

VOL. IV. KANSAS CITY, MO., JUNE, 1900. NO. 11.

JUNE.

WILHELMINE SMITH.

Who comes here, so lightly stepping
That the pressure of her feet
Makes the grass and flowers spring upward
To embrace her, and to greet?

See how fair she is, and lovely,
Tripping over all the land,
Kissing rosebuds into blossoms,
Till they bloom in every hand.

This is June, the month of roses,
Month of beauty and of grace;
All the earth smiles upward at her,
When it sees her smiling face.

E'en the clouds have changed their dresses
From pale gray to spotless white,
That, reflecting back the sunshine,
They may make her stay more bright.

So when June comes, grass and flowers,
Trees and birds and clouds believe
That in giving her sweet welcome
Richer life they all receive.

KING MAKES A DISCOVERY.

VIRGINIA BELLE WADDINGHAM.

IT WAS a happy day for little King when he trotted proudly by his mother's side on his way to the "Kinty-garden," as he called that delightful instruction, the Kindergarden.

His beaming face and bright golden hair must have taken on an added gleam as he entered the door, for Miss Smith, the teacher, exclaimed in a merry tone of voice, "Why, children, here is a perfect sunbeam of a boy! *Now* we know where the beautiful, golden light went this morning, and *we* thought it was a cloudy morning! Why, the sunbeams just got tangled up in our new boy's curls."

The children laughed and clapped their hands, while King stood for a moment embarrassed by this unexpected greeting; but he soon recovered his composure and drawing his fat, little legs together, gravely saluted first the teacher and then the children in true military fashion, as his father's friend, Captain McCoy, had taught him to do. This elicited more hand-clapping, and King soon felt at home with these merry young people.

One day King came home with a tiny note peeping out of his jacket pocket. "A letter for you, Mamma," he said, producing it in triumph. Mamma Cole read the note and said, "Miss Smith says you have been late for several mornings, dearie; we must get you started earlier. It is a dreadful thing to be late for school; it annoyes the teacher and makes her work harder."

King looked distressed. "I'm *sure* I wasn't late, Mamma." he said earnestly. "Why, the children were all there."

"But what were they doing, dear? Were they on the play-ground, and did they all march in after you came?"

"Oh, no, Mamma, they were all in the school-room singing and *waiting for me*."

"Then you *were* late, little man," laughed mamma. "You should be there in time to march in with the rest."

Several weeks went by when one morning Mrs. Cole saw Miss Elliot, the assistant teacher, coming towards the house, leading little King by the hand. Mrs. Cole met them at the door, and Miss Elliot explained that King had begun the day in a happy mood, singing the songs and joining in the games as usual, when suddenly, without any apparent reason, he began sobbing, and the kind teachers had been unable to pacify him or find out the cause of his grief. So Miss Elliot had brought him home, thinking perhaps mamma would be more su-

cessful than they had been. But mamma's questioning only brought on another flood of tears, and so the subject was dropped.

It had always been the custom, after tea was over, for Mrs. Cole and little King to nestle down in the big, blue velvet arm chair, in the chimney corner, and have a confidential talk. And what delightful talks they had in the old arm chair!

There they discussed the events of the day just past and made plans for the future — such bright, rosy, happy plans! and often Papa Cole would join them and then the plans were rosier than ever.

On this evening, after they had cuddled down comfortably in the big chair, Mrs. Cole said, "What made my little boy cry this morning? Come, dear, tell mamma all about it."

"Mamma," King replied, in a most mysterious whisper, "Mamma, I didn't cry. It — was just — my — old — body!"

Then after a pause he went on hurridly. "I was late for school, and when I got to thinking that you said it would bother the teacher, I was so sorry, and then my body began to cry. I didn't want to cry. I tried to make it stop, but it wouldn't stop. It wouldn't mind me at all;" and little King lifted his troubled eyes to mamma's face with an imploring glance and she knew there was more to come, so she said gently, "I understand, dear, and what else?"

"Mamma, there's *two* of me," said King, resolved to divulge the secret whatever the cost, "or three — there's two *me's* that talk and then my body."

"No, sweetheart, there *seems* to be, but really there is only one. Only one 'you.' The perfect one, the Good one that never makes a mistake, that is the true self. There seem to be a great many minds; there seem to be two in each little boy and girl, but the truth is there is only one mind in the world and that is God's mind. The other is not true, it is a mistaken idea. The body is just a machine to help us do the work we have to do while we are here, and it does what we tell it to do."

"But why wouldn't it mind me?" queried little King.

"Because you did not know how to control it, dear. The thoughts in your mind control your body, and there must be a captain to give orders and tell them what to do, for they are just like a little army of soldiers, and love to obey their commander if he knows what orders to give. Now, the real I of you, the real King Cole is the captain of your thought-army, and the soldiers will gladly obey Captain Cole if he is brave and true. And if he doesn't always know just what orders to give, he can send a messenger to the Great Commander ——," here Mrs. Cole paused, and King said quickly, "You mean God, don't you, Mamma?"

"Yes, dear, and then if Captain Cole keeps very quiet and thinks for a few minutes, the Great Commander will tell him what to do."

It is a splendid thing to be a good captain and govern our armies wisely, a very great thing, indeed.

QUEER.

It's queer when the world seem steady
  It really is whirling so;
It's queer that that the plants get large
  When no one can see them grow.

It's queer that the fountain's water
  Leaps high in the sunlight bright,
And queer that the moon can never
  Fall out of the sky at night.

