

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 y therefore perfect,

Even as your Father in heaven is perfect.

—JESUS.



"Old Rink's" Cherry Tree.

(Concluded.)

FLORENCE HARVEY.

"**O** BOYS!" exclaimed Johnny Morrow, the next day after Susy Turner's visit to Miss Rincon, "see what I've got! a letter through the post!"

"So have I!" and "So have I!" chimed in one after another of the little mud-ball rogues. "Who's yurn from?" asked one of them of Johnny.

"Wall! Wall! I niver!" exclaimed the surprised youngster. "Ye cud knock me down wid a feather, I'm that 'stonished! If it isn't an invite from 'Old Rink' to a party under her cherry tree! Whey! is the world comin' to an end?"

"Yes, mine be from 'Old Rink!'" "And so be mine!" rang out a chorus of voices. "'Old Rink's' goin' to give a party under her cherry tree next Sat'day afternun from two to five 'clock! Hurrah! Hurrah! for 'Old Rink!'" shouted Johnny as he flung his cap up into the air.

"Shall we be after goin'?" asked one of the younger ones of Johnny.

"What! not go to a party whar we'll git cake and all kinds of good things! You bet, we'll go!" That settled it and the boys now counted the days to the end of the week, when it would be time for the party under "Old Rink's" cherry tree.

* * * *

In her whole life Miss Rincon had never been in a greater state of excitement than she was the morning of her party; she had eggs to beat, cake to stir, and candy to pull as well as boil, for "Old Rink" was a fine cook. She was groaning, and appeared to

feel herself very much abused, but away down in her heart she was really enjoying the making of all the good things for "those torments of boys."

Miss Turner came early, loaded down with games with which she had planned to amuse the children. Her sweet face, and gentle ready assistance helped Miss Rincon along, and before two o'clock everything was ready. Susy wore a lovely lawn dress, and had insisted upon the hostess putting on her prettiest gown. As they sat waiting for the hour to arrive, Susy thought as she looked at her old friend that the interest of doing something for others, if it were only boys, had lighted up Miss Rincon's face, and somehow even the wrinkles did not show as much as usual.

"Here they are!" exclaimed Susy, her quick ear catching the first sound of many feet coming up the path. "Now you open the door, Miss Rincon, and don't forget to give them a warm welcome."

Amid much tittering and laughing, one of the boys got up his courage to ring the bell, and with a stoical air of "now or never," "Old Rink" went to the door. The little row of upturned faces, waiting to see what was going to happen next, made her smile, and I can hardly believe it myself, but her old heart was stirred, and she felt so happy to be doing something for somebody, that she kissed the first little mud-ball rogue that stepped within her door. It chanced to be Johnny Morrow, and as whatever he did was an example for the rest, each child held up his face to be greeted in that manner by "Old Rink."

"I'm glad to see you, boys," she said to them as they came inside, and her tone had a real hearty ring to it. She brought all her little guests into the sitting room, and introduced them to Miss Turner. Susy put them at their ease immediately by showing them the games she had brought with her, and they selected the ones they wanted to play. "Come now with me, boys," said Susy, "and I'll show you how beautifully Miss Rincon has arranged everything for you!" and she led the way out into the garden. The boys caught up their hats, the same ones that only a few days before had held the mud-balls, and followed the young lady out into the sweet yard. None of the youngsters had ever been in it before, except at night when they had sneaked in to steal cherries off the tree, and they were surprised to find so beautiful a spot. The sunshine had brought forth the delicious fragrance of the garden, while the bright flowers all nodded a welcome, and the white rose which climbed over the house mingled its beauty with that of the blossoming cherry tree; it all made an ideal spot for the children to gather on a Spring day, and an impression on their little minds which they would never forget. Under the huge cherry tree "Old Rink" had placed tables and chairs for her guests; here they were to play their games, and eat the good things she had prepared for them.

The boys gathered around Susy, who played the games with them; afterwards Miss Rincon became so much interested that she, too, joined them. They had a merry time, and their shouts of laughter, as someone made a lucky point, could be heard all over the neighborhood. When the hour arrived for the refreshments, how the boys did enjoy all the good things "Old Rink" had prepared for them! She and Susy had to make numerous trips into the rose-covered house after cake, lemonade, and the delicious home-made candy.

"I didn't know 'Old Rink' cud look so handsome," said Johnny under his breath to the other boys, as she came down the steps, followed by the pretty young girl carrying the good things for the feast.

As the afternoon waned, the boys decided it was time to go home; when they said good-bye to "Old Rink," she completely won their hearts (boys' hearts are so easily captured with love) by inviting them to another party under the cherry tree when the fruit was ripe; they could hardly realize that this almost sweet looking old lady was the (but so does love transform the face) same one at whom they had fired their mud-balls. As she stood under her beautiful cherry tree resplendent with its snowy blossoms, happy with the result of her pleasant afternoon with the boys, and bidding them come again, she looked really handsome, even Susy found herself wondering if this was the same old woman who one short week ago was going to have her cherry tree cut down! "Truly," she thought, "love never faileth!"

As the boys walked home they talked over the events of the afternoon, deciding it was the best party they had ever attended, and were highly delighted at the prospect of another in that sweet garden when the cherries were ripe.

"Weren't those bully games Miss Susy and 'Old Rink' played with us?" exclaimed Johnny Morrow.

