

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.

*The Difference Between Them.**E. Adeline Williams.*

Each day when the sun peeps over the hill,
Our Maud and her Dolly a-visiting go;
They call on the ant, they call on the bee,
And they call on the Bossy "that loves them so."

The ant from her work turns not away;
The bee leaves not its heart of clover;
Bossy looks up, with a nod and a bow,
Then nibbles the grass their feet walk over.

Both ant and bee, and the Bossy, too,
Obeying the Life in each one living;
While dear little Maud, hugging Dolly close,
Is conscious of Love which Life is giving.

*While Hazel Waited.**Harriet Louise Jerome.*

"Hazel, dear, will you please run down to Mrs. Evan's house and ask her if she hasn't some outgrown clothes which we can give poor Mrs. Belding for her children?"

Hazel put away her dolls and went happily down the hill in the bright sunshine of a cool summer's day, very glad to help do a little deed of kindness.

"I may find something," said Mrs. Evans when Hazel told her errand. "Sit down in the library and rest while I look through my closets."

So that is how Hazel came to be sitting for half an hour quietly alone in a big room looking at a lovely clock which ticked away on the mantle.

Hazel loved to think little stories about all sorts of things, so after she had looked at the clock a little while it seemed to say—

"Tick-tock, tick-tock, good morning little girl! I'm very glad to see you. You and I ought to be great friends, for do you know we are ever so much alike?"

"Are we?" questioned Hazel.

"Yes, you have a round little face just like mine, and two hands just like mine, and you are always doing something just as I am."

"But I'm not doing anything but wait," laughed

Hazel, thinking she had caught Mr. Clock.

"That's one of the most useful things in the world to do," smiled Mr. Clock. "After I have struck nine I always wait patiently a whole hour before I strike ten."

"Once our clock struck eight and then nine and then ten right at once," said Hazel.

"The poor thing! It must have been out of order. I have seen people in this very room do the same thing. They rush and hurry and crowd their work so that they may strike more often, but such people are of as little use as a clock would be that did not wait for just the right time when it is best to strike."

"Then I'm glad I'm waiting," said Hazel contentedly.

"You are doing more—you are making the best use of your time by thinking worth-while thoughts while you wait. That reminds me of another way in which you are like me. Behind my face are the busy wheels. My face shows just what those wheels are doing. Back of your face are your busy thoughts. Your face shows the kind of thoughts you are thinking."

"Why, yes," agreed Hazel, "if I don't think beautiful thoughts and kind things I shall not have a beautiful face when I am a lady. Do you know about the 'Beautiful Lady' Society, Mr. Clock?"

"No. Please tell me about it."

"It's a club for poor little girls who want to become beautiful ladies. They think kind, gentle, happy thoughts all the time, and say the nicest things they can, and do you know that it does make a beautiful lady of every one of them!"

"I'm sure it would," said Mr. Clock enthusiastically. "For that is another way in which you and I are alike. My hands cannot do right unless the busy wheels within are doing good work. Your hands will always do noble work when the thoughts within your busy brain are right."

"And don't you ever hurry, Mr. Clock? I should think you would have to when you have so many hours to strike and so much ticking to do every day."

"It spoils work and robs it of its pleasure to hurry," replied Mr. Clock. "I learned a secret from an old clock that had stood for years in a farmer's kitchen. It said to its own pendulum: 'Remember, no matter how many ticks you have to make, you will always be given a full second for every tick you ought to make. Crowd in a single extra tick and you will be as unreliable as if you left out one.'"

"I never thought of that before," sighed Hazel.

"I won't try to tell you how much we are alike in needing oil — which is like love and joy — to help us run smoothly, or to speak of the Master-hand who holds the key and is the Life of our life and the Regulator of all he wishes us to do," said Mr. Clock, "but there are many other ways in which we are alike, little —."

But just here Mrs. Evans came into the library with a neat little jacket, two pair of trousers, and some half-worn shoes which she was glad to send to the needy children. While Mrs. Evans was wrapping her gifts in a strong brown paper Mr. Clock struck eleven in a calm and dignified way.

"Thank you, Mrs. Evans," said Hazel, and altho' she only looked "thank you" to Mr. Clock she remembered the pleasant things he had seemed to say to her, and through all her busy life, the round, untroubled face of a clock seemed to say: "Tick-tock, tick-tock. Be faithful, be true. Never, never hurry. Let the oil of love make all your toil a joy. No life is more useful than a calm, happy, well-regulated one which depends on the main-spring within for all that its hands are to do."

It is one of the school laws in Boston, as in other cities, that no pupil may come from a family any member of which is ill with a contagious disease.

One day recently Willie K — appeared before his teacher and said:

"My sister's got the measles, sir."

"Well, what are you doing here, then?" replied the teacher severely. "Don't you know any better than to come to school when your sister has the measles. Now, you go home and stay there until she is well."

The boy, who is a veritable little rogue, went to the door, where he turned with a twinkle in his eye and said, "If you please, sir, my sister lives in Philadelphia." — *Harper's Bazaar*.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice.

— James Whitcomb Riley.

Georgie's Gospel.

Aunt Seg.

"Mama, what you fink? I finded a little toad," exclaimed Georgie May, showing between his two dirty little hands a speckled toad.

Aunt Kate, standing near screamed in disgust, "The horrid little thing! throw it out Georgie!" But Georgie only closed his plump little hands more firmly over the toad, and looked at Aunt Kate in surprise.

