


# WEE WISDOM.

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



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### YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

"Up to me sweet childhood looketh.  
Heart and mind and soul awake;  
Teach me of Thy ways, oh, Father,  
For sweet childhood's sake."

This was my earnest prayer just now, when I was wishing for a beautiful *new* way to tell of our beautiful new Good. But why do I need a *new* way, or why do I need a way at all since June, blessed June! with her blue skies and song birds and roses, tells it to all those who have eyes to see how abundant, how glorious are the ways of our Good Father? *You* are one who sees, are n't you? You hear, too, what the blue skies are bending to say to you, don't you? You thrill with the joy the song-bird sends out. You drink the fragrance and beauty of the rose for *you know* what it is that tingles through every cell and fibre of your own little body, and through every cell and fibre of every living creature's body, till it seems as if *living* were an unceasing frolic of glad energy, and so you know without the telling what life is like. And so you know without the telling what beauty and joy and and goodness are like. Why? Because, blessed one, the kingdom of knowing is *in you*.


"Papa Harry's" lesson on earthworms was quite a revelation to this family, and I hope you will enjoy it as much as Ye Editor and the boys did the evening he and Orion and Albert brought it over and read it to us. Bless the dear little worms! who would have thought what necessary little workers they are? We despise some forms of living simply because we are ignorant of their uses. We will love every living thing when we realize fully that God is Life. I

wonder if "Papa Harry" could and would give us a lesson on snakes that would help us to *love* them better than we do, and give us some intelligent ideas about what they were made for anyway?

Aunt Mary has just sent on a package of such lovely Flower cards to be given to the contributors of WEE WISDOM. She has pressed these dainty little California flowers herself, and put them on cards with a truth message written on every one. You can just feel the love she has put into them, and you will know she has sent them to bless and gladden you.

Next month WEE WISDOM will contain an interesting letter from one of its readers in Cape Town, South Africa. She also sent a beautiful photograph of Government Avenue, which we hope will make a good half-tone for WEE WISDOM.

Two little girls of Pueblo send fifty cents so that WEE WISDOM may go to some other home, as it came to theirs once, a gift of love. Is n't that beautiful gratitude?



A sweet kind word  
Will live and stay  
When other words  
Have passed away.



VOL. VI.

KANSAS CITY, MO., JUNE, 1902.

NO. 11.

## Two Gardens.

LUCY CHARLTON KELLERHOUSE.



ONCE there were two gardens, in each of which a child played. But one day the little boy discovered in the back of his garden, under the shadow of the raspberry bushes, a place in the fence from whence three pickets were missing. So he crept through, and played with the little girl on her side of the fence; and the following day she crept through into his garden, and thus the happy days ran by.

When the days grew short and cool the little boy and girl would go into each other's homes to play. Generally she came to play with him, for her home was the finer one, and it seemed more out of place for children to be playing there than in a cottage with only brown ingrain carpet on the floor of the best room, and with cane-seated chairs and a carpet lounge. Hither Cara would come with her embroidered white apron over her rose-colored dress, and they would play school and ball, and many a good game together. And often, at the end of the day, Cara would dance while Ned whistled, for Cara went to dancing school, where she wore white slippers; and sometimes at receptions, a little red domino with a fringe of jingling bells.

Thus a whole sweet year went by; and May came again, with Cara's seventh birthday in a fragrant setting of apple blossoms. The children celebrated the

event with a feast in Cara's garden, on a table gilded royally with sunshine, and perfumed from swinging censers of lilac bloom. The sparrows, too, did their share, bringing the doubtful harmony of their twitterings to the feast; but the children were pleased with their music, so what did it matter?

After the feast, the children played until the shadows grew large and cool. Then Ned said good-by, and slid through the fence into his own garden. His mother met him at the door. Her face was stern.

"Edward," she said, and the boy came to her side.

"Yes, mother."

"You must never go into the Abell's garden again; do you hear me?"

"Yes, mother, but why not?" All the joy had faded from the day.

"You should not question my command. But come in, and I will tell you."

He followed his mother into the house. He saw that his father had come home, and was sitting at the table with a troubled face bent upon the papers before him. His mother led him into the other room.

"My boy, you are too young to understand all the facts in the case," she said, sitting down and putting her arm about him, "but this I will tell you. Your father has had trouble with a dishonest

man. This man has gone to law; and Cara's father, who is a lawyer, is suing your father for him. He pretended to be our friend. There is a flaw in the case; and things will go hard with us, Neddie. You cannot understand it all; only this, that we shall probably lose our little all."

Then his mother took her arm from about him, and arose. Seeing that there were tears upon her face, he ran to her side.

"Mother," he said, pityingly, "don't cry."

She stooped and kissed him.

"Promise me," she said, "that you will have nothing more to do with those people—that you will never speak to their child again."

"Mother, I never will."

And that is how the summer sunshine lost all its gold for the boy; there was no longer luster in the down of the butterfly's wing, no sweetness in the berry, no incense in the rose.

In the morning Ned saw Cara in her garden, and heard her calling him, and he made a face at her.