"You bet!" said another of the little fellows. "And say, boys, weren't that the best cake ye ever tasted?"

"Yes, and the candy! Why, my mouth waters aftir some more! Isn't it bully though that 'Old Rink' has given us another invite?" remarked a cunning little chap.

Johnny Morrow had been thinking very fast, his small face was all wrinkled he was pondering over something so hard, and he said, "Say, boys, I've bin thinkin' its no fair for us to be callin' her 'Old Rink' any more, 'cause you see she's been awful nice, an' I think it would be more politer for us boys to be after sayin' Miss Rincon! We'll begin practicing now, an' thin we'll be all ready for the next party. What d'ye say, fellows?"

"That be a bully idee!" answered one of his companions. "Hurrah! for 'Old — no, I'm after meanin' Miss Rincon! Hurrah, for Miss Rincon an' sweet Susy!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted the boys.

"Now, boys," said Johnny Morrow, as they were separating for their different homes, "no stealin' cherries this year, nor we don't throw no more mud-balls either, 'cause it'll be lots more fun to go to another party under 'Old Rink's,'—no I'm meanin' Miss Rincon's cherry tree."

Mother Hubbard wore a wrapper,
Gathered neatly 'round the yoke;
Her bonnet "peaked" in front so queerly,
That the children called it "poke."

— W. S.

My feet they haul me 'round the house,
They hoist me up the stairs;
I only have to steer them, and
They ride me everywhere.

— GELETT BURGESS.

LITTLE PRINCE ALMAHLIG.

FLORENCE E. LATIMER.



LITTLE Prince Almahlig was the child of a very wonderful and powerful king. His father was the most powerful, kindest and richest king that ever lived, and loved his little child very much.

So one day the father made for little Almahlig a beautiful castle. It was a wonderful castle, beautiful and perfect in every way. Everything in it was made purposely for the comfort and pleasure of Almahlig. The father also gave to his child five servants, who were to do only his bidding and help him to be happy and to grow to be just like his father.

Now, with this beautiful home and all the wealth of his father at hand, Almahlig would have been a supremely happy child had it not been for one thing. Just as soon as Almahlig entered this beautiful castle he fell asleep. He slept a long time indeed, for a great many years, and in this sleep forgot all about his father, his father's power and riches, and even forgot his father's loving face.

Now during this sleep the servants his father had given him to serve and comfort him turned against him and treated him shamefully. Instead of serving him, they made him do as they wished. They defiled and destroyed so much of his beautiful castle that instead of being a pleasure and a comfort to live in, it became a great torment. They even bound poor Almahlig with heavy chains, and the longer he slept the more chains they cast upon him, so that when he awoke he could scarcely move—and the time came when Almahlig did awake!

One night a beautiful angel came to him, and touching him on the shoulder awoke him from his sleep. At first Almahlig was so dazed he could realize nothing. But as he became more fully awake he felt the heavy chains binding him, saw the ruin around, and his heart grew very heavy because of pain and sorrow. Day after day he struggled and worked to break his chains and set in repair the beautiful home:



night after night he cried from weariness and loneliness, all unmindful of his angel visitant.

For every night the bright angel appeared, telling Almahlig of his father, and of the splendor of his home, and of the power and strength that was his because of his birthright. Still Almahlig refused to believe the glad news, and continued trying to get first one then another to help him, but none could break the chains, or permanently repair the beautiful castle now so mean.

At last a ray of sunshine pierced the gloom of the castle. Almahlig remembered his father! Little by little, day by day, the memory of his past, of his father's love, his father's voice, and his father's face, came to him. He knew then that these chains and this ruined castle were not from his father. He remembered the freedom, the beautiful home given him by his father, the servants that were to serve him — not to be served — and Almahlig longed for his father, and the power and glory and riches of his father's kingdom.

Long and loud he cried for help, for the servants who ought to obey and did not, for someone to break his chains and leave him free, but no one could avail.

Still the good angel came, pleading with Almahlig, and showing him that as the chains had been fastened one by one, so they must be broken; that as he was responsible in going to sleep for the fastening of the chains, so he and he alone could break them forever, and that through the power of his birthright.

I would I could tell you how Almahlig struggled, how he first broke one chain, then another; how as he burst his chains the disordered castle became once more orderly and beautiful; how the father watched him lovingly, eagerly, and encouraged him with beautiful messages. I might tell you still more of the joy of his return to his father, how his father welcomed him, clothed him so royally, feasted, and loved him, and at last gave him a seat at his side on the throne where they should always be one and reign together. Could I tell you of all the joys of that time I

would describe heaven itself to you.

Little Prince Almahlig is simply another name for each little boy and girl born into this world. You are all princes, children of God, the most powerful King of the world. As His children you have as your birthright the power and the riches of God's kingdom. The beautiful castle is this body in which the real of you dwells. The five senses are your chief servants who will rule and bind you unless you awake and rule them. Every little one who reads this story has an angel voice calling you. If you awaken there will come to you day by day a memory of your Father and His house, of His love and tender care. Then do you, like Almahlig, "Arise and go to your father." Steadfastly keep your eyes toward Him, and then in the strength of God's own child you can break the chains of pride, impatience, deceit and unkindness, and reach the joy of the Kingdom of Heaven, even as little Prince Almahlig.