It's queer that one clover blossom
  Is white and another red,
When the same black earth surrounds them,
  The same rain waters their bed.

It's queer that of all those wonders
  We take so little heed,
And that as for feeling thankful,
  We seldom see the need.

We scold if the weather's chilly,
  And fret at the hot sunlight;
Don't like to get up in the morning,
  Hang back from the bed at night.

Yes, queerest of all the queerness
  Are surely those girls and boys
Who live in a world of beauty
  And rather see woes than joys.

—*Selected.*

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

CHAPTER III.

Written by the Brightside Boys.

MY, BUT I have had a good time since last month! You know I was made captain of a company of twenty nickels who were to go to Brightside. Every one of us was ready to do anything we were asked to do, and we can do a great deal, for twenty nickels make a whole dollar.

Soon after we reached Denver we were taken out of our box in the postoffice by Mr. Field and two boys whom he called "Cottontop" and "Buttercup." I wondered why the boys had such funny names until I saw that one had white hair and the other was very, very yellow. But the boys were laughing all the time and seemed to like their pet names. They said they would take my companions to help build up Brightside, and would give me a little pleasure trip. So I was put in a letter and sent away again.

I did not learn where I was going, but the next day I was taken out of my letter at Colorado Springs. Trevor and his Mamma are down there because Trevor is getting money to pay for Fern Farm, which is part of Brightside. I expected he would be almost grown up, but he was only a pretty fat boy who seemed to be having a very jolly time. He took me out to see the beautiful places around there. We climbed two miles up Pike's Peak, and went all over the Garden of the Gods, and visited the wonderful springs at Manitou. By and by he had to see so many men and women that I was sent away again to the other Brightside boys.

One evening about five o'clock I reached Brightside. I suppose I was expected, for certainly no one ever had a more hearty welcome. I went into the dining-room and heard the boys say grace, and when their Papa told them that I had come they nearly shouted. I took off my hat and bowed to them, and they all laughed. (I do wonder why people laugh at me. I am sure I look dignified.)

The boys at Brightside stay out of doors nearly all the time, and they are very brown. They go to swim every day in a big pool, and one day I went along to watch them. Then we came back up the Lilac Path and down Pleasant Avenue and then up the Beautiful Drive, where there are flowers. Then we crossed the campus and went down the big orchard. We went down Applebough Lane and then back up Clover Lane, and we saw their pet cow "Blackie," and their three horses, "Betsy," "Nellie" and "Prince." And then we saw the famous cat "Thistledown" and a snow-white kitten named "White Rose." The boys say that all their animals are pets.

Then we went down where a new street is to be; it is to be named Fern Street, and where it crosses the Beautiful Drive the boys were planting a Columbine (which is the Brightside flower), and then they sang me their school song, which I like. The tune is, "Shall we Gather at the River." Here is the part which I heard:

We are Living in the Sunshine.

We are happy boys at Brightside,
Fear our lives shall ne'er control;
We are living in the sunshine,
Noble deeds, happy lives our goal.

CHORUS:

We are living in the sunshine,
Brighter, brighter grow the days,
Love our happy hearts is thrilling
With a song of joyful praise.

We are free and brave and happy,
Here no evil thought shall come;
Sin's dark shadow ne'er shall linger
O'er our happy mountain home.

Just a few days before I reached Brightside a pretty little boy named Captain Jesse fell into a large tank of boiling water. Everybody here says it is very wonderful that he ever got out "all in one piece," but he lost a great deal of his skin, and now the boys say he looks like a snake that has shed its skin. All the boys seem to love Captain Jesse very dearly, and every

night one or two of them stay up with Papa Field, and a good many of them know how to send Jesse such thoughts of rest that he goes right to sleep when he would cry if he did not have their help. These constant life-thoughts are very rapidly healing the little captain, and he sits up in his bed now and plays all day, but for a while everyone here was so devoted to Jesse that I could hardly get a chance to tell about my travels this month.

I don't believe that I ever saw a place which had so few "comforts" as Brightside, still I never saw happier boys. When I asked them what made them so happy they said, "Because we are living in the sunshine," and when I said, "Do you mean out of doors on the campus?" they laughed and said, "No;" they meant that they had learned to look on the *bright side* of things, and that Papa and Mamma taught them that if they did this and worked hard for better things they would receive them after a while.

I have had a lovely time here, and I have tried to help all I could, and now I am going down to Denver and visit Mrs. James and all the dear people there and will tell you about it next month.

THE JUNE PILLOWS.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

MY DEAR ———: I send some pillow verses* for WEE WISDOM. It seems a natural thing in Truth to give expression to such thoughts, and it is such a sweet way in which to bring the Truths of Science to children, and not only little children but those of older years enjoy them, because they voice the Truth.

In Love and Truth, yours heartily,

SARAH P. ROSE.

*See Pillows.

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PHIL.

AUNT SEG.

PHIL was a roly-poly little chap whom everyone liked because he was so good tempered.

He went to school but never got beyond the first grade, because he "couldn't learn," his mother said; and soon his teacher said, "Phil was a good boy, but he *couldn't learn*;" then his schoolmates repeated, "Phil is all right, only he *can't learn*." Finally it came to pass that Phil himself agreed with this statement, and with a sigh, admitted "It's no use tryin' I can't learn," and so he went on until he was nine years old and should have been in the third grade.

