

WEE WISDOM.

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



PARTNERS.

Dear little gard'ner, with hoe and rake,
A wonderful fortune he's going to make
By raising of radishes, onions and peas,
And at harvest time by the selling of these;
At least so he told me, and I know he will,
For faith and hard work little pockets will fill.

"And who is your partner in this wonderful scheme
Compared with which Croeses' wealth would seem
But a mere bagatelle?" I asked of him,
When quickly answered

this wise little Jim:

"Why, God is my partner,
don't you know,
Or dese here seeds
would never grow.

... AUNT EMMA.






VOL. VI.

KANSAS CITY, MO., MAY, 1902.

No. 10.

Tom Blackburn's Lesson.

COUSIN JOE.

" H, GIRLS are such a bother!" said Tom Blackburn crossly to his sister Lucy. "They always want a feller to stop when he is ready to go somewhere. Now cry, you baby, for you will be a beauty with red eyes and a swelled nose to go with that red hair."

"My hair is not red, Tom Blackburn," sobbed out Lucy.

"Not red!" sneeringly cried Tom, "what do you call it, I would like to know?"

"Grandpa and Cousin Pinnie say it's golden, and they know," replied Lucy, wiping away her tears.

"Well, I guess I know, too. We are studying color in our schools, and the teacher said I had a fine eye for color, and would make a good salesman in some dry goods store. I see myself doing that for a living," said Tom with a flashing eye, and a decided nod of his head; "just waiting on women and girls that never know what they want, and make a feller pull down all the things from the shelves, as those old maids did the other day when mamma sent me to the Lace House. Excuse me, it is bad enough to have to wait for *one* girl."

Mrs. Blackburn entered the room with

Lucy's coat and hat in time to hear the last remark. She glanced at Tom, but said nothing. Tom looked very sheepish, for he admired his mother very much, and he did not like the look on her face. She was a very wise woman, and managed her children with great tact and judgment.

"Tom, you will please take off Lucy's coat and hat when you get your seats at the theater. If there is anything she does not understand in the opera of 'Pinafore,' you will explain it, as I have many times done for you," said Mrs. Blackburn pleasantly, as she washed Lucy's face and brushed her hair.

Tom quietly said, "Yes, mamma."

When they were ready Mrs. Blackburn kissed Lucy, and put her hand on Tom's shoulder for one minute. Tom had said one day, when in a temper fit, "Oh, I hate kissing! Girls are always slobbering." Mrs. Blackburn had never offered to kiss him since this speech, well knowing how fond of kissing he was, and how he longed to kiss her, and have her kiss him when he left home.

Tom was very silent on the way to the theater, and every once in a while he would glance at Lucy's hair, and the pretty golden brown hat, that toned down at the hair that he had so spitefully

declared was red. He did not seem comfortable in his mind, but Lucy chatted away, happy in the thought of the good time they were going to have at the matinee, for both children enjoyed music very much. Lucy was a loving soul and forgave quickly all of Tom's speeches, for he was a real hero in her eyes. Had he not whipped the bully of the neighborhood, when he tormented Lucy as she was returning from school? Had he not walked two miles to save the train from being wrecked, when the bridge was swept away so suddenly in the freshet last Spring, and he happened to be on the opposite bank from the town, and it was from that direction the train would approach the town?

Arriving at the theater, they were shown to their seats, and soon the opera, "Pinafore," commenced.

Tom was passionately fond of music, and it could charm away his "black spells," as Bridget, the cook, called his temper and fits of disgust with himself when he yielded to his ill-humor. But something was wrong this afternoon, the reproving look in his mother's eyes kept coming before him. When they sang about being polite, and saying, "If you please," Tom looked sober, and when between acts Lucy said, with beaming face, "Tom, how lovely it is about being polite, and always remembering to say 'please?' I am going to say it always to you and mamma."

Tom felt real small, and said, "How mean I was to Lucy;" then he felt in his pocket for the dime with which he intended to buy a ball, and he said, "Excuse me a minute," and he went out and soon returned with a bag of candy for Lucy, and as he never did anything by halves, he insisted she must eat it all, and would not share it with her. He told her, "I do just like to see you suck it, you do enjoy it so."

□ After Lucy had eaten the candy, and the music had soothed him, he became so pleasant, and explained everything to Lucy between the acts, making her have a delightful time. She exclaimed, "Tom, you shall have my new fairy book when we get home."

Just before the opera finished Tom heard a lady behind them say to her companion, "The best part of this opera is that dear boy in front of us with his little sister. It is so refreshing now-a-days to see a boy of his age take his sister along; then he is so kind and polite to her."

"Oh, yes," the other lady replied, "he is such a gentlemanly boy, buying her candy and entertaining her. How I wish my Harry was like him. Oh, he teases his sisters so much, and makes them cry that two of my boarders have left on account of it."