Extract From "Aunt Emma's" Letter.

Baby and I have a little rhymelet* which we've been working out this afternoon for you. Baby is helping (!). I have him in my left arm as I scribble, and he is very much interested, so interested that fingers, arms and legs are all on the go. He secured a hold on my pencil and it took great strategy to rescue it — think he'll make an author sure. Of course you know the suggestion for the rhymelet came from actual performance of Wee Wee-est. * * * My dear joy-baby is cooing and laughing as I write. I wish you could see him. He just pictures forth the names I have always called him, principal of which is "*my good baby*," and it is amusing to hear the neighbors and my friends talk of what a remarkable baby he is because he don't cry or isn't sick, but always with a smile on his face and ready for a romp.

Lovingly your friend,

EMMA H. TEEL.

* See poem "Wee Wee-est and the Shadows."

MOTHER GOOSE JINGLES AND JANGLES, UNTANGLED

By *Wilhelmine Smith*.



Dear Mother Goose sat spinning one day,
And none of the children could find her;
A Wee Wisdom spied her,
And sat down beside her,
And said she had come to remind her
Of little Jack Horner and Little Boy Blue,
And the numerous Children who Lived in a Shoe,
And wished she'd begin
Her old yarns to spin.

Because she had nothing at present to do,
So dear Mother Goose gave her wheel a quick twist,
And this was spun out for that wise little bird.

Good Mother Hubbard, she went to the Cupboard
To get her dog Tray a rich bite;

As she opened the door she heard a soft snore,
Or a gasp that seemed almost a moan.

She looked in a corner with wide-open eyes,
And saw on his back, with his feet toward the skies,
The little Cock Robin that long, long ago.

She thought had been shot dead and buried, you know.

The bird gave a flutter and start of surprise,

And chirped, "Why, I can scarcely open my eyes,

I've had such a very long nap.



"I dreamed I was shot in the heart by an arrow,
Aimed by my cheerful young friend, Mr. Sparrow,
That good-natured, brown-coated chap!

I dreamed Mr. Fly said he saw me die,

And all my friends went to my fun'ral to cry.

But the whole solemn thing was a dream, don't you see?

If you'll open the window and just set me free,

I'll fly to the top of that tall maple tree,

And whistle my friends as quick as a wink,

Including the Sparrow and dear Bobolink,

Mr. Bull and the Beetle, the Owl and the Fish.

And tell them 'twas all a mistake, and I wish

They'd believe that as long as there's air left for breath,

There's life all around us—there's not any death."



"The wheel, which had hummed round and round like a top,
Buzzed suddenly, "There, that's enough; I must stop
Miss Wisdom had better go off now to play;
Mother Goose will spin more some other fine day."





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

Class Word—THE LIGHT OF THE BODY IS THE EYE: IF THEREFORE THINE EYE BE SINGLE, THY WHOLE BODY SHALL BE FULL OF LIGHT.—Matt. 6:22.

Jewel Word—I AM FAITH.

Song Word—TRUTH IN SONG, No. 64.

Verse Word—

"O Holy Spirit, come to me;
Touch thou mine eyes that I may see
Thy wisdom, power, and majesty,
Revealed to man from sea to sea."

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

UNCLE JOHN'S COLUMN.

The Class Seed means that in us the Christ-child, which is greater than that which is in our world (our body, temples of truth), must say to the lesser things over which it has dominion, "Peace, be still." Teach your dear little eyes by telling them that they must not look for discord (darkness) in yourself and others. There is but one light, and that is the great sunshine of Truth. Let the eye be single and see only the image and likeness of God in yourself and others. With the sword of the spirit (power of the word) we shall conquer, by denying and dissolving the discord. God's grace shall enfold us anew, and we shall behold the Truth always.



NORTH CONWAY, N. H.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would let you hear from me. I am a little girl eleven years April 20th. I have a sister twelve years. I think the WEE WISDOMS are lovely papers. My sister says she would like a card of Mother Goose and I would like one of Mother Truth's cards. "The Garden and the Gate and the Key" is a nice story. I would like to see my letter in the next paper. Your loving friend,

LIZZIE J. BROOKS.

My address is Miss Lizzie J. Brooks, North Conway, Box 86.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I want to thank you for treating me, and for the nice letter and card you sent me. I slept so good Wednesday night, and hadn't slept good for three nights before. I went to Troost Park yesterday and heard the band play. I think we will go to the country this summer. I like the country. I will be nine years old next month. We have lots of nice roses in our yard. I like to read WEE WISDOM. Your little friend,

RILLA BRYAN.

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—You will find enclosed a little letter from Hazel Phillipsen, which she insists must be sent to dear Mrs. Fillmore; therefore, I have the pleasure of pleasing this little Wee Wisdom by forwarding to you her first letter as she desires. Hazel is a member of the Alameda Home of Truth Sunday School, but lives in San Francisco, Cal., to which address please forward her WEE WISDOM and oblige,

Yours in love and Truth,

C. R. WHEELLOCK.

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I go to school. I like to go to school. This is the first time I have written to anybody. Mrs. Fillmore, I want a moss card. Mrs. Fillmore, I am seven years young, and my name is

HAZEL PHILLIPSEN.

