

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 sees only the Good.
"Their angels do alway behold the face of my Father in Heaven."

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 heredity and tradition.

"One is your Father, even God."

The knowledge that *Christ* is the subjective spirit in every child.
"The Kingdom of God is within you."

The understanding that our words and thoughts are builders of our environment.

"For without the Word was not anything made that was made."

Be ye therefore perfect, $\gg \gg \gg$ Even as your Father in heaven is perfect.

-Jesus.



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Doings of the Little Days.

SEQUEL TO WEE WISDOM'S WAY.

V.

FROM SHADOW TO SHINE.



OMETIMES when your are away from home a long time a big lump comes up in your throat, and you forget for a little while the Really So and

think you're homesick. I did, 'cause a lot of things happened, or seemed to happen, and I wasn't a bit happy, and that's why the lump got into my throat. I don't know how it started, but it felt like a big black cloud swallowing up the good and bright in everything and everybody and me, too.

I told Cousin Frank I wished I were home, and he said he wished so too, and then I cried and he got mad and tore up the letter we'd been writing to Ned and scattered it all over the carpet. Aunt Susan came in and called him "a bad boy," and said "he worried her to death," and locked him up in the library.

So I came up to my little, white room. Isn't it funny, just as soon as I stepped into my little, white room and shut the door there wasn't any more clouds. It was like the walls and

OMETIMES when your are everything in it were saying to me:

Pure and white:
Gcod is bright;
Love is light;
Welcome, welcome to the light,
To the good and to the bright,
Welcome, welcome here.

Then I knelt right down by my little bed and said: "Dear Lord, I'm so glad it wasn't Cousin Frank or me or anybody but shadows that acted so down stairs."

I sat in the little white rocker and kept so still that what Aunt Joy said about darkness and light all came to me. She said nothing but light could put out darkness, and where the light kept shining darkness could never come. She said the Christ-light was in us, and our true thoughts and words were the the rays that went out from us and put out the darkness and shadows made by wrong thoughts and words.

Now I see why I got lost in the dark downstairs today, for when Baby Charley cried and everybody called him "cross," my thought didn't shine out and see that he was good and sweet and not cross at all. And when Aunt Susan got fretted and Cousin Frank got mad, I didn't remember that it wasn't true of them. And just to think of it! I even believed I could be unhappy and homesick. That was such an ugly shadow. If I had only shone out with the thought of love and harmony, everything would have come all right.

I see, too, it is because I always hold just good, true thoughts in my little, white room, that the shadows couldn't follow me into it.

I'm so glad, it seems as if it will always be easy to shine after this. I never, never want to forget again.

RULES FOR LETTER WRITING.

Have you any unkind thoughts? Do not write them down. Write no word that giveth pain; Written words may long remain. Have you heard some idle tales? Do not write them down, Gossips may repeat it o'er, Adding to its bitter store. Have you any careless jest? Bury it, and let it rest; It may wound some loving breast. Words of love and tenderness, Words of truth and kindliness, Words of comfort for the sad, Words of gladness for the glad, Words of counsel for the bad -Wisely write them down. Words, though small, are mighty things; Pause before you write them. Little words will grow and bloom With bitter breath or sweet perfume. Pray before you write them.

- PANSY. Selected.)

"You are just as beautiful as your thoughts and acts make you."

THE RAINBOW.

BY LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.



HE sky was like a sapphire when Florrie opened her eyes that morning, but by ten o'clock the wind had enameled it with clouds, and

mother said, "You must hurry to Aunt Lorna's before it rains, and be sure you do not forget the basket of rolls and jelly."

"And may I stop on the way to pick her some wild flowers?" asked Florrie. "Aunt Lorna's garden never blooms except with flowers like dull mignonette and pale sweet elysium, for she cries so much that she cries their color all away. Her flowers droop and hang their heads; though I always smile when I am in the garden, and I say, 'Cheer up, little flowers, the sunshine and I are here, and we love you.' Then a little flush of joy seems to creep into the heart of the white rose and the portulacca bed breaks into a rosy smile."

"You see them more beautiful because you love them," said her mother.

"Yes, I love the flowers, and run out into the garden away from Aunt Lorna and her handkerchief edged with black, and her aches and pains and troubles."

"Perhaps Aunt Lorna, too, needs sunshine. I think so, and that is why I am sending her my two little sunbeams, for both you and little Paul may go; and maybe into her pale cheeks that flush of joy may steal, even as into the heart of the white rose. Then you will see how good and sweet Aunt Lorna is. When the sunbeams flash upon the gray raindrops, they sparkle in a rainbow. The sunshine shows the true beauty."

