

WEE WISDOM.

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



WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.

"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that 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,   
Even as your Father in heaven is perfect.

—JESUS.



VOL. X.

KANSAS CITY, MO., JULY, 1906.

No. 12.

Doings of the Little Days.

SEQUEL TO WEE WISDOM'S WAY.

VI.

TRIXEY'S WORD OF LIFE.

YOU don't always know what's coming next. So its best to feel very certain that God is always on hand everywhere and always. I can't get it all straightened out yet, it was so sudden and looked so dreadful, but I did keep my true thought shining, and everybody got over the scare. It was right while I was so happy the other day thinking about letting my light shine, that Cousin Frank put his head in the door and said, O Trixe, something dreadful has happened to papa, and they are bringing him in like he's dead!" I had to think awful hard not to let my light go out, it was so sudden, but I said, "No, he is not dead; God is life." I told Frank if he'd think about *life*, and keep saying, "Life, life, life," we'd bring him out all right.

Well, after I thought awhile, I went down stairs. Everybody was so scared and running everywhere, waiting for the doctor to come. They all said, "He's dead," but I would n't believe it. I

slipped into the room where they'd put him. Dear Uncle Ben, he did look so white and still, but it didn't scare me any, for I *know*. So I got as close to him as ever I could, and whispered, "Uncle Ben, Uncle Ben, you're all right. God is your life, Uncle Ben, and you're all right." Then I said, "Life, life, life," as fast as I could, and it seemed as if Uncle Ben were coming back and back and back from somewhere 'way off, and he were saying "Life" too.

After while somebody touched me, and said, "Little girl, wake up and go into the other room."

It was the doctor; he thought I was asleep. I told him I was just thinking hard. He asked me what I was thinking about, and if I could n't think somewhere else just as well. Then I told him I was helping Uncle Ben *know* he was alive and all right, and if he'd just let me alone awhile I'd show him.

He said it was no place for little girls, and he could n't go on with his examina-

tion while I was there. I asked him to let me stay there just a little while longer, for Uncle Ben *needed* me so, and I would n't look or anything if he'd let me stay. Then I put my face down on Uncle Ben's face and kissed him, and told him he was so full of life he could n't keep still any longer.

I told the doctor if I was a little girl, and he a big doctor, I believed in God more than I believed in him, 'cause God was life, and God's life was in Uncle Ben and could n't be put out, and that's what I wanted to think about.

I kissed Uncle Ben again and whispered to him that he was all right, and then he shivered all over and opened his eyes and looked at me.

Then the doctor took hold of his wrists and said, "He is regaining consciousness," so I went and told Aunt Sue.

* * * *

Uncle Ben's able to talk now, and I stay with him a lot, for he says he likes to have me. The doctor says Uncle Ben's all right now. Why could n't he have said so all the time?

Uncle Ben says there's something about it all he can't understand, for when he was thrown from his buggy he seemed to be thrown clear away from everything into the dark where he just drifted and drifted away out and out like he was on a big, big sea, and couldn't feel anything or didn't care for anything. All at once he heard me calling him, and something like a rope of light going out and out to him across the darkness. When it came near enough he caught hold of it, and then pulled in and in till it seemed to pull him back into himself, and he felt me

kiss his face, and heard me say, "You're all right, Uncle Ben."

What was it all? Where was he? and what brought him back? are questions that the doctor can't answer to satisfy him.

He asked me today if I thought that big black sea was death. Then I thought about the light and darkness, and told him what Aunt Joy had said, and because everybody was thinking darkness or untruth 'bout him but me, was why he saw my little true words like a rope of light coming to him in the darkness, and bringing him back where he could think for himself.

He said, "Trikey, you're a strange little girl, but I believe I begin to understand you. That was a hard knock, but anyhow it's knocked something new into my head."

Then I was so glad, for I knew Uncle Ben was beginning to *know*.

BOY'S COMPOSITION ON WATER.

"Water is found everywhere, especially when it rains, as it did the other day, when our cellar was half full. Jane had to wear her father's rubber boots to get onions for dinner. Onions make your eyes water, and so does horseradish when you eat too much. There are a good many kinds of water in the world—rain water, soda water, holy water and brine. Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use it to go to sea on. Water is a good thing to fire at boys with a squirt gun and to catch fishes in. My father caught a big one the other day, and when he pulled it out it was an eel. Nobody could be saved from drowning if there wasn't any water to pull them out of. Water is first rate to put fire out with. I love to go to the fire and see the men work at the engines. This is all I can think about water—except the flood."

THE RAINBOW.

BY LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.

CHAPTER II.