"That was an ugly face," she cried; tossing her head and strutting airy about her garden.

But for Cara, also, the sun had lost his alchemic power.

Presently Cara's mother came out into her garden, and Ned's mother came out into her's. But they did not speak, nor even seem to see each other. With clan-nish loyalty, the two children learned well their first lesson in hate. Ned gathered all the bloom from his bed of violets that grew by the fence, because he knew that Cara loved to see them there, and to sniff them through the pickets, with little "Oh's" and "Ah's." And Cara brought out her whole family of dolls, and played "keep-house" under Ned's

eyes, because she knew that to him all this was foolishness.

As the week went by, the little boy and girl, each in his and her own garden, grew lonely; and vague wonderings came to each little heart why they should not love each other as they used to do. Why was the sweet year brought to this rude stop, which had jogged their innocent natures awry? And now sometimes Cara would call to Ned, but the boy, faithful to his mother and his promise, dared not reply. Yet he would peep through the pickets at times when Cara danced; then, very low and sweet, he would whistle for her.

In June Ned's father's case was lost, and all his small laid-up store. That evening he drove home with his wagon filled with new boards, and he began to build a fence between his neighbor's garden and his own; a very tall, strong board fence, through which no loving kindness or forgiveness could find its way. The building of the fence was a source of great entertainment to the children; but when it was built, it cast an unbroken shadow on Cara's side in the morning, and on Ned's side in the afternoon; and his verbena bed, and her bed of moss flowers, withered in the shadow. And now the children never saw each other.

About a quarter of a mile from the two gardens was a wood, through which ran a stream. There was a plank laid across it, but the banks were high and the stream deep. One day in Autumn, Ned came here to play. He climbed the trees, and searched among the bushes. Then he threw himself upon the grass, munching an apple. Presently he saw a little figure in rose color and white, moving from bush to bush, and from tree to tree. It was Cara, and she was gathering the pretty things of the autumn wood—red leaves and



berries, and the golden October daisies. When she saw Ned, she gave a joyful little cry, and ran to him.

"Oh, Neddle, I am so glad you are here," she said. "I have run away from my mother, and now we can play together all we like. Ain't the woods pretty? and see what I have found." She pushed forward her burden of Autumn trophies, but the boy drooped his head so that she could not see his face. He had given his mother his word that he would not speak to Cara.

"You're pretending not to see me, but I know that you do," continued the child, and laughed, and pelted him with scarlet berries.

Ned closed his blue eyes, ashamed lest she should see his tears; for he longed to speak to her, and play with her. Wearying of this one-sided game, Cara stopped.

"I am going farther into the wood," she said. "You can go with me, if you like. But I don't want you, if you don't want to come. See, I am going to cross the plank by myself."

The boy started up and looked after her. Many a time he had led her by the hand safely over the stream; but alone, he knew that she might fall and be drowned. He saw her run heedlessly through the grass to the plank, balance her little figure there, with one arm outstretched, and the other clasping her gay-colored leaves, and start across. In the middle of the stream she paused, looked dizzily down, lost her balance, and fell. In an instant Ned had reached the brink of the stream. He saw Cara like a bright leaf in the clear water. He slid down the steep bank.

Ned was only a little boy, barely older than Cara, but he waded into the deep stream, and caught her and bore her, though her clothes were heavy with water, farther down to an easy bank.

Here he clambered up with her, and laid her carefully on the ground.

Cara lay still. The little hand yet clasped its pretty burden, but the little face was white in the midst of the wet clinging hair, and the laughing eyes were closed.

"She is dead," sobbed the boy.

He had never seen death, except in an unfortunate bird, a butterfly, or a flower.

He laid the little cold wet hands upon her breast, and carefully arranged the leaves and berries that she held. Then, awed, he stooped and kissed her.

With folded hands, he now sat very still beside her, waiting for the miraculous growth of wings, and the soaring of Cara into the far-off depths of the sky. It was fortunate that at this moment a stranger came hurrying up; or perhaps the boy's expectation of a vision might have found sad realization in the true flight of his playmate's soul. For the stranger saw that the child was not dead.

"Something must be done at once. Where is her home?" he asked.

"You shall not touch her," cried the boy, spreading his arms over the child.

But the stranger unceremoniously pushed him aside, and, roughly casting leaf and flower upon the ground, he threw the little figure upon its face and worked to expel the water from the lungs.

Ned grew white with helpless rage. But the stranger was deaf to his cries and threats.

At length Cara's eyelids quivered, and a small hand stirred helplessly. Then the stranger picked her up, touching her gently now, and, commanding the boy to lead the way to her home, he carried the child in his arms. Shivering and dripping with water, Ned had no thought of himself, but kept his eyes, generally

so soft and blue, but stern and scowling now, fixed upon the stranger. Several times he stumbled and nearly fell, because he would not look where he went. He stopped at his own gate. "She lives there," he said, pointing to the next house.