And so Florrie took little Paul by the hand, and they followed the path through the woods to Aunt Lorna's house in the valley, and as Florrie walked in the sweet sunshine shed upon their pathway, she pondered upon what her mother had said.

After awhile they left the path and turned aside to find the little stream whose voice they could hear calling through the forest stillness, for they knew that the wild flowers came down to the stream to drink, or to look into its mirror to see that their petals were arranged right, and that the dew had nicely washed their faces. They followed the brook far on its way, for the flowers were so pretty and beckoned them; and so they forgot Aunt Lorna and her tears as they flitted from flower to flower like the bees and butterflies. or like the sunbeams, for their faces were bright with joy, and their hair glistened like threads of gold.

It was the fault of the primrose that they lost their way, for it coaxed them up the hillside; then the columbine dared them from the rocks above, and when they had climbed thither, they did not know their way back to the path; and, hunting for it, they came to the most beautiful spot in all the forest, where the trees drew back to form a grassy circle, edged with wild roses and adorned with flowers of all hues, which sparkled like gems in the grass. Over the flowers yellow butterflies were hovering; or had the daffodils and buttercups lifted their shining petals to poise in the sweet air, and visit their neighbors, the red phlox, the columbine dashed with orange, the blue spiderwort and larkspurs and violets?

Into this lovely wild garden, through a gate of swinging grapevine, went the two children: and little Paul laughed. and began to chase the butterflies. Then he paused - they were not butterflies; they were sunshine fairies hovering over the flowers. Some were painting the tender cheeks of the wild roses; some were putting honey into the columbine; some were opening fragile buds or uncurling tender leaves. Then the eyes of Florrie and little Paul sparkled like the dew in the morning, and their flying hair shone like the wings of the sunshine fairies as they ran into the bright garden.

Florrie paused before a columbine, where two fairies were very busy, and so she asked curiously what they were doing.

"I am using my brightest color to make the columbine glow," replied the fairy with the red brush.

"And I," replied the other, "am gilding the columbine with living gold."

"I am brightening the hearts of the daisies," said a third fairy. "The buttercups have kept me very busy all spring, after the dandelions had claimed my attention. Poor dandelions! They put away their yellow dresses for next year, and sat in the grass, as solemn as gray raindrops."

"Raindrops! Oh, do not talk of them," said a sunshine fairy, who was very much engaged in making a spiderwort look like the sky. "They always spoil our fun, and interrupt our work. They come like little gray nuns, and the flowers hang their bright heads and cry. We are very busy, after the raindrops have gone, in wiping the faces of the flowers and brushing up the grass."

One fairy, pure like crystal, was seated upon a lily; and she smiled and said, "But the raindrops, even as we,

come from the bright sky."

She looked down into the heart of the lily, where a little morning dewdrop was still hiding timidly, but the sunshine fairy whispered, "Come," and opened her arms, and the dewdrop looked up with a radiant smile, for the sunbeam saw it in its true beauty; and the sunbeam opened its arms to clasp the dewdrop, and flew with her up the pathway of the golden air, where are the crystal palaces of all dewdrop fairies, unseen to mortal eyes.

Little Paul was among the wild rose bushes, laughing, when they scratched him and told him to keep away. He was watching a sunshine fairy unclasp the little green fingers of a calyx; and when she had done this, another fairy smiled into the wee pink face disclosed, and kissed it and left it rosy. Then little Paul tried to do as the first fairy had done, and pulled the green away from a rosebud and bruised it.

"Go away," said a serious voice. A little gray being fluttered down upon a leaf.

"A raindrop fairy," exclaimed a sunshine fairy, and flew away.

Then little Paul began to cry, for the raindrop fairy looked sad and gray. Florrie ran to him, and she laughed and said, "She does not look gray to me, but bright and green, like the leaf on which she is sitting."

"I make her wear green," said a sunshine fairy, dancing upon the leaf. "See, I touch her, and she is a pretty green color, like an emerald; and she sparkles when I kiss her, because I

really love her. My leaf was calling to her, and so she came with her little watering-can to sprinkle and refresh it. She is not ugly, but she does not come dancing and radiant to the flowers as we do. But I must go and find the pale leaves under the thicket, who need me if they wish to wear bright green dresses, and not dowdy white. I am so occupied at this season of the year, with grass and leaves and calyxes, that by September I shall be glad of a rest. No, I will not say that; I love to glorify the earth with green, to crown the trees, and clothe the hillsides with grass. Oh, happy, happy, happy are we all!"

As she flew up, her wings aroused a fairy, touching a shining leaf with blue.