GLADSTONE, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will now write and thank you for the moss cards you sent

me. Please find enclosed 50 cents with which I subscribe for WEE WISDOM another year, for I have enjoyed reading the stories very much. I guess this is all, so good-bye. From your friend, OLIVE GRAY.

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MONTEAGLE, TENN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am going to send you "The Two Thoughts" that my father sent me. He made it up. I thought it was so pretty, and I do yet. I would enjoy it very much if you would publish it. I am going to tell you the reason why papa calls me Princess. One evening mamma was going out and she had a new dark red velvet waist on, and my baby brother said, "Mamma, you looks like a queen," and mamma wrote and told papa, and ever since he has called me Princess and mamma Queen. Grandma takes WEE WISDOM for us children; there are five of us, four boys and one girl. I am the girl. I am eleven years young. I will be twelve the 21st of September. If you publish "The Two Thoughts" please don't sign papa's name to it, because he don't want it signed, and please don't publish my letter. I enjoyed the story of "How Marjorie Blossomed" very much indeed, and was so sorry when grandma finished it. I wished it were longer. We all send love. Your loving friend —

[In reply to a request that we might publish the above letter our little friend answers as follows: — Ed.]

You may put "The Princess' Papa" after "The Two Thoughts," and you may do as you request about the letter. I am very much pleased with Aunt Mary's card you sent me. I have put it in the parlor, so as everyone can see it and read its beautiful motto. Oh, how glorious it would be if the world would only follow that motto! why, there would be no wars! Of course it is very wrong to have wars, but then if the world would follow that motto there would be nothing to have wars about. I hope that with my name will always follow that beautiful motto. "Be Happy and Free."

Forever your faithful

LITTLE PRINCESS.

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Of course I wish WEE WISDOM to visit me again. I like her and enjoy her visits so much. I wish she would come every week. — Extract from Inez Ritner's letter, Manhattan, Kan.

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ALHAMBRA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am very glad to be able to send you the money for another year's subscription. I like the Sunday School lessons very much. Yours truly,
EMMA DeCAMP.

THE TWO THOUGHTS.

PAPA'S MESSAGE TO HIS LITTLE PRINCESS.

Two thoughts, both the creation of the same mind, sped swiftly out one night on the wings of time.

The first, an evil one, bent upon crushing the heart of one of God's flowers, lingered for a time, uncertain of its release, but feeling its freedom, sped on.

The second, a good one, bright, powerful and swift, saw the disaster the evil one would bring about, and rose on its golden wings and travelled like the lightning.

When the evil thought got to the flower, there stood the good thought, radiant in all of its glory, and said, "What want you here?" and the evil one answered and said, "I am sent to poison the heart of this young flower."

"And I am sent," said the good thought, "to defend it." Then the good thought grew very bright and beautiful, and surrounded the flower with a light so strong that the evil one was destroyed; then turning to the flower it entered its heart and said, "Sweet flower, no more shall the evil thought harm you, for I shall stay with you forever."

So, little Princess, never send out an evil thought unless you send a good one to follow and destroy it, for you make unhappy someone whom you love very dearly, and the evil thought will surely come back and cause you much sorrow. Better to keep only the good thoughts with you, then you will always be safe.

— THE PRINCESS' PAPA.

All the flowers
In our thought bowers
Should ever grow upward
To higher powers.
For I'll be bound
A queer truth I've found,
They're all Johnnie-jump-ups —
No Johnnie-jump-downs.

— AUNT EMMA.

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

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

More Truth About Our Joy.

HOME OF TRUTH, ALAMEDA, CAL.

MAY 11th, 1901.

Dear Friends:

I have been quite amused to see the interest the little ones have taken in my little friend Joy, and her wise sayings, and have wanted to tell them two others I remember her giving; one is funny and the other thoughtful and wise.

Here they are:

The children were all gathering at the Home of Truth in Los Angeles for their Christmas entertainment. Some were to sing, some to play on the piano, and others to recite; among the latter was our dear little Joy. Always full of happiness with a smile upon her face, this night she was happier than ever. She tripped up the walk and steps, her mind all taken up thinking of the good time she was to have, when suddenly her little feet came in contact with something hard and she fell, her poor little nose striking the rough door mat. The hurt must have been quite painful for the skin was scratched and her nose bleeding. As a usual thing Joy is very brave and seldom cries at anything, but that night she gave in and cried loud and long. Mrs. Aspinall took her upon her lap and began treating her, but Joy did not stop crying, and we could all see that something was wrong.

Now I must tell you that Joy had always been taught that God is everywhere, and whenever she had need of help her grandmother could always soothe and quiet her by assuring her that she could not know pain, because God was in her arm or head or wherever the pain might be. Well this night she kept crying and no one could stop her until her big sister came up and said, "Why, Joy, what is the matter? Why don't you stop crying?" At this there was a fresh burst of tears and amid her sobs we heard her say, as she looked reproachfully at Mrs. Aspinall, "She don't treat me right, she didn't say God is in my nose." Of course everybody laughed at this, except Joy, who thought it a very serious matter, but Mrs. Aspinall soon

mended her feelings as well as her nose by assuring her that she was right. God was in her nose, and then Joy was *joy* again, the sunshine came back into her face and she was ready to speak her piece.