He took a last look at Cara's face, as slender and white as a lily, with the dark wet mass of hair hanging over the stranger's arm. Then he opened the gate and ran into his home; for Cara's soft bright eyes were open and looking at him, and he would have given all the world to have spoken to her.

Ned told his mother the story. As he ended, he threw his arms about her neck and hid his sobs in her bosom.

"Mother, I wanted to speak to her—she had come back all the way from Heaven to look at me—but I had promised you I would n't."

Even yet he did not feel how cold and wet he was. But his mother kissed him fondly; she took off his watery garments and rubbed and put him into dry warm clothes.

In the presence of serious trouble, animosities are forgotten, and Ned's mother now put him from her and went in to see how Cara fared. When she returned, she called Ned to her. "The gentleman saw the accident when he was some distance off, and he has told them how you saved Cara," she said, "and her mother begs that you will go in to see her. Not yet," she said, with a hand upon his shoulder, "for Cara is a little delicate child, and the shock was great. She now lies very still, she scarcely breathes; but in the morning if all is well, you may go."

The sun had scarcely risen ere Ned, unknown to his mother, was up and dressed and knocking at their neighbor's door. No answer came; so he opened it and slipped in, and went softly through

the house and upstairs to Cara's room. Here he sat down close against the wall and waited.

Presently the door opened, and someone came out, nearly falling over the little crouching figure.

"Oh, Neddle, is it you, dear boy!" cried Cara's mother softly; and she put her arms about him and kissed him tenderly, and with tears. Then she took him by the hand and led him into the room. The early light fell upon Cara's white, still face. But the long lashes raised, a smile quivered over the wee face, and a little voice cried joyously, "It is my Neddle."

Then her father, who had been sitting beside the bed, his head drooping in his hand, arose, and to Ned's astonishment, he picked him up in his arms and kissed him, saying huskily, "Hate almost cost me my darling, but a child's love prevailed. I accept the lesson. We cannot afford to hate. Tell your father, dear Neddle, that I will make it all right with him."

### TO CARVILLE.

JOSEPHINE KNOWLTON.

Little Carville, happy and gay,  
At your work, or in your play;  
What a pleasure your face so sweet  
As you come bounding up the street.



Sweet, you're like a little flower,  
Carrying perfume as your dower;  
Unselfish, loving, full of fun,  
None in your presence could be glum.

You're like sunshine in dark places,  
With your bright, airy graces;  
Happy, glad, winsome, free,  
What a lesson you are to me!

## A Catastrophe Transformed.



Our Dicky and Vic are a pair of twin kitties.  
A white coat has Dicky, his sister's is gray.  
No happier cats could be found in ten cities  
Until Master Dick caught a wee mouse one day.



It was the first live mouse they ever  
had looked at,  
For they were quite young orphan  
kitties, you know;  
So when it dashed past them to run  
'cross the green yard,  
They had not been taught that  
they should be its foe —

In real kitten fashion they stopped  
quite astonished  
To wonder who'd tossed them  
this plaything, so queer;  
Then within them 'wakened a sense  
which admonished  
The dormant cat-nature that its  
prey was near.

So off to the chase with but one  
thought they scamper'd,  
But Dicky's long legs brought  
him first to the spot;  
While puffy gray Vic by the tall  
grass was hampered,  
And when she got there was ex-  
ceedingly hot;

And it did n't cool her to see her  
dear brother  
Of her independent enjoying  
such fun,  
Tho' bravely she tried her resent-  
ment to smother,  
And playfully into the frolic did  
run.

But smart Master Dicky of a tri-  
umph had tasted,  
Which he was not minded to  
share with his mate;  
He quick snatch'd the mouse, and to  
eat it he hasted,  
Then licking his paws set him-  
self up in state.

Vic stared in amazement at this  
selfish action,  
A novel experience it all was to  
her.  
She mew'd to herself, "I will have  
satisfaction  
If I have to take it right out of  
Dick's fur."

This resolution she put into action.  
A coolness most frigid it caused  
between them,  
Who erstwhile to each other was  
the greatest attraction,  
Were now but too ready to scratch  
and condemn.

In seeking a remedy for this con-  
dition,  
I asked a Wee Wisdom if she  
could prescribe  
Something to bring these small cats  
to contrition  
For their silly capers, and true  
love imbibe.

She joyfully answered, "Oh, yes,  
I can do that,  
For even the kitties are in the  
'One Mind.'"  
She took them up gently, and gave  
each a love pat,  
And whispered quite softly,  
"You're loving and kind."

You'll know without telling, this  
potent potion  
Which each pussy took, with a  
satisfied "purr,"  
Was amply sufficient to dispel the  
notion  
That either wished to spoil the  
other cat's fur.

—AUNT GEORGIA.