"The joyous noon is here," she said, and lo, the air was filled with bright wings, and Florrie and little Paul, smiling as the bright wings brushed their cheeks, listened to the song of the sunshine fairies, which they sang as they danced in the golden air, under the smile of their father the Sun:

"Petals to the rose, Leaves to bush and tree, Wings to butterfly, Honey for the bee;

"Color to the flower,
Emerald to the grass,
Gold to oriole,
We scatter as we pass.

"Cherry lips for you, Radiance in your hair, Roses in your cheeks, And smiles everywhere.

"Wake the buds, and paint Wild rose's winsome face, Fringe the gentian blue, Give the lily grace.

"At our bidding you Radiate our light, Heavy hearts uplift, Faces grow more bright.

"Glad, glad, glad are you, Little sunshine fay; See the world rejoice, Make the sunny day!" And then the flowers answered the song of the sunshine fairies in one that was sweet to hear, for it was like their breath:

"The sunbeam fairies bring the key
To ope the door of Spring;
We hardly wait, we come right through,
And all our beauty bring.

"Abundant color, every hue— The rose's crimson glow, The portulacca's scarlet stain, The lily s pearl and snow.

"The sky is like for-get-me-nots, The dawn like roses glow, But in the quiet emerald grass How many blossoms blow!"

Their song was hardly finished, ere Florrie and little Paul heard a soft and wistful voice, and a little gray fairy came flitting down upon the pink cheek of a rose like a teardrop.

"I come," she said, "from my gray cloud home, above which is the clear blue sky, looking at itself in the still waters of the earth, calling them upward."

"Another raindrop fairy!" cried a sunshine fay, looking at her crumpled wings.

"I am sorry I am so plain and gray," said the raindrop fairy. "I came because I heard a little violet calling to me. Your wing had ruffled its petal. Listen, the Sun is calling you home. Every evening he calls you to come home, that you may rest and be ready for your work on the morrow, and every morning you surprise the earth anew. But we must wander many days through the dark earth before he will send you to lift us up in your shining arms and bear us back to our rest in the downy clouds."

"Come back with me now to your

floating home in the shining air," whispered a sunshine fairy. "I must go, because our father the Sun is calling."

"I have work to do," replied the raindrop fairy; "I cannot go just yet."

So the sunshine fairy kissed her farewell, while she glowed like the rose upon whose petals she sat, even like a ruby upon its breast.

Then all the sunshine fairies kissed the faces of the flowers good-by.

"Take us with you to the beautiful blue sky," whispered a violet.

"Nay, it is the home of clouds, not flowers," replied the fairy, and before the gray clouds had hidden the sky, they went laughing up into the bright air, leaving the earth somber, and the hearts of Florrie and little Paul heavy.

"The rain fairies are coming," said Florrie, "let us hurry to Aunt Lorna's."

But little Paul cried for the sunshine fairies. He looked up into the sky, whither they had gone, but the clouds hid them from view. As he looked up a rain fairy fell upon his forehead, and another brushed his cheek with damp, gauzy wing. He let Florrie lead him under the shelter of the trees, where they could hear the raindrop fairies dancing upon the leaves overhead. They found a path, but it did not lead to Aunt Lorna's, and the sad little raindrop fairies seemed to mock them as they tumbled down upon them or splashed into the mud at their feet. They rested under a pine tree, where little Paul's tears almost transformed him into a raindrop fairy, but Florrie put her arms lovingly about him, and when she had brought a smile to his face, she once more took his hand and led him on.

[To be continued.]

THREE GATES OF GOLD.

BY COUSIN JO.



DO stop, Sarah, you are always speaking against some one or some thing." "Why, it is not so. I will ask mamma. Mam-

ma, come here. Is it true that I am always speaking evil?"

"Well, daughter, I am sorry to say that you are apt to see the shadow side rather than the sunshine, and I regret it very much."

"O mamma, that is just horrid in anyone, but I must do it if you say so, for I know you see very clearly, and want to help us always."

"Thank you, dear one, and now let us not waste any time in regrets, but turn our attention to amend the fault."

To dwell upon a fault only weakens one; spend time and energy on the virtue which you wish to express.

"O mamma, tell me of some plan at once, and if I get mentally lazy, jog my memory every day."

"Good! that is the way I love to hear you talk—the willingness to conquer this habit shows the battle is half won. There are three golden gates that you should open when you are tempted to speak against anybody or any thing.

THE THREE GOLDEN GATES:

Is it true?

Is it necessary?

Is it kind?

A silence of some minutes followed, then Sarah said:

"Mamma, sometimes one could not prove the truth of something another had told to one."

"Think, Sarah, what ought to be done in that case?"

"Leave it unsaid," cried impulsive Dolly.

"Right," replied the mother.