Tom felt the blood rushing through his neck, for he remembered that he had teased Lucy last week and made her cry, when that gentle Miss Grey was visiting his mother, and he wondered if that was the reason she went home the next day.

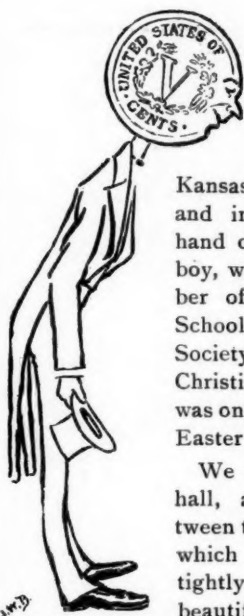
Presently the lady remarked, "The little girl, with the golden hair, is so fond of him he could not help but be polite to her. One can see plainly that she thinks that there never was quite so nice a brother. Such admiring looks! Such love in the blue eyes!"

"A boy with such a noble face as he has could not be mean," warmly responded the lady's companion.

Tom walked home saying over and over to himself, "*I will be the boy that those ladies think I am.*"

"Every little minute has some work to do,
And the busy fingers must be good and true."

The Au-to-bi-og-ra-phy of A Nickel.



Such doings, such happy faces and bright smiles, such loving greetings, and good cheer generally; it was never before my fortune in all my wanderings up and down the earth.

Now listen, dear Wees, and I'll tell you all about it. It chanced that Easter morning found me in

Kansas City, Mo., and in the chubby hand of a dear little boy, who was a member of the Sunday School of the Unity Society of Practical Christianity, and who was on his way to the Easter service.

We entered the hall, and from between the little fingers which held me so tightly I could see beautiful flowers, feathery palms, and pots of the pure white Easter lily arranged with exquisite taste about the platform and wherever there was available space. Being a nickel, and not one of the humans, I could hear the flowers talking to each other, and saying how glad they were to be there, and agreeing to send out their strongest, sweetest perfume, and the palms were to wave their branches; all to welcome the friends who came, and to do their part in making the day a gladsome one.

Then the exercises began with the singing of a "Glory Song," and I wish you could have heard the Kansas City Wees sing. My little boy sang until he was red in the face. After a prayer of affirmations by the school, the Superintendent gave a short address, or Easter greeting, at the close of which a wee girlie tripped to the platform, and presented her with a bunch of white

hyacinths, and concealed among the loops and knots of the white ribbon which bound them was a little satin bag, in which were some coins that looked much like me, only *they* were gold. This was an Easter love-offering from the school, and did n't that Superintendent's eyes shine with happiness as she received this love-token, and expressed her thanks.

There were nods, and nudges, and whispers of "I helped," "so did I" among the children, and they all seemed so happy over it.

Then more singing, after which came a recitation by a little girl, followed by five little boys ascending the platform and giving the Easter recitation which appeared in March WEE WISDOM, and which was written by Ye Editor. How bravely these little fellows told of the "Living Christ" who is within each soul, and who banishes all weakness, sin and gloom, when set free by loving thoughts.

Then followed a violin solo by one of the boys, which seemed to lift us into realms of glory with its strains of melody. Even the hard heart of a nickel was melted.

A special Easter offering was now taken, and my little boy placed me in such a position in the basket that I could see all that took place most beautifully. At the conclusion of the services, this offering, and it was a generous one, was presented to the speaker of the Society.

Now I will tell you about the beautiful

Cantata, "The Birthday of Hope," which was next on the program. Hope's birthday was this glad Easter-day, and she was celebrating it. To this celebration Joy came with twelve attendants, who marched in singing, "We Come with Easter Lilies." With songs and quotations from the Bible, which told of the resurrection into a new glad life, they gathered around Hope and crowned her with ivy, and filled her arms with flowers. Into the midst of this brightness Grief comes with her robes of black, and Hope, Joy, and the attendants turn their attention to her, and seek to point out to her the way to happiness through loving service to others rather than to dwell upon the dead past with its gloom. They sing to her, and tell her of the words spoken by the dear "Elder Brother" as he told of the joy of the new life. Grief was ready to learn of this beautiful life, and soon threw away her dismal robes, and appeared in the pure white garments of the resurrection, and was no longer known as Grief, but with the new name—Satisfaction—joined with Hope and Joy in a song of praise, and the "Alleluias" just rang from the lips and the hearts of these happy ones.

The grown-ups had no part in this—the Wees did it all, and they did themselves proud. The address to the school by the speaker was both instructive and entertaining, and then I was taken with my companions and placed in another satin bag, and given to this beloved leader, who took us home to that happy family where live the three boys you so often hear about in WEE WISDOM.

Thus closed one of the brightest days of my life, and I tell you that the bond of union which unites these Unity people is *Love*, and it is mighty.