One day his teacher went away and another came in her place. As she looked over her pupils, she wondered how such a big boy as Phil came to be among them, but did not say anything about it until she had time to look into the matter; then she asked him to remain one day after school, and clean the blackboards for her.

He cleaned them very nicely, and then waited to see if he could do anything more. His teacher was thinking, he supposed, because she was sitting still, with her hand over her eyes. He was obliged to touch her, at last, so that she might see that he had finished his work.

"I'm all done, Miss Brown," he said.

She put her arm around him and looking kindly into his honest blue eyes, she said:

"Phil how does it happen that such a nice big boy as you are should still be in the first grade?"

Phil flushed a little as he gave the usual answer:

"It's 'cause I can't learn, Miss Brown."

"Why can you not, Phil?"

"'Cause I'm stupid, I s'pose."

"Who said you were stupid?"

"My ma says so."

"Does anyone else call you stupid, Phil?"

"Yes, ma'am, everybody says I am, and I guess it's so."

"Do you think you are different from other children, Phil?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm good, but I ain't smart."

"Why do you think you are good, Phil?"

"'Cause everybody says so."

"Phil, do you know about God?"

"Yes, he is 'way up in the sky."

"God is *everywhere*, Phil."

Phil looked around the room enquiringly. "I don't see Him, Miss Brown," he said.

"Do you see the air, Phil?"

"No, ma'am," he answered.

"Yet the air is everywhere, my dear boy, whether you see it or not."

"Yes, ma'am, I s'pose it is."

"Can you see Love, Phil?"

"No, ma'am," he answered.

"Yet Love is everywhere, and God is Love. Do you know what Wisdom is, my dear?"

"Yes, ma'am, it is what makes you know things."

"Can you see it, Phil?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, dear child, God is Wisdom and God is Love. Love and Wisdom are everywhere, and so God must be everywhere, just as the air is everywhere. Now, Phil, you are in the everywhere, are you not?"

"Why, 'course I am; I couldn't be out of it, I guess," he answered laughing.

"Then you are *in* Wisdom and *in* Love, for they are everywhere, therefore you are *in* God, because God is Love and Wisdom."

"Isn't God a great big man, Miss Brown?"

"No, dear, God is Principle."

"I don't know what principle is," said Phil.

"Principle is the ruling power, Phil. It is not a form but is *in all forms*, because it is everywhere. It knows everything, and so one of its names is Wisdom. It does everything exactly right, and one of its names is Love, because Love never makes a mistake. Now, Phil, it is *in* you as Wisdom and *in* you as Love. You said that Wisdom makes you know things, did you not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then if Wisdom is *in* you, can it not make you to learn?"

Phil's eyes brightened. "Are you sure it's in me, teacher?"

"Perfectly sure, Phil."

"How can I make it work, Miss Brown?"

"It will work itself, if you will allow it to, Phil."

"I don't see what I do," answered Phil.

"You continually say, 'I can't learn.'"

"Does that keep it from working?"

"Yes, dear; it is as if you shut the door in the face of your best friend when he is trying to do you good."

What shall I do?" asked Phil.

"Tell the truth. It is not true that you cannot learn. How can you help learning with Wisdom *right in you and all around you?*"

"Has it been in me all the time, Miss Brown?"

"Yes, Phil."

"Then I've been tellin' lots of lies, 'thout knowin' it," said the child.

"You have, dear, but you are not to blame since you did not know the truth about yourself. But, Phil, you *will* be to blame if you do not tell the truth hereafter."

"Shall I say, 'I *can* learn?'" he asked.

"Yes. Say, 'I can learn, for God is Wisdom *within* me, and *around* me.' Also say, 'I *am not stupid*, with God *in* me and *around* me.'"

"When shall I say it, Miss Brown?"

"Every time you think of it, dear child. If you do this you will learn so fast as to surprise everyone, and they will cease calling you stupid."

Phil went right to work telling the truth about his wisdom, and he *did* surprise everybody.

Every child is a born worker. There never was a lazy child born on this earth. I wish to explain that: I do not mean a child when he is eight years old — when you have spoiled him. It is when he begins, and not after you have him "sit still." "Sit still, and let me comb your hair — don't stir and make a muss. *Sit still*, and let me put on your cap and tie your shoes and put on your wraps." After awhile these children will think they are a sort of clothes-frame or something of that kind — and they do sit still.— *Good Health.*

Two of these Little Ones.

This is me and Lewie. We are the two boys who go walking with our Papa, and see the things Papa tells you about in WEE WISDOM. Lewie's name is Albert and mine is Wray Orion Walmsley. I'm seven and Lewie says he's "a little after four."



Once I thought I was sick and could n't walk across the floor without falling, but I found out God's little boy could n't be sick and that made me well, and it made Papa well, too.

Jim, the little boy across the street, had a cold, and he could n't talk he was so hoarse, and he coughed and coughed. I called him in and gave him a little card I got down at the Unity Rooms. It read, "I AM FEARLESS AND FREE."

I told him to *think* that, and I would treat him, too. The next day he came over to play with me and you would n't ever thought he'd had a cold. But I made a greater demonstration than the cold business when Jim had the measles. He was in bed before I knew it, but he wanted to come over and see me and got his mother to let him, and I treated him, and he went home better and in a few days was all right. I don't believe God made measles. Lewie treats, too.

We've got a little Bantam hen with a lot of little bits of chickens. When we take 'em up they shut their eyes, and Lewie says, "They're holding the thought." We like everything.