## One of these Little Ones.

This is "Joey" Teel, (I've forgotten his *long* name), and this is what his mamma calls him. She says he will tell us all about himself. I wish you could see the way he's done it on the piece of paper his mamma sent with his picture. I guess he hasn't learned English yet. They say Babies talk Hebrew before they learn the language of their parents, and it must be Joey writes in Hebrew. I suppose this au-to-bi-o-graph-i-cal sketch of his babyship is all right, and would read something like this deciphered:—

"I am mamma's boy, I am, and one time we told you about me in a pretty little verse called 'Wee Wee-est and the Shadows.' I am most a year older than I was then. I was n't even one year old till last September. My mamma had you before she knew about me. *She likes me.* I 'spect you could n't find money enough to buy me. She tells me of a whole lot of good times she had with you, telling you cat tales and dog tales and pony tales, and she made you a set of pillows a long time ago, and everybody likes 'em for they make you sleep good. My mamma is your 'Aunt Emma.' Mr. Church and Willie took a lot of WEE WISDOMS that had all her cat tales and things in, and bound them in such curious covers that it made mamma laugh and laugh and bug me, and read 'em nearly all night. Mamma said one of the covers was made by the first paper makers—'cause it was a



pressed hornet's nest—and the other cover was the pretty white bark of a tree. She says Church and Willie beat the 'Roycrofters,' but I don't know any of those boys, do you?

Mamma and I do lots of things. She says I help her write and draw and paint, and you can tell from my hands that I do. We live in Arkansas. Folks call it *Arkansaw*, but it's real nice here, I never was in a nicer country since I can remember. Mamma says I am always well and good, because she calls me her "Joy-baby," and I always thought my name was *Good*, and I guess that it is Good and Joey, too. Mamma will tell some more stories, and I will help her, and we will make some more pictures for WEE WISDOM some day.

"JOEY TEEL."



# NATURAL LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

CONDUCTED BY "PAPA HARRY."

XI.

## EARTH-WORMS.



NE WARM April day as Papa was spading up the ground for a flower bed, Orion and Albert were watching the process, alternately giving advice as to how it should be done and asking for information. Two little wrens were building a nest within a few feet of the gardeners, and came and went without worrying about the close proximity of the wingless bipeds.

Two little boys busied themselves with removing the earth-worms that were turned up with each spadeful, or came crawling out of the ground before the spade destroyed their homes. The worms were removed so that they would not be hurt in breaking up the ground.

"Bother the worms," exclaimed Papa, "it takes so much time to get them out of the way. I wish they were not so plentiful."

"What are they good for?" asked Albert.

"For cannibals to put on a hook and catch fish with," answered Orion.

"But God did n't put 'em here to fish with, did He, Papa?" questioned Albert.

"Of course not, Albert," replied Papa. "He put them here that we might have flowers and trees and other plants, and without them we would probably have none."

"How do they make flowers grow?" Orion wanted to know.

"By working the ground. They expose the under earth to the air, sift it, carrying leaves, twigs, bones, etc., underneath to decay and enrich it, thus converting hard sterile earth into rich, black humus, with holes that admit the

air and water. These holes facilitate the downward growth of the roots which feed on the secretions of which the holes are lined; they cover up the seeds that fall in the Autumn, protecting them from the cold and causing them to germinate in the Spring; they constantly keep the ground in a fit condition for growing plants," answered Papa.

"My, they are good old wormies, but what do the plants pay them for their help?" Albert asked.

"The plants," replied Papa, "furnish them with dead leaves upon which they feed, and the plants also shade the ground and keep it moist for them."

"What else do these worms do?" asked Orion.

"They keep the surface of the ground level and make those pretty, smooth lawns you see out in the country; they bury under the ground all bits of trash, stones, etc., and have buried and preserved many seeds, the plants of which have practically become extinct, till they are ploughed up, when a new race of plants spring up, as it usually does on the prairie. The plow is one of the oldest and best of man's inventions, and yet long before man came on earth, these little workers of God's ploughed the earth and raised the crops that created being might exist and bring forth in expression His image and likeness. They are still ploughing and tilling that all expressions of life may continue to enjoy manifestations upon our little planet. No other animal (not excepting man) has carried on such mighty works or played so important a part in the world's history. And they have been the keeper of man's history. By burying the ruins and monolithic records, they have preserved and protected them for ages, till man has been able to excavate and decipher the history of his civilization that would otherwise have been

lost to knowledge. They are constantly lowering the earth's land, and it is figured that in the course of four and one-half million years these little worms will put the entire central part of North America under the ocean. And if we are good little boys we will make a few arks and paddle around in it," said Papa.

"Can they see and hear?" inquired Albert.

"No," answered Papa, "they can neither see nor hear, and yet are quite intelligent, and are excessively sensitive to vibrations. They can tell light from darkness. And you can see how they hurry to get out of the ground to avoid being cut by the spade, the vibrations of which they sense through a foot of earth. They are extremely timid; they enjoy the pleasure of eating; they have a social feeling; they are excitable, and dislike cold. They place loose earth around their burrows, so that when it rains the mud plugs up the entrance and keeps out the water. They plug up the entrances of their burrows to keep out enemies, and they pile little rocks and bits of wood and leaves over the burrows so as to hide them. They line the entrance of their burrows with leaves, etc., so that their bodies will not come in contact with the cold earth, and exhibit many signs of intelligence that we can understand, and no doubt many that we cannot understand. 'So, boys, I guess for all the work they have done and are doing, we can take the time to move them out of the way that we may not hurt them, for they are God's little creatures and are doing the work assigned to them without complaining or worrying.'