"Now let us try these three golden gates for a week, watching our thoughts, praying for guidance, and reporting our progress to each other one week from today, thus strengthening our good resolve."

"Agreed!" cried both girls.

Will you, too, try the "golden gates"?

FRITZ.

BY J. P. C.

Perhaps you would like an introduc-



tion to Fritz. Well, Fritz is a very intelligent pug dog, and is so sensible as to seem almost human. Despite his advancing age he is very bright (he will be sixteen years old next March).

FRITZ.

Why, don't you know, he actually talks—of course I mean by motions and in dog language. I could tell you of many instances when it would be impossible not to understand his meaning, but this one occasion may interest you the most.

Fritz has had for a long time a very bad cough. I had never been able to entirely cure him of it. When the opportunity presented itself to me, and Fritz, I was seated one evening in conversation with a teacher of spiritual truths, when Fritz came in with one of his coughing spells, nearly exhausted

and in a high fever. He came up to us, laid his head on her lap, and asked by unmistakable cries and signs for help.

Mother Virtuzia (for it was she) gave



him a treatment, and Fritz, realizing the relief that had been given him, kissed her cheek and nibbled the tip of her ear in token of his gratitude. Then helaid down and slept an hour. Since then

mother virtuzia. whenever he feels the need of help he jumps upon his benefactress' lap, raises one foot high, and pleads for aid.

At other times he walks around quite independent. He is well on the road to recovery, all due to his recognition of the Presence that heals. I believe animals are oftimes more sensitive to this Presence than the materially-minded. Don't you think so?

I send you pictures of the healer and Fritz.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON THE COW.

"A cow is an animal with four legs on the under side. The tail is longer than the legs, but is not used to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. A cow has big ears that wiggle on hinges; so does her tail. A cow is bigger than a calf, but not as big as an elephant. She is made small so she can go in a barn when no one is looking. Some cows are black, and some can hook. A dog got hooked. She tossed the dog that worried the cat that caught the rat that lived in the house that lack built. Black cows give white milk; so do other cows. Milkmen sell milk to buy little girls dresses; which they put water in and chalk. Cows chew cuds. and each cow furnishes her own chew.

"That is all there is about cows."

INTO THE MAGIC LAND.

BY EMMA HARRINGTON TEEL.



Y, how I wish there were fairies right now instead of 'once upon a time,''' sighed Margaret Warren, as she laid down the volume

of fairy tales from which she had been reading.

"There are fairies right now, and geni and witches, too," remarked her mother, who had overheard her lament.

"Why! how is that?" queried the little girl, straightening up with interest.

"I'll be the good genius who will give you the magic wand which will enable you to see them"—here a great clatter in the hall interrupted the conversation, and in burst Roger, Margaret's neighbor and playmate.

"Here are some pansies for you, Mrs. Warren, from my own bed," said Roger, presenting his fragrant gift.

"Mamma has just been telling me there are fairies right now. Did you ever see any? She is going to give me one of the magic wands which open folks eyes so they can see such things," breathlessly narrated Margaret.

"My, how I'd like to see 'em, too! Won't you give me a wand, too, Mrs. Warren?"

"Certainly, Roger, for you have first given me what represents it. You know 'There are pansies, that's for thoughts.' Shall I tell you a little story?"

Whoever heard that question answered in the negative by a boy and girl? A duet of "Yes, oh, yes!" greeted her.

THE PANSY FAIRY.

I know a little girl and boy who always have a mind full of "want-toknows," and won't take "I don't know" for an answer.

These "want-to-know's," "want-to-be's" and "want-to-do's" are keys that unlock enchanted domains, and there is no treasure house which they will not open if rightly used. So the treasure house of Wisdom is opened to me, and I tell these earnest questioners many new and beautiful truths of which I had never thought, until their questions called them forth.

The pansy tells me it is the result of Roger's "want-to-do" something to make the world beautiful and his "want-to-know" how the little seed grows into a fragrant flower. yellow petals represent the knowledge gained of how the little seed takes up that which appears only foul dirt and transforms it by a power within itself, represented by the purple petals, until it grows into a perfect plant and blos-Its growth is shown by its som. shining green leaves. So the yellow, purple and green stand for wisdom. power and growth in both Roger and These three elements the flower. enter into all processes of development.

Now look at your flowers and tell me if you will not see the magic thought back of things hereafter.

"Oh, mamma! I did see a dear little fairy face smiling up at me from my pansy as I looked at it," said Edith.

"I always thought pansies looked like little faces, but at home they just call it my 'magination," said Roger, with a new light shining in his eyes. "How I love my fairy pansies!"

A NURSERY SONG.

Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout
Are two little goblins black!
Full oft from my house I've driven them out,
But somehow they still come back

But somehow they still come back. They clamber up to the Baby's mouth,

And pull the corners down.

They perch aloft on the Baby's brow,
And twist it into a frown.

And one says "Shall!" and t'other says
"Sha'n't!"

And one says "Must!" and t'other says

O Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout, I pray you now, from my house keep out!

But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh
Are two little fairies light.
They're always ready for fun and chaff,
And sunshine is their delight.
And when they creep into Baby's eyes,
Why, there the sunbeams are;
And when they peep through her rosy lips,
Her laughter rings near and far.
And one says "Please!" and t' other says "Do!"
And both together say "I love you!"

So, Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,

Come in, my dears, and tarry a while!"

-St. Nicholas.

CHILD-GARDENING.

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE BIRDS.

Now comes the beautiful "singing month." The delicious songs of blue bird and robin, wren and oriole unite in one grand chorus, and the Child Garden children catching the strain, stand still and listen:

"Praise Him, robin! praise Him, robin!
Thanking the Lord on high;
Sing your loudest! sing your proudest!
Under the bright blue sky."

Oh, how we do enjoy these beautiful

songs from birds and children. And always back of the songs, and back of the singers, how the thoughts do go to the kind and loving Father who in His wisdom made them all.

There are no living creatures, outside of people, that come so closely to our hearts, as do our little friends in feathers, the birds. I think the reason for this is, because we can in the bird life, as through a looking glass, see our own life, in the family and in the home.

A child who tries hard to round his little hands into the shape of a bird's nest, singing all the while:

> "Who taught the bird to build her nest Of wool and hay and moss? Who taught her how to weave it best And lay the twigs across?"

will be sure to think of his own dear mother's love, and then still back of the mother's love his thoughts will go to the protection and care of the dear Heavenly Father "who is above all and in all and through all."

In Froebel's wonderful book called "The Mother Play" he gives a game called "The Bird's Nest." Through the playing of this game he would have the children understand God's wonderful law of Unity—that all things are connected together in one great whole, and that God the Good rules all.

The child is taught to see, either in real life or in the Mother Play pictures, that every little bird is taken care of in a special way, that it builds its nest where it is safe from danger, and where the food it requires is within reach, and that it builds its nest and hatches its young at the time of year when the little baby birds will be kept warm by the spring sun. Then the mother or

child gardener will tell the child about the fearlessness with which the little birds lie quietly in their nest waiting for the mamma bird to return, who has gone to bring them food. She tells the child, too, of the glorious sun, sent by the heavenly Father to warm the children's home and make it bright; and that the same beautiful sun shines on the birds and flowers and children and everything—and that we must not forget to thank the kind Father a ways for all of the blessings that are ours.

Flowers, birds, trees, stones; let us live close to them all and learn the beautiful lessons they hold for each one of us about ourselves. Let us learn from the lilies of the field and the birds of the air, to show in our outward works the spirit that God has breathed into us.

"He careth for us—how blessed!
Making the darkness light;
He who beholdeth the sparrow
Keepeth us ever in sight,"



CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am nine years old. We like WER WISDOM very much. My sister Louisa and the girl that wrote the little poem, I play with. She comes to Sunday School. We get five little cards for one big card. I go to school every day. Next Tuesday my class and another class are going to Lincoln Park and have a picnic, where the animals are, lions and tigers and birds and swans and ducks and elephants and all sorts of animals. Goodbye,

Your loving friend, EDITH BESLY.

JE JE JE

My Dear Mrs. FILLMORE—I like Wee Wis-DOM very much. I am eight years of age. This: is my first letter, but I hope not the last. I have been receiving the little paper for four or five months. My playmate and I used to have little quarrels, but now since I have been taking the little paper we play happily together.

Your loving friend, MAURINE E. EDGAR.

JE JE JE

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first time I have written to you. I am twelve years old. I love that piece about "Pearl Drop" very much. I love to get out on the front porch and read the little paper. I will write a little verse I love:

"To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind and good,
As children ought to be."

That is the truth. This is all I have to say. Give all the little Wees love for me.

Your loving friend, RUTH KIRKLAND.

NATURITA, COLO.

Dear Little Wees—I am going to tell you how much change there has been in plant life since I last wrote to you. Most anywhere you go now you can find wild flowers. I liked the little "Fairy Forest" ever so much. I have learned the little "Love Song" on the back of February number of Wee Wisdom. I can play it on the organ and sing it. I like it fine. It makes me so happy when I sing it. I like to go after the cows on horseback. It is so nice and cool in the evening. Well, I will close now. With love to all the little Wees,

ELDA CHATFIELD.