I used to think everything could talk when I was a real little boy. Papa says once when we were out in the yard with the chickens I said, "Did he, Papa?"

Papa said, "Did he what?"

"Why, did n't you hear what the old rooster said, Papa?"

"No; what did he say?"

"He said, 'I took a w-a-l-k.' (Say the "took" real fast and the "walk" real long and you'll see it does sound like the old rooster's talk.) Papa always laughs when he tells about it.

Once when Lewie was real little the colored woman asked him if he would n't be her little boy? Lewie thought about it and told her "No;" and when she asked "Why," Lewie said, "Now, would n't I look funny coming 'round here all black."

Mamma led the Wednesday meeting once, and it made me want to do something and so I asked her if I could n't talk sometime, too. She said she knows God loves to have little children tell their truths just the same as big folks. So I thought up a little talk about the old tree in the back yard and nobody helped me at all and I told it right in the meeting and I'll tell you:

We've got a big Elm tree in our back yard, and its like a big tank and gets filled up with water when it rains. There's a hole near the foot where the water runs out, and I build a dam there to hold the nice clear water. When the dam gets dilapidated, the water runs out and then I tear it down and build it up good and strong. Now, it seems to me that's like when we let sickness and evil dams waste our water of life we must tear them down and build up dams of love and cheerfulness to hold it.

We love everybody and everything.

Your Kingdom.

EMMA HARRINGTON TEEL.

My dears, have you longed to rule a great nation,
Or to hold some high official station,
And scatter great blessings and joys all around
That nothing but pleasure and joy might abound?
Just lend me your ears, I'll whisper to you
A secret that's lovely — and better, 't is true:
Each boy is a king, each girl is a queen,
O'er the richest kingdom that's ever been seen.
If you search for this kingdom no boundaries you'll find,
For 'tis the glorious, unlimited Kingdom of Mind.
True thoughts, jewels rare; loving deeds, flowers fair,
Are the treasures you rulers can strew everywhere.
Since you see you're a ruler you'll be kingly I know —
Rule justly and gently and do things just so
That your kingdom may be a heaven on earth
Filled with pleasures and treasures and innocent mirth.



Epistles.

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Mamma and I just thought that my subscription must be overdue, so I hurry to send it. I thank you for coming right along. I enclose fifty cents for my WEE WISDOM, and five cents for the little leaflet, "At What Age," for mamma, and the "*good luck nickel*" you can start out on its mission for good, like the story of Fred's nickel. I think the Easter Number is just beautiful. It has so many good things in it. I sent the extra copy to a friend of mine who is just beginning to learn these beautiful truths. Mamma reads WEE WISDOM to us just before we go to bed. Baby is a boy and is three years old, and he likes the copy with Mother Sparr's picture on it best. I just love to write to you when I once get started. With lots of love, your little friend,

MARGARET COOPER.

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CHANNING, TEXAS.

DEAR ——— : I cannot do without WEE WISDOM. It is so nice. Find enclosed fifty cents. I wish all the little girls and boys around had WEE WISDOM. Yours in truth,

MAY MCALLISTER.

Also five cents for the leaflet "At What Age."

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MOUNT ETNA, IND.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — Mamma takes UNITY and WEE WISDOM. I love to read WEE WISDOM, love the letters the little girls and boys write for it. When I read this good paper it leads me to be good and love God more every day. I am nine years old, and I have a little Christmas money, and I am going to put it to good use and get WEE WISDOM with it. I would love to have a moss card from dear Mother Sparr. I will send good wishes to all. I hope to see my letter in next WEE WISDOM. Your little friend,

GRACIE OLIVE DAUB.

***

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am eight years old. I love to read your paper. I will send Philip my April story:

This the story of April.
This is Spring now.
This month is April.
April means the opener,
Because everything opens.
Easter comes in April.
Spring begins the 21st of March.
The little German children
Think rabbits lay eggs.

I like the little duckling story. I should love to write stories just this kind for WEE WISDOM. I am God's little boy. I should like a moss card. I will send love to all.

ARTHUR FORD BICKNELL.

***

CLAREMONT, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — As you sent me two little papers last time, I gave one to my little friend, Ellen Bradshaw. I was nine last January. I go to school. I am in the fourth grade. I have heard so much about Mother Sparr's moss cards that I would like to have one very much. I have three sisters, one is three, her name is Roberta, one is eleven, her name is Inez, and Hazel is fourteen. My father is a merchant here. Well I will close,

SUSIE ROBERTS.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have been much interested in WEE WISDOM. I have read so much about Dear Mother Sparr's moss cards. I would like very much to have you send me one. I go to the Home of Truth Sunday School. Think they have such beautiful thoughts there. Lovingly yours,

ETHEL HANCE.

***

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR — I have been reading the WEE WISDOM and like it very much. I attend the Home of Truth Sunday School. Mrs. Kemp has taken charge of our Sunday School, and we dearly love her. I would love to have one of your lovely moss cards. Inclosed you will find some money to pay expenses. Yours in love, ELSIE T. BANKS.

Elsie sends ten cents.

BONNEY, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am a little girl six years old, and I should like to have one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. I wish I I could see Mother Sparr. Papa takes WEE WISDOM for us. I have six brothers. Your friend, NORA MEYER.

***

BONNEY, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I received the moss cards. I thought they were nice. I thank Mother Sparr very much for them. I like the pillow verses, and I think the Bible Lessons are very nice. WEE WISDOM is the best paper that I ever read. I like "Wee Wisdom's Way" very much also. Yours truly, BESSIE MEYER.

