



Our Mother Sparr.

SAN PEDRO, CAL.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOMS:

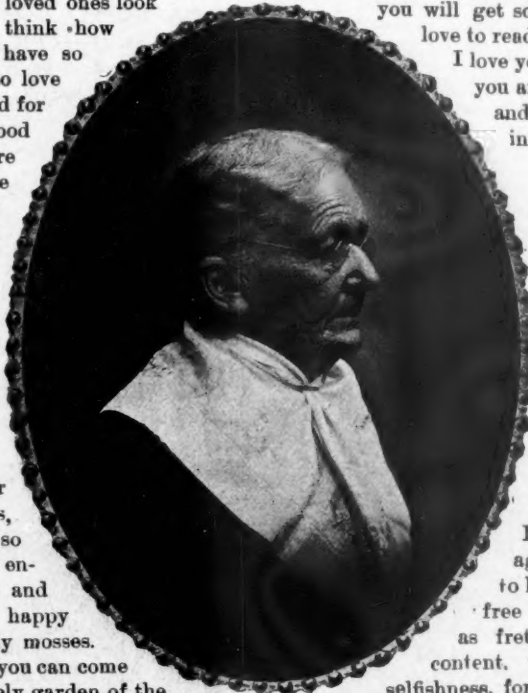
Here you see the house I have lived in so many years. You have asked me to show it to you, and so I thought it would be well to let my loved ones look at it, and just think how happy I am to have so many of you to love me. I thank God for the love and good wishes which are mine, and I love to send you the moss cards. I will make some of different kinds. I will go to the Island of San Clements next month for different kinds. I will go to Monterey to gather moss for Christmas cards, for the moss is so lovely there. I enjoy to go there and make so many happy with these lovely mosses.

Maybe some of you can come and see this lovely garden of the great sea, that is so wide and deep and full of so many kinds of flowers.

I am so well and strong and happy. This house of mine I was born into March 13, 1824, in the City of Zweibrueken, in the State of Bavaria in the old world. I lived in it there eight years and then brought it to America. My parents settled in Stark County, Ohio, in 1832. It seemed

a long time we were on the way. WEE WISDOM is getting so good and so full of love and truth I could not get along without it. I love to see the dear little faces that come in it. I am going to send WEE WISDOM lots of very fine cards for Christmas, and I am sure many of you will write something for the little paper so you will get some of them. I love to read what you write.

I love you all. God bless you and make you wise and strong. Yours in love and truth,  
MARY SPARR.



Isn't this a dear grand house our Mother Sparr has let us look upon? We do thank her so much for showing it to us, but how we do wish she had told us more about her house-keeping experience in it. How she has managed all these years to keep her house so free from such pests as fretfulness and discontent, unhappiness and selfishness, for we see no signs about this sweet, orderly abode of any such intruders. Her abiding tenants are Loving-kindness, Joy and Peace. We want to see just one more tenant take rooms in her lovely house. And who may that be? The consciousness that years and age have no power or place in Mother Sparr's body-manifest, for they have no place in all God's creation.

*A Bird's Nest.*

FLORENCE PERCY.

Over my shaded doorway,  
Two little brown-winged birds  
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling  
And utter their loving words;  
All day they are going and coming  
On errands frequent and fleet,  
And warbling over and over,  
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Their necks are changeful and shining,  
Their eyes are like living gems;  
And all day long they are busy  
Gathering straws and stems,  
Lint and feathers and grasses,  
And half forgetting to eat,  
Yet never failing to warble,  
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on the door-step,  
And fling them some flossy threads;  
They fearlessly gather my bounty,  
And turn up their graceful heads,  
And chatter and dance and flutter,  
And scrape with their tiny feet,  
Telling me over and over,  
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded?  
What if the rain come down?  
They are all dressed to meet it  
In water-proof suits of brown.  
They never mope nor languish,  
Nor murmur at storm or heat,  
But say, whatever the weather,  
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

—Selected.

