortune upon themselves. One poor child wishing for a home found it. Another for money that helped him make a start in life. One poor drunkard lost his love for liquor there. Those feeling ill-natured carried away with them fevers, aches, and all kinds of grievances—each reaping what he had sown, and none dreaming they had caused their joy or misery by their own kind or foolish thoughts and wishes.

One day the farmer himself took the cup to drink without thinking what qualities it possessed. He was feeling cross, and as he drank he wished that everybody would mind their own business and let him entirely alone.

Soon he went into his mowing fields and found the work there all stopped. It was so all over his farm, for everyone of the workers had suddenly found something to do for himself. The farmer tried to persuade them to come back and finish his work, but not one of them would come. He tried to get other help, but everybody was busy with his own affairs. His garden was suffering for a good hoeing, and it seemed as if he must lose a great deal.

His good wife was anxious to help all she could, and hurried hither and thither doing a little here and there, till tired and thirsty she stopped at the well to drink, wishing with all her heart while she drank that she might know just how all this trouble had come upon them, and how best to manage about it. Straightway she knew it all, and told her husband he must redeem his foolish wish with one of love and kindness. He didn't like to believe he had brought it upon himself. It would have suited him better to have blamed the men who had left him for it. His wife persuaded him to try it. "It could do no harm," she said. And so he drank, sending out a loving wish that all his good workers might return, which they immediately did, working better than before, because of their rest.

The farmer wanted to destroy the cup, but his wife said: "No. Put an inscription on the cup so that all who drink therefrom shall know its power, and so put from them all foolish, idle thoughts and wishes when they drink." So this inscription was engraven upon it—

*"When you drink from this cup think
only pure and loving thoughts and it
will bring you only blessings."*

One man, desiring how best to help mankind, learned while drinking there that all cups are wishing-cups and this inscription will apply to all.

Fairy Bumble-Bee.

Mary Brewerton de Witt.

O come, little love, come with me,
Hold fast my hand and thou shalt see
Down in the grass, beneath this tree,
A lovely fairy, Bumble-bee.

He winks his eye and works away,
Improves the hours of the day —
He cannot waste his time in play,
But gathers honey while he may.

He's working hard from morn till night,
He loves the pleasant day so bright,
And when the winter comes in might
His honey's stored, all pure and white.

The Little Red Squirrel.

Helen A. Fussell.

A little red squirrel whisked restlessly about his cage in Lincoln Park. The sun was shining bright although the May winds blew cold enough. The heart of Bushy-tail was hot with restless longing.

He longed for a squirrel mate, for how could he be happy with only a stork, who stood silent on one leg all day; a crow who forgot his own language, and repeated from morning till night the one word, "pa-pa, pa-pa."

His only companions beside were some tiny ducks who thrust their heads under their wings and looked like little round balls, and a few turtles.

Bushy-tail scampered up the sides of the wide cage and searched all over it in a vain chance to escape.

Just beside his cage was a pit and cave where a black wolf and some gaunt grey ones ran restlessly up and down hour after hour. On the other side of his cage a pack of coyotes yelped and whined.

They all seemed unhappy. They all wanted to go away, and yet they could not.

They all had plenty to eat and a warm place to sleep, but, alas, they wanted their freedom.

There were some free squirrels in Lincoln Park, and one day they came up to the cage.

"Why don't you come out?" they asked of the little captive, but his heart beat so with longing that he could not answer. He hid his face in his paws and sobbed.

Then the two little squirrels traveled round and round the cage and thought and thought, but they could devise no plan to free their brother; so they ran away and went to work for they were building themselves a home and could not afford to be idle. But as they worked they thought of their brother who was fastened in the cage where the crow all day called, "pa-pa, pa-pa"

"I am glad at least that he can see the sun's light and breathe the outside air," they said as they worked.

Now Bushy-tail, after the visit of the free squirrel, longed more than ever for his freedom, and more than ever he hated his cage and the crow who called all day "pa-pa, pa-pa."