"Now I understand why you put a lot of them in the flower boxes last fall; but it was funny why so many of them crawled out and bothered Mamma by getting into her clothes and closets," said Orion.



CLARENCE, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little boy ten years old, and been a Christian Science boy all my life. I go to school every day, and am in the fourth grade. I take WEE WISDOM and like it very much. We used to live in Colorado. I have one brother, his name is Delwood, and one sister, her name is Lily, both older than I. We are all very happy. With love, LE ROY BLOCK.

P. S.—I would like a Truth card, please, if you have any to spare.—L. B.



FRUITVALE, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write to you for the first time. I am eight years old. I have a little brother six years old, and a little sister four months old. My mamma and I enjoy you very much. I am glad each month when you come. I must tell you of my pets now. My dog's name is Jack, and my cat's name is Tom. I have three little goats to play with. Well I must stop now. Your loving friend, FRANK MICHEL.

P. S.—I send one stamp for one of your Truth cards.—F. M.



BEATRICE, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school, and read in the Fourth Reader. I have twenty-six pets; nineteen rabbits, three birds, two fish, and a parrot. Mack and Molly are the names of the old father and mother rabbits. We have not named the little rabbits, at least we cannot tell them apart. Dick, Jerry and Long Tom are the names of the birds. The fishes' names are Punch and Judy. The parrot's name is Polly. I have two brothers; their names are John and Clarence. John is seven years old, and Clarence is four years old. Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a Truth card. Enclosed find a stamp for which send me a Moss card. I don't know anything else to say.

AUGUSTA KILPATRICK.



ANGLETON, Texas

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I took your paper a year and a half, and it has been run out about six months. I want to take it another six months. Mamma and I are Christian Scientists. I like

## wee Wisdom

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your stories very much. Your loving friend,  
DELLA NELSON.



PARTRIDGE, KAN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I thought I would write a few lines to you. I am ten years young. I have a big sister of thirteen, and a big brother of seventeen, and a little brother, two. My big sister and I read *WEE WISDOM*. We like to read them very much. We enjoy the stories and Pillow Verses very much. My sister and I sing "Easter Morning" song; we think it very nice. What are the Truth and Moss cards, and how can I get one? I should like to have one if you have one to spare. I am always glad when the postman brings the dear little paper. Will you please send my sister and I another Goose card? I will close my letter for this time.

Your loving friend, BERTHA SUTTON.



TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR FRIEND—Your kind letter and Truth card reached me in due time, but I postponed writing to thank you until I could think of something better for Louise, and I do hope my second attempt at story writing would prove better than the first. I thank you kindly for the extra copy of *WEE WISDOM* which I received yesterday, and which I mean to send to a friend in New York. I was delighted to find my little letter among the rest. With much love to you and all the dear *Wee Wisdoms*, I am, yours in Truth.

ANNA IGOE.



POOLER, GA.

DEAR WISDOM—I see so much good and beauty everywhere I look. I find a beautiful lesson in the peach, pear and plum blossoms. The fruit is coming and I am still watching. I hope to be able to tell when the fruit is ripe by the lesson I am learning. Dear little Wees, remember this lovely tree I am finding so much beauty in was once wrapped in a small seed. I must tell you how much I enjoy reading the dear little paper. It seems to me the Wees almost speak to me and say I have good news for you. Oh, how grand that good lesson in the February *WEE WISDOM*, a lesson from the roses. I want to be like the white rose, and the character be as pure within as the without is beautiful. Well I think all the Wees must be filled with beautiful thoughts and deeds as this white rose is sweet with invisible perfume. I have a puppy. He is a good dog. He takes a walk with me when I go to pick flowers. I have no sisters or brothers. I would like a Truth card. I was delighted to get Aunt Seg's

Catechism and the *WEE WISDOMS*. My birthday is the 20th of this month, and I will be ten years young. Lovingly, FREDDIE V. TAYLOR.



DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—This is the first time I have written to you. I like *WEE WISDOM* very much. I would like to have one of the Truth cards. I live in Shoemaker, N. M., at Cherry Valley Ranch. I am eight years old. I have a nice little goat. We have lots of young calves.

I am your friend, JEAN WOODS.



DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I like *WEE WISDOM* very much, and I read it every month. I have a sweet little sister. I am ten years old. Will you please send me one of the nice Truth cards that the children speak of. We used to live in Kansas City, Mo. I have a pet goat and chickens. We live in Cherry Valley Ranch, Shoemaker, N. M. Your little friend, MARY WOODS.



HARRIS, KANSAS.

DEAR *WEE WISDOM*—We live very close to the school-house here, and we go to school every day except when we are sick. My little brother has the sore throat. The Truth cards are very nice you sent me, and I thank you very much for them. My teacher's name is Miss Sargent, and I am in the fifth grade. We have a pet squirrel; it is real cute. I like to read the stories in *WEE WISDOM*.