REE

Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Mrs. Fillmore — I received the marked copy of Wee Wisdom. I am perfectly willing to make a picture for it if you will send me some little story or poem that you wish illustrated.

Yours very truly, RALPH BARTON.
[All right, Ralph, we'll need your help on our Birthday number.— Ed.]

A preacher raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralyzed with amazement to see his small son in the gallery pelting the hearers in the pews below with horsechestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a reproof, the young hopeful cried out: "You 'tend to your preaching, daddy, I'll keep them awake."—Ex.



LESSON X. JUNE 3.

The Gentile Woman's Paith, - Mark 7:24-30.

Golden Text — Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou will. — Matt. 15:28.

It is a good thing to have faith. Without faith, you could not walk, talk, eat or sleep. When you feel and know you can do a thing, then that is faith.

This woman of Greece spoken of in the lesson (verse 26), knew without one doubt or single fear that Jesus could help her, so she besought him, that is, asked him most earnestly to heal her daughter. Jesus wanted the woman to prove her faith, so knowing the custom of that country where the woman came from, which made it seem that they were not so fine a race as the Jews, he said he could not cast the children's bread to the dogs. If the woman had not fully believed that Jesus would help her she might have been angry at his reply to her, but here she showed her earnestness. Her answer was full of humility (verse 28), so much so that Jesus could not refuse her request. He was pleased with her humble reply. When the woman came to her house she found her child healed.

Be persistent always in your wish for good. Never give up trying. Speak to the Christ within your own soul, and the Christ will listen and show you all good. All good is brought about for the faithful one.

Have faith in Jesus. Have faith in the Christ within your own soul. Have faith in God. Look only for good to take place.

LESSON XI. JUNE 10.

Peter's Great Confession.—Matt, 16:13-26.
GOLDEN TEXT — Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.—Matt. 16:16.

Many of the disciples thought Jesus some ancient prophet come back to earth again to do good, but Peter cried out quickly, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Peter felt Jesus to be the true teacher, and saw that great knowledge in the Master that would uplift all humanity.

Jesus told Simon Peter he was indeed blessed to understand this, and that God alone, the Father, had revealed it to him. "My Father in heaven," Jesus said. As heaven is within the heart, then God within Peter had shown him this truth.

Peter means a rock; and a rock is firm, unyielding, standing for perfect faith, or knowledge, so on that knowledge of the Christ within man stands the church of God—a church not built by hands; for, nothing can prevail against it. Evil cannot touch it. Good is a greater power than evil, for good is the only power.

A key stands for that which will open a closed door. If we are wise in anything, then we have knowledge, and that knowledge enables us to see into any secret or hidden place. So, if we have Peter's knowledge of the Christ within the soul of each and all, we may open any door, and be able to tie up and throw out our naughty thoughts, and we may also bind or hold to us all beautiful thoughts. (Verse 19.)

To deny one's self means to put away old ideas and all selfishness and be willing to give yourself in every way to do God's work; then, take up the work of Christ, or God, and follow in the footsteps of Jesus, and do good.

We must forget what we want to do, and give our whole time to others, helping them in every little way that we possibly can.

There is much in this lesson. Study it deeply with your teacher and find all the lessons we have not touched upon.

LESSON X 1. JUNE 17.

The Transfiguration.-Luke 9:28-36-

GOLDEN TEXT — This is my beloved Son; hear ye him.— Luke 9:35.

When one prays deeply and earnestly with great love and joy in the heart, it is often the case that that one's face is glorified — brightened, and shines with a new light.

It was this way with Jesus when he went up into a mountain to pray, he, and his three disciples, Peter, John and James. Not only was Jesus' face bright and shining, but his garments also.

Moses and Elijah were seen talking with him, for Jesus could see both the visible and invisible, and because he could see this the eyes of the disciples were open at this time and they also saw these men, who had been wise prophets in the days of old before Jesus came upon earth. These men from the unseen world talked with Jesus about what he should do.

When Jesus first prayed the disciples slept. Maybe the glory of Jesus' countenance was too much for them and that it caused them to be drowsy and heavy with sleep. But upon waking they, too, saw Moses and Elijah. The disciples did not know who these two men were, but Peter, who often thought of material things, and who was very likely inspired just then, said, "Master, let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elijah." Then came a cloud and overshadowed them. The

disciples were awed at this and filled with reverence; not frightened, for a voice spoke from the cloud—a voice from our angel of God bearing the message of Almighty Good—and the words were: "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him."