*LEADING FORTH.*

E. ADELINE WILLIAMS.

## CHAPTER II.

## FULFILLING THE LAW.

Mr. Matthews was a loving father, and he at once yielded to his son's wish, and Robbie started on his visit home.

By special invitation of his sister Bertha, Anne Bolles came with him, for a fortnight's stay, so her father said.

"But after we begin drawing out in earnest," said she, "maybe he'll let me stay three weeks instead."

It was the morning after they arrived, and the family were sitting at breakfast.

Aunt Judith was sitting beside Robbie, having been persuaded to make a visit at the same time he did.

She had not thought about the two words, education and instruction, in the same way that the two girls and Robbie had; and she did not perceive that they conveyed two ideas, instead of one, each separately distinct from the other.

But the wrong way of thinking about any word is the cause of all our trouble.

For every word, either spoken or written, is the sign of some idea; and an idea is a picture formed by our power to think. We are all the time thinking, so we are all the time forming pictures; and we should be careful about the sign we give, which is the word, in regard to the pictures; be sure the picture is not blurred by speaking words before we understand their true meaning.

"What are you going to draw out?" "and where are you going to draw it from?" she added.

Anne Bolles laughed and said, "There's only one Source to draw from."

"Only one well," interrupted Mr. Matthews.

"And that's in ourselves," said Bertha.

"And we're in God," spoke up Robbie; "so the well *is* God."

"Well," replied Aunt Judith, "what are you going to draw out?"

"Truth!" cried the three in chorus.

"You're going to open up the fountains already there; each child for himself," said Mr. Matthews.

"That is beautiful, Benjamin," said Aunt Judith. "Beautiful; I begin to see clearer."

"And perceive more," looking at his sister, and smiling, as he always did when anything pleased him. For Robbie's father had a very expressive smile so his family thought.

Now, there are very many ways by which you can show Truth. You cannot show Truth and at the same time be selfish and self-willed. And when Aunt Judith heard the story the children had to tell that evening at the supper table she saw plainer than ever before how *self* steps in and interferes with affairs everywhere.

It was Aunt Judith who said she thought they ought to invite Sam Banks and his sister Maud to come over and spend the

afternoon and take tea with their young folks.

Neither Maud nor her mother had been taught the giving up spirit, and they had not been told of the truths which were talked about in Mr. Matthews' home, and which Aunt Judith herself was every day becoming more interested in.

So when the two little visitors proposed coaxing Mrs. Barker's handsome Angora kittens into Mr. Matthews' wood-shed and fastening them up in a closet there, for the sake of seeing the confusion it would cause this dear lady when she found out that her pets were gone, the other children at once said that not only did they refuse to take any part in such a project, but that no such project should be carried out in their wood-shed.

"We're company," said Sam, with an offended manner.

"I don't think you're very polite," said Maud. "When we have company we always let 'em do as they want to," beginning to cry. "Always," she added.

"We *always* obey the Golden Rule," said Robbie.

Sam wanted to know what kind of a rule a golden one is, but before any one had a chance to tell him, Maud wiped her eyes and said she didn't wish to be told about their new kind of a rule, for she was sure it wasn't a polite one.

Maud put great stress upon being polite, although she told Anne Bolles when she asked her if politeness is from the head or the heart, that it didn't make any difference one way or the other as long as you are polite.

But Sam said he *thought* it did; while the others said they *knew* it did. That being polite from a *personal* motive is a false way of behaving, but being polite from an *individual* motive is a true way of behaving.

"*Personal* and *individual* are just the same," said Maud Banks; "so there!"

"Oh, yes!" chimed in her brother Sam; "both words mean the same thing."

"Oh, no!" cried the other three in chorus; "their meaning is not the same."

"It is n't polite to contradict," said Maud, "and I sha'n't stay here another minute."

So off she and her brother Sam started, and no one tried to detain them.

"You fulfilled the law," said Aunt Judith, when she found out why the children's company did not stay to tea.