Your loving friend, NELLIE PATTIE.



NOBSCOT, MASS.

DEAR *WEE WISDOM*—I thought I would write a few lines. I have a little bantam hen and rooster. My teacher asked me if I would bring it to school. I told her I would and I brought it. It tried to get away but I caught it. The drawing teacher told me that I had better hold it. The reason I took it she wanted us to draw it. My teacher's name is Miss E. V. Donaxan, and I like her very much. I am eight years old. I hope to get a Truth card.

Yours truly,

RALF SANFORD CUTTING.



BOULDER, COLO.

DEAR *WEE WISDOM*—I love your dear little stories, and can now read them myself, for I am in the first grade and in my seventh year. My brother, Norman, is six years young. He is always glad when the postman leaves you at our house. His pet is a dog named Curley. My pet is a little canary bird named Butter Cup. My brother and I would like a Truth card, for which I enclose a stamp.

With love,

GENEVA LIELA HALL.



HARRIET H. RIX.

## LESSON IX. JUNE I.

Paul at Lystra. Acts 14:8-19.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Stand upright on thy feet.*—Acts 14:10.

In the beginning of this lesson we are told of several kinds of feet, crippled, weak, upright and strong feet. These stand for different ways of believing and thinking. Crippled feet are crippled thoughts, upright feet are upright thoughts.

The word cripple means to creep like a baby, not being able to walk. It is a very slow way of getting on, as we all know, and is much more tiresome than walking; so we all want to learn to walk and be free. Every wrong thought is a crippled thought, and these keep us from walking in the joy of the Spirit.

It is all right for little babies to creep, for they do not know how to walk, but we would not like to see them creep always, so we do everything we can to help them to walk, but we do not whip them if they seem to be a long time learning. So it is with our mind; if we find a weak creeping thought there, we must not be hard on it, calling it bad names, but gently, yet firmly, train it out of its weakness into strength by coaxing it and encouraging it to stand upon its feet. When every thought in your mind stands upon its own divine feet, then you are showing forth the Christ-child. Every crooked thought turned into a straight thought is just so much more happiness, health, and strength for you.

One other good lesson for today is given to us by Paul. After he spoke the word of God for this man's healing, the people thought he was a god, and wanted to treat him as such, but he would not allow them to do so, and let them know that God had healed the man, and showed them that it is God alone who can do any good thing. When one fully knows this truth it takes away all pride, and makes one very meek and lowly.

## LESSON X. JUNE 8.

The Council at Jerusalem.  
Acts 15:22-33.GOLDEN TEXT—*Stand fast therefore in the**liberty wherewith Christ has made us free.*—Gal. 5:1.

Here is a word that each little and big Truth student ought to write in large letters on his heart, "BE YOURSELF," and then add to this, "Let everybody else be free to be himself."

This is what it means to "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free." The liberty of Christ is the freedom to do, think and speak whatever the Christ has put in the heart, and if we do this we will certainly be our own sweet, blessed self, and mind our own business.

As Paul says, all that God wants of us is to be good; just be good, for if we begin right in this way every other blessing will follow. Now, this lesson ought to be lived wherever you are, and in whatever you are doing. Especially in your play can you use this truth, for we too often see children who want to have everything their own way, and do not like to allow any freedom to their little playmates. If you begin as a child to be unselfish in your play, when you begin to live the real life of men and women you will always be able to get on peacefully with all.

The flowers are just like lesson books to us, for they teach us so many beautiful truths. First, they are all willing to be themselves, and grow so sweetly side by side, each showing forth God's beauty and fragrance in its own way. While we call the rose the queen, she does not act like some queens, who make everybody else feel little. Her subjects must all love her dearly, because she is so soft and gracious. The lily is purity, but she never stamps her feet or gets cross because around and below her there is dirt and mud; the violet is meekness, and she never calls the rose proud or the lily selfish. In fact, the whole flower family seems to love each other's company, and get on beautifully together, by each being its true self.

Little children, let us learn this truth, that God is over all of us, in and through us, and we are not here for the purpose of making others go our way, or walk our road or think just as we think, but we are here to express the good, and God is working in each one to bring this about.

## LESSON XI. JUNE 15.

Paul Crosses to Europe. Acts 16:6-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Thou shalt be his witness unto all men.*—Acts 22:15.

Today we have two helpful thoughts found in the life of Paul. The first is found in the ninth verse, where a man prays Paul to "Come over into Macedonia and help us." Macedonia was a country where people lived who did not believe in

God, and who did not try to be good; so of course they were always in trouble, always struggling and fighting. The chief city of this country was called Philippi, and the people here were so far from the Truth, that they made all those who loved God and preached Christ, worship outside the city gate.

Thus you will all understand, in taking this lesson to yourselves, that Macedonia means that struggling part of self, whether felt in the mind or in the body, that makes unhappy conditions. It is here that the health and peace of Christ must be preached until the struggle ends. Every pain in the body is a voice crying, "Come over into Macedonia and help us," and every ache in the heart or mind is saying the same thing. To these we must send the Christ word which will heal these weak, struggling thoughts, and make them powerful to serve the good, as we see in the case of this woman Lydia, which brings us to the second helpful thought I spoke of.