From his high perch on the top of the cage he could look about him. He saw the green lawn dotted with bright flower beds, he saw the tiny prairie dogs, captives like him, working and digging their holes. He saw the graceful swans swimming and floating on the lagoons. They interested him most. "They are free," he said to himself, and he watched them as they plumed their feathers and arched their beautiful necks.

Poor Bunny, his heart grew heavier and heavier as the spring days grew warmer and warmer.

Until one day, when the man who brought him food was brushing out his cage there arose a great noise in the cave of the wolves; they were yelping and rushing around in great excitement, so that the man ran out to see what caused the disturbance.

But Bushy-tail did not care to know—he saw the door had been left open a wee little space. In a moment he was gone, he had sped like a brown streak away, away—how beautiful was freedom—over the green grass, past brilliant flowerbeds and across paths—he did not even stop to speak to the swans—until he came to a row of houses, with clanging cars sliding up and down before them.

He turned and skirted the edge of the park until he came to a great wide field of misty blue.

How was he to know it was the waters of Lake Michigan? All the water he had ever seen was in the little tank in his cage. He walked close up to it and discovered that it was water. He was so glad, for he was thirsty and as he went to drink, lo! it sank away from him.

Bunny was surprised, but nothing daunted, he ran after it as fast as he could scamper, for he thought it was playing with him, when the water turning ran back right over him, filling his eyes and ears and wetting him thoroughly. The next thing he knew he was lying on the wet shining sands gasping for breath and wiping the water out of his eyes.

He heard the merry laughter and calling of children's voices, but that did not frighten him, for they often came to his cage and threw him nuts.

He wished they would throw him some now, he felt so weak and cold, so wet and hungry.

He crept up where the sands were dryer and huddled down under some leaves.

And here in a limp little heap his friends, the squirrels who had visited him in his prison, found him; they chattered soothingly to him and coaxed him quickly up the green sward toward their home, and Bunny Bushy-tail, because he had found his freedom and friends, was so happy.

When presently, *presto*, his little friends had disappeared up a tree, where they stayed, chattering with all their might, and begging him to follow.

But Bunny did not follow for he saw coming toward him over the grass the children who had thrown him nuts while in his cage.

He would ask them for more. So forward he ran to meet them.

"Please give me some nuts, for I am so hungry," he cried sitting up on his haunches.

The children did not understand what he said, but they laughed to see his bright eyes, and it pleased them to know that he did not fear them.

"Isn't he cunning?" said one, a tall girl, named Mary.

"I believe he is hungry," said the brother Jack who was practical, "so let us feed him."

So the children threw him nuts, and Bushy-tail looked up the tree and called his friends to come down and share his feast, but they could not, for they were afraid.

"Perhaps they will come down if we go away," they said kindly.

So the children stood a long way off and watched the little squirrels come down and share the feast of Bushy-tail.

"I believe," said Mary, "that that is the little tame squirrel that the keeper told us got away from his cage. And the keeper said he was not sorry for the little fellow had pined so for his freedom."

"Then," said her brother Jack, "the plucky little fellow deserves to be free, for he is not afraid."

Children are magnets drawing age back to youth again.—*Hoss*.

"Kindness wins more than authority;
Love is stronger than the rod."

A soft answer turneth away wrath,
But grievous words stir up anger.—*Prov*.

One of these Little Ones.



How Morris Got a Moss Card.

Morris Shafer is the little fellow who helps keep things happy and a-going at Unity Headquarters. When the last package of moss cards arrived from Mother Sparr, Morris' great blue eyes looked them longingly and lovingly over, and his "ahs!" and "ohs!" and little squeals of delight left no doubt as to his hearty appreciation of these deep sea beauties. He was as gentle and careful as if he were touching something full of tender life.

"Would you like one of these sea beauties, Morris, for your very own?" we asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he promptly replied.

"But you know, Morris," we said, "Mother Sparr sent these for the little boys and girls who write something for WEE WISDOM. Do you think you can write something?"