***

CHICAGO, ILL.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM — I take WEE WISDOM and like it very much. I go to the Woodlawn School and am in the fifth grade. I would like one of Mother Sparr's moss cards, as I have never seen sea moss. I have a little sister seven years old that goes to school too. With best wishes, your friend, AMY PHILLIPS.

P. S. — I enclose a pillow verse.*

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ——: As I have never seen any letters from San Francisco, I thought I would write one. I go to the Home of Truth Sunday School and get the WEE WISDOM every month. I enjoy reading the stories and letters. Swami Vivekananda is here, and I went to hear his lecture and enjoyed it very much. My father and mother also go to the Home of Truth and get lots of good there. I would like a moss card. I send a stamp. With best wishes,

LAURA KNIEF.

***

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have been reading WEE WISDOM for some time and I think it is lovely. If you would send me two moss cards, one for me and one for my little sister Hope, I will be very thankful. I am ten years old. I get a copy of WEE WISDOM each month from my Sunday School teacher. I hope to have the moss cards soon. Yours truly,

SADIE J. LANDIN.

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have been feeling bad today, but as I have not anything to do I will write you a letter. I like WEE WISDOM very much. I think it is a nice little book. I know you will send me a moss card. I have already got one sea moss card. I am eight years old, and I am in the A third. I started to school when I was five. The sea moss card that I have is very pretty, and I am going to keep it. Now I will close, from your loving friend,

BESSIE BALDWIN.

* See page 13.

THE BUTTERFLY COLLECTORS.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I happened one night in my travels
To stray into Butterfly Vale,
Where my wondering eyes beheld butterflies
With wings that were wide as a sail.
They lived in such houses of grandeur,
Their days were successions of joys,
And the very last fad these butterflies had
Was making collections of boys!

There were boys of all sizes and ages
Pinned upon their walls. When I said
Twas a terrible sight to see boys in that plight
I was answered, "Oh, well, they are dead.
We catch them alive, but we kill them
With ether — a very nice way.
Just look at this fellow — his hair is so yellow,
And his eyes such a beautiful gray.

"Then there is a droll little darkey
As black as the clay at our feet,
He sets off that blonde that is pinned just beyond
In a way most artistic and neat.
And now let me show you the latest —
A specimen really select —
A boy with a head that is carroty red
And a face that is funnily specked.

"We cannot decide where to place him,
These spots bar him out of each class.
We think him a treasure to study at leisure
And analyze under a glass."
I seemed to grow cold as I listened
To the words that these butterflies spoke;
With fear overcome, I was speechless and dumb,
And then with a start — I awoke!

— *Selected.*

JUVENILE BIBLE LESSONS.

HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON 10. JUNE 3.

The Twelve Sent Forth.
Matt. 9:35 to 10: 8.

GOLDEN TEXT—*It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.* Matt 10:20.

Did you ever think, children, that there is a preacher and a healer within each one of you? Well, there is, no matter how small or young you are; you are never too small or too young to preach the "Gospel of Glad Tidings."

Jesus did his first public preaching when he was no bigger than many of you, for he was just twelve years of age.

Jesus gives you in this lesson the text that you are always, all your life, to preach from. You will find it in the seventh verse; it is, "The kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

Now, we have learned that preaching does not always mean standing on a platform in a church and talking to the people who come there, for little children, and many others, cannot do that, and yet they are all preachers.

There are many ways in which you can preach the Gospel. I will tell you a few, and then you see how many more you can think of.

The other day I saw a sweet little girl preaching the Gospel of Love with her hands. She was washing the dishes to help her mother, when she wanted to go out to play, and she was preaching the Gospel with her eyes and with her whole face, for instead of looking cross about it her eyes fairly danced with joy, which made everybody happy around her.

Then you can all preach every day from your text, the seventh verse, by sharing your blessings with others, and unselfishly giving to those around you.

Now, you tell how you can preach the Gospel with your feet, your voice, and with your whole body. Remember some of the best sermons we will preach will be *silent* ones.

When little children thus live the Truth they grow up to be noble men and women, and learn to do all the works of Christ, such as healing the sick, cleansing the world of its error, overcoming its sorrow, and raising the dead.

Little children, you have a crown far more beautiful than kings wear. This crown has twelve precious sparkling gems in it One of them is named Love or John, another is called Faith or Peter. They are the twelve disciples of the Christ within you, but I will not name them all — I will leave that for you to do; only keep each one of them bright and clean, so that they may each preach their Gospel.

Then, "It is not ye that speak (not just a boy or girl), but the Spirit of the Father which speaketh in you."

A good task for you this week will be to learn the names of the twelve disciples by heart. This will always be a help to you.

LESSON 11. JUNE 10.

Death of John the Baptist.
Mark 6: 14-29.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.*— Eph. 5:18.

This is a temperance lesson. We all want to be happy, and this is right, but we can only be so as we are temperate, that is, as we let the Good rule us.

To be drunk with wine and whisky is not the only intemperance, for angry, cross and unkind words and acts are just as untrue.

Sometimes little children forget themselves and become greedy and eat too much candy or cake and then get the stomach ache; then they call the candy or cake bad, and say it hurts them, but this is not so. The cake and candy are not bad; it was the greedy, selfish thought that brought the pain.

But the Christ-child is always temperate in all things, because it always listens to the still small voice within, and always obeys whatever it says. You all know what this voice is; it talks to you and always tells you the right thing to do.