"I guess you've filled it pretty full of a new meaning for the Banks' children," laughed Mr. Matthews.

(To be continued.)

## JEAN'S BURGLAR.

FLORENCE HARVEY.

JEAN came in from school with her eyes shining like two diamonds, and after greeting her mother she said, "Mamma, I am going to sleep with you to-night, for I'm awful afraid."

"Afraid!" repeated her mother, "of what are you afraid?"

"I am afraid of burglars! All the houses around here are being robbed, and ours is so big and pretty looking. I know those horrid men will come here next. You always say whatever we think a great deal about will always happen, so I know the burglars will come here, because I think about them all the time."

"Yes," said her mother, "a number of houses in this neighborhood have been entered, but we have nothing to fear, for you know, little daughter, God is our protection."

"Oh, yes, mamma, I know that, and I try to think about it that way, but somehow I cannot help being afraid. Why, the night before last at Mabel Oliver's house the burglars put a ladder to reach the second story window, and they climbed in and stole her father's watch and lots of other things. The police cannot catch them. Oh dear, I am so afraid, can't I sleep with you to-night?"

"Sleeping with me would not keep evil away from you, only God can do that. My little daughter is making herself afraid by talking about it. Run out into the garden now, and play in the sunshine until I call you to dress, for you know we are going to have company to dinner this evening."

Jean followed her mother's advice, and taking one of her dollies went out in

her pretty garden. But somehow she could not play, but sat and looked at the second-story windows, wondering at which the burglars would choose to put the ladder. She forgot to listen for the sweet voice of the Christ-child within, for then she would have noticed how pretty the butterflies flew around, and how sweet the flowers smelt. No, little Jean did not try to listen, but spent her whole afternoon in thinking of all the terrible things that could happen.

After awhile she was called in to dress for dinner, and the happiness and warmth in her own beautiful home made her forget to think about the burglar. Amidst the bright lights, shining silver and glass, and merry voices and laughter at dinner, Jean forgot her fears, and when the hour came went quietly to bed.

She slept soundly until she was awakened by a noise. Instantly her fears of the burglar flashed into her mind, and she was sure she heard the ladder being placed against one of the second-story windows. She lay listening for some other sound before calling out, with her little heart wildly beating. She had just made up her mind to shout for help when, by the bright moonlight which was shining in her room, she could see a real live burglar moving about. She shut her eyes tight so as not to look at him. Surely he would turn and see her, for her heart was beating so loudly he would hear it. She tried to make herself call "Papa," but her voice made no sound. Oh! if her mamma would only come to her bedside to see if she was tucked in all right — Oh, why didn't her mother come now! But she thought if her mamma came suddenly into the room and found the burglar there he might hurt her. No, he could not hurt her mamma, for she is not afraid, for God is her protection. That thought made her quiet for a moment, so that it gave the Christ-child a chance to say to her, "Do not be afraid, for God is your protection, too."

Instantly Jean took up the thought, and while the burglar moved around the room she kept saying to herself, "God is my protection! God is my protection!"

Saying this gave her the courage to open her eyes just enough to take a little peep.

The thief was examining some silver ornaments she had on her bureau. Suppose he should come near the bed! The very thought made her heart beat so loudly he would surely hear it! Would morning never come! Why did not her papa and mamma wake up and talk a few moments as they often did!

Then again she heard the beautiful guiding voice of the Christ-child within softly saying, "Why don't you try trusting! Your mamma says no one *can* come near you to hurt you if you put yourself in God's care."

Then she remembered how her mamma had explained to her that the Christ dwelleth within everyone, whether they know it or not. That the beautiful Spirit of God dwells within each one to guide and lead them if they will only listen. If that is so, thought Jean, then the Christ dwells within this thief, so if I speak through the Christ in me to the Christ in him, "He cannot hurt me."

Softly now in her own little mind she said: "I am God's little girl, and you thief, too, are God's child, and you must not hurt me; I am not afraid, for God is taking care of me." She felt this so strongly that her heart stopped beating and courage enough came to her to let her open her eyes.