Now, Morris is only five years old, but his great eyes looked brave and confident while he answered, "I'll try it." And away he went to "try it."

And what do you think! He went out door for an inspiration, and he got it. The pretty white rabbit came up and looked at Morris and he thought of something, and this is what he brought to us written on a piece of manila paper—real writing, too, in great, big plain letters—

"Rabbits have big ears.

Rabbits have big ears so they can hear good."

Of course, Morris had his pick of the moss cards. You see that "*I'll try*" brings things to pass. If Morris had said, "I'm too little, I can't write," do you 'spose the rabbits would have told him what to say, or the pencil and paper would have helped him to say it, or the moss cards would have loved to belong to such a boy? That's one thing Morris never says, "I can't." He knows Wisdom is everywhere ready to help an "*I can*" and "*I'll try*." I wonder if we haven't *Can* and *Try* boys and girls enough to make an army that shall whip all the "can'ts" and "won'ts" out of the whole country?

Uses of Mountains.

Original Composition by a School Boy.

[Loaned us by a friend who got it direct from the boy's teacher.—Ed.]

Mountains is very useful for making the country higher in some parts than others. Some mountains is high, and others is low which is called hills. Some people says the tops of mountains is all snow, but I have not saw no snow, not havin' been to the top of none. Mountains is also useful for climbing to the top where you can look around where you can see a great deal. Mountains is also useful for pure air and cows to feed on. A great many go up there for their health in summer. There is a great many uses for mountains. Some is used for one thing and some for another. Mountains is very high up. I often wish I was a mountain so that I would be high up in my class.

Little Alice's Sermons.

III.

Reported by Mary Brewerton de Witt.

Good is Love. Good is God. All is Good, and I won't be naughty, for I am good, and Good is wif me all the time. I ain't 'fraid of anythin', for Good is wif me. Good is Love. Good is true. But I won't be naughty, and I won't be naughty, for Good is wif me, and I ain't naughty, and sure I ain't naughty. And I have a little brother and he's good, and everybody's good. And I'm going to tell this out to the the other people—Good is Love, and Good is True, and I'm going to tell this out free times—Good is Love, Good is True.

ALICE SAUNDERS.

Little Alice preached this sermon when she was just four years old.

The River of Drooping Eyes.

Over the River of Drooping Eyes
Is the wonderful land of Dreams,
Where lilies grow as white as snow,
And fields of green and warm winds blow,
And tall reeds quiver, all in a row—
And no one ever cries;
For it's a beautiful place for girls and boys,
And there's no scolding and lots of noise,
And no lost balls or broken toys—
Over the River of Drooping Eyes
In the beautiful land of Dreams

Over the River of Drooping Eyes
In the wonderful land of Dreams,
There are horns to blow and drums to beat,
And plenty of coffee and cakes to eat,
And no one ever cleans their feet,
And no one ever tires!
There are plenty of grassy places for play,
And birds and bees they throng all the day.
Oh, wouldn't you like to go and stay
Over the River of Drooping Eyes,
In the beautiful land of Dreams?

—Christian Commonwealth.



Written for WEE WISDOM by a friend in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

*Be kind to one another,
Children, good and true;
Be kind to sister, brother,
And they'll be kind to you.*

*Be kind to all around you,
What'er their lot may be;
When loving thoughts surround you
Dwells peace and harmony.*

*Be kind to all God's creatures,
Like you they are His own;
Created for His glory,
All, all by Him are known.*

*When kindness is your motto,
Kindness you will receive;
And Good, from flowers of heaven
Will you a garland weave.*

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

Epistles.

RAYMOND, KANSAS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I have been reading WEE WISDOM that you have been kindly sending mamma for the last few months. I like it very much. We live on a farm in central Kansas. My mamma is a scientist. There are but few scientists here.

Yours for Truth, NORA O'Neill.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like to have one of those pretty moss cards. We all like WEE WISDOM. My sister reads the stories to me. She is almost ten and I am nearly eight years old.