The other story is this: I was called one day to treat her grandmother who was quite ill. I gave her quite a long treatment, but she did not respond, and Joy who was sitting in the silence with me evidently saw that I did not understand the case, for presently she came up to me, and looking up with those big, blue happy eyes of hers, now so serious and earnest, she said, "Miss Rix, do you know what is really the matter with grandma?"

"No," I said, hoping to get the keynote from the child, and it came.

"All day long she groans and says, 'Good Lord.'"

I wish you could have seen the way Joy expressed her grandmother's "Good Lord." It was in the most doleful voice, but it was plain to me that I must deny grief and belief of loss for the grandmother, which I did, and she was soon well. Now do you not think that Joy is a little philosopher to put cause and effect together in this way, for we all know that untrue thinking makes untrue expression in body, called sickness?

Lovingly, HARRIET H. RIX.

SYMPATHY.

When her little baby frets and cries,

The tender-hearted Mrs. Rue

Just rings her hands and heaves great sighs,

"Boo-hoo-hoo-o-o!"

There they sit and cry together,

And, oh, there's a spell of rainy weather!

When her little baby frets and cries

The tender-hearted Mrs. True

Just laughs with her mouth and smiles with
her eyes,

"Cock-adoo-doo-o-o!"

There they sit and crow together,

And, oh, there's a spell of sunny weather!

— From *Just to Help*.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE:

YOUR WEE WISDOM has won my heart. God will most surely bless you for the seeds you scatter. The glories of never-ending Easter shine for thee and thine.

— W. H. T.

SHORT SERMON BY PARSON CRACKER.

BY AUNT EMMA.

Illustrated by our own artist, Young Rick.



NOW, don't you laugh for I can preach a sermon. There's more in me than you think. I don't want any silly girls to be afraid and cover up their ears and scream—there's nothing to be afraid of, and I, like other preachers, want to make all the noise myself, and then you might miss hearing something.

My text is taken from the first chapter and first verse of the Book of Common Sense and is as follows: "There is Truth in everything."

You wouldn't think there was much Truth in a fire-cracker, now, would you? Of course I don't tell lies, but I mean that which teaches of omnipresent Truth. Well, I am very much like the word of Truth. I am small and insignificant looking, but there is wonderful power wrapped up in me, but no one would know it if the "light" (understanding) were not applied to it, which liberates the power. Even though I'm what the boys call a "fizzle" my power is liberated. So with a word of Truth, although we sometimes do not hear a great report from it, it "goes off" and a power for good is set free.

Like Truth I spend all my power for freedom. Every Fourth of July I am used in great quantities to express America's realization of freedom. I know Wee Wisdoms shoot their fire-crackers, not only for national freedom, but for the freedom of Truth, so you may all give a shout for this glorious freedom while I "go off."



HARRIET H. RIX.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSON 1. JULY 7.

God the Creator of all Things.
Genesis 1:1-2:3.

GOLDEN TEXT—*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.*—Genesis 1:1.

We are going to study the Old Testament for the rest of the year, and I am sure we will get many beautiful life lessons from these old stories, and we shall find too that the same Christ Spirit was alive and working in the people then as it was afterwards in the life of Jesus and as it is today.

We often hear from the lips of little children questions such as these: "Who made me?" "Who made the world, the fish, birds, animals and everything?" Well, our lesson today answers these questions, for in it we find that God made everything, yes, everything, from the light to man, and it also tells us *how* he made these.

In reading the first chapter of Genesis over, did you notice how many times it is written, "And God said"? I have just counted them and find they are repeated more than nine times. Now what do you think they were said so many times for? It must have been to teach us a lesson, and the lesson is this, that everything is made by speaking the word, for you notice that every time anything was made, God said, "Let there be" and at once it appeared.

In the first chapter of the book of John we are again taught about the power of the word. Let us turn to it now and read the first verse. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." And the third verse says, "All things were made by Him (the Word), and without Him was not anything made that was made," which means that before the grass or waters, flowers or living creatures appeared they were in God's mind as ideas, and He let them come forth to be seen and admired and used, and they could not be made without thinking.

So, children, it is just as true today, and

whoever can and will speak true words can say to the darkness of ignorance, "Let there be light," and wisdom and knowledge will appear; or to sickness, "Let God's health come forth," or to sorrow, "Let joy be manifest," and it will be done. It makes no difference how little or young in years you are, you may begin to speak true words for bringing forth God's truth. You may speak them aloud or silently as seems best, oftentimes it is wisest to speak them silently in the heart.

In the lesson you notice that God blessed everything He made, and called it good and very good, so let us bring forth only the good, for as God never made evil and never made any mistake, so we will not think or speak cross, unkind or impatient words, and so everything we do or say will be good and very good.

LESSON II. JULY 14.

Beginning of Sin and Redemption.

Genesis 3:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.*—Rom. 5:20.

In our last lesson we learned that God made everything and that he made it good, so we know that God made the all-Good. Now in this lesson something that is not good, something that God never made, is spoken about, and that is sin, and we all want to know how it came into the world and how it will go out. Now first we must know that sin is unreal, because not made by God. It is just the wrong use of the good. Perhaps you will understand this better when you think of fire. If you use it with wisdom it becomes a great blessing, cooking your food, warming your house, giving you light and doing much else that is good, but if you use it carelessly or unwisely it may destroy your house and bring trouble. So it is with the gifts God has given you, such as life, energy, time, love, mind, etc. You must use them for the good all the time, then all will be well, but if you use them for selfish ends or to harm another, that is sin.