Lydia is just like a *little* light that has been turned into a great light, or like one single seed that has been planted and brought forth hundreds of seeds, or in us she is just like some weak, struggling, half-good thought or desire, that has, with patience, been loved by the good in us, into a beautiful, strong force that can serve God, the good, in a real active way.

She says, "If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there." All our feelings and desires must be baptized, cleansed for the use of Truth; then God will fill our house with His presence and all struggles in Macedonia (body and mind) will forever be over.

#### LESSON XII. JUNE 22.

##### Temperance Lesson. Romans 13:8-14.

**GOLDEN TEXT**—*Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the armor of light.*—Rom. 13:12.

Paul teaches us, here in Romans, that the path of love leads straight to God, and that whoever walks this way will keep every one of the commandments. Let us see if this is so, by taking the first two verses of our lesson and studying them with the light of love thrown upon them. The first words we read are, "Owe no man anything but to love one another." Do you believe that love alone can pay every debt? I do. Of course, we can easily see how it can pay heart debts by forgiving all, and seeking the forgiveness of all in a meek spirit, but can it pay money debts? Why not? Love knows all things, and when love goes out from one heart to another, so many wise

and kind fairy thoughts come to help that everything is made easy. One brings courage, another persistence, another patience, while still others open the door of opportunity to earn the money, and all work together to help us pay the debt until it is done.

Adultery means getting things mixed up, like truth and error, good and evil, but by loving the good and it only, we will be kept quite safe from this danger. Mental killing means to hate, to judge and condemn others, but there can be no such thing in the heart that is filled with love to all. The words, "steal" and "covet," are very much the same, and mean to desire to have what belongs to others and to take false means to get it. These errors cannot live where love is, because love knows that all good belongs to all, and teaches us how to manifest it in true ways. Love never bears false witness, never talks about evil at all, and never wrongs anyone either in thought, word or deed.

As fast as we get into love we awake out of sleep and darkness. Love makes the night of error seem very powerless and far spent, for it shows the bright light of God's day to be always here.

To put on love is to know that the Lord Jesus Christ is the real presence within overcoming all error.

#### LESSON XIII. JUNE 29.

##### REVIEW.

Apr. 6th.—Saul of Tarsus Converted.  
Acts 9:1-12.

**GOLDEN TEXT**—*Repent ye therefore, and be converted that your sins may be blotted out.*—Acts 3:19.

I believe in the Christ within me as the only power.

\* \* \*

Apr. 13.—Peter, Æneas and Dorcas.  
Acts 9:32-43.

**GOLDEN TEXT**—*Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.*—Acts 9:34.

I believe in the power of the Christ within to make me whole.

\* \* \*

Apr. 20.—Peter and Cornelius.  
Acts 10:34-44.

**GOLDEN TEXT**—*God is no respecter of persons.*—Acts 10:34.

I believe that God loves me as truly as He loves anyone, therefore, I love Him.

Apr. 27.—Gentiles Received into the Church.—Acts 11:4-15.



GOLDEN TEXT—*Whosoever believeth on him shall receive remission of sins.*—Acts 10:43.

I believe the love of God within will cast out all error.

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.

I believe that God is the only power and presence working in and through my life.

May 11.—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.

I believe that I am always protected by the presence of Love.

May 18.—The Early Christian Missionaries. Acts 13:1-12.

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

I believe that God has given me the power to do good.

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.

I believe that the Christ has forgiven my sins, and that they are really wiped out.

June 1.—Paul at Lystra. Acts 14:8-19.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Stand upright on thy feet.*—Acts 14:10.

I believe the truth does make me free. I plant my feet in this faith.

June 8.—The Council at Jerusalem. Acts 15:22-33.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free.*—Gal. 5:1.

I believe in standing faithful and true to the highest and best.

June 15.—Paul Crosses to Europe. Acts 16:6-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Thou shalt be his witness unto all men.*—Acts 22:15.

I believe that God sent me into the world to be a witness to the truth.

June 22.—Temperance Lesson.  
Romans 13:8-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light.*—Rom. 13:12.

I believe I have the power to cast off every false thing, and show forth the good.



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—I AM SUSTAINED BY THE  
PURITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

Jewel Word—I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.—  
Matt. 28:20.

Song Word—No. 42.—“At Rest.”

Verse Word—

“When to flowers so beautiful  
The Father gave a name,  
Back came a little blue-eyed one;  
All timidly it came,  
And standing at the Father's feet,  
And gazing at His face,  
It said with meek and timid voice,  
Yet with a gentle grace,  
“Dear Lord, the name Thou gavest me  
Alas, I have forgot.”  
The Father kindly looked on him,  
And said, “Forget-me-not.”

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]



50 cents per year.

5 cents per copy

To UNITY subscribers, 25 cents.  
Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings per year.

Published monthly by

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY.