"Taint nasty, Auntie," he said, "doesn't you like toads?"

"Like them! I should think not; throw it away, child."

"I fink you be 'shamed to hate a nice little toadie, Aunt Kate; jes see how beaunful it is."

"What will you do with it, my son?" inquired mama.

"I'se going to make a little pen wiv sticks an stones, and give it some cake to eat," and with another peep at his treasure Georgie walked away leaving his mother and aunt to settle the question which was not troubling him in the least.

"Sister Mary, are you crazy to let that innocent baby play with a dirty toad?" excitedly demanded Aunt Kate.

"My dear, there is no harm in the toad; it almost seems a part of vegetable life, for it lives among the grasses."

"But it is such a horrid looking creature!"

"Well, sister, that is as you are pleased to see it. I do not see but it is quite as good looking as the turtle you fed and petted all last summer."

"Now, Mary, you know that was different; I never took it into my hands, nor would I allow Georgie to handle it."

"Kate, listen a moment. My little boy runs out by himself, and must needs come across these manifestations of the one Life."

"Mary!" exclaimed her horrified sister, "can you talk of God and that toad in the same breath?"

"Where does the toad get its life, sister?" Kate was silent. Just at that moment Georgie entered, bringing his pet with him. He said, "Jes hold it a little ffe, mama, tause it runned away soon as I put it down."

"Wait a moment, Georgie," said mama, as she wrapped the toad in a piece of cloth in order to suppress its activities. "Where did the toad come from?"

"I finded him in the grass," answered Georgie.

"But where did he come from in the first place, dear?"

Georgie considered a moment. "I spect he commed out of God."

"Out of God, Georgie! Where is God?" demanded Aunt Kate.

"He's ever'where, Auntie; doesn't you know?" and Georgie's blue eyes looked very convincingly into his aunt's face. "I spect you's made outer God, too, isn't you?" he suggested comfortingly.

"Well, if that doesn't beat all!" exclaimed Aunt Kate, too astonished to say more. Georgie went out to build his pen, leaving his treasure folded in a napkin.

"Now, Kate, be patient, and I will explain. As I said before, my little boy must become acquainted with toads, and, dear sister, which is best for the child, to love or hate? to treat with consideration all things, or to abuse them?"

"You may be right about that, Mary, but the idea of *handling* toads!" said she.

"I know how it seems, Kate, but really it is only an idea. You, and I, as I used to be, fail to see the everywhere-present Good in all things. I would, from my present understanding, show the spirit of love which I have let into my soul to the least of God's creatures. Georgie is so pure that he sees no evil; therefore, all creatures interest him. I would not have it otherwise. My boy's love-nature must be encouraged instead of repressed. Don't you think so, Kate?"

"I believe you are right, Mary, and I am ashamed of my foolish thoughts. Let us go and see what the dear little fellow is doing."

Georgie greeted them gleefully. "See here, fut I've made," he cried. With his dear little hands he had scraped away the small stones in the path, and gathered up all the big ones he could find, piling them in a circle around the clean spot, and right in the middle was one of mama's best china tea saucers. Now all was ready for the toad's occupancy. Aunt Kate was just about to exclaim concerning the china saucer, but mama had her own way of managing that, and checked her in time. When Georgie came back with his toad, a white saucer took the place of the painted one, and what absorbed his attention was a beautiful flower in the saucer. He was so pleased, and at once insisted upon his pet smelling the flower.

Aunt Kate was learning a lesson, for she said, "Mary, dear, your ways of managing Georgie are beautiful."

Georgie was interested for the entire day with his toad, and went to sleep at night thinking about him, but in the night he awoke his mamma with a frightened cry. He said: "Mama, is I penned up

in a little pen, an is I a little toad? I fought I was."

"You must have dreamed, Georgie; you are all right, dear; now go to sleep, for you are God's own child, and no harm can come to you." The next day Georgie came in where his mama and auntie were at work, and said—

"Well, mama, he's gone away; he go'ed jes as fast as he could."

"Who, Georgie?"

"Toadie did; he go'ed away."

"Did he get out of his pen at a hop away, dear?" asked auntie.

"I let him go," said the little one, with a sigh.

"Why did you let him go, darling?"

"Well, I finked he wanted to," answered Georgie.

"What made you think so, Georgie?" asked his mother.

"Tause I dreamed I was a little toad in a pen, and I feelled bad."

"Bless your sweet heart, my baby," said mama.

"Kate, do you see who is teaching my boy?"

"Something *within himself*, sister?"

"His own love-nature, Kate. God in him."

A Song of Gold.

F. L. Stanton.

Gold to the east of us,
Gold to the west;
But the gold in the home land's
The brightest and best!
The skies there are bluer;
The hearts there are truer;
The trials there are fewer —
The home land's the best!

Gold to the left of us,
Gold to the right;
But the gold in the home land's
The gold of delight!
Is it joy? You will meet her.
Is it fortune? You will greet her.
Is it love? There love's sweeter —
The home land's the best!

— *Selected.*

What President Lincoln Did.

President Lincoln one morning found that a robin's nest, containing three little robins, had been knocked off an evergreen tree near the White House by a careless cab-driver. Kneeling on the ground and putting the birds back in the nest he replaced it, saying, "These birds are helpless, and I'll make them happy again."