Now Adam and his wife were told by God not to eat of the tree of evil, which really means not to believe in evil, but they were disobedient, and the result was suffering. Adam and Eve are right within us, and God, the Good, keeps saying to them, "Obey the Good," "Love the Good," and as we do, peace follows.

You see the moment Adam and Eve opened the door to evil and began to believe that they could sin and that there was something besides God, a whole company

of error thoughts came along, first shame and guilt, which made them feel impure, then instead of loving God they began to fear Him, which made them unhappy.

Now, children, all the trouble in the world comes from believing in evil, and of course you know that the serpent was not a real snake but was what we call temptation, which should never be listened to a minute. As each and all declare the Good to be the only power, sin, sickness, fear, poverty and death will all go away, leaving this world like the first Garden of Eden, beautiful and joyous, full of peace and plenty, health and harmony.

There is another very good lesson here, and that is found in Adam casting the blame of his wrong actions upon Eve, then Eve blaming the serpent for her mistake, and I suppose the serpent had someone or something else to blame. Do you think we can ever blame another for our wrong doing? Sometimes little boys and girls try to excuse themselves in this way, but it is never true, no one is to blame for our shortcomings, and by feeling and knowing this we can overcome, but by putting the blame of wrong on someone else we will fail to overcome it in ourselves. Remember always that there is something in you stronger and greater than any temptation, the Christ, who will win for you every time if you will let him.

LESSON III. JULY 21.

Noah Saved in the Ark. Gen. 8:1-22.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.*—Genesis 6:8.

This is the story of Noah and his ark, into which went all the animals and birds, fish and people that were to be saved from the flood.

Many of you have probably played with a little wooden Noah's ark, that funny ship-like house, filled with little stiff trees and painted wooden animals and men. I suppose somebody has explained to you the meaning of that plaything, and you know its history is written in the Bible. It is not written to frighten little children, but to show them how safe and secure they are in God. You know the Bible is full of blessed promises of safety and protection for God's children. The first verse of the 91st Psalm is one of these beautiful promises; it reads, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Now, Noah's ark represents this secret place; it is a safe place from every storm, and sometimes we call it love. In the story

the ark is shown to be so very large that it could take into its shelter every one and every thing that belonged there.

Every one belongs there who loves the good. The dove of peace is there and the innocent lamb. The serpent of wisdom and the lion of strength and power, the horse of intelligence, and the birds and butterflies of beauty.

Now let us come right home into our very hearts with this Noah's ark story, and not think of it as something that happened a long time ago. God's secret place in us is love, for what else could it be; yes, love is God's Noah's ark in our mind, the very center of all that is good. Here every thought within us that is worth saving, can come and find refuge, and every thought that is not worth saving we are glad to give up, these must go down and out of our life forever.

LESSON IV. JULY 28.

God Calls Abraham. Genesis 12:1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT—*I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.*—Genesis 12:2.

Abraham, or as he is called here for short, Abram, stands for faith. Faith and God are one and the same thing. Now in the next five lessons we are to study the life, character and work of Abraham, so you must remember all the way through that faith, Abram and God are one.

The first thing we notice in this lesson is that faith is obedient to God. Whatever God commands, faith does without any question, so that when God told Abram to go away from his home and people into a distant land he does not hesitate. His faith teaches him that God will safely lead him all the way. Have you never seen boys and girls who never think of obeying until they ask all kinds of questions, and make all kinds of objections and excuses for not obeying? When their mother asks them to do this or that the first thing they ask is "Why?" or "What for?" This lesson will help such children to be quick in obeying the good.

Abraham was led by God away from home into a strange land, the land of Canaan, where people believed in sin and did not know God. He was to take his faith there and by it turn this land of darkness into a land "flowing with milk and honey." Dear children, your faith is to do this work, too. Some of you hereafter will become healers, teachers, and preachers of the Word of God. Like Abraham, you cannot always remain at home with your

mother and father, but will go forth when the right time comes to do this work of faith. Just now you are like little birdlings in their nests, growing and being cared for, but like the little birdlings a day will come when you cannot stay in the home nest, it would not be good for you to do so.

Sometimes the mother bird has to push her little ones out of the nest, for she knows they have wings and must use them. At first they may be afraid when they find themselves in the open air without any support, but, oh, how glad they must be when they find how free a life it is to have wings and be able to use them.

You have wings, your wings are faith, use them now, and when the time comes for you to go forth to be a help to all people you will be ready.

Here we see seven promises given to Abraham, and not only to him but to everyone who works in faith. Let us name them:

- 1st—I will make of thee a great nation.
- 2nd—And bless thee.
- 3rd—And make thy name great.
- 4th—And thou shalt be a blessing.
- 5th—And I will bless them that bless thee.
- 6th—And curse them that curse thee.
- 7th—And in thee shall all families be blessed.

Whoever is full of faith is a great blessing to this world, they are blessed, and they become like a great light shining for all.

Now I think it will be easy for you to understand all seven of these promises, except, perhaps, the sixth one, which says, "I will curse them that curse thee." Now, God, who gave the promise, is Love and Faith, and these never curse anyone, so this promise can only mean that all evil, every thing that hurts, and has not faith in God, must be destroyed by faith. Such things as fear, disease, unrest, poverty, etc., will all be made nothing by faith.