They had walked far, and were very tired, when they found themselves in the very same fair spot of grass and flowers where they had been before; for they had walked in a circle through the woods. Then little Paul was sure they would never find their way, and Florrie had to keep back her own tears and comfort him; but this was a hard task, and she never could have kept the sunshine in her sweet face if a bright-winged fairy had not lingered behind the others and hidden in her smile.

They stood beside a wildrose bush, the petals of whose flowers hung limp and wet. All over the green, the flowers were drooping and dripping, and the grass lay prone under the ceaseless dance of the raindrop fairies. Their gray gossamer wings filled the air; and their song seemed gray, too, wistful and melancholy:

"Smiles and sunbeams flit away
When the raindrop fairies fly;
For all see us sad and gray,
As we flutter from the sky.

"Love us, for our hearts are good;
Smiles and sunshine, come to us,
And we'll show you what we are,
And our inner loveliness!"

"Ah," sighed a wild rose, "though they bring drink to my roots and refresh my leaves, yet they are not lovely, but mournful and gray."

"Like Aunt Lorna seems," said Florrie. "Oh, rose, be comforted; the sunshine fairies will come again."

Then she said to little Paul, "Come, brother; God is here and will lead us to Aunt Lorna's. The raindrop fairies

are not flying quite so fast; we will run, and not care."

At the touch of her foot a clover lifted its head.

"You have come, dear sunshine fairy," it said gladly.

"No, I am only little Florrie," she replied, stopping to smile upon it.

"But your touch was like theirs, your voice was like the song of the sunshine fairies."

"Dear little flower," said Florrie, "I wish I were a sunshine fairy, but I am only a little girl who loves you and smiles upon you."

"You are one of us!" cried a merry voice, and a sunshine fairy fluttered down to the clover's scented head. The raindrop fairy sitting there with drooping wings, glistened at her magic touch, and lifted her face, now radiant, to the shining one above.

"I slipped through a torn cloud," laughed the sunshine fairy, "and here I am."

"And I!" "And I!" "And I!" cried a happy chorus.

There they were, a bevy of bright-winged beings; and the raindrop fairies on grass and flowers or flying in the air, sparkled like diamonds; for the sunshine fairies made them glad, and revealed their pure hearts.

Then a wonderful thing happened; for the raindrop fairies were still flying from the sky; and the sunshine fairies, slipping through the scattered clouds, took their hands in theirs, and they flew even like sisters, wing to wing. And lo, all the raindrop fairies were transformed, so that a beautiful bow appeared in the sky, shining with the colors of the flowers in the grass below.

"Have my sisters who went away gone to blossom in the sky?" asked the columbine.

"Did the wind carry my petals thither?" asked the heart of a buttercup.

"Ah, there are violets in the sky," said a little flower joyously.

"And phlox, and ferns, and larkspur!" cried all.

But that was not the secret of the rainbow. A sunshine fairy led the two children to a ridge, where the trees fell back from the cliff; and here they saw the valley below them, with the silver river winding through it, over which danced the sparkling fairies. The whole valley was filled with gladness; for the raindrop fairies were no more sad and gray, and laughter and light filled the air, as they merrily danced with the sunshine fairies, with joy in their pure hearts and the light of love on their faces. It seemed as if the vanishing clouds were scattering diamonds over the earth, or opals; for the colors flashing in the rainbow were like those revealed by the light in the milky heart of the opal.

Then the sunshine fairies fastened wings to the shoulders of Florrie and little Paul, and they arose through the laughing throng up to the very circle of jewels in the sky; and here they could see the sunshine fairies clasping the hands of the raindrop fairies and awakening joy with their glad look. And where the bright wings touched the wings of gauzy gray, the raindrop fairies unfurled their gossamer pinions to their true size; even as the butterfly that has crept from its chrysalis at last spreads out its beautiful wings in the radiant

air; and their wings glowed like the petals of flowers; or, dancing hand in hand, they gleamed like necklaces of ruby and topaz, emerald and sapphire: for the sunshine fairies loved them and revealed their true beauty.

Back to the cliff on the edge of the forest, flew the children with the fairies; and as they stood on their little feet again, they beheld the raindrop fairies, sparkling and happy, fly away, and the rainbow fade from the sky like a beautiful dream. Then Florrie and little Paul, looking where the sunshine fairies danced through the valley, saw a path down the hill, and beside the path was Aunt Lorna's house; and at the wet window-pane was Aunt Lorna, with a smile even more beautiful than the rainbow as she looked up and saw her two sunshine fairies flying to her on feet winged with love.

(Concluded.)

THE TWO WAYS.

When her little baby frets and cries,
The foolish-hearted Mrs. Rue
Just wrings her hands and heaves great sighs,
"Boo-hoo-hoo-o-o!"
There they sit and cry together,
And, oh, there's a spell of rainy weather!