Of my future wanderings I may tell you when we meet again.

Till then, good-bye, —A NICKEL.

SWEETER PETER.

Oh! Sweeter Peter is the queerest boy,
A hearty little dumpling of a lad;
His funny sayings and his happy smiles
Would make a rank misanthrope bright and glad.

A small policeman-dimple stands beside
The gate whereat these words and smiles
come out,

Who seizes, hustling quickly off to jail,
Each angry word and sulky little pout.

And when the Giant Cross comes prowling
'round

To vex the little boys and spoil their fun,
If he but shows his head a-near that gate
Out pops the dimple—see that giant run!

When Bobby came half-frozen from that pond,
With tingling ears and frosted nose and thumbs,

Peter looked sorry; then he gravely said:

"I fink I'll wait, and skate when summer comes."

He bought once for his aunt a birthday gift—
A fine tin horn, the kind so dear to boys;
"For Auntie gives me fings I like," said he,
"'N' I fought she'd like this, 'cause it makes a noise."

He's sure that "lec'ric" lights just love to shine

So little children need n't be afraid;
That mud don't mean to soil, and hard-wood floors

Are sorry when they bump a person's head.

He thinks the dear Lord Christ was "awful dood"

To turn from men to visit children small;
And when His followers spoke rebukingly
To say, "Why! they don't bovver me at all."

He has the knack of turning gloom to sun,
That best of all the gifts the gods bestow;
Oh! Sweeter Peter is the queerest boy—
He's just a lump of love from top to toe.

— Selected.

When the night comes softly down,
Stars pave the way to Sleepy-town,
Barefoot pilgrims clad in white
Through the mazy, charmed height.
Sleepy-town has secrets rare
For the pilgrims gathered there.

The Barton Kids.

Ralph and Beatrice were visiting *Life* for March, and we had such a generally good time with them, Ye Editor asked if they might come 'round and make WEE WISDOM a similar visit, to which the editors of *Life* kindly consented; so here they are for our May-day party. Ralph has brought with him a nice story, called "The Kind Prince." You can see Ralph is a Band of Mercy boy, and the kind little Prince must have a kingdom in Ralph's own heart. Beatrice has brought a story with her, too, but as she has not chosen a good May-day name for it, we prefer the story she told in *Life*. Here it is:

"Once upon a time there was a pretty pink rose, whose name was Lily. Lily was sitting in the garden one day. She was all alone in the garden. A little girl came and picked Lily, and then Lily was dead. Lily wasn't alive again, but the little girl was. She wasn't a good little girl, but Lily was a good rose."

We think Beatrice will have to learn a few of Ralph's good adjectives. We would like to have her rewrite and rename the little story she sent, "The Bad Boy," and call it "The Good Boy." And let her sweet little fancies run out and gather in all the good that ever a boy could think and do. We want good boys. Hosts of good boys! And it's just such sweet, happy, loving little hearts as Beatrice that are to help furnish patterns for good boys.

Ralph and Beatrice have been brought



up in the wholesome atmosphere of the "New Thought," so that the opening of their little lives and minds has been as natural as the unfolding of the blossoms in the sunshine.

In speaking of their home life and its freedom and spontaneity, Mr. Barton says:

"These chaps are full of life, and often romp and turn over chairs and make things lively about the house, I tell you, but what's a home without children, anyway? If I didn't have any, I'd go out and hunt some up and bring them in. A home where there are no children may be very tidy and nice, and have no marks on the walls, or finger prints on the window pane; but, my! what a dismal dungeon it is! I

would n't want to live in such a place, would you? And I romp with these two kids of ours whenever I have time. In Spring and Summer and Autumn, we do have the most delightful walks in the woods. Here we throw stones, make whistles, wade in water, climb bluffs, and have a royal good time generally. Bless the children!"

What a nice time Ralph and Beatrice must have! How sweet it is for young life to flow on naturally and joyfully, without the constant check of "don'ts" and "must n'ts!" A truly happy child will never do much that is out of the way. But here is Ralph's story for you:

THE KIND PRINCE.

RALPH W. E. BARTON.

Once there was a Prince who was very kind. One day he went into the woods alone. A man came along on a horse and was beating the horse awfully hard with a whip. The Prince stopped the man and took the whip away from him. When he went home he was asked where he got the whip; he told the story from beginning to end. The King sent for the man and had him put into prison, but the Prince got his father to let the man go if he would promise never to do anything bad again. Not long after that the Prince was made King of another land. The people liked him well, and he liked them, and ruled well and wisely over the land for the rest of his days.

"We're all at school in this world of ours,
And our lessons lie plain before us;
And what is it life is trying to teach?
It is patience, truth and kindness.
Is the lesson really beyond our reach?
Oh, no, no! willful blindness."

"A mother's love is the same kind of
love as God's love."