BESSIE'S QUESTIONS.

Come, little Firefly, and tell to me

If little fairies at night you see,

Or, as I have heard people say,

You light little fairies on their way.

Tell me, little Firefly, tell me true,

Do they wear little caps of red or blue?

Tell, me are fairies and angels the same,

Or are they all angels with just another name?

Dear little Firefly, lend me your light,

And I will seek fairies some moonlight night.

—REPORTED BY BESSIE'S MAMMA.



HERE we are once more, my Wisdoms, and what shall we talk about today?

"Young America" seems to gravitate towards powder and patriotism these days. Ye Editor wonders what kind of a lesson we could get out of it all. We'll commence with questioning this boy who is nearest.

"What is all this noise and hurrah about, my boy?"

"Oh, its 'cause *we* signed the Declaration of Independence the Fourth of July."

"Right, but *when* did we sign it?"

"Oh, in 1776."

"Quite a little time ago for a boy of eleven, but *why* did we sign it?"

"Oh, to make us free."

"Who free?"

"Why, the country, of course."

"What was this Declaration of Independence?"

"Some papers that told 'em we weren't going to be bossed by 'em any more."

"Told who?"

"England and King George, of course; they thought they owned us, but they 'got the hooks.'"

"That was a long time ago. Why do you want to fire crackers and hurrah over it today?"

"'Cause we're patriotic and want to keep our country saved."

"Saved from what?"

"Oh, saved from — oh, *everything*."

"You mean *everything* that enslaves it and brings wrong to its people, for our country is made up of people, and it is really the good of each that makes up the good of all. Look 'round and tell us who of all the people you know that help make up this 'free and happy country' are really free and happy. Why are they not?"

"Because some are poor and some are sad and some are sick."

"Will all the powder and patriotism fo

your Fourth of July frolic save the people from these enemies?"

"I 'spect not."

"While we as a nation have declared our independence from the rule of other nations and other powers, yet as a people we are abject slaves. To what? Just ask anybody and see if he is not wanting freedom from something."

"And you? Is my patriotic, shouting boy so free that he will not be mastered by his temper all this day?"

How would it do for us to have a *real* Fourth of July, and draw up a Declaration of Independence of our very own, that should set us free indeed, not from foreign servitude alone, but from these home masters that keep us under the whip all day long, and give us neither rest nor peace?

"His servants ye are to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey."

We will declare ourselves as no longer yielding to the servitude of fear and anger, of impatience and selfishness, and bad habits, but we will "*know* the Truth that makes us free," and we will let Love be the Goddess of our Liberty, and Kindness the Father of all our country; then pain and disease, sorrow and want can never find a foot-hold, and we will be a glad people, and our patriotism will vent itself in remembering, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

Next month "the boys" will have possession of the Sanctum. Ye Editor *knows* you will all be on hand to prove as it is written, "*Wisdom is justified of her children*." Send in your letters, stories and other contributions right away. Who will help with the illustrations? Dorothy, you will have to take up your pencil! And Ralph, don't forget us with yours. And we know *there are others*. Hunt around and find what *you* can do to make glad WEE WISDOM's birthday.

We have a beautiful story for September number, written and illustrated by our loved friend, Lucy Kellerhouse, and many other good things are waiting for you.



50 cents per year.

5 cents per copy.

Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings per year.

Published monthly by

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY.

1315 McGee St.

Kansas City Mo.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

ONE FOURTH OF JULY.

"Dot" and "Babe" were two wee maidens,
 And it happened years ago
 Their wise heads were great with planning
 For Aunt Julia's birthday. So
 Papa bought them flags and fireworks,
 Bombs and crackers, all to make
 Glad and great the celebration,
All for dear Aunt Julia's sake.

When at last the day long looked for
 Burst with boom and bang and bim,
 With great wonder these wee maidens
 Heard the music, shout and din.
 For a problem they were solving,
 And they stated it this way—
*"How did everybody find out
 This is Aunt Julia's birthday?"*
 — M. F.

Our dear little Margaret (you remember
 her—she visited us a year ago) asked
 the other night, "Is the sky the moon's
 bed, mamma, and where does the dark go?"

"Aunt Seg" has made the Den a visit
 and painted a beautiful picture on its walls!
 It makes you feel as if you had suddenly
 come up to a beautiful little valley and
 lake in the mountains.

We come to the end of our fifth year
 with rejoicing, because of the increasing
 manifestation of the Good that is coming
 to WEE WISDOM, and so to all of its readers.
 Each one of you is a radiant center for the
 Good, and it is for *you* to keep so pure and
 sweet in mind and thought that no dark-
 ness can come nigh to dim your radiance.
 God blesses you all abundantly.

Have all our little writers received their
 cards? We feel quite out of debt now that
 we have gotten the long promised cards
 sent out. If anyone has been missed who
 is entitled to one let us know *quick*. We
 are ready to assume more debts of the
 same kind. So write right away. Mother
 Truth and Mother Goose have had their
 heads together quite long enough to bring
 something to pass. "Aunt Mary" didn't
 guess how many of you there were, her
 cards were gone too quick, but we found
 some others.

A NEW VOLUME.