When her baby frets and cries
The wise, brave-hearted Mrs. True
Just laughs with her mouth and smiles with
her eyes,
"Cock-a-doo-doo-o-o!"
There they sit and crow together,
And, oh, there's a spell of sunny weather!

—From *Just to Help*.

A richly dressed woman stopped a boy trudging along with a basket, and asked, "My little boy, have you got religion?" "No, ma'am," said the innocent, "I've got potatoes."—*Ex.*

MUSIC AND MUSIC MAKERS.
SKETCHES BY HARRIET AYER SEYMOUR.

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IX.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

About a year after the birth of Mendelssohn and Chopin the world gained another great musician in Robert Schumann. At the age of six Schumann began to play the piano, while in his seventh year he attempted to compose. Schumann had lessons only a few years, studying alone after that. This seemed to be the best way for him until he went to study with Frederick Wieck, at whose house he met Wieck's talented little daughter Clara, who already gave promise of becoming a great pianist, and who eventually became Schumann's wife.

Schumann's mother objected to her son being a musician, for in those days music was not looked upon as it now is, for at the present time it is considered one of the highest and best professions. So Schumann decided to study law, but spent all his time practicing on the piano. He then went to Heidelberg and did practically the same thing. In studying the compositions of the great masters he learned to love Bach, and said, "Bach is my daily bread. His music is neither old nor young, but more than that, it is eternal."

Finally, Schumann's mother, seeing his really great talent, consented to his devoting himself to his beloved art. As Schumann was now twenty, he felt that there was no time to be lost. Unfortunately Schumann, like many pianists, worked too much on the mechanical side, and in his endeavors to improve on Nature he injured his hand, in consequence of which he was compelled to give up all idea of playing in public. However, Schumann wasted no time over vain regrets, and, like Beethoven, was thrown back to his inner life through his unfortunate injury. Composition and writing now became his occupation, Schumann being one

of the few musicians who wrote as well as he composed. He was always ready, too, to praise other musicians, and when the first Chopin numbers came out, Schumann wrote, "Hats off, gentlemen." Schumann was an idealist, living in an imaginary world of his own. It is into this world that his music takes us, away from all thoughts of selfishness and smallness, into a broader stream of harmony.

Those fortunate people who heard Clara Schumann, even when she was a little old woman in her eightieth year, playing the wonderful music of Robert, her husband, can tell us of its uplifting and inspiring effect. But we, too, may travel to this lovely land; we may play "Traumerei," and dream our own dreams; we may listen to some of the great modern virtuosos as they produce for us that magic train of revelers in the "Carnival," with Pierrrot in cap and bells and all his fantastic followers.

Schumann's music was called all-sufficient. He was a silent man, we might almost say diffident, save when he sat at the instrument that he loved. Once he called on a friend, and as she came into the room Schumann went to the piano, played a few chords, smiled and went out.

A little Topeka girl came home from church the other day, and was asked what the minister's text was. "I know it all right," she asserted.

"Well, repeat it," her questioner demanded.

"Don't be afraid and I will get you a bedquilt," was the astonishing answer.

Investigation proved that the central thought of the sermon had been. "Fear not, for I will send you the comforter."

AUNT PHEBE'S STORY ABOUT THE BOY WHO SAVED HIS ARM.

When I was visiting in San Francisco a little newsboy was thrown from a street car, and his right arm was run over and crushed. He was carried to the hospital, and the surgeons thought there was no way to save the poor little arm, and it must be taken off. But the boy had a different mind about it. It was *his arm*, it had served him well and faithfully, and he did not propose to part with it. So he plead for it with the doctors as for his life, and told them over and over, "*It will be all right after while.*" His mother came and added her pleadings with his. At last, a kind little doctor said, "He begs so hard for his arm, let's try and save it for him." So they went to work and gathered together the little slivered bones, and pressed and shaped the mangled flesh around them, and dressed and bandaged till it looked quite like an arm again. All the while the brave little fellow kept saying, "*It will be all right again.*" And sure enough, every time they dressed it, the surgeons found the little arm growing better and stronger, and really getting "*all right.*"

It was not many months until the boy was out playing ball, and using, as well as ever, the precious little arm which his faith and courage had saved for him. Does this not prove that all things are possible when we really take hold of them with all the earnestness and strength of our wonderful Spirit within?

"Treat your friends as you would like to have them treat you. Treat everybody as your friend."

PULLEY STRINGS.

BY EMMA HARRINGTON TEEL.

Dear me! I had the greatest fright;
Dolly was in a fearful plight;
She'd lost one arm and both her legs —

The pulley strings
came off their
pegs.

Through legs and
arms some
holes are
bored,

And they are strung
on rubber cord,
But mamma put
the strings all
back,

For as a doctor she's
no quack;



I 'guess you'd know."