If Herod had listened to John, and obeyed this voice of God that was sent to him, how happy it would have made him, and others, too, but instead of that he listened to the voice that told him to do wrong and trouble followed.

All is well with us when we obey the voice of the Good and the True. There is another lesson here that we must remember, and that is not to make rash promises. That was another sad mistake Herod made. But if we should make a promise to any one that afterwards does not seem true, and we are sorry for having made it, let us not feel that we are doing wrong in breaking it, for the sooner it is broken the better.

Let us refuse to do anything today that we would be ashamed of doing next week, or that we would not like our mother, or someone else dear to us, see us do. This is a good rule.

LESSON 12. JUNE 17.

The Feeding of Five Thousand.
John 6: 5-14.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Give us this day our daily bread.*— Matt. 6:11.

There is one word in this lesson that stands out above all the others, like a pearl of great price. It is a word that will help us very much if we think of it a great deal. I wonder if you can point it out without being told? The whole lesson seems to turn around it, as a wheel does on its axel.

Have you read the lesson over carefully? Then perhaps you have seen a very great difference between Andrew's state of mind and that of Jesus'. Andrew at this moment was like some boys and girls who say, "What is the use of trying?" and, "I can't," words that keep us from succeeding as long as we use them. While Jesus was like those boys and girls who are always cheerful and say, "I will try," and, "I can," even when things seem hard to do.

Now, this word I speak of shows us plainly why the Christ is successful always, and the word is, "Thanks." Write it in large letters, living letters, on your hearts, children, and you will always be glad you did it, for we can always be happy when we are thankful; besides, great power comes to those who are always thankful, just as it did to Jesus.

Instead of complaining because you seem to have so little, for such thinking will not help you but only make your little good seem smaller still, think every morning when you open your eyes of how very much you have to be thankful for, how much good there is all around you. Count your blessings and the whole day will be full of joys and harmony. Thus by being cheerful and thankful, and brave sons of God, you will make all the little blessings grow to great big ones, even as Jesus made the few loaves and fishes grow and grow until they fed five thousand hungry people.

All the world will be happy and thankful and well fed all the time when it knows that "only the Good is true, only *God* is real"

"Be ye thankful."

REVIEW OF THE SECOND QUARTER.

April 1.—The Beatitudes.
Matt. 4: 25; 5:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.* Matt. 5:8.

King David once said, "Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?" Then he tells us, "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart," and we all know this means pure, true thoughts about ourselves and about everybody, pure acts or deeds, which always spring from a pure heart. We can always keep our hearts pure, just as God made them, by always remembering that only the Good is true, and this will prove a greater blessing to us, and to everybody around us, than anything we can get in the world.

* * *

April 8.— Precepts and Promises.
Matt. 7: 1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.* Matt. 7:12.

It is not hard for any of us to tell how we like people to act and think toward us. We want them to be gentle and generous, kind and loving, thoughtful and true, just and forgiving. The Christ within each little heart teaches that this is just the way to treat others. All Truth students, both great and small, love this Golden Rule, and are bringing the Kingdom of Heaven on earth by living it.

* * *

April 15.—The Daughter of Jairus Raised.
Mark 5: 22-24, 35-43.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Be not afraid, only believe.* Mark 5:36.

God is Life, and God is everywhere present, and when we know this and never doubt it, we have power to raise into life what seems to be dead. First, we must work with our Word of God to raise Love and Faith into life, and not bury them ever again, then all fear, which is a kind of death, and evil, which is death, too, will be overcome. So close the door of your heart against every fear thought, and open it wide to Love, and the Christ within you will say, "I am the resurrection and the life."

* * *

April 22.—The Centurion's Servant Healed.
Luke 7: 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.* Ps. 163:13.

It is not the wisest people in the world that know the most about healing the sick. A man may be very wise when it comes to book knowledge and yet not know how to heal even a headache, or keep himself well. But even a little child can heal when he knows that God is everywhere present as health.

Not very long ago, five very wise doctors said that a man whom they came to

look at must die before morning. A very little Christ-child, named Flossie, hearing what these doctors had said about her friend, went to the house and asked that she might sit near his bed and treat him. They told her that she could. So she sat down, closed her pretty, big, blue eyes, folded her hands, and was still. In a few minutes she opened her eyes, and everybody was surprised to see the man who had been sick sitting up in bed, and smiling. He said he was perfectly well, and wanted to get up, which he did. The worldly-wise people were very much astonished, and many of them went to little Flossie to ask her how she did it. She answered simply, for she was a wee mite of a wisdom, "Oh, he des fomgot that God is wif him and I 'membered it for him." Like Flossie, we must remember for the whole world that God is here until everyone knows it for himself.

* * *

April 29.—Jesus and John the Baptist.
Luke 7:18-28.

GOLDEN TEXT—*He hath done all things well.* Mark 7:37.

Suppose I should show you the branch of a fruit tree off of which I have pulled all the leaves, fruit and flowers, could you then tell me the kind of fruit it bears? You would not know whether it was an apple, pear orange or peach tree. But if I should pick another branch and show it to you full of apples, you could tell me at once the name of the tree it came from. Just so it is with those who are living the Christ life, they bear the fruit, they can do the works of God, and we know they have the Truth. This is the way Jesus had of letting the people and John know who he was, because, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Name some of the fruits of the Spirit.

* * *

May 6.—Jesus Warning and Inviting.
Matt. 11:20-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.* Matt. 11:28.