I am your little friend, RAYMOND FRINK.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like to write for one of those pretty moss cards which you say you give to your little writers. I have no pets excepting my dollies. I have a brother who is about eight years of age, and I am nearly ten years. He told me that he wrote for a card. I think my letter is getting long, so good-bye.

From your little friend, VIOLET FRINK.

THYRE, GA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I take pleasure in writing this letter to you. I read you, and I like you very much. It does us all good that read you. I would like to have one of Mother Sparr's sea moss cards. I am a little girl eight years old, and I like the WEE WISDOM. I am, yours truly,

PAULINE MCGEE.

THYRE, GA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—You will please find inclosed a love message to Mother Sparr. As I was reading in the WEE WISDOM I saw in it where little children write to it there were lovely sea moss cards sent to them, and I would like to have one of them very much. I like WEE WISDOM. I think it is a nice little paper. I also like the UNITY. I read both of them. I am a little girl eleven years old.

Yours truly, LIZZIE M. MCGEE.

Extracts.

Allow me to tell you what a blessing dear little WEE WISDOM is in our family. Our little Paul, now four years old, (the child the society so beautifully healed two years ago) says grace three times a day at our family table. The sweet little prayer he says is one we taught him from WEE WISDOM —

“We thank our Father,
The All Good,
Who supplies us
With this food,” etc.

He is so in earnest about it that he has not permitted anyone else to say the grace now for several months. He is growing so beautifully in the faith through the lessons read to him out of the little paper. Often when he gets anything he will say,

"See, mamma, I just knew it would come and now it's come." He is a great help to get me to *knowing* things will come.

Mrs. E. B., Austin, Texas.

My little daughter dreamed the world was coming to an end, and that everyone of our family and everyone of her auntie's family were good but her, and she saw a light in the sky and a little child told her it was the path from the old world to the new. How beautiful and true that was, only her thinking she was not good—that is the belief of her father who still clings to his old way. I gave *WEE WISDOM* to my little nephew to read, and when he came to see me he told me he had read it, and oh! how happy he looked when he said it had taught him not to be afraid. His mother is now trusting in God for all things. She has given up her medicine and doctors and trusts God for her health. We are so thankful for *WEE WISDOM*, and all welcome it as a little jewel.

C. C.

SAN PEDRO, CAL.

MY DEAR — : I am so happy, and you just wait till I read those good books a little while longer and I can see good and write good, too. The dear ones shall have all the cards they want, and you tell them so in *WEE WISDOM*. It was so good of Cina and Eddie to send me the little arrow-head. I commenced collecting on this coast when I was sixty years young, and have a fine collection now. I would like a collection from all parts, and they can have shells and cards. I will send to all whose address I see in *WEE WISDOM*, and to Cina and Eddie. I have lots of cards, but a little later on will be the best time to gather them. It seems all kinds have their time. They come flowing on the shore and I know just what to pick up. The tide is always good at new moon and full moon. The moss and kelp is nicer in the summer, and that is what I like to do. I love the sea. There is no one here who thinks like I do, but all are good and I love every one, but my best and loving friends are the sea and beach, and I am so happy with them, and so well. I come to them whenever I like to, and always find something beautiful and new. I have no trouble finding the mosses. Some day I will write *Wee Wisdoms* where I was born and when I came to this country. I am going to learn lots yet. I feel so good. I am going to make some moss cards for you to keep; give all away you have to all who like them. *I like nothing better than to fix these dear cards and send them to those who love these flowers of the deep sea garden.

I love *WEE WISDOM* so much. With lots of love and truth, I am, your dear sister,

*See Editor's Sarcatur.

MARY SPARR.

The Primary School.

Theresa B. H. Brown.

IT is sometime since we have visited The Primary School, but on this May morning the singing of birds and orders of blossoms float through the open window as we take our seat to listen to Miss Josie and the children, who, with their pink cheeks and shining eyes, look in their pretty summer costumes, like the yellow, white and red roses that load Miss Josie's table.

"Here are some wild flowers, Mith Jothie," lisps a little fairy in white, as she crowds a bunch of violets into her teacher's hand, and takes her seat.