LITTLE STORIES BY LITTLE WRITERS.

THE BLUEBIRD'S HOME.

HELEN NACE.

[Nine years old.]

ONE day Alice was busy at play with her doll when she saw on the window sill, as she looked up from her play, two little bluebirds, and she put her doll down, and got up and ran to the window to watch the birds. The snow was falling very fast, and the little birds were flitting about trying to find something to eat. Alice went to the pantry and got some bread. She then went to the window and sprinkled the bread on the window sill. The little birds had soon carried it all away, and the next day Alice's father had a little bird-house put up for the bluebirds, and they moved in and lived there the rest of the summer.

ROSE GAY AND HER PETS.

ALTHEA G. NORRIS.

[Eight years old.]

ROSE Gay lived in a small house by a large wood, and she had two of the sweetest kittens that ever lived, so she thought. One was coal black with a white spot under its chin; the other was snow white all over. They always went to bed with her at night, and got up with her in the morning. They were called Cato and Plato.

One day Cato strolled away and got lost. When Rose's papa came home that night Rose told him that Cato was lost, and he went out with a torch and tried to find Cato, but he could not. The next night he did the same, and succeeded. He found him in a hollow tree at the other side of the wood, and Cato was as wretched a sight as you could wish to see.

Rose was so glad that she ran and

jumped about and clapped her hands. And ever since that Cato has been willing to stay at home.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

S. H. S.

ONCE there lived an old pussy cat who had six little kittens. They loved to play together, and they often played together for hours at a time. They had much fun chasing a rubber ball, or knocking a spool around that was tied to a string on a chair, or something like that.

They would often play hide-and-seek, and one afternoon they were playing out on the porch, running after each other's tails, when their mother came and said she would teach them to catch mice; so she led them to a corner where there were some boxes and old rubbish. It was here the mice came out mostly. She then placed them around the hole where they watched and waited for a while. Pretty soon out came a mouse. At once all the kittens jumped upon it, and at once they all began to fight over it till it nearly got away, and then the mother caught it and ate it herself. After she quieted the kittens she gave them a great lecture about being good.

She didn't believe in quarrelling and fighting. Soon this little trouble was forgotten, and afterward they lived peaceful and happy together.

KITTIE TAR.

AUNT AGGIE.

THIS kittie was named Tar, because she is black as tar all over, except a few white hairs at her throat. She is a very loving kittie, and full of fun all the time. She plays with everything, and sometimes gets hold of things we do not like to let her play with; but she is so loving that we all love her, even

if she does get into mischief. You know love comes back to everyone who gives love.

One evening my brother sat working on his books. He did not know that Tar lay on a cushion just behind his chair, but when he put his pen up back of his ear, kittie saw it, sprang and caught hold of the pen quickly.

Hearing my brother say, "No, you can't have that," I looked up and saw kittie standing in his lap with her two forepaws on his shoulders, looking for the pen.

I said, "Tar, take the tooth-pick out of his mouth." She turned her head toward me. I told her again to take the tooth-pick, and then she did reach around and take hold of the tooth-pick with her teeth. My brother opened his mouth and let her have it, and as she jumped down to her cushion, he told her to pick her teeth.

Do you suppose she knew what we said to her? We think she knows.

WHENCE AND WHY.

ADELE FERGUSON KNIGHT.

Sometimes as we play together, my little son will say,

"Now tell me the story over, how I came here one May."

"What land did I come from, Mother?" "Across the deep blue sea,

From the land of Dreamless Slumber you sailed away to me.

"In a ship just made of love, dear, with great wide floating sails,

All gleaming in the sunshine from topmast to the rails."

"But who steered the great ship, Mother?" "The Pilot, wise and true,

Who steers all ships, my darling, brought us our treasure—you."

"Then what did I come for, Mother?" "A roughish little elf,

You came to fill our hearts with joy, to be your own dear self."

—S. lected.

KONA ORPHANAGE.

KIALUA, N. KONA, HAWAII.

EDITOR UNITY—WEE WISDOM came to the Orphanage when I came to care for seven destitute children from Honolulu. Some one had to chaperon them so I was sent. Their ages are from four to eleven years, and are from Norway, Porto Rico, Portugal and Germany. I think almost all nationalities are now represented in this Orphanage—built upon a hill, 1,300 feet high, sloping down to the sea, which, when we look out from the verandas, is a grand view, and the waves as they roll on towards the shore seem to be very close, but are, in fact, three miles away. How beautiful the coffee trees look now at this season, with their highly polished darkest green leaves, all kinky on the edges, and their beautiful white blossoms almost as beautiful as orange blossoms.

We have about thirty children in this home being taught and trained to have an all-round education, which means book studies and manual training, and above all a pure, good, joyous life for all, and to help them along this line is why I subscribed for WEE WISDOM for them, which I know their teacher will approve of and read its beautiful lessons for them.