JUST a little every day —
 That's the way
 Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
 Tiny blades put through the snow.
 Never a flower of May
 Leaps to blossom in a burst.
 Slowly — slowly — at the first,
 That's the way,
 Just a little every day.
 —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

How Puff Brought the Sunshine.

Helen A. Fussell.

The broad rhubarb leaves were lying crushed and dripping close to the ground with the weight of the rain which poured on and on, refusing to stop even for a few minutes so that little Puff, a tiny mite of duckhood, could take a long breath.

The grass was so wet and heavy he could scarcely walk. The thick young sward, matted and tangled, tripped and hindered him. When he came to a bare place where there was no grass the red clay slipped from under him, or stuck to his little flat feet so that he could not lift them. But with an occasional gasp he floundered on, toiling up the broad kitchen terrace, which seemed almost a mountain to him.

At last, almost tired out and quite out of breath, he reached the top, and staggered toward the friendly shelter of a neighboring currant bush — here warm, damp and perspiring, he wiped the tears from his eyes with soiled, flabby little paws, and stood looking the very picture of misery and loneliness.

A little chicken stood on one leg, with its head under its wing, beneath a burdock leaf. A rooster, wet and bedraggled, trailed a long unseemly tail after him, which only that morning had been flourished so proudly around the poultry yard. A thin yellow and white pup, half-grown, cowered shivering and uncomfortable on a damp mat by the door, wishing miserably that he might gain an entrance.

Plainly, Puff found it was no better up here. The rain leaked right through the currant bush and splashed on his poor little head and in his eyes, almost blinding him so that he could no longer stay.

He rushed madly forth and ran against something — which looked like a stone — when lo! it swelled to three times its former size, and with stinging blows drove him out into the rain. He did not know it was his old friend, Mrs. Speckle, cover-

ing her family with her wings and that she thought him an enemy. Dear soul, she did not recognize him for the thick misty rain about her.

Terrified and shrieking, Puff sped on and on until with awful horror he beheld a pair of gleaming eyes with bristling whiskers just before him. But Pussy, for it was she, this time was intent on a mouse and barely noticed him, as with strangely shaken nerves he crept by her and crouched under a grape vine, where frightened and dismayed he looked the situation over.

"To think," he cried, "that all this should happen just because I snatched Buff's worm. When I minded my mother the sun smiled and was warm, the grass was dry and green, and we had plenty to eat, and all the rest of the little ducks they were so jolly, and how we did swim in the pool — what fun we had!"

Puff almost forgot how miserable he was — he almost laughed when he thought of that last swim he had had, he and his little brothers.

"To think that just because I did not mind my mother it should grow so wet. If I had only been good the sun would be shining now," he thought.

Poor little Puff, how miserable he felt!

When presently something moved right at his feet. Puff looked down and saw a fat worm that had been driven forth from its home in the ground by the rain.

A sudden thought seized Puff. If it had rained because he had taken Buff's worm from him, it surely would stop if he took this one and gave it to Buff. So he grabbed the worm by its middle and ran off with it struggling in his beak to find his brothers.

It was not an easy task, for the worm was active, and squirmed away from him two or three times, but on he trudged.

He remembered his mother and little brothers had been on the barn floor when he had grown angry, and had run away, declaring he would never go back again, never! For his mother had soundly boxed him for being so selfish. Then the awful thing had happened.

Puff did not know it was a rain storm. But now it was stopping, Puff noticed that. For from the very moment he had thought of doing something for somebody the day had grown brighter.

No sooner had he reached the barn where his brothers, dry and warm, were nestling under their mother's wings, and given Buff the worm, which he gobbled up in a hurry, than the sun burst out in a perfect glory of warmth and brightness.

His mother gave him a sun bath and then took

him under her wing, so downy and soft, where he cuddled up to her warm body until he slept.

It does not make much difference whether the rest of us think that the storm came because of Puff's greediness, or that the sun shone because of his thoughtfulness, or not. Little Puff *knew* it was so. But this I do know, that most of the storms that gather over our heads are because we are not always thinking sweet and self-less thoughts, and that the more we love and think kindly of other people the brighter and happier our lives are.

The Primary School's Fourth of July Picnic.

Theresa B. H. Brown.

"There comes Miss Josie! Hurrah!" shouts Sammy, and his shout is followed by a series of explosive ones from a number of tiny throats. And then such a chatter and such a clatter as they make going on board the boat! Soon the boat is gliding down the river carrying an excited but happy crew.

"Miss Josie looks d ess like a tall white angel," says Maudie.

The children laugh, the "grown-ups" smile, and Mr. S—, the superintendent, calls the little girl to him and gives her a very large stick of candy, while he winks one eye at the others. Straightway they all begin calling Miss Josie pet names, and midst shouts and laughter the sweets are generally distributed.

"We are going to the real woods—hurrah!" says Frank.

"Oh, what a nice time we will have!" says one and another.

"I think we are having a very good time now," adds Ruth.

"Yes, yes, we are, we are," shout the others.

They pass fields of corn, of golden grain. They pass beautiful cottages, yards filled with bright flowers; and finally they land at a place where the trees come right down to the water's edge. There is a creek bringing its clear purling water into the river, and the children, their mammas, papas, teachers, and all, go on shore and begin running along the banks of the stream gathering ferns and wild flowers.

How many of the little readers of WEE WISDOM have been to a picnic this summer? Then you know what the Primary School finds spread under the trees when they answer the call for dinner, because every good thing you ever saw at a picnic they have.