"What lesson do we learn from the flowers, children?" says Miss Josie.

"We learn to grow," shouts Sammie.

"How must we grow?" continues the teacher.

"We must grow pretty," says Nellie, as she buries her nose in a bouquet of roses she holds in her hand.

"Yes," says Miss Josie. "We must look our best, and grow our best, and how will we do this?"

"Just let God grow in us," says Maudie.

"Our buful, buful God," softly whispers Ruth.

"How will our beautiful God grow in us?" asks Miss Josie, smiling upon the little talkers.

"We must think good thoughts," says Bennie.

"That is it—think pure thoughts, think about beautiful things, think love thoughts, and think wise thoughts," says Miss Josie.

"What are wise thoughts?" asks Charlie, and all the other children of the class look interested.

"I know, I know," shouts Sammie. "Wise thoughts are God thoughts."

"Mamma says God knows eversing," says little Eva.

"And to be wise is to know about things," says Benny.

"That is it," answers the teacher. "How wise all the little girls and boys are this morning; that is because they are letting Wisdom grow in them."

"Then if we let wisdom thoughts in our minds we won't have to study our lessons. We can play all the time, can't we? and we will know everything without studying, won't we, Miss Josie? I like to play, but I don't like to study or work." And honest Sammy paused quite out of breath.

"God knows everything," replies the teacher, "and we can claim His knowing for ourselves, in our thoughts. But although Wisdom is everywhere present, we must use it if we would have it do us any good.

"Electricity was always in the world, but people

did not know until a few years ago that they could light streets, move cars, paint pictures, and do many other wonderful things with it.

"By careful thinking and study men found out that it was a force that could be made useful to mankind, and after many experiments, and much practice, they are learning better all the time how to use it."

"Did you study your lessons when you were a little girl?" asks Anna.

"Yes, I did," replies Miss Josie. "I practiced them over and over again."

"Just as I do my writing," says Sammy.

"And I my music," adds Nellie.

"Then we must know that God in us is *All-Knowing*, and practice that knowing to make it of use to us," says a gentleman who has drawn near, because when Miss Josie's class are interested and talking everyone wants to listen.

"Yes," says Miss Josie.

"I am learning to sew pretty things on cards in the kindergarten," says a little girl.

"In thus learning you acquire the skill to use that knowledge which is in you," says the gentleman.

"What is skill?" shouts Sammy, and the gentleman turns to Miss Josie with a puzzled look as much as to say, "Young America is too much for me."

But Miss Josie smilingly comes to the rescue. "When you learn to do that which you know easily, swiftly and well, you are said to have skill."

"I understand," says Benny. "When I first began to play ball I was awkward and did not play well. Now all the boys like to have me on their side."

"First," says Miss Josie, "we must think the wise thoughts, then we must practice them. A wise thought is a thought of Truth. To know that Good is present everywhere, to know that health is in us all, to know that power and strength are everywhere is knowing and thinking Truth, and to practice our thinking is acting wisely. In this way we will grow into useful and beautiful men and women."

"Wisdom is the name of All-Knowing; another and shorter name is Light, and the long name is Om-nis-cience."

"You have now learned three long names. I will write them all on the board, and you who can may spell and read them for us." Then Miss Josie writes upon the board the words —

Om-ni-pres-ent.

Om-nip-o-tent.

Om-nis-cient.

And the children of The Primary School spell and explain them all. I wonder if every reader of *WEE WISDOM* can explain them?

Then Miss Josie writes upon the board the following statements, and reads each one aloud, the children repeat it three times after her, and then with their eyes closed think it three times in the Silence:

Treatment.

God is my Strength, Wisdom, and Understanding
Jesus said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

Work is not labor, because I have the unfailing strength of Christ in me.

I love to work.

I love to study.

By my light, which is Wisdom in me, I see clearly.

I see and understand.

With the practice of Wisdom I acquire skill.

I do swiftly, easily, gladly and well all that my hands find to do.