Why! God was taking care of her already, for the man was no longer in the room. Hark! a board in the floor of her mother's room creaked, for he was creeping around in there. Oh! suppose he should hurt her papa or mamma! Again she heard the sweet voice guiding her, saying, "God is their protection, and no one can hurt your papa or mamma."

Very very softly she followed the Christ-child's advice, and thought more than said, "Burglar, you cannot hurt my papa or mamma, for God is taking care of them." She could hear the thief slowly opening a bureau drawer, when Hark! what sound is that? Ding-dong. The big hall clock is striking the hour. The sudden noise frightened the robber, for when we are doing wrong we are always afraid, and he ran down stairs thinking some one was after him.

Jean lay very still listening and repeat-



ing, "God is taking care of us, nobody can hurt us," for she could still hear the man moving around in the rooms below.

Suddenly a bell rang out loud and long. "Why," said Jean to herself, "that is the electric bell in the dining room that mamma puts her foot on to ring when she wants something at the table." It all flashed through Jean's mind that the burglar had stepped on the button in the floor, and did not know what he had done, for the bell was still ringing, so he must be standing on it. Jean almost laughed when she heard a scamper of footsteps running over the floor, a window thrown open, and the sounds of the burglar scrambling out and running down the path to the front gate, and then all was still.

Jean now lay very quiet, thinking how wonderful it had all been, for that as soon as she had called on God's protection, in a way that she had never thought of, the burglar had been sent off without hurting anyone and without taking anything away either.

First she was going to call her parents, then she decided not to do so, but to lie very still and wait for the morning, still saying to herself, "God is my protection." Finally she felt so safe that she fell asleep, and when she awoke again the sun was shining brightly in her room, and the cook was telling her mother in a very excited voice about a thief having been in the house, for he had eaten a supper in the pantry, and the dining-room window was wide open.

On hearing the cook's story, Jean knew then that her night's experience was not a dream, and rushed into her mother's room to tell her of her fright. "He was in this room, too, and I heard him open your bureau drawer—he was looking in it when the hall clock struck, and it frightened him and he ran down stairs."

Her mother glanced at her bureau, and the upper drawer was wide open, with its contents all tumbled around. Led by curiosity she went over to see if her jewels which she had worn to dinner the night before were there. Yes, nothing had been taken—she looked over the drawer, everything was in confusion, but nothing was gone.

On examination downstairs they found the sideboard drawers open, and a pile of silver lying on the dining-room table. The burglar had laid it there when he had stepped on the electric button and started the bell to ringing, which had frightened him out of the house.

At breakfast when Jean was alone with her parents she told them all about the sweet voice of the Christ-child—how it had whispered such beautiful words to her, and then how she had called on God for protection, and how as soon as she did so the burglar had been frightened away, and she had felt so safe that she had fallen asleep, and now that it almost seemed like a beautiful dream to her instead of a horrid nightmare.

Jean said as she arose from the table, "I know I never shall be afraid of a burglar again, because now I realize that God is really and truly my protection, and I know I will always be taken care of in just such a wonderful way as the thief stepping on the electric button and ringing the bell so loud and long that he thought some one was after him."

### *The Prayer Perfect.*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Dear Lord! Kind Lord!  
Gracious Lord! I pray  
Thou wilt look on all I love  
Tenderly to-day!

Weed their hearts of weariness;  
Scatter every care  
Down awake of angel wings  
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing  
All release from pain;  
Let the lips of laughter  
Overflow again.

And with all the needy  
Oh, divide, I pray,  
This vast treasure of content  
That is mine to-day!

"I hope there are no cannibals around here," said a traveler to a frontier girl, as she was mixing a batch of dough.

"There are plenty of 'em," returned she, pouring some corn-meal into the pan. "We always eat a little Indian with our bread."

## Rick's Idea.



In the morning when I rise,  
Let the love be in my eyes;  
Not a fret and not a whine —  
Let the love within me shine.