In the morning we noticed all the boys' pockets bulging with something, but we had been hearing

"pop," "pop," "pop"—such a racket in the woods—and we now notice the pockets are flat. We are sure their fire-crackers must be about gone.

Squirrels are chattering about the noise, and the birds seem to be asking questions. But the children in the sweet shady nooks are very happy.

"How nice it is to get away from the noisy city today," says one mamma, and all the other mammas nod their heads.

About four o'clock the superintendent blows a horn and all come and seat themselves on camp chairs from the boat, on logs, and on the ground.

Then Nellie recites a poem about the tea that was once made in the sea. She is dressed in a quaint old fashioned gown that comes clear down to her little feet, and she points her finger and nods in such a funny way when she sings—

"We kept the tune but not the tea,
Yankee doodle dandy,"

that everybody laughs and claps their hands.

Then Sammy shouts, "I'll give my girl some candy," and all laugh again.

Then Mr. S— stands under the flag and reads the Declaration of Independence. The children think it rather dull and long, but they like his talk about it better. He asks them if they know what it is to be free, and Sammy points to a squirrel who has ventured out upon the limb of a tree, as if he is trying to find out why the popping and fizzing has stopped, "He is free; he don't live in a cage, and he can run and jump as he pleases," says Sammy.

"Yes, replies Mr. S—, and we live in a country that is called a free country. Freedom is liberty. The squirrel has his liberty. Although we live in a free country, yet if we form habits that rule us then we are not free."

All the boys of the Primary School begin talking at once. They say, "We are free. We don't have bad habits, and we never will. We know God is in us."

Then they recite with Mr. S— these words, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Mr. S— told them stories of George Washington, Stonewall Jackson, Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee. (The WEE WISDOM readers will like to read how free these men were of wrong habits when they were boys.)

Now they all sing, "My Country 'tis of Thee," and Miss Josie talks to them about the flag, and this is a part of what she tells them: She points to the United States flag and says, "Blue means

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Budge's Prayer.

"Dear Lord, we thank you for lettin' us have a good time today, an' we hope all the little boys everywhere have had good times, too. We pray you to take care of us an' everybody else to-night, an' don't let 'em have any trouble. Oh, yes, an' Uncle Harry's got some candy in his trunk, cos he said so in the carriage—we thank you for lettin' Uncle Harry come to us, an' we hope he's got *lots* of candy—lots an' piles. An' we pray you to take good care of all the poor little boys and girls that haven't got any papas an' mammas an' Uncle Harrys an' candy an' beds to sleep in. An' take us all to Heaven, for Christ's sake. Amen. Now give us the candy, Uncle Harry."—*Helen's Babies.*

DEAR EDITOR:—

We were reading Morris Shafer's experience in writing for our dear little WEE WISDOM to Lavernia, when she caught the inspiration of "*Try*" for the moss cards, and going out on the porch she wrote this—the ripe cherries overhead, and the clustering roses about, furnishing her the idea.

LAVERNIA'S MAMMA.

Cherries grow on trees,
Roses grow on bushes,
But love grows in little girls.

LAVERNIA LEEMAN, age seven,
Holton, Kansas.

Little Alice's Sermons.

IV.

Reported by Mary Brewerton de Witt.

Love is the Good, and Good is Love, and naughty ain't Love, and naughty ain't true. Only Good is true. Good is wif me. Bad ain't Good. Good is Love. Bad ain't Love. Love is Good. Good can't be naughty, for naughty ain't nowhere. Good is right in our hearts, it taint far away. People think it's far away and that's a mistake. The sky moves and people think the house is movin' and that's a mistake. Shall I be naughty? No; course I won't be naughty, cause Good is wif me. Love is the Good, and Good loves me. God is wif you, because God is in you. If Good wasn't in your mind, then Love wouldn't be in your mind, and if Love wasn't in your mind why Good wouldn't be in your mind. Now if God wasn't in your mind, why Good wouldn't be in your mind.

—ALICE SAUNDERS.

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the flowers,
Kind deeds are the fruits.
Take care of your garden
And keep out the weeds;

Fill, fill it with sunshine,
Kind words and kind deeds.
Love is glad sunshine,
That comes every hour
To shine away darkness,
And waken each flower.

—*Universal Brotherhood.*

A Child's Play.

Mary Brewster de Witt.

Will you have a play with me?
You shall be the mother, see?
I will be the little girl,
For my hair is all in curl.
Now, what shall we have for tea?
You must play you're feeding me,
For I am so very small
I can hardly eat at all.
We have bestest things to eat —
Cake and pie, and candy sweet;
I'm a little girl that's good,
And I do just as I should.
Now, we'll play that you're the child,
I'm the mamma, sweet and mild.
Come, my darling, have some tea,
Then you'll take a walk with me.
"It is time to rest?" you say,
So, now ends our lovely play.

The Mystery of the Seed.

Lucy Larcom.

Children dear, can you read
The mystery of the seed —
The little seed, that will not remain
In earth, but rises in fruit and grain?

A mystery, passing strange
Is the seed, in its wondrous change;
Forest and flower in its husk concealed,
And the golden wealth of the harvest field.

Ever around, and above,
Works the invisible love;
It lives in the heaven and under the land,
In blossom and sheaf, and the reaper's
hand.

— Sower, you surely know
That the harvest never will grow,
Except for the angels of Sun and Rain,
Who water and ripen the springing grain!