Little children, do you know that if you pray very much, give thanks often, love and serve God with glad hearts, that your faces also will be lightened and glorified so that all will rejoice to be near you? Then, too, when you sit silently thinking of God as Good and Love, you will in time be able to see the beautiful white light of His presence all about you. This is quite true. Be ever grateful and thankful to God. Know

Be ever grateful and thankful to God. Know that the Christ dwells within you, for Jesus said, "I am in you, ye are in me, and we are one in the Father," and "The kingdom of heaven is within man."

LESSON XIII. JUNE 24

Review.

GOLDEN TEXT - Never man spake like this man. - John 7:46.

Thoughts for our review are these

Have such great faith in the teachings of Jesus that you will ever be doing some good deed.

Know what the Sabbath means - to keep a holy place in the heart where you can enter daily and think of God,

To know God is to know real life, to feel that He is ever near leading and guiding you.

Forgive all, have no hard feelings for any one. Love with a great love as did Jesus, and never judge unkindly.

Plant little seeds of truth and love in your heart, then water them and keep them alive by believing in them, and knowing that you are able to do good, then surely they will blossom and fruit some day, and you will be truly rewarded for your patience.

God is ever good to us. He sends only good. No harm can come to us from God, who is only good. We make our own sorrows, but God gives blessings.

Be wise in all you do. Asking God's guidance you cannot make a mistake. He will lead and guide you

God feeds us and supplies us with all we need; then little children and grown people should be very thankful to God.

Always have faith in the Good. Never look for trouble and misfortune, but always look for the Good to take place. God is ever good.

The Christ is in every heart. You are the Christ-child, so is your little friend, so is every one that lives; for Jesus said that God is "Our Father." Jesus also said, "I am in you,"

Be careful to listen to the still small voice.

Ask God's guidance in all that you do and you will grow Christ-like,

The greatest wisdom is God-wisdom, and God is everywhere present, for God is Love.

YE FDITOR'S SANGTUM.



ELCOME, my Wisdoms! Come right in and tell me what you have been doing all the past month that you have written so little for our

June Wee Wisdom. Is it because we were crowded out of our Sanctum last month, and so missed our little heart-talk with each other, that you have forgotten how necessary are your bright fresh thoughts to the pages of your little paper? Anyway, don't let it happen again, for we are to scatter Truth-seeds for a crop of New Humanity in this old world, and we must be diligent about it so the "Old Fellow" won't catch us sleeping and get in another crop of "Evils."

Last month we planted the seeds of Peace and Plenty in every home WEE WISDOM entered, and with fine results. Now, this beautiful rose-month, let us plant in every home a perpetual bloomer. Here it is, and we will all help keep it growing:

Health and Joy blossom all the time in this Home.

Let it be our first care all the month to cultivate this fragrant flower in our hearts and homes, and then we can tell each other of our success at this kind of gardening, for "Our hearts are the gardens, Our thoughts are the roots."

Now, all our little Wisdoms are Thinkers. Why! you can't do a thing without the thinking to push you to it—and that is why we have to get back of the doing into the thinking when we want to change things; and that is why all Thinkers should think only true and beautiful thoughts if they would have a true and beautiful world to live in.

But we are something beside Thinkers, we are *Knowers*, too, when we get real well acquainted with ourselves. If you want to find the Knower in you, you must get real still—so still that you can hold your little thinker still for a while so it won't disturb you; and some way, I can't tell you how, for it's just there, like God is there, you will know—know the wonderful Spirit-mind in you and in the birds and in the flowers—you will feel what God and Love and Good are like. And then you will let your Wise Knowers keep your mind full of wise thinking.

One more month and then comes WEE WISDOM'S Birthday. you going to say or do to help make her Birthday Party a success? Perhaps there are some new friends among us who are not familiar with our customs. and to such we would explain that as August is WEE WISDOM's birth month, we turn that number over to you children, and all that is said and done in it is the work of your own hands. Royal will be the Editor, and he will see that you will all be given a place for your letters, stories, song and pictures, or whatsoever you may like to bring to our birthday WEE WISDOM.



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June, 1906.

LESSON OF THE PLANTS.

Oh, where do you come from, berries red, Nuts, apples, and plums, that hang ripe overhead,

Sweet juicy grapes, with your rich purple hue,

Saying, "Pick us and eat us; we're growing for you"?

Oh, where do you come from, bright flower and fair,

That please with your colors and fragrance so rare,

Glowing with sunshine or sparkling with dew?

"We are blooming for dear little children like you."

"Our roots are our mouths, taking food from the ground,

Our leaves are our lungs, breathing air all around,

Our sap, like your blood, our veins courses through —

Don't you think, little children, we're somewhat like you?

"Your hearts are the soil, your thoughts are the seeds:

Your lives may become useful plants or foul weeds;

If you think but good thoughts your lives will be true,

For good women and men were once children like you." — Selected.