A kind lady gave her money to build this home for destitute children in this coffee plantation by the Pacific Ocean, away off on this Island of Hawaii (pronounced Haw-y-e), said to be the most healthful and most wildly beautiful place on the borders of the Pacific. If the people only knew how well and happy these children are here, I am sure some one would think it a privilege to help support the institution. We have a good many Japanese, some Chinese, and native mixed, a few Americans. All these children after receiving the good care for a few weeks become like new creatures. Respectfully yours,

MRS. A. ASBERRY.



HAMONDSFORD, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write you a few lines. WEE WISDOM is a nice little paper. I like it very much. I go to school every day that I can. I study reading, writing, arithmetic, physiology, geography and spelling. I will send you a little verse. Here it is:

We should help all those in need,
Showing Christ in word and deed;
Help us, Lord, faithful to be,
May we lead some one to Thee.

I would like a Truth card if you have any to spare. I am twelve years old. Hoping to see this letter in print,

Your loving friend,

JOSEPHINE SCHOFIELD.



ROOSEVELT, O. T.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I live in the new Oklahoma. We live three miles from the Red River and two from the mountains. I am twelve years young. I have three sisters and three brothers. We moved down here the first of December. We did not get the December WEE WISDOM, and we missed it very much. We children learned all of the pieces in the March WEE WISDOM, and we learned the song on the back of it, and we had a little entertainment of our own on the prairie. There are little prairie dogs all around. We have the nicest little dog and her name is Queen and we have fourteen little chickens. I wish you would please send me a Truth card. Yours truly,

ETTA ANDREWS.

P. S. Enclosed find ten cents for which please send me the December WEE WISDOM and a Truth card.



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first time I have written to you. What do you do to get a Mother Goose card? I would like one very much. I have no brothers or sisters. I am nine years old and in the third grade. I go to the Geo. W. Clay-ton school. My kitty died last winter.

Your loving friend, MARJORIE JAMES.



PONCA, NEB.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I thought I would write a letter to be published in the WEE WISDOM as it

wee Wisdom

11

is the first time I have written to a paper. I have a little baby brother; he was born February 16, 1902. We think we will call him Carroll Stephen. I have three brothers and two sisters. I am 11 years old. I belong to a Club. The name of it is R. T. H., or Ready to Help. Papa keeps a furniture store. I would like a Truth card. I think WEE WISDOM is a very nice paper. That dialogue in the March number is the one I was in for Easter.

Your friend, ESTHER SCHELL.



EXETER, MAINE.

DEAR WEE WISDOM--I am a little girl six years old. I have two brothers and one sister. I like the little letters in WEE WISDOM. My auntie in Chicago sends me WEE WISDOM. I expect to go and visit my Grandmamma next month.

Your loving friend, MARJORIE F. LIBBY.



PICTON, ONTARIO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I go to school every day, and like my teacher. Her name is Miss Hobson. I have eleven hens and one rooster. I like to feed them, and watch them pick. I like to hunt the eggs, too. I am eight years young. I like your little paper very much. I would like to have one of your Truth cards.

HENRIETTA BROWN.



NEWPORT, VT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have taken you for about six years, and like you very much. I like the story of "The Garden, the Gate and the Key." I am eight years young and go in the sixth grade at school. I enclose a story and hope you will think it good enough to print. With love,

ALTHEA G. NORRIS.

P. S. I would like a Truth card.



KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—You have brought me so much joy and gladness, I am bound to tell my little friends some of my experiences. Many years ago when I was a little girl, my sister and I were separated, and never saw each other, and never expected to, till I began reading WEE WISDOM, and I told mamma I would find her; so with this little book for company I started, and I had never traveled alone, nor was I alone this time. I would look out through the car window, then I would read our WISDOM again. It was nearly 300 miles and I stayed at the hotel that night. The next morning I had to go twenty-five miles in the country, and I had to cross a big river. At last I found where my sister lived. I did not know her,

for it had been eight years since I had seen her, but I told them who I was, and what I wanted, and pretty soon two happy little sisters were in each other's arms. I stayed for a few days. I did not know just how to do, but she was staying with a dear good lady, and I treated her, and declared to myself that I would have whatever I wanted, so I was n't surprised when the good lady told me that my sister could go home with me. Now we are happy at home together, and we thank WEE WISDOM for teaching little children how to live and learn to be happy.

Yours truly,

Age 10 years.

CARRIE KEYS.



HUNTINGTON, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I think all the stories in the dear little paper are nice. I have read this April number all through. I think your Truth cards are so pretty; I have one. I will be eleven years old in June. Mamma and I are going to Colorado as soon as school lets out. I am always glad when this dear paper comes. I will enclose a stamp for a Moss card. I think our new cover is the prettier. With love to all the Wees,

Your friend, JEAN J. BUTLER.