Awake for us, heart and eye,
Are watchers behind the sky;
There are unseen reapers in every band,
Who lend their strength to the weary hand.

When the wonderful light breaks thro'
From above, on the work we do,
We can see how near us our helpers are,
Who carry the sickle and wear the star.

Sower, you surely know
That good seed never will grow
Except for the Angels of Joy and Pain,
Who scatter the sunbeams, and pour the
rain!

Child, with the sower, sing!
Love is the everything!
The secret is deeper than we can read;
But we gather the grain if we sow the seed.

— *Selected.*



*"Dear Father, always near us,
Hold out thy loving hand
To guide thy little children
Throughout this sunny land.*

*Oh, help us to be faithful,
And helpful through the day
To all our little playmates,
In work time or at play."*

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

The children hold out their hands when singing the second line. It makes the meaning more definite to them.

Epistles.

LA JARA, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like very much to get one of your pretty moss cards. I think WEE WISDOM is very nice. Mamma takes UNITY. I read it and WEE WISDOM a great deal. I had my eyes cured of what the doctors called granulated lids by a scientist. They are well and strong now and never give me any trouble. I am thirteen years old. From your friend, RUTH E. RUSSELL.

**

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I, too, would like one of those pretty moss cards, and so will try and write a letter. I am ten years old, and live in a big city, and go to school every day. I am in the fifth grade. I have one brother and one sister, and we love WEE WISDOM very much. I hope I am not too late for a moss card. Your loving friend, JOY WEPF.

PERRY, OKLA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like to have one of those pretty moss cards. I like WEE WISDOM very much. My mamma takes the UNITY. I have a nice little baby brother. His name is Harold. He is 19 months old, but he has one crooked foot. Please help me to straighten it with your kind thoughts. I am ten years old. Your little friend,

ZANA MOREHOUSE.

**

ANSON, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Little Agnes hasn't learned to write very well yet. You will see she *tried*. (Bless her heart, so she did.—Ed.) So I will finish her letter for her. Agnes will be six soon, and she is a real little scientist. She reads WEE WISDOM and likes it very much. She loves to read about the good boys and girls and kind Mother Sparr. She says she would love to have a moss card. She burned her hand the other day. I told her to take it to the Lord. She left the room and shortly afterward I went to see what had become of her, I found her laughing. She said, "It don't hurt, mamma, and it never made a sore." That was the last I heard of the burn. She says she knows that God hears her when she prays, for when she asks anything He always say, "All right, all right."

AGNES' MAMMA,
For AGNES AUTREY.

**

PRESTON, OHIO.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR—I like WEE WISDOM. The Pillow Verses are very nice. I say them every night. I am eleven years old, and live with the Shakers. Sister Eleanor Marshall is our care-taker. Will you send me a moss card?

Yours in love,

GERTRUDE GEPHART.

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SANDSTONE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We get you every month, and I love to read you and the pretty stories in you, and love to read the "Primary School" lessons. We loan the WEE WISDOM to our little friend that lives here. We watch faithfully for you every month and are so glad to see you. I am very careful to keep "Fairy Good Thought" with me.

I am your loving friend,

ETHEL WILMOT.

**

SILVER CREEK, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I live on a farm. We have a little pet squirrel. His name is Bunny. My mamma takes UNITY and WEE WISDOM. I like to read the little stories in them. I think the stories in the WEE WISDOM is very nice for young people,

and old, too. I am ten years old. I would like to have one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. I would love to see her. I think she must be a very nice lady to take so much trouble for the little folks.

With love to all,
NELLIE PIPER.

STERLING, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I take the WEE WISDOM. My mother takes the UNITY. Beside the UNITY she got twelve lessons from you. I thought I would write for one of your moss cards. I like to read the WEE WISDOM very much. I am twelve years old. I have five sisters and one brother. My mother learned Christian Science from Mr. Thompson. He lives at Raymond, Kansas.

I am yours truly,
FRANCIS WRIGHT.

STERLING, KANSAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We take the WEE WISDOM and we like it very much. Mamma takes the UNITY. and I read WEE WISDOM, and UNITY some. I would like to have one of the moss cards if you please. I am nine years old. Your truly girl,

LORENA WRIGHT.

TACOMA, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I should like to write for a moss card. I have no pets. I have a brother and sister. I used to have a kitten named Topsy and she was very cute. I have no garden but I plant flowers in boxes. My brother's name is Brooks and my sister's name is Helen. I am just nine years old. Good bye. Your little friend,

ETTA HASKINS.

WEST SUTTON, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I should like to have one of those pretty moss cards which I have read of in WEE WISDOM. This is the first time that I have written to you, but I have taken your paper for quite a while. It is such a sweet little paper, full of truth and good, that I should think every one would be made better by it. With love to all the Wee Wisdoms and Mother Sparr.

ALICE R. KNOWLES.

WESTFIELD, WIS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have a pet maltese kitty. One day she went upstairs in our play-room and caught a mouse and brought it down and played with it about an hour. I will like a moss card. I am eight years old. I have two brothers and one little sister. We like WEE WISDOM so much.

I am your little friend,
CHARLEY ADSIT.

WESTFIELD, WIS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like some of those moss cards. I would like to tell you about our mocking bird. My uncle gave three to my grandma and she gave us one. It sings night and day. It has a soft gray breast, a long black bill, and a dark gray back and a row of large white feathers in each wing. It has a large cage that my father made for it. Yours in Truth,

ROY ADSIT.
(Age ten years.)