I am the Child of Love and Wisdom. Praise God!

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Lesson 10. June 4.

Jesus Crucified. John 19:17-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.* Gal. 2:20.

Little children, love one another, for Jesus loved us and taught us that we must love all. We were created to love. Atonement means to be at one with. When we are at one with another we like to do as that one does and think as that one thinks.

Jesus Christ was at one with God, his Father. He loved to think and act as God would, and so he told us we must follow him and do likewise.

This is the true way to be happy: to be so filled with love, as Jesus was, that we do not think of ourselves at all. Now Jesus does not save us from our sins by dying on the cross, but he does save us by showing us how to love and to forgive and how to overcome death. Jesus taught us by going upon the cross that death is not a real thing, but life is everlasting. No one can ever take your life, or soul, from you, for that is always in God's keeping.

Let us try and not be cross when anyone is cross to us, for Jesus taught us to give kindness for un-

kindness. If anyone should call you by an ugly name, do not call names back, for that will only make matters worse, but do some kind deed for that little boy, and then he will feel ashamed and will very likely try to follow your good example.

Jeaus taught us to care for one another. It isn't enough to just *think* kindly, but we must *do* kind deeds as well. If a poor man comes to our door and asks for something to eat, it is good for us to think for him, "God is with you and feeds you." But we must not send him away without giving him food, for God acts through us and shows us how to help people. So we must take the poor man into the kitchen (first always asking mother or some grown person) and give him something to eat with our blessing of kind words. Let us always remember God is Love, and that Christ dwells in our hearts. Jesus taught us the Truth, so let us try to live it.

Lesson 11. June 11.

Christ Risen. John 20:11-20.

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

Remember this, little children, nothing ever really dies. God's life is everywhere, and life always lives somewhere.

Once there was a little boy who had a peach given him. After eating the peach the little boy took the pit, or stone, and planted it. After a year the stone opened its shell, and a little green shoot burst forth and peeped above the brown earth. After a long time there was a peach tree holding many peaches on its branches.

Now, the part the little boy ate did not die, for it entered into his body and the elements of the peach were taken into his system and helped make flesh. The wood part of the pit decayed and so became a part of the earth, and the kernel sent forth a young shoot and this was the seed's resurrection or rising up into life. Jesus, you know, arose from the grave after lying there so still for three long days. His flesh even did not change. Jesus could do this because he believed so firmly in life, and he wished the people to know that they too might rise above death.

It is good for us to always look for the good in people and things. If a child goes out for a walk it is good for him to see how many beautiful things he can notice on the way. Let him look at every little flower and feel thankful for its pretty dress and sweet perfume. Then see the bird that sings and be glad it is happy, but do not try to hurt God's bird or butterfly. If little children cry or fret then

they cannot see any pretty things, for tears blind the eyes. Mary wept and so she did not know Jesus that at first, and he had to speak in order to let Mary know that it was he.

If we find any good thing, and are happy in it, then it is right to go and tell others, so that they too may be happy with us. If a little boy you love very much comes to play with you, why run and call sister so that she too may have a good time playing, and then all may be happy together.

Here are some true words for us to repeat—

I see Good everywhere.

I live in the Good.

I live in God.

Lesson 12. June 18.

The New Life in Christ. Col. 3:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.* Col. 3:5.

When little children know that they have Christ in their hearts they will try all the time to be obedient and good.

Christ is very close to God. "He sitteth on the right hand." That's where every little child is so close to God, for God loves all alike.

Now, we must in turn love God, and fill our hearts full of tender, kind thoughts. We all live in God or Love, so it is really easy for us to be loving children. If we should fret and scold, then we are not showing love, but the Christ-child will whisper to us, "Let your light shine," and if we love God we will stop our naughty ways and smile and be pleasant and loving. God does not punish us. He just keeps on loving us into the true way, and after awhile we feel God's love and are ashamed we were naughty, for we really want to obey God.