PORTLAND, ORE.

DEAR FRIENDS—Please find enclosed a letter from a little girl who had a sample copy of WEE WISDOM given her to read and without being asked brought me this letter to send you. Said she would save every cent and bring it to me for this dear paper. Please send WEE WISDOM to her address. Send to my address some sample copies of the little paper and any other reading matter you can spare to give away. Am a stranger here, but find a good field.

L. C. T.

PORTLAND, ORE.

DEAR WEE WISDOM--I am going to subscribe for your paper. I enjoy it very much. There are so many nice verses and stories. I have learned a good many things from it. I had spasms, and I was cured by the words of Truth. I am very happy since I have been studying the Truth. I am a little healer. I wish everybody who reads your paper would make a healer.

Yours sincerely, MERL WINTERS.



EAST HAMPDEN, MAINE.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—Your Business Manager wrote me that my dear friend, Mrs. E. P. Garnsey, of Bangor, Maine, had given me a year's subscription to your dear little paper, and I was so delighted to know I was to have it another year. I love the paper dearly. Mamma has read it to me ever since I can remember, but now I am

eight years old and can read for myself. I hope this new year will bring many blessings to you and each reader of this little paper.

Your loving friend,
LORENA H. MURCH.



STERLING, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would like to write you; I have not written for so long. How are you getting along? The WEE WISDOM don't come often enough. I would like to have one of those Truth cards. I have not much to say, so good-by.

Your friend,

LORENA WRIGHT.



(SOME MORE FROM OUR DAVEVILLERS.)

DADEVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I love all the stories in you, so I thought I would try to write something for you. I have two brothers and four sisters. We all love WEE WISDOM; it has so many true stories in it. Sometimes boys try to get me to do wrong things, but I know God does not like wrong doings, so I do what is right; then I know God is well pleased with me. I wish all children could have WEE WISDOM in their homes. I gave the four little papers you sent us away, and I heard one boy say he was going to subscribe for the WISDOM. This is all I think of now, so I will close with much love. A WISDOM reader,

J. G. ORTLOFF.

DADEVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write something for you. Mamma has got some lovely black and white chickens, and we have a loving cat—her name is Pussy. The birds built a nest in the side of the house; they sing so sweet in the side of the house, and they have stayed all winter this winter so far, and they still sing their beautiful songs all the day long. It is getting late, I must close with much love. Your friend,

VERDIE ORTLOFF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write for my little sister. She is three years young. She had her cheek burnt last December, and there is no scar left on her cheek now. She says she wants a Truth card. She tries to write for herself. Her name is Sophia E. Ortloff.

V. O.

DADEVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will print a little. My name is Grace May Ortloff. I have three sisters and three brothers. The little birds are so tame when we go out of doors. We see them sitting all around the door. I will close.

Your friend, Grace May Ortloff.



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON V. MAY 4.

The Church at Antioch in Syria.
Acts 11:19-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The hand of the Lord was with them.*—Acts 11:21.

We remember in a lesson not very far back the story of Stephen, and of his being stoned to death; and how right after that the disciples of Jesus were scattered, some going in one direction and some in another, but all preaching the truth that sets free. This is mentioned in our lesson today, and we are told that these good men preached for a long time to the Jews only, and left everybody else out. This was a mistake, which they afterwards saw and corrected.

God has said, through one of His prophets, that the truth that sets free "is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off." These Jews took the promise of God for themselves and for their children, but forgot to give to those afar off, called the Gentiles. Now, do you know, children, this is what Christians have been doing ever since, in a certain way, and the new disciples are now seeing the mistake, and are correcting it.

Whoever is not preaching the gospel of Christ in the body, thus setting it free from disease, is still forgetting those who are afar off, called the Gentiles. They are taking the truth for their spirit and minds (themselves and their children), but not for the Gentiles, and this will never do, for we must not limit the power of God. In our day, and in this glad time, we are finding that the hand of the Lord, the power of good, is with them that take the truth for spirit, soul and body. This is the plain, simple truth as Jesus gave it.

Let us remember that our body is the temple of the Holy Spirit—a real live church, and it is a most wonderful temple. It is here to serve the Spirit in love and gladness, and must be kept pure and clean for this service. By thinking pure thoughts and speaking true words our church, the body, will be kept sweet and clean, healthy and youthful. By doing this you are preaching the truth to the whole world.

LESSON VI. MAY II.

Peter Delivered from Prison. Acts

12:1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT — *The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.*

— Psa. 34:7.