I guess you'd know if once you'd have
Her heal a hurt with "sweet kiss salve."
She says I'm full of funny things —
Of sticks, called bones, and pulley strings;
That when I laugh I pull one set,
And others when I frown and fret,
But that I need n't cry and pout
For fear I'll wear my laugh strings out.

INTO THE MAGIC LAND.

BY EMMA HARRINGTON TEEL.

II.

ROGER Newton lived in a beautiful house on the Avenue, and tucked in behind it on the cross street was the coziest cottage imaginable — the home of his chum, Margaret Warren.

Margie's parents were not rich according to the world's standards of wealth, but had plenty for their needs, and were opulent in their enjoyment of simple pleasures, artistic surroundings and a knowledge of the law of love and good cheer, which brings pleasures more priceless than gold.

Roger had learned to come to this.

happy home in all his trials and triumphs, for, as he said, "Mamma is too busy buying things, managing the servants, and going places where she don't want to go."

His father was completely absorbed in piling up dollars to put with those he had already hoarded up, so that he took no time, even at home, to read anything but the financial news. Of course he was successful in getting money, for such intense concentration on anything could not do otherwise than bring it to him in abundance. It was not often he took time for a pleasure trip, but he had promised Roger a ride in the new auto. Roger had learned that division of a pleasure was really a method of multiplication—if it was contrary to all mathematical rules, so he had asked to share the treat with Margaret.

"Oh, dear! It always rains when I want to go some place," fretted Margie, as she leaned her head against the window and watched the downpour of water which was literally washing away her hopes of the joyfully anticipated ride. Suddenly she raised her head and looked around. She thought she heard a low voice saying, "What's the matter, dear?" but she saw nothing but a bright round raindrop on the window. On looking closer she saw a tiny fairy-like form seated in the heart of the raindrop.

"Who are you?" abruptly queried Margaret in her surprise.

"I am one of the fairies of the *right now*, for which you were wishing."

"Well, I am sorry I wished for you as you have spoiled my day."

"You would not feel so hard toward

me and my brothers and sisters if you would stop to think how busy and useful we are. It was necessary we came this morning as it was so dry none of the baby plants could take a bit of breakfast until we had prepared their food by mixing it with water; then, think of the many dusty little flower faces we had to wash."

Margery could not help smiling, and, of course, old discontent was put to rout, as he always is when confronted with a smile.

"Yes, we each have a work to do although I did not think so when I used to sing and dance all day long in the brook. One day I felt the sun drawing me with its warm love, and suddenly I was clothed in a pretty gray traveling gown, and started on a journey up, up into the sky. Here a great company of other drops rushed to meet me and folded me in their loving embrace. The sun shone on us and we were clothed in rainbow-hued garments, and frolicked around in the breezes until we were wafted over this garden. Here we felt the loving flowers drawing us, and here we are, ready to carry the beautiful rainbow colors to the flowers."

"Can water feel love?"

"Well, it can feel the drawing of attraction, and attraction is just another name for love."

"Why, that's so, and attraction is in everything," mused Margie.

"You are right. Love is in all and through all, and binds all things together."

Just here something tickled Margaret's nose, and she opened her eyes to see Roger dangling a bit of paper tied to a string before her, and saying, "Come, Margery, the sun is shining, and papa says to hurry up for our ride."

CHILD-GARDENING.

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY.

My Dear Wee Ones—And now comes the month of firecrackers and flags! We enjoy them both, because they tell us the beautiful story of freedom. How thankful we are that we live in a land of peace and plenty—free and independent! It was on the 4th of July, 1776, that our country was given its freedom. On that day the streets of Philadelphia were crowded with people waiting and watching for the glad news.

In the morning the men who made the laws, met together to decide whether the country should be free or not. Way up in the steeple of the old State House there was a bell on which were these words: "*Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.*" In the morning of this great day, the man who always rang the bell, went to his usual place, ready to ring the joyous message to all the people, but before he went he told his little boy to stay below. He said to him, "Just as soon as you get the news tell me, quick, so that this old bell will be the first to ring out the glad tidings."

The man waited and waited a long time; then, at last, he heard the little boy shout, "Ring! Ring!"

He quickly grasped the big iron tongue, which swung back and forth, telling the joyous news of liberty and freedom. Then all the bells in the city commenced ringing, and all that night the people carried torches, fired canon and shouted for joy. That was their way of showing thankfulness.

They had gained one of the best and sweetest things that human beings can possess—their freedom.

This freedom is outside of self. There is another kind of freedom, which is far more precious, and which is always found within us.