1315 McGee St. Kansas City, Mo.  
CHARLES E. PRATHER, Business Manager.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

## June.

Thick the leaves upon the trees,  
Tall the grass and strong,  
Mild the sun and fresh the breeze,  
The long day long.  
Lambs that jump and frisk and play,  
Brooks and birds in tune;  
Flowers and bees all seem to say,  
"Tis June, sweet June."

Full of joy, each lass and lad  
Joins the playful throng;  
Feet are light and hearts are glad  
The long day long.  
Each short hour is but a glance—  
Fair days fly so soon!  
Let us laugh and sing and dance  
In June, sweet June.

—EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD, in *Youth's Companion*.

A kind friend in Denver sent ten dollars to help WEE WISDOM in her usefulness. Her measure of good shall be measured unto her again, "full measure, pressed down and running over"—so great is the Law of Love.

One more month and WEE WISDOM will be six years old. We must have a grand Birthday festival, and to make it all it should be, you will all need to come in letter or story, in verse or song. Come early, for our young editors will have the entertaining to do. If you

want to help along, you can each bring a new subscriber for WEE WISDOM.

Some of our little correspondents still ask for Moss cards. We have long since been out of Moss cards, and have been sending our little writers Truth cards, and cards furnished by Aunt Mary, with little truth messages on them. Now she has sent some Flower cards, which we think are little beauties.

## THE FAIRY'S ROBE.

There was a fairy, wise and good,  
Once on a time, as I've heard say,  
Who took the bits of happiness  
That foolish folks had thrown away,  
And wove them in a wondrous loom  
Till she had made a Robe of Joy,  
Whose shining folds were never dimmed,  
And which no time could e'er destroy.

Then all the people cried "Alack!  
Lend us, we pray, this wondrous dress,  
That we may say that we have known  
At least a borrowed happiness!"  
The fairy smiled. "Go, look," she said,  
"Along your path, and you will find  
That though a few stray joys I took,  
Yet plenty still remain behind!"

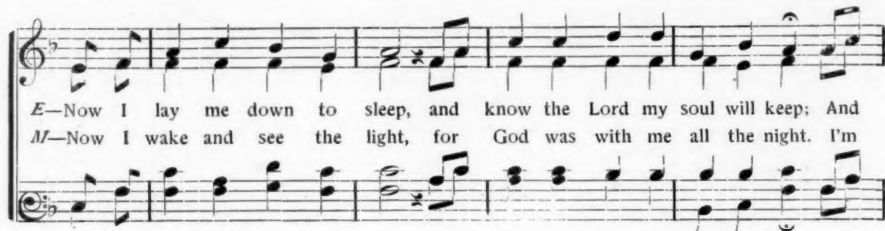
—PRISCILLA LEONARD in *Churchman*.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.—*Proverbs*.

## CHILD'S EVENING AND MORNING PRAYER.

DR. T. Y. KAYNE.

ERNST KROHN.



*E*—Now I lay me down to sleep, and know the Lord my soul will keep; And  
*M*—Now I wake and see the light, for God was with me all the night. I'm

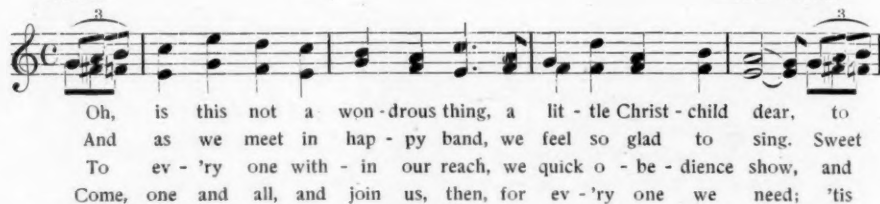


I shall wake to see the light, for God is with me all the night.  
 fill'd with good, I'm God's own child; I'm just like Je - sus, meek and mild.

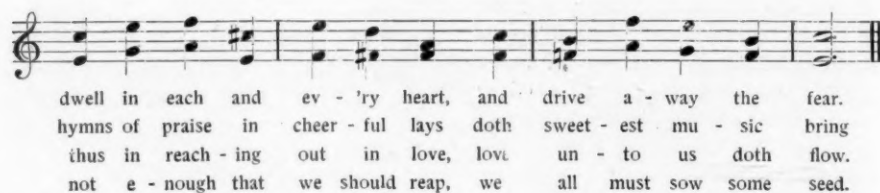
## THE CHRIST-CHILD SONG.

EMILIE.

ERNST KROHN.



Oh, is this not a won - drous thing, a lit - tle Christ - child dear, to  
 And as we meet in hap - py band, we feel so glad to sing. Sweet  
 To ev - 'ry one with - in our reach, we quick o - be - dience show, and  
 Come, one and all, and join us, then, for ev - 'ry one we need; 'tis



dwell in each and ev - 'ry heart, and drive a - way the fear.  
 hymns of praise in cheer - ful lays doth sweet - est mu - sic bring  
 thus in reach - ing out in love, lov - un - to us doth flow.  
 not e - nough that we should reap, we all must sow some seed.