Read the 28th, 29th and 30th verses carefully. They are very beautiful, and teach us that we are always to work one with God, and then life will be full of sunshine. Did you ever go to the mountains and visit a saw mill where you could see oxen yoked together? Did you notice the yoke that holds the pair together? How nicely it is made. Much care is taken in making these yokes so as to make it easy for the oxen to do their work. This reminds us that when we yoke or unite our hearts and thoughts to God, to the Good and the True, our work in life is all made easy—life and work is hard only when we try to work without God.

* * *

May 13.—Jesus at the Pharisees' House.
Luke 7:36-50.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Thy faith hath saved thee.* Luke 7:50.

This is a lesson on forgiveness. What is forgiveness? To give for evil or error the good. To give for unkind, unloving words and actions kind and loving ones. The Christ within you will always do this if you remember in time to let him. Let us see how many times this week we can give good for evil, and Oh, what a glad and peaceful time we will have!

* * *

May 20.—Parable of the Sower.
Matt. 18:1-8, 18-28.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The seed is the Word of God.* Luke 3:2.

If you have watched the farmer sow his seed, you have seen that he carefully prepares the ground beforehand. He knows it must be nice and soft, or the seed will not sink in and grow. That is the way our mind must always be kept toward God; open and ready to receive His blessings of life, love, health, peace and prosperity, for these are some of the many seeds that are sown by our loving Father for our enjoyment.

* * *

May 27.—Parable of the Kingdom.
Matt. 13:24-33.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The field is the world.* Matt. 13:38.

We are all sowers. Our seed is the Word of Truth. Every true thought we think, and every true word we speak is a seed, which falls softly into our own or other hearts that need it, and begins like the natural seed to send its little roots down in order to get firm hold of that heart, and its tender shoots up until it comes forth to be seen by everybody, and then people name it a good deed, or a spiritual gift. Our work in Christ is to sow only loving, true seed, never any tares which are called naughty thoughts.

* * *

June 3.—The Twelve Sent Forth.
Matt. 9:35, 10:10.

GOLDEN TEXT—*It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.* Matt. 10:20.

You will remember that this is the lesson that teaches us that we are all to

preach the Gospel of Love every day. Now, another name for Love is *Mercy*, and, dear children, we must never forget what we owe our faithful friends, the animals, for we have a sermon for them as well as human beings. The best way we can preach to animals is by acts of mercy and kindness.

"Be kind to dumb creatures
Nor grudge them your care.
God gave them their life
And your love they must share.
And He who the sparrow's fall tenderly heeds,
Will lovingly look on compassionate deeds."

[Sing to the tune "HOME SWEET HOME."]

* * *

June 10.— Death of John the Baptist. Mark 6:14-29.

GOLDEN TEXT— *Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.* Eph. 5:18.

When we know that we are filled with the Spirit of Christ, then we can do nothing wrong and will have nothing to fear, for we know through this spirit that evil is as unreal as the hob-goblin stories. This knowledge makes us free from all sin and suffering.

* * *

June 17.—The Feeding of the Five Thousand John 6: 5-14.

GOLDEN TEXT— *Give us this day our daily bread.* Matt. 6:11.

As we eat bread for the physical body, and that bread becomes flesh, bones and blood, so we must eat bread to feed the soul with, but it is a different kind of bread, for it is spiritual and we call it the Word of God. Jesus named it the true bread which cometh down from heaven. Every true thought is food for the soul. If we want a strong, noble character, we must drop all untrue thinking, and eat (speak) the Word of Life, Love, and Truth.

MAY.

ETHEL WILMOT.

May! May!
Lovely May!
With birds so happy
And flowers so gay;
We must part with you
All too soon
To give place to lovely June.

The Spring months just
Number three,
And are a happy time for me,
To see without apparant strife
Everything budding into life.
It always pleases me so
To see everything using the
little "*know*."

"PLAYING DOCTOR."

A certain Cleveland attorney has two bright little children. They are quick at imitation, and have a talent for making up games in which they cleverly burlesque their elders. A few days ago their mamma found they were playing "doctor." The youngest child was the patient, with head wrapped in a towel, and the older the physician, with a silk hat and cane. The mother, unseen by the little ones, listened at the doorway.

"I feels awful bad," said the patient.

"We'll fix all that," said the doctor, briskly. "Lemme see your tongue."

Out came the tiny red indicator.

"Hum, hum, coated," said the doctor, looking very grave indeed.

Then without a word of warning, the skilled physician hauled off and gave the patient a smart slap in the region of the ribs.

"Ouch!" cried the sufferer.

"Feel any pain there?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," said the patient.

"I thought so," said the healer. "How's the other side?"

"It's all right," said the patient, edging away.

Thereupon the doctor produced a small bottle filled with what looked like either bread or mud pills, and placed it on the table.

"Take one of these pillets," the physician said, "dissolved in water, every seventeen minutes — al-ter-mit-ly."

"How long mus' I take 'em?" groaned the patient.

"*Till you die*," said the doctor. "Good morning."— *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

An Extra Pillow.

God gave me a little light
To carry as I go,
Bade me keep it clear and bright,
Shining high and low.

—*Amy.*

Brightside, the Brightside boys monthly is $1.00 per year. Send fo it. Address Brightside, Denver, Colo.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

WELCOME! dear Wisdoms, welcome! Everyone of you.