We have several stories on hand now waiting for the Birthday number, One is by a little Chinese girl, and one is a graphic description of a "Cat Wedding," by Helen Knox.

Gladys' mamma said she had composed music for Trixey's little Peace Song. We hope she'll send it in soon. Dorothy will not forget she is to help Ralph with the illustrations.

Wouldn't it be jolly if every one of you could bring along a new subscriber!
Try it. We are going to send such beautiful gifts to every home now.
Everybody ought to have Wee Wisdom.

Orion, tell us what you think of the door-plate of WEE WISDOM. You're a bug hunter, and can appreciate all the little life it represents.

Let's have lots of good things for July and August WEE WISDOM.



Good Summer Reading.

Below we give a list of the best New Thought books published for children and young people. Just what you want to make your vacation a pleasant one.

WEE WISDOM'S WAY

By Myrtle Fillmore,

It contains the whole gospel of healing and salvation in a nutshell. Price, 25c.

One of the most delightful stories published. It is a booklet of 64 pages, complete in twelve chapters, written in beautiful child language descriptive of how the Day family was healed.

We doubt if there is any metaphysical booklet which has been so widely read, both in America and Europe, and continues to be in such popular demand, as Wee Wisdom's Way, a charming story of Love and Truth and Healing.

Title printed in red on cream cover paper, making a dainty and acceptable holiday remem-

Wee Wisdom's Library, Vols. I., II., III., IV., V. and VI.; paper, 25 cents

Contents: Poem—"Three in One," by Lydia Gardiner Worth; "The Red Caps," by Florence Harvey; Poem—"Ye Must be Born Again," by C. B. Reynolds; Music—"Pillow Verse," by Warren W. Reed; "Harry's Mission," by Aunt Seg; "Thoughts With Wings," by Lucy C. Kellerhouse; Poem—"The True Birth Place," by Wilhelmine Smith; "The Real Santa Claus" by Florence Harvey; "Thanksgiving Proclamation:" Poem—"What are Little Folks Made Of?" by Helen Augusta Fussell; "Phil," by Aunt Seg; Poem—"How to be Happy."

Volume II.

Contents: "How Marjorie Blossomed," by Nina Lillian Morgan; Poem—"Wee Wee-est and the Shadows," by Emma Harrington Teel; "A Crocus and Crutches," by Lucy C. Kellerhouse; Poem—"Four-Leaf Clover," by Mary Brewerton de Witt; "While Hazel Waited," by Harriet Louise Jerome; Poem—"My Valentine," by Myrtle Fillmore; "The New Shoes," by Florence Harvey; "Whatsoever," by N. M. A.; Poem—"Song of the Flowers," by S. E. G.; "How Tulips Were Made," by Theresa B. H. Brown; "How Froggy Formed a Band of Mercy," by Aunt Emma; Poem—"In Society," by Helen Augusta Fussell; Poem—"Glad Tidings," by Mary Connor and her Mamma.

Volume III.

A beautiful story by Mary Brewerton de Witt, entitled "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key."
This charming story will captivate the little folks, and please "children of a larger growth" as well.

It contains a beautiful half-tone picture of Rose, the small heroine, and shows how sunshine and prosperity were brought into the lives of a family by the practice of Truth in a most practical way. 48 pages.

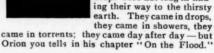
Contents: "Dorothy's Christmas," by Lucy C. Kellerhouse; "A Christmas Story," by Aunt Seg; "Old Rink's Cherry Tree," by Florence Harvey; "Love's Roses," by Lucy C. Kellerhouse; "Lady Chrysanthemum," by Harriet Louise Jerome; "George's Gospel," by Aunt Seg; Poem—"Song of the Flowers," by Mary Brewerton de Witt; "The Five Sisters," by Aunt Seg.

Volumes V. and VI.

In presenting these little books to the public we claim for them the originality of being the first of their kind ever published. Over two years ago the little contributors to WEE. WISDOM were promised that their best efforts at story writing should be gathered together in a small book, and their names appended as the authors thereof. Now it so happened when this gathering together was made, there were found to be more "Drops From

Wee Pers" than one small volume could hold, hence the overflow called forth a second volume, which our young artist presents to you cloud-and-cat ol-ede cked, entitled, "Summer Stories."

The "Raindrop Stories,"
with which the little volume
of "Summer Stories" begins
orms a very pleasing symosium for a summer's day,
ind was much appreciated
it the time of its first appearance, in so much as a
Irought threatened the land
ind raindrops were a luxury.
But whether by the magnetsm of flattery of these wee
pens or by the power of the
Word behind them, the raindrops were not long in finding their way to the thirsty
earth. They came in drops,
they came in showers they







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