There was once a little boy who was playing with ever so many children at a party. Now, this little boy began to tease and was so naughty that one of the ladies said, "I think you had better go out of the room and look for my good Frankie." So Frankie left the room. Pretty soon another lady came upstairs into the hall and saw the little boy standing there.

"Why, who is this out here?" she asked.

"Oh, this is Mr. Malone!" answered the little boy.

"Well, don't you think you'd better find Frankie?"

We don't know Mr. Malone," said the lady.

So little Frankie said, "Yes, I'll find him," and then he knocked at the door of the room where the children were. As soon as the door was opened this little boy smiled so sweetly and said, "This is Frankie come to see you." And what a good boy he

was for the rest of the day and what a happy time he had, for everyone was so pleased to see him. Let us all be good children.

Lesson 13. June 25.

Review.

GOLDEN TEXT—*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.* I Tim. 1:15.

Jesus knew always that God sent him into the world to help and comfort everyone. Jesus was so filled with Godly thoughts that he healed all who came near him wishing for healing.

Once there was a woman who only touched the hem of Jesus's garment and she was made well, but that woman had great faith and love.

Now, dear little children, remember Jesus said, "Follow thou me," and when Jesus tells us this he means for us to do as he did and also to think as he did. Every little child, and every grown person, is placed here on this earth by God, our Father, to do good.

We cannot be idle, but we must work for the glory of God. We must help one another.

If little sister falls down run quickly to her, help her up, wipe away her tears, and kiss her and say, "Dearie, it is all well now. God loves you, and so it cannot hurt." These loving words will comfort and bless little sister and take away all the pain of the fall.

Always try your very best to be good, spiritual children. Let us remember to trust God, and to put our faith in Him. Jesus saves us from all unhappiness, or sin, by showing us how to save ourselves. We cannot save ourselves from anything without remembering that God does it all for us. Christ, the Truth, guides us and shows us the way.

Suppose Mamma says, "My little girl, mother is going out, so please set the table and have the things all ready for me to cook dinner when I return." Now is the time for you to remember that God will show you and help you and guide your little hands, so that everything will be done so nicely and easily, and mother will be so pleased when she comes home. Why she will be apt to say, "I see I can trust my little daughter, for nothing has been forgotten." Then how happy you feel, for instead of reading or playing, you have done your duty and made yourself useful, and then, too, you remembered about God. We can do nothing well without remembering God.

Let us say together: *God leads me in His path of righteousness. I will walk in His way of peace.*

Ye Editor's Sanctum.

You have all read "Mother Sparr's" letter. Well, what do you 'spose makes her use that word *love* so much? And why does she love? And why does she love this "Great Deep" so, and speak such praiseful words of its great friendship? And why does this boundless, depthless ocean, forgetful of its mightiness, scud over the white sands to toss these slender beauties at her loving feet? And why does she straightway gather them tenderly up, and with loving care prepare these moss cards for you? Why? Because—because "*Love* is the greatest thing in the world"—mightier than the great ocean is Love.

When you love a great deal it seems as if you couldn't do enough to make others happy—and the wonderful part of it is, others seem to turn right in and want to do everything to make you happy, and so it goes—a round of happiness for all. Wouldn't you all like a world of this kind to live in always?

Well, do you know such a world for you must start right in your *own* loving.

It is beautiful for Mother Sparr to love us so, and want to bless us by giving these sea treasures, but if we just receive them and stop there, that is only a part of our blessing—"It is *more* blessed to give than to receive." We must never forget this, for it is the law through which our greatest blessings must come.

If we would be full of love and blessings, we should always be hunting something we can do for others. We must never get into the habit of wanting always to be *getting*—that will make us selfish and unhappy. Love wants to *give* always, and Love draws to itself everything because of this. Let us commence right here with Mother Sparr; see what pretty things you can find to send her for her collection. And don't forget to enclose postage stamps. When you stop to think about it, you can see what a lot of stamps it takes to send out all these cards. It may cost but two cents to send to one child, but you see when several hundred, yes, thousands, come to want these cards, then it counts up.