One of the games in Froebel's Mother Play book is called, "The Fish in the Brook." In the kindergarten when the children play this game, they represent the swimming fishes, and "chase each other round and round." By imitating the birds and fish the children learn to understand them better, and in this way they learn to understand God the Creator better. Froebel said we should be led up through Nature to Nature's God. And, whether you know it or not, every bird, fish, flower and tree has a lesson for us about ourselves. Let us study to find them. Why is it that we love to see the fish swim in the clear, pure water? We try to catch the fish, but when we hold him in the hand it gives us no pleasure; so we are made to understand that it is not the fish at all that we love, but its movements, its freedom, and the purity of the water in which it lives and moves. There is here a lesson of the true freedom which we all want to find.

Froebel would have each child early plant in his heart a love for purity and truth, that he may find this real freedom, which frees from greed, selfishness, impure thoughts and bad habits. And Mrs. Fillmore says, "We may all have a hand in it now, by exploding with our firecrackers the beliefs that have made us slaves to sin, sickness and death and want, and by rejoicing in the Truth that makes us free."



BOTHILDA'S TRUTH VERSE.

Always speak
The truth;
Then you'll reap
The golden fruit.

BOTHILDA CURTZ.



TYABB, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—This is the first time I have written to you. I have been reading *WEE WISDOM* for over six months, and I love the little book very much, especially "The Fairy Forest," and the story of "Pearl Drop." I have two brothers and one sister. My little brother likes to hear me reading them. I am ten years of age. I go to the same school as Rose Evelyn Foley, whose beautiful letters I have read among the epistles in *WEE WISDOM*. I will close my letter this time with dear love to all the Wees. I remain your loving little friend,

GEORGE GOLDING.



EDISON PARK, ILL.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—We have two cats, one is black and white and one is a grey maltese cat. I am nine years old. I am writing you this in the country. I am now at Besly Farm. I wrote a pillow verse, and I think I will put it in now:

There is time, time for work
And time for play,
God is watching us all the day.

Good-by, your loving friend,

EDITH BESLY.



COLUMBIA, S. D.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like the letters in the little paper very much, and thought I would write. I have a spotted pony, her name is Trilby, and she has a colt whose name is Trixey. Trixey is two years old. I drove her to school a week, and my brother and I drove Trilby and his horse, Helen, all winter to school. School ended the 1st of May. I hope you can read this.

With love,

DOROTHY WRIGHT.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write to you that I have not written to you for a long time. I like the springtime very much. Every summer I go

to my aunt in the country, and I have lots of fun. I go to H. H. Schroeder's Sunday School, and I like it very much, because I learn my lessons well. I learn to tell the truth, and never tell a lie. I have a little verse. Here it is:

THE FABRIC OF LIFE.

"In the loom of life we weave each day
On the warp of circumstance,
The colors grave and the colors gay,
However the threads may chance.

"But the web is ours to make or mar,
And the patterns we may choose.
We may make the fabric strong and fair,
And blend as we will the hues.

"The glint of gold from our happy days
May shine through the somber shades,
And love's warm gleam like the morning rays
Adds beauty that never fades.

"When the Master workman judges at last,
May he find our weaving good,
The textures fine, and the colors fast,
And His purpose understood."

Yours truly,

IDA SCHELLHARDT.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will take the pleasure in writing you a few lines. The letters the Wees write are very beautiful, and the stories, too. How are you all getting along? I am well and happy, and so are the rest; what more do we want? I was fourteen the 8th of May. In August I will send you one of my pictures, Sunday mornings I go to Mr. Schroeder's Sunday School, and in the afternoons to Mr. Bunting's. Mrs. Kettener and Miss Bushe are our teachers, they are very nice to us all. My little sister has catarrh. Will you all help and think a love thought for her. Her name is Caroline. She is nine years. My papa and mamma always want us to be obedient to them and our heavenly Father, for they lead us the right way to our Father's throne, which is within us all. I will close with a loving kiss to you all. Good-by,

HULDA SCHELLHARDT.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I go to Mr. Bunting's Sunday School. He learns us to tell the truth, and to be kind to everybody. I love the summer very much. I have a verse. Here it is:

"I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awakes my spirit, too."

This is all I know for this time. Yours truly,
BERTHA SCHELLHARDT.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I did not write yet, so I thought I would write. I go to Mr. Bunting's Sunday School. My Sunday School teacher's name is Mrs. Becker. I have a prayer. Here it is:

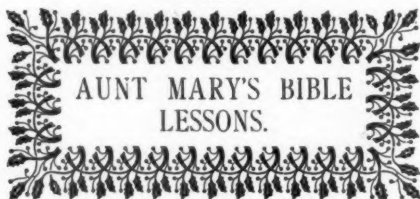
NIGHT.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I know the Lord my soul shall keep.
And I shall wake to see the light,
For God is with me all the night. Amen.