(Continued from page 159.)

The Primary School's Fourth of July Picnic.

Truth, and all children who live under our flag belong to Truth and are the Truth. Whenever you look at this flag, no matter where you may be, think to yourself, 'This is my country's flag and its colors symbolize the Truth, that pure and perfect life is in every living thing.' Red stands for life, and white for purity. Perfect life is free life. Pure life is free life. If you keep your mouths from speaking anything but good words, then your lips and tongues are free and pure."

"What are the stars for?" asks Sammy.

"The stars are in the sky," says Nellie.

"Yes, Purity always shines in Truth," says Miss Josie.

"And Purity always flows along with the one life of God," remarks Mr. S—.

"What is purity?" asks Benny.

"I know," answers Charley. "If I dip my cup where the water is muddy, the water will be impure; but if I dip it where it is clear, it is pure."

"The life of the Good is pure," says Margie.

"And that life belongs to each of us," adds a gentleman.

"The beautiful flag tells us that all our states (count the stars, children,) and territories make just one country. Our flag stands for Unity. It stands for the Truth that there is just one pure, perfect life in everything. We are all one. We are free."

Then they talk about the river, the trees, the birds, the grass, the hills, the rabbits, the squirrels, and wild flowers.

Some little stranger children who are playing near come close and listen with wide open eyes, then those of Primary School share their sweets with them, and they all have supper where they dined at noon. They sing, "God is Love, His love surrounds me, in that love I safely dwell," etc., bid their new friends "Good-bye" and the happy band starts for home.

Is anybody tired? No.

From the boat in the dim starlight they let fly their rockets, pin-wheels, roman candles and other fireworks. Mr S— tells them when God's love flashes forth from within them in thoughts, words, and deeds, their faces show more loveliness than the most beautiful of the fireworks that they see streaming against the dark sky.

Now, at last, each little head is resting on its pillow, and I imagine they are dreaming of woods, flags, rivers and boats, of cake, candy, pie and fruit. I imagine they take this form in each little brain—

Fizzle! fizzle! pip-i-ty zzz—pop!
 Chug! chug! hurrah! hurrah—pop!
 Snip, sniz! ziz! zzz! snap—pop!
 Chug! chug! eh, eh, zzz! hurrah! hurrah—pop!
 Fizzle! fizzle! pip-i-ty zzz—pop!

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Lesson 1. July 2.

Gracious Invitations. Hosea 14:1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Come and let us return unto the Lord.* Hos. 6:1.

This is a beautiful lesson, for it teaches us only the love of God is true and His goodness, and it also teaches us not to think or speak or do evil, but to think and speak words of Truth only.

Once there was a man who was very angry with another man, and he wished to hurt him, so he took a spade and dug a deep pit, thinking that the man he didn't like would fall in there. Night came and the man who dug the pit had to go out and call in some of his cattle. At that moment the man was only thinking of his cattle, and as it was dark he did not see where he was going, and so walked right into the hole he had dug for another, and thus he punished himself, for he was hurt badly.

The way to keep from getting angry with others is to think of God and carry in our hearts good words all the time. No wrong thought can stay with us if we say over and over, "I am God's child, I will do right."

Remember all the time that God loves and cares for you. He will not let anything hurt you, so do not be afraid, but just think God is everywhere.

Keep your ears open all the time to hear God speak, and obey Him in all things. All good things are ours if we obey God.

To obey God is to think of Him, and know only the Good is true, for Good (God) is everywhere.

The fruit that God gives us is health, strength, peace, wisdom, prosperity, and love.

We must be very wise and then all these good things will we realize, and know that we have, for God is good to all alike.

Lesson 2. July 9.

Daniel in Babylon. Daniel 1:8-21.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Daniel purposed in his heart he would not defile himself.* Dan. 1:8.

When little children have learned the Truth, it is right for them to follow Truth, and speak and think Truth; that is, think and speak only of that which is good. If you know only the Good is true, it is not right for you to talk about sickness as if it were real, for God, you know, is greater than any evil.

If we begin to tell all the naughty things we can think of that people do or say we are defiling ourselves. We want to keep ourselves pure and holy. Then let us speak only of the good and true

Even in our games and plays we must be true to God. Do not play your dolly is sick or that your playmate is sick, for then you are not thinking of the good, and we want to make a habit of thinking of good.

Sometimes you will see little children playing war and pretending to shoot one another. Such games are not right, for we are learning about peace and love. Love is the healing power, and peace is happiness, and to keep well and happy we must play true games.

If we obey God in little ways while we are young, then it will be easy for us to obey in greater things when we are older, and we will grow up to be wise men and women, able to help and advise those about us.

Always obey the Divine Voice and do as God, the true self, wishes you to do. Do not be afraid what people say, but just think what joy it is to act as a true Christ-child both in word and deed.

Lesson 3. July 16.

The Hebrews in the Fiery Furnace.

Daniel 3:14-28.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us.* Dan. 3-17.

God can save us from anything, no matter how terrible it may seem to be. God is the only power there really is. If we put our trust in Him, and know that He is near to protect and love us, nothing can possibly hurt us. But if we are afraid, and begin to cry and scream, then we are not trusting God, and then we are apt to be hurt.