Love is always *just*. It remembers to give. You will always remember *that* part of your blessings now, because you are going to help start the round of blessing and love. You are glad to give as well as receive. This is a good lesson you might teach your seniors—the blessedness of *giving*. No one can be poor who handles both ends of this glorious law, "Freely ye have received, freely give."



Monday

Happy and blest,
Sweet is our rest;
Lord, thou art here,
Ever so near,
Giving us rest.



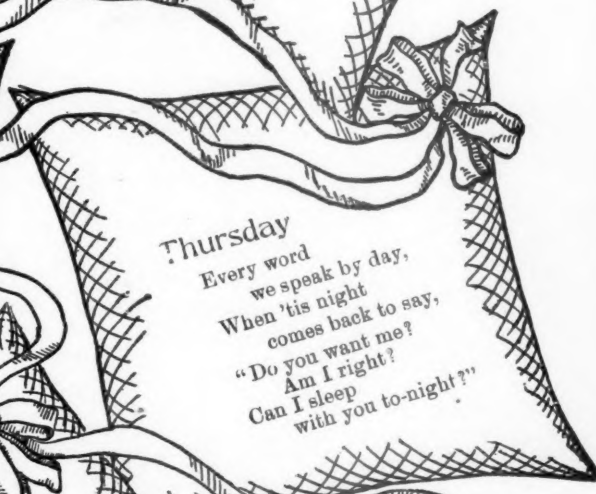
Tuesday

In the dark
We have no fear;
God, the Good,
Is ever near.



Wednesday

Wee, wee Stars,
So far above us,
Do you shine
Because you love us?
When we're full
Of love—and true,
Can you see
Us shining, too?



Thursday

Every word
we speak by day,
When 'tis night
comes back to say,
"Do you want me?
Am I right?
Can I sleep
with you to-night?"



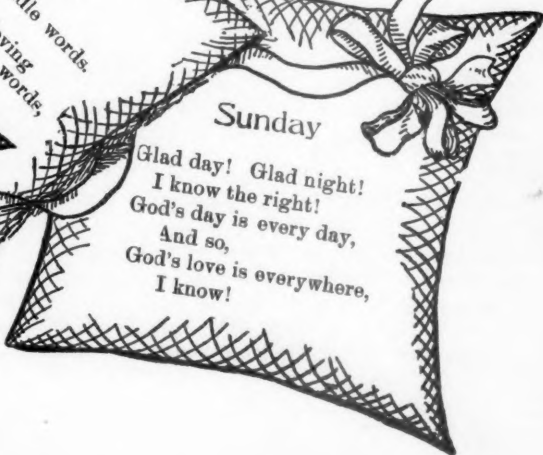
Saturday

Each little birdie
seeks its nest;
Each tiny flower
folds to rest;
Each little heart
with love is blessed,
When night comes
softly down.



Friday

Angry words, idle words,
Go away!
Only good and loving
words,
You may stay!



Sunday

Glad day! Glad night!
I know the right!
God's day is every day,
And so,
God's love is everywhere,
I know!



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

June!

What is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days!
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune;
 And over it softly her warm ear lays.
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten.
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

* * * *

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice;
 And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace.

—LOWELL.

WEE WISDOM is the only child's metaphysical paper published, and we are constantly reminded that it is fulfilling its mission of love and righteousness in the homes of its readers. For several months it has been given as a premium to UNITY, but as it enters upon its fourth year, August 1st, it will be published independently at 50 cents per year, or it will be sent with UNITY for \$1.50. In the meantime, we hope all who so desire will avail themselves of the \$1.00 rate for both UNITY and WEE WISDOM.

Do not forget to renew your subscription and at the rate of \$1.00 receive both papers the coming year. Remember this offer is good only until August 1st.

Our "Aunt Seg" is coming back to us. She will be with us in August in a serial called, "*Jesus Christ for the Children*." She will tell us all about the good, and we will be glad to have her with us once more in WEE WISDOM.

Show WEE WISDOM to your friends.

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