MORNING.

"Now I wake to see the light,
For God was with me all the night.
I'm filled with good; I'm God's own child,
I'm just like Jesus, wise and mild. Amen.

Yours truly, CARRIE SCHELLHARDT.



LESSON I. JULY 1.

Jesus and the Children.—Matthew 18:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—*It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish*—Matt. 18:14.

To explain any of Jesus' teachings about heaven we must remember where he said the kingdom of heaven was to be found. "It is within you"—in the soul of each one. We know that God knows no high nor low, but the one who understands the most of God and knows the joys of every day life, which is heaven, is not a person who is conceited or vain, but is that one who is gentle and innocent.

The good little child believes in the good, and loves everyone, and makes life happy and sunshiny for all about him, for he smiles and looks cheerful and does not fret or look troubled, but just *knows* that everything is good. The good little child feels God everywhere—he does not talk about it much, he just knows and is happy. Thus it was that Jesus set a little child in the midst of the people as an example. Jesus wanted them to know that they must have sweet innocent minds, seeing and knowing only goodness and sweetness, and having faith and joy, in order to realize the kingdom of heaven. To be great is innocent of wrong doing, and to be innocent of wrong one must know no wrong, one must know and believe in only the good.

Every little, tender, gentle thought we must

notice and bless. If a boy or girl seems smaller than you are and not so smart at his or her lessons, do not be unkind to that one, but rather be kind and loving, helping in every way that you can, and proving yourself a veritable child of God. Never snub or scorn anyone, no matter how their outside may look, for every one, small or large, is the child of God.

The people of the world who do not think of God are often ready to bring about offenses, but we who know the truth of Love must bring about peace in thought and act, and thus prove ourselves true children of a King.

We must not let our eyes look for naughty things, nor must we let our hands forget that they are God's hands, created to do good, for if we forget we shall suffer from our own forgetfulness of good.

The little children are ever watched over by beautiful angels, those who feel that God is everywhere and Love a reality. And the grown people who see only good are also cared for by the angels of God, bright messengers from the heaven of our own souls.

Any little thought that wanders from the fold, as, for instance, the thought that says, "I feel cross," you must bring back home again, telling it that it only knows, "I am love."

LESSON II. JULY 8.

The Duty of Forgiveness.—Matt. 18:21-35.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.*—Matt. 6:12.

Suppose you forgive a little boy one day for being unkind, and do your best to be kind to him, but suppose the next time you meet him he makes an ugly face and tries to be disagreeable. Now what are you to do? Must you be angry or speak crossly to him? No, you must remember what Jesus said. Forgive not only once or seven times, but over and over again, always showing the Christ-self within—this is to forgive seventy times seven.

Every one of our thoughts we owe to God, and as we only offer the good to God, our thoughts must be all sweet and true—loving little messengers of the Christ.

When our thoughts seem to be cross or unruly and disobedient, we must bless them and put them from us, and not let them in again until they can return as love and peace and wisdom.

Sometimes the wise mother will have her unruly child go into another room alone. When that child has found the good true Christ-self then the mother calls it back to her, and the little child is so glad to feel at peace again. When we feel cross we must pay our debt, and that debt is peace and harmony, or love. All of these go hand in hand, and without them we can not live in truth. God always loves us, is never angry with us, so we should always love others, remem-

bering the Christ within. We must forgive others, if we would feel God's love in our own hearts and be happy.

LESSON III. JULY 15.

The Good Samaritan.—Luke 10:25-37.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.*—Matt. 5:7.

Everyone is the inheritor of eternal life, for only the flesh can die. There is really no death. We can always live if we are forever true to God, as Jesus was; but people make mistakes, forget God, and so pass on. If we love God with our whole being, and every person the same way, we shall not die even in the flesh. (Verse 28.)

"Who is our neighbor?" The neighbor does not mean the person only who lives next door or on the block. The neighbor may be the plainest girl in your school, or the neighbor may be a rough unruly boy whom no one likes to have about. You must be the friend of that girl or boy. You must be kind to that one. You can help and comfort that one, and when others among your playmates pass them by you may send forth your blessing and be the means of healing that one, and thus bringing forth happiness.

LESSON IV. JULY 22.

Jesus Teaching How to Pray.—Luke 11:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Lord, teach us to pray.*—Luke 11:1.

Jesus taught the people but one prayer, and that one is called the Lord's prayer. Our Father in heaven means the beautiful spirit within man, for heaven is within, as Jesus said once for all, "The kingdom of heaven is within man."

God's name should always be holy unto us. Remember that He is good. His kingdom is come to us when we feel that wonderful joy within the soul, the joy of knowing that everyone is God's child—His beloved son—the Soul-self.