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

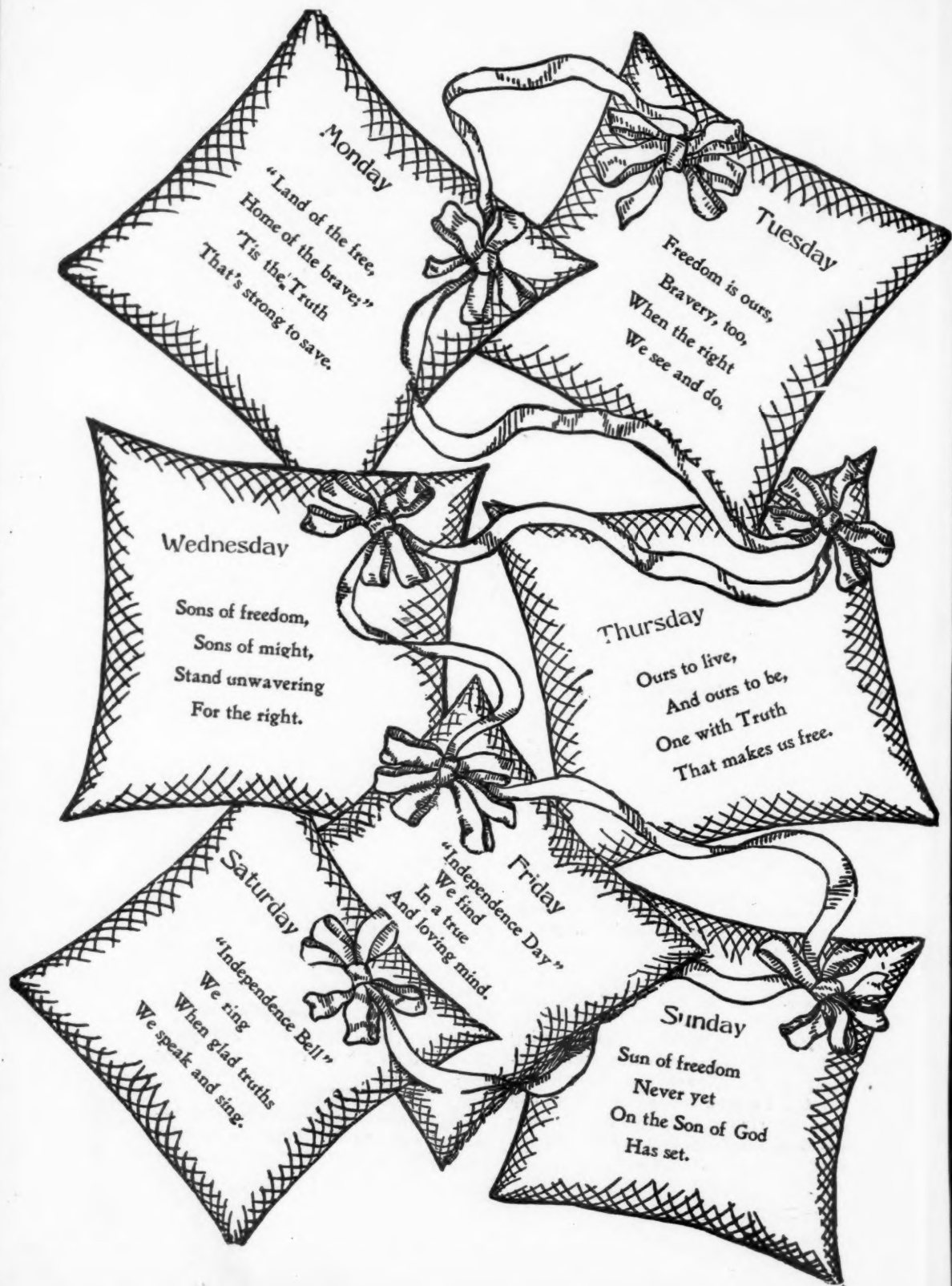
WEE WISDOM will not be changed in size
 or price the coming year. Only she will
 wear a beautiful new dress on her birthday,
 which is the gift of the artist who makes
 the Mothers Goose and Truth illustrations
 for WEE WISDOM, and who loves WEE WIS-
 DOM and all the Wisdoms very dearly.

STERLING, KAN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—We have twenty-
 seven little chickens and four hens a-setting.
 I got 90 in writing. I have a piece to
 speak from the "Cup-Bearer" for the last
 day of school. I gave my doll to Margie.
 I did not get a May-basket, but gave
 four May-baskets away. I gave one to
 Miss Burtona.
 THANET WRIGHT.

Thanet has sent Royal two little "teensie"
 black Guinea Pigs. The boys say they
 sing.

Don't forget to bring a new subscriber—
 each of you—to Wee Wisdoms birthday
 party next month.



Monday

"Land of the free,
Home of the brave;"
'Tis the Truth
That's strong to save.

Tuesday

Freedom is ours,
Bravery, too,
When the right
We see and do.

Wednesday

Sons of freedom,
Sons of might,
Stand unwavering
For the right.

Thursday

Ours to live,
And ours to be,
One with Truth
That makes us free.

Saturday

"Independence Bell"
We ring
When glad truths
We speak and sing.

Friday

"Independence Day"
We find
In a true
And loving mind.

Sunday

Sun of freedom
Never yet
On the Son of God
Has set.