Here we are given a lesson to study in which we are shown that faith has no master, but is all-powerful itself. King Herod is the mortal will, that mighty thing, even seen in little children sometimes, that wants its own way and does not seek to do God's will or way. If King Herod is on the throne of the heart, then the angel presence, Trust, here called James, is put away or covered up, where it cannot for the time work. When trust goes out of the mind, brother Peter (Faith) is apt to go along with him. Faith is the strongest power in our minds, and cannot really die, because it is made of the deathless substance, Spirit. If we pay more attention to King Herod than King Peter, why, our faith will surely be thrown in the dark (in prison) and the servants of Herod (all the naughty thoughts) will try to hold him there, but can they? No! For faith is the real power, and will at last conquer the Herod of every heart. You may bind and chain him to the two biggest falsehoods in the world, evil and fear, but there is something in him, real and living, which will finally throw off every chain and let your faith go free, out of prison into the fresh air, ready to tell the truth, heal the sick, or raise the dead, as there is need.

Now, children, let your faith prepare itself for its grand work by putting on the garment of truth, the sandals of peace and understanding, then shall the old naughty will (Herod), who gets us into so much trouble, be entirely overcome, as we see in the twenty-third verse of this same chapter.

LESSON VII. MAY 18.

The Early Christian Missionaries.

Acts 13:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Go ye therefore and teach all nations.* — Matt. 28:19.

You know, children, Jesus said that the spirit within us would teach us all things and bring all things to our remembrance, and now we are all finding that this is true. One of the lessons the Spirit teaches us very early in our soul education is to know how to separate or divide the false from the true, and to tell the difference between the good and the evil. This work becomes very easy to one who begins the practice while he is very young, so we better be wise and commence right now and right here.

Jesus called this work separating the goats from the sheep, the tares from the wheat. Each one of you must learn what stands for a tare in this world and what for wheat, for by knowing this you will get rid of all tares. Our lesson today is right on this subject, and after reading the verses over, I know you would all tell me that the saints are the wheat in the church, and Elymas is the tare, while Paul is the power of God who speaks the word of truth that divides the true from the false. As soon as Paul speaks the word of denial to Elymas, he goes blind, which really means that all power is taken out of evil. How glad we ought to be to think that God has given us this wonderful power by the use of which we can make evil nothing. Then let us deny all evil, and claim or affirm all good, for this is the way to get rid of pain, sorrow and sin, and to bring to light the blessed good.

LESSON VIII. MAY 25.

Paul at Antioch in Pisidia.

Acts 13:43-52.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.* — Acts 13:38.

Just think of a whole city turning out to hear one man preach; those people must have wanted the truth very much. Why was it that some of those who listened to that sermon of Paul's received so little from him, and some so much that they were filled with joy and blessings? Why, the difference between them was this, some had the wrong kind of ears and some the right. What do I mean by that? Well, suppose someone is telling you something very good to hear, and you feel interested but cannot pay full attention, and so lose a great deal of what is being said, because a half dozen other people are talking to you at the same time, all on different subjects. So it is with people who do not have the right kind of ears; these have so many voices speaking within them that they only hear the voice of the Spirit once in a while, and so get things all mixed up. One moment they listen to truth, but the next to the voice of envy, as the people in our lesson did, and so they do wrong. We may each have the right kind of ear if we desire it. It is already within us, and will ever be open to the voice of truth if we practice closing out every sound of discord.

One other thing we want to remember in this lesson, and that is found in the fiftieth and fifty-first verses. When this voice of error, that some of the people had been listening to, burst forth in words of condemnation against Paul, what did he do? Did he fight back and feel hurt and discouraged? No. He and his helpers shook off the error so quickly that it had no time to hurt them. It is a good thing to be able to forgive quickly the wrongs others have done us, so let us shake all such dusty thoughts off our minds that our joy may be full.

THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

LIKE THE blossoms of May come fluttering in the happy letters of story-words of our Wisdoms. This begins to look like interest and *aliveness!* Oh, how we want aliveness! Intelligence and love and beauty and goodness are hunting for just such ones as you to express themselves through. Do you know, the Great Infinite One depends upon *us* to bring into visibility the endless stores of wealth and beauty?

Why! it's like having *everything* to do with, and the *doer* left to say how much he shall use and what kind of a world he'll make of it! *You* can have just as beautiful a world, just as loving a world, just as intelligent a world, just as *well* a world as you think and speak forth, out of the great fullness of mind-stuff. God has crammed this universe full of every good and perfect thing. We are the users of it. It is the "Son of God," the Christ-mind in us, that owns it all and knows how to use it, too.

It is foolishness and ignorance that comes in and makes up the shadow world. There is a *sense* of life that believes there isn't life and health and knowing and loving enough to go 'round, and so it talks about death and disease and foolishness and hating and harming, but it talks about that which is not true, for only the good is true. Blessed ones! there's nothing too good or beautiful to be true; don't ever keep up the shadows by describing them. Keep your sweet thoughts handling the shining substance of mind, and speak only of that which you will love to see in your world.