The daily bread means the true pure thoughts and words that are needful for us each day we breathe and think. We must forgive our own mistakes, as well as forgive others, in order to be happy. God sees only the good in us, as He has created us. Lead us not into temptation means that we belong to God and can not be led by God (good) into any harm. We must trust our own souls, for soul, or spirit, is the God-self.

God never refuses to give the good to those that ask for good. When we ask for good we must feel and know that it is ours already.

It is when we do not know our God, the Christ within, that we become confused and do not know what to do in times of danger. In the big

earthquake in San Francisco some people had wonderfully narrow escapes because of their faith in God and their not being afraid.

In the burning district one building stood through it all with all the other houses swept away. The reason was this, that the wife of one of the men of the firm is what is called a religious woman. She loves and trusts in the good, therefore she keeps the good acting in her own affairs.

God is all love. He never sends evil. People make their own trouble. We know how to do some good, if we continually think of good, and doing good we will be able to help more and more. God is only good. God never punishes. He is all love.

LESSON V. JULY 29.

Jesus Dines With a Pharisee.—Luke 14:1-14. □

GOLDEN TEXT—*He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.*—Luke 14:11.

Jesus was in the habit of visiting among the people that cared for him and believed his teachings. In this way he was able to do much good.

In this lesson we read that he ate at the house of a Pharisee on the Sabbath. Among the people that stood near looking on at the feast—for in those days it was the custom for outsiders to enter just as spectators—was this man with the dropsy.

Jesus knew what was in the people's hearts so he asked them the question they themselves were thinking upon. (3d verse.)

Jesus then healed the man, and talked to the lawyers in their own way of speaking, showing them that they would help a poor animal out of a ditch or pit, no matter what day it was. After these words they could not answer him.

Jesus showed the people many times that a good deed is of more importance before God and their own souls than the following strictly the letter of a law laid down hundreds of years before by Moses. We must love and worship God every day in our hearts, Monday as well as Sunday.

If you truly love God you will know how to keep the true Sunday in your heart, and it will not make much difference whether you sew a little on that day or go driving or what you do, if you actually know the Divine Spirit within. It is far better to play with your doll on a Sunday or to toss your ball than to spend the day saying unkind things about others, and finding fault. God's child should always remember love, and if we love we will be gentle with others, never pushing ourself up in place of another.

"You are so important in this world! Every thought, word and action of yours makes the world better or worse. You know what kind makes it better."

Wee Wisdom's Reception Room.

* DEAR WEE WISDOMS—Next month is my birthday. Who'll celebrate it by coming to my birthday party, and saying something *your own self*? Every one of *us* knows that life is brimfull of *good*, and that health and joy and peace and plenty are just as free to all as the air and sunshine. It is because *we* know this is *true*, and some folks don't, that we want to come together and tell everybody about it. The poet wanted "a thousand tongues to sing" about *good* with, and there's just about that many here. Now, "the tongue of the wise is health." Think what *health* there is in a thousand *Wee Wisdom* tongues!

All that's called *mis*-fortune comes from *talking* on the *wrong* side, because folks *miss* seeing that Life is *Good*-fortune itself, when they talk wrong.

Why, its just as sure, as sure, that if folks would keep their mind-eyes looking at *good* all the time, they'd not get a chance to miss anything good; they'd miss on the other side then, and it would be *mis*-sick, *mis*-wrong, and things they'd like to miss.

This is what is meant when it is said, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." We want our bodies to be *full* of light—*true Life* is the light we want our bodies filled with. "Let your light shine," means let us be so full of *true Life* that wherever we go people will see it.

For you see, health and joy and goodness are catching, when they get the chance; people can't stay sick long where some one believes in health; no one can stay mad or sad where there's *one* overflowing with love and joy.

Why, I tell you when the light of true life shines out, the darkness of *mis*-fortune, sickness, etc., has no choice but to *go*—just like the dark goes at night when the lamps are lighted—goes to *no*-where.

Come, every one of you, and bring a shining *word* for my birthday party, won't you?

* WEE WISDOM's first invitation to her first birthday party (see WEE WISDOM, 1894), repeated for her *Wisdoms* 1906.



50 cents a year. 5 cents a copy.
Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings a year.

Published on the first of each month by
UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,
913 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

July, 1906.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

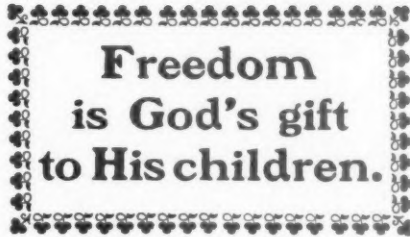
*What is the Fourth made of, made of,
What is the Fourth made of?
Powder and noise,
Firecrackers and boys,
That's what the Fourth's made of.*

*But the powder and the noise,
The firecrackers and the boys,
Are but bubbles on the sea
Of a great humanity,
That rejoices to be free,
And that's what the Fourth's made of.*

The guests are arriving already for WEE WISDOM's birthday party. We would not have any of you left out. Come in photo, story, song. Let's have everything original, and each one bring a new subscriber with you.