Once there was a person who was walking through a woods, when suddenly a big dog came bounding out of the bushes barking and growling at her. If she had screamed, it is likely the dog would have bitten her, but she knew she had nothing to fear for God was right there. So she looked straight at the big dog and said, "Good dog, good dog, you will not hurt me." She saw that dog many times after that and he never barked at her again.

Images made of wood, or stone, or brass, or gold, are not the only kind of idols. Anything we love better than God is an idol.

Nebuchadnezzar was a king who lived long ago. He was not a very good king for he loved his idols, and wanted everyone to do wrong also.

There were in his kingdom three men who loved God, the Good, and would not do as Nebuchadnezzar said, so the king had them thrown into a fiery furnace, and watched expecting to see the men burn before his eyes. But these men were brave and fearless; they knew nothing could hurt them for God was with them. The three men were not hurt at all, and an angel of God walked with them right in the fire. So the king commanded them to come out. The king was so surprised to see that the men were not hurt that he acknowledged the Good, and knew that there was only One Power, and that only the Good is true.

Lesson 4. July 23.

The Handwriting on the Wall. Dan. 5:17-31.

GOLDEN TEXT — *God is the judge.* Psa. 75:1.

Sometimes you will hear a boy or girl say in speaking of some little playmate, "He is a bad boy; I don't like him." Now, this is judging another by their outward actions and is very wrong. We must try and remember that God made that child, and his soul is pure and good, made in the image and likeness of God.

God always judges us good, for God sees only His own handiwork, which is beautiful as He has made it.

Now, to grow outwardly like God we must think always of Him, and remember the pure, holy Self within — that is the Christ-child.

Nebuchadnezzar was a king who did very wrong, for he judged his people by punishing them whenever he pleased, and treated them very cruelly. Nebuchadnezzar learned through his own suffering that he had done wrong.

Now, Daniel was a man who loved God, and thought of the Good, so he told Belshazzar, the son

of Nebuchadnezzar, who was then king, of the wrong he was doing. He told him that he was doing wrong in loving his idols better than God.

Belshazzar was a very young man, only a boy, and all he thought of was eating and drinking and amusing himself. He did not think of the Good nor try to follow it, so Daniel told him that he would lose his kingdom.

You see this king was very much frightened, for he had seen written on his wall the words, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," and no one could tell him what those words meant. So he sent his messengers for Daniel, a wise man, who could explain the meaning to him.

The first word, Mene, meant that Belshazzar could be king no longer, and his kingdom would be finished. The second word, Tekel, meant that Belshazzar had not done right; he had not let the good in him act. And the rest meant that other men would come and take his people, and would divide the kingdom between Medes and Persians.

Belshazzar was pleased with Daniel for telling what the hand-writing on the wall meant. So he had him clothed in scarlet, and a chain of gold was placed about his neck.

It all came to pass just as Daniel had said. You see, if we do wrong, we lose things and are unhappy; but if we do good, all good will be ours.

Lesson 5. July 30.

Daniel in the Den of Lions. Daniel 6:10-23.

GOLDEN TEXT — *The Lord is thy keeper.* Psa. 121:5.

Daniel was a man who loved to think of God. He really practiced Truth. He used to thank God three times a day for all the good that was his.

In that time when Daniel lived there were men who did not wish to follow the Good, nor did they like to see anyone else follow the Good. So they made their king promise to have thrown into a deep pit of lions any man that thanked anyone but the king.

The king loved Daniel and did not want to have him thrown to the lions, but he obeyed the men because he had made a promise.

If one, by mistake, makes a foolish promise it is much better to break it than to keep it. Never be afraid what people think, but do just as you think Jesus would do. The best plan of all is not to make any promise, for it is not right to say and do two different things.

The king had Daniel thrown into the den of lions, but the Good Self of the king spoke when he told Daniel that God would save him. The king

did not want Daniel hurt.

Early, in the morning the king went to the pit and called Daniel to find out if he was still alive. How happy the king was when Daniel's voice answered and told him that God had never left him!

So the king had Daniel taken out of the pit. The lions could not possibly hurt Daniel, for Daniel was not afraid and knew that nothing could hurt him. He just loved and trusted the lions; and he loved God so well that he knew God was right with him to protect him all the time.

Try always to remember that God is near you and with you, and nothing can ever harm you when you remember this. It is when we are afraid that things hurt and harm us. You sometimes hear people say, "Oh, I'm afraid I'll catch cold," or "I'm afraid of the wind," then, of course, they have cold for they are afraid. If they remembered that God's presence fills the wind, then they would not think of catching cold, but would remember the Presence of Health that is everywhere.

Ye Editor's Sanctum.

Do you know, dear Wisdom, as I sit here with my pen in hand this beautiful June morning, I don't feel one bit as if I were on this side of the open window and all the glories of the morning were on the other side. No. I feel just like I used to when I was a little girl, and had a habit of lying on the grass with my hands clasped under my head and my face turned skyward, when I wasn't there at all, but 'way up among the fleecy, chargeful, melting clouds, among the swaying branches of the green trees, among the birds that sang and scared—among whatever there was up there to be among. I couldn't have told that I was any one particular part of it all, for I seemed in some way to be one with it. But when I would get myself together again back into my little house-body, I would wonder how I got out and how I got in, and why I couldn't always be "up there" mixing with it all. For you see when I came to think my body was me then all the trees and birds and skies would seem to lift themselves away from me and I'd feel all lonely and shut in. If someone had only known to tell me then how it really was—how my little body was not a prison house for me, how I was both without and within it, how I was "sure enough" one with the All, sharing life with all things living, sharing beauty with all things beautiful, sharing joy with all things joyful, how glad and happy it would have made me, and how free!