It does seem as if every meeting-time for us there is greater joy and rejoicing. Some fresh new beauty to spread itself out for our gladdening. This time it is *Roses.* Why! June has literally opened her fragrant, red heart and let us right into it. Is n't it joy to be here? How can anything but love stay in this lovely heart of June?

Nothing but loving hearts, sweet Wisdoms, can get into this fragrant heart of June. Why? Did you ever notice how *outside* of everything beautiful and sweet you feel when there seems no loving joy within you? When just our eyes look out we but half see, and so everything seems cold and heartless. To see fully, and get into the Heart of things, we must see through warm, loving hearts as well as eyes. To be *one* with it all we must be *one* with the-everywhere-manifesting Good. *Man-i-fest-ing* means coming into sight. We keep seeing forms and shapes where we saw nothing before — like this great cluster of roses, where but a few days ago there was not even a dot of red to be seen. Where *do* things come from and where *do* they go? Can *you* tell? What is there behind every action of yours? Behind all that is seen is the Great Unseen. This Great Worker who ever works upon the beauty invisible and pushes it out to our sight in delightful shapes and colors must be the All-Good-Everywhere-Present Mind. What can know and think and shape but *Mind?* Then *Mind* must be the All-Good God — "Maker of heaven and earth"— "Author and Finisher" of All that is. And we? Yes, Wisdoms, we, too, are Mind coming forth into living and loving and knowing, and we are always Good manifesting Itself when we let the good and loving thought rule us.

Our dear little Philip, of Chicago, who will visit us soon in photo, sent a dollar last winter that he had saved on purpose that WEE WISDOM should be sent to some dear boy who would love to have it. Well, Arthur is that dear boy, and a more thankful one could not be found. He inserts "a little story" dedicated to Philip in his letter to WEE WISDOM this month. Surely it is blessed to give, but it is also blessed to receive when we do both in the name of the All-Good.

Margaret's "GOOD-LUCK NICKEL" is here waiting a call to go forth and drive "bad luck" away from any home where its chilling shadow may seem to rest. Who wants "Good-Luck Nickel" to visit them?

Your letters were all dear ones, but "Ye Editor" must speak of Ethel Hance's clear beautifully written sheet. Truly it is just perfect. One can hardly believe little fingers can be so skillful, but then Ethel has just kept hers faithful, and that is the secret of success.

Laura Knief and Sadie Landin's penmanship and form of letter deserve praiseful mention, too. You will be glad some time to have well-trained fingers to write for you. "Ye Editor" would now.

Remember well and bear in mind that *every one of you* is expected to write something for August WEE WISDOM. It will be her birthday number and we want the Wisdoms to write every line of it. "Ye Editor" will even turn *The Sanctum* over to the Three Boys and they can run it according to their sweet will. The children of the Chicago Truth Center Sunday School are going to explain the Bible Lessons to us. Orion will conduct the Lessons in Natural History.

We are glad Mr. A. Nickel had such a good time at "Brightside," and we hope our Capt. Jesse won't try any more swims in hot water. Bless the dear boys! We are all going to live in the sunshine and keep on the *bright side.* God prospers "Brightside"!

Let your light shine.

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MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

A MORNING IN JUNE.

HELEN A. FUSSELL.

When rosy dawn,
At peep o' morn,
Comes smiling forth,
A-newly born,

The world's alive
With birds a-tune;
The world is bright
With flowers o' June.

The sparkling dewdrops,
Shimmering bright,
Cast tinkling rays
Of brilliant light

When rosy dawn,
At peep o' day,
Comes stealing forth
In bright array.

We want you all to have a premium. Read the premium offer.

Our Wisdoms must not forget to include their address when writing for a moss card.

Our Bible teacher this month is Miss Harriet H. Rix, of San Diego, Cal. Don't you think she is a very good teacher?

We shall expect you Wisdoms in Denver to help A Nickel send in a good report of the Truth Sunday School there and the good work generally.

Every little letter writer will receive an extra copy of WEE WISDOM containing his or her letter. How many of you will love to bring WEE WISDOM a new friend in the form of a new subscriber with this extra copy?

Premiums for Subscribers.

Do you want to help WEE WISDOM and at the same time have a book free? Then get your little friends to subscribe.

For two subscriptions ($1.00) we will send you "The Wonderful Wishers of Wishing-well," or "Aunt Seg's Catechism," or "Wee Wisdom's Way."

For three subscriptions ($1.50) we will send you "Big Truths for Little People."

For four subscriptions ($2.00) we will send you "The Story of Teddy."

For five subscriptions ($2.50) we will send you "How Edith Found Fairyland."

BOOKS THAT CHILDREN NEED.

How Edith Found Fairyland.....$0.75
By Nina Lillian Morgan. We are sure all who read it will bear us out in the assertion that it is the very best book ever written for children.

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By Helen Augusta Fussel. A book of stories and verses as fresh, fragrant and acceptable as "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra, la."

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1315 McGee St., KANSAS CITY, MO.


Monday
In Wisdom's way
How glad are we!
We find the Truth
That makes us free.
Tuesday
Christ is my light,
And leads aright
My willing mind
His Truth to find.
Wednesday
God is Love,
And His strong arm
Is sure defense
From every harm.
Thursday
To God alone
We give the power
To bless and keep us
Every hour.
Friday
My every thought,
And every word,
To His blest name
All praise accord.
Saturday
"Fear not, little flock,
'Tis the Father's good will
To give you the kingdom;"
His word He'll fulfill.
Sunday
I love Good,
Good loves me;
I'm as happy
As I can be.
—Mamie.