We would suggest that Lowell's Sunday School class furnish the Bible Lessons.

August is to be the birth month of Unity's new home.



WEE WISDOM'S APPEAL THROUGH HER YOUNG EDITOR.

Next month I will celebrate my eleventh birthday. Eleven years of growth and joy I have brought to you. I have given stories and verses to you for eleven months of this year, and for as many years. Now I ask of you, for the faithful should be rewarded. All I ask is that you tell me what you think. Send me letters and stories. Tell me what you want me to give you when I am twelve years young. Tell me what you like best about me, why you like it, and how you do good with it, and I will be happy.

REMEMBER,

Remember that for three 50-cent subscriptions you can have *Elsie's Little Brother Tom*; or *Wee Wisdom's Way*, or *Drops From Wee Pens*, or *Summer Stories*; or any one number of *Wee Wisdom's Library*, or an extra subscription to WEE WISDOM.

Remember every new subscriber you get and every home you put WEE WISDOM in, you are sowing the seeds of harmony, health, happiness.

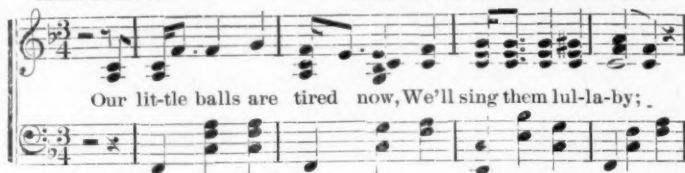
Remember WEE WISDOM's address is 915 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo., and always direct your letters good and plain.

Remember to always give your full address in every letter you write us.

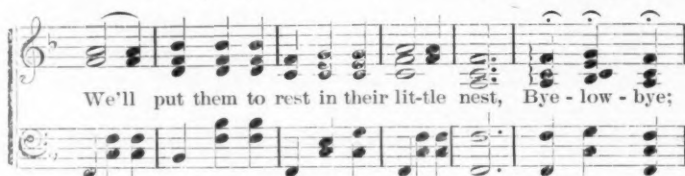
A Lullaby to the Balls.

MRS. J. R. C.

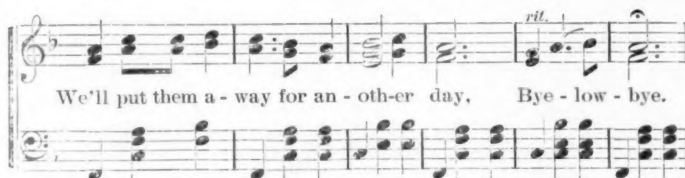
MRS. JUNE REINIGER CHAPMAN.



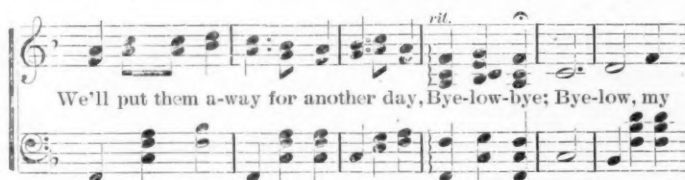
Our lit-tle balls are tired now, We'll sing them lul-la-by;



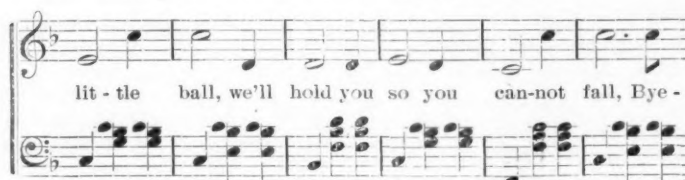
We'll put them to rest in their lit-tle nest, Bye - low - bye;



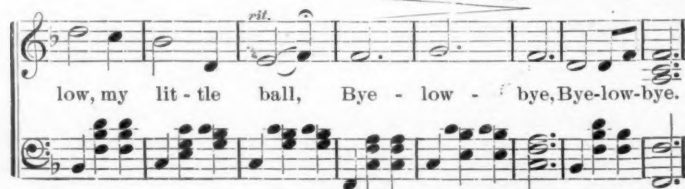
We'll put them a - way for an - oth-er day, Bye - low - bye.



We'll put them a-way for another day, Bye-low-bye; Bye-low, my



lit - tle ball, we'll hold you so you can-not fall, Bye -



low, my lit - tle ball, Bye - low - bye, Bye-low-bye.