Anna Igoe has changed the story of

"Louisa's Accident" to "Louisa's Happy Adventure," and she has made a very happy little girl of Louisa. Remember, **WEE WISDOM'S** mission is to help all the bright and beautiful things of life to bud and blossom. So Wee Wisdoms will not forget they are the little workers who are working in the Garden of the Good.

It will soon be 'round to the August number. Don't forget *you* are to write it all.



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 SWIFT INTELLIGENCE
OF THE SPIRIT NOW CASTS ITS CLEAR
LIGHT (UNDERSTANDING) EVERYWHERE.

Jewel Word—I AM FREE.

Song Word—No. 4.—"Open my eyes
that I may see."

Verse Word—

"Hold, there! where runnest thou?
Know Heaven is in thee.
Seekest thou for God elsewhere
His face thou'lt never see."

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

May!

A Happy Boy and a Happy Bird.

A little boy took a bird's nest from a tree;
The bird owner gave a sad cry, "Te-wee!"
The boy heard the cry and climbed into the tree,
And put the nest back as quick as could be.

The boy sat down in the shade of the tree,
The bird in its nest gave a glad "Te-wee!"
The boy looked up at the bird in the tree,
And both were as happy as they could be.

— GRACE M. TILDEN, in *Child Garden*.

Here is a message just received from our Harriet Rix of the Alameda Truth Home. It is so good and tells of the Easter at the Home, I'm going to let you read part of it:

The dear little paper is growing like the child Jesus in grace and strength, it seems to me, more and more with each issue. Surely it was born of God, and will be supported in every way by its loving Father-Mother. I believe the New Thought will recognize more and more the importance of dealing with these little ones, for are they not to father and mother in their turn better and better New Thought? I am glad to hear of your prosperous Sunday School. Ours, too, is full of the God life; is nine years old, and one of the strongest schools in Alameda, having 140 members. On Sundays after general exercises these are divided into four classes, where more individual instruction can be given. They all enjoy WEE WISDOM, and at their Easter entertainment had the "Flower Song," a cantata that appeared in WEE WISDOM, March, 1899. It was very well done, indeed, and enjoyed by all. You know, perhaps, that this home is a large house, situated in the center of grounds taking up about half a block, all laid out in lawns, trees, flowers, etc

Well, I wish you could have seen the egg hunt these children had at Easter in this garden. Over two hundred decorated hard boiled eggs had been hidden in trees, grass, hedges, borders, etc., before the little ones appeared, and what fun they had hunting the eggs the rabbits had laid. After all the eggs had been found and equally distributed among them, and they had been well filled with pink lemonade and cake, away they scampered home to come back next year for another hunt.

Mary de Witt is having a pleasant time in the country.

Loving you always,

HARRIET H. RIX.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

We recommend only the books of highest sentiment and teaching of Truth. The following books were written especially for young folks, and are bright, entertaining and instructive. They make beautiful love offerings to your little friends.

Wee Wisdom's Way, by Myrtle Fillmore; price, 25 cents.

A beautiful story of how the Day family were healed through the understanding of Truth.

Wee Wisdom's Library, Vols. I., II., and III.; 25 cents each.

Illustrated. The first and second volumes are short Truth stories, poems, etc.; Vol. III. is a complete story in itself, entitled, "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key."

The Wonderful Wishers of Wishingwell, by Annie Rix Militz; price, 15 cents.

This pretty story shows how the circumstances of an entire family were changed by the wishes of three little boys.

Aunt Seg's Catechism, by Sarah E. Griswold; price, 25 cents.

One of the most instructive courses in right thinking, right speaking, and right acting, published. There are six simple Truth lessons, given in questions and answers.

Springwood Tales, by Helen Augusta Fussell; cloth, price, \$1.00.

It teaches so beautifully of the outdoor life of country children, and of children who are taught to be happy under all circumstances, and in every place.

Elsie's Little Brother Tom, by Alwyn M. Thurber; board, 75 cents.

This is one of the newest books out, and is a charming story.

Johnnie's Victory, by Sarah E. Griswold; price, 35 cents.

A beautiful story of how an orphan, a news-boy, was rewarded for being true and faithful to his little sister, and how they found a happy home.

Monday

Little flowers their
beauty bring,
Little birds their
carols sing;
Happy is the heart of
Spring.

Tuesday

Little stars shine out at
night
Jald to give their lit'e
light.
Little children love to
bless
Home and friends with
happiness.

Wednesday

Every little blade of
grass,
Every flower and tree,
Tell a story of the good
And beautiful to me.

Thursday

The little thoughts I
think,
The little words I say,
Are the little seeds I
scatter
Day by day.

Friday

God the Good
Is always here,
But we hide Him
With our fear.

Saturday

Fear is darkness,
Love is light;
Love makes day
And fear makes night.

Sunday

The sweetest pillow
You can find
Is a happy
Trustful mind.