Today as I feel myself out there—one with the sunshine, one with the trees and birds and skies—I understand all this, and rejoice that our Wisdoms may know they are not prisoners in their little house-bodies, that they are not separate and apart from the great glorious summer world around them. You are really the very life and soul of it all, sweet ones, for you are one with the All-and-in-All, which is God. You may know this so well that there will be nothing hidden from you. The birds and bugs, the flowers and trees—everything—will companion with you, and you will rejoice in and love every living thing. Then you will be as unhindered and free as the air, as bright and warm and pure as the sunshine, as beautiful and fragrant as the flowers, as light and full of melody as the birds. Yea, more, you will embody the Almighty Good, you will make love and gladness, health and plenty visible everywhere.

Such a lot of dear little letters have flown into the Sanctum this month—little white-winged doves—telling of home joys, and full of love, and how glad they have made "ye editor." 'Tis next to being right in your home, and how beautifully written they are. These moss cards are a sure enough magnet, and your letters are well worth them. So many of you have remembered to send a stamp. Lavernia has sent a lot of stamps. She must have guessed somebody would forget. Well, Lavernia, your measure will return you a bigger one, for "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again." And our dear little Joy! What a great "big-a-big" measure she has poured out in her love and thankfulness, great is her measure of joy and wholeness.

"Mother Sparr" will have to keep busy if she supplies this demand, but then I guess her love is like the sea—inexhaustible. The cards on hand are about gone.

Now that you have found how well you can write, who will tell us what messages these little mosses bring to you, or what they make you think of?

You will not forget Zana's request for your kind thoughts for her baby brother. Let us whisper this truth into the great ear of Silence: *Dear Harold, you are God's perfect babe. He made you perfect. He made you whole and free. He gave you two perfect feet and they are straight and strong. Remember our words are life and truth words, and when we speak them that which is true must come into sight.*

Mrs. Brown has stuffed the pillows for you this time. They will bring you sweetest sleep.

Next month is WEE WISDOM's birth month. Will you all say something at her birthday party?



Monday

Wee Wisdom's joyous
Will sing sweet words
Each night a good new song,
Through this week's happy
days.

Tuesday

Praise God for our homes,
For strength to do well,
For angels who come
Sweet stories to tell.

Wednesday

We are God's little
girls,
And God's little boys,
Living in His world,
Sharing in His joys.

Thursday

Praise God for good health,
Praise God for bright eyes,
For wisdom and wealth,
For friends who are wise.

Friday

Christ lives in me;
I am the son;
The Good I see
In ev'ry one.

Saturday

Praise God for the birds,
For sweet-smelling clover,
For His beautiful Word,
Sent all the world over.

Sunday

Praise God for the flowers,
Praise God for this night;
For love that is ours
This glad Sunday
bright.



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

July!

"Fire-cracker day!

Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Shouts our Young America.

While with patriotic vim,

Bang and sizzle, boom and bim,

Crackers fat and crackers slim,

Crackers yellow, crackers red.

Underfoot and overhead,

Blaze and boom and pip and pop.

Crack and crash and flip and flop—

All day through the conflict rages;

All day through his zeal engages.

When at night our hero rests

Satisfaction fills his breast,

Glorious victories fill his head;

"Our country's saved once more," he said.

Brightside, the organ for the Brightside School for Boys, is again on deck, strong and brave and full of good things. It would seem shadows have tried to creep in and lessen the brightness of this dear spot, which Mr. and Mrs. Field are standing to make an ideal school and home for boys to round out into healthful, useful men, spiritually, physically, mentally. We will stand by these noble workers, won't we Wisdoms? and daily declare for them that *God is for them, and no one can be against them. They are blessed and prospered, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper, for God is their unfailing friend.*

The system of healing practiced by Jesus of Nazareth is being used by many people with remarkable success. This system is taught in a regular course of instruction, lasting two week, at the Unity Headquarters in Kansas City. The next course of lessons will begin Monday, July 10th, at 8 p. m. Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore will have the class in charge. (There will be no August class.)

Miss Jerome sends the Morning Hymn (page 162) and says of it: "This little verse we use as a morning song in kindergarten, but the music is to be used soon in a copyrighted book, so perhaps some of the musical friends of *WEE WISDOM* will write some simple little melody which may be quite pretty."

Notice.

After August 1st the subscription price of *UNITY* and *WEE WISDOM* combined will be \$1.50 per year. But all who have paid up in advance, and all who will pay up back subscriptions, and all new subscriptions received between now and August 1st will be given both periodicals for the full time to which they pay, for \$1.00 per year.

You can have *UNITY* sent to one address and *WEE WISDOM* to another.



MYRTLE FILLMORE.

This story from real life is especially appreciated by children. The healing of a little boy is the basis of a narrative of twelve chapters, in which the loving care of God is brought out so clearly that even "children of a larger growth" have been converted by reading it.

One little girl writes to the publisher: "I like *WEE WISDOM'S WAY* so much that I have read it through six times, and I loan it to my little girl friends, too."

A lady of seventy years writes: "It has given me a better understanding of the practical application of this great healing power than anything I have read."

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