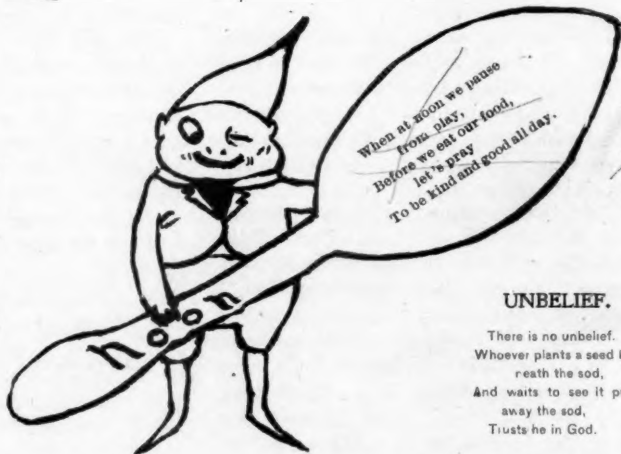
### HER THIMBLE.

She hunted in the closet,  
She hunted on the stair,  
She hunted 'round the door-step,  
She hunted everywhere.

She hunted thro' the twilight,  
But when the dark had come,  
She paused to wipe her tears  
away —

And found it on her thumb!

—Youth's Companion.



When at noon we pause  
From play,  
Before we eat our food,  
Let's pray  
To be kind and good all day.

### UNBELIEF.

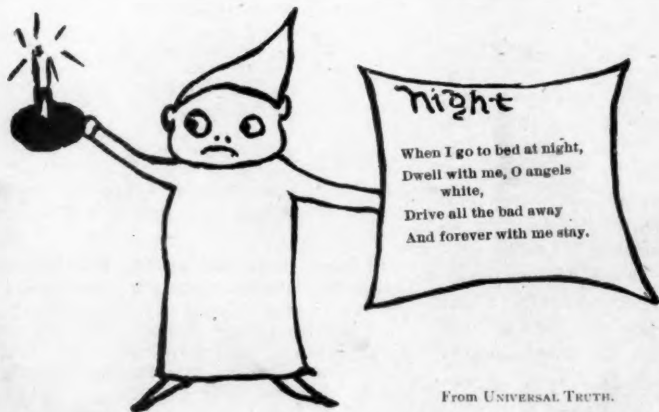
There is no unbelief.  
Whoever plants a seed be-  
neath the sod,  
And waits to see it push  
away the sod,  
Trusts he in God.

Who says, when clouds are  
in the sky,  
'Be patient, heart: light  
breaketh by-and-by,'  
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath win-  
ter's field of snow  
The silent harvest of the  
future grow,  
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his  
couch to sleep,  
Content to lock each sense  
in slumber deep,  
Knows "God will keep."

—Chas. C. Jennings.



Night

When I go to bed at night,  
Dwell with me, O angels  
white,  
Drive all the bad away  
And forever with me stay.

"Of every noble work  
the silent part is best."

FROM UNIVERSAL TRUTH.

## How Lewie Believed and Received.

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One wash day a tub of water had been left standing on the back porch, when little Lewie, aged three, persuing his unceasing investigations, found a Rove Beetle lying on the bottom of the tub under the water. "Oh mamma," he cried, "what is zat sing?"

"A dead bug," answered mamma.

"I want it," said Lewie. So mamma took it out of the water and placed it on the sidewalk, and Lewie said, "It's all right, mamma; I am going to ask God to make him well."

"Lewie," said mamma, "it is only a dead bug and all wet and dirty, and I wouldn't bother with it."

"But I am going to treat it and have God make it well," answered Lewie, and becoming very serious he looked up, continuing, "God *will* make him well, *won't* He, mamma, if I *ask* Him?"

"Mamma looked puzzled, but finally asked, "Do you believe He will, Lewie?"

"Yes," Lewie answered.

"Then," said mamma, "He *will* make it well if you ask Him."

Mamma went about her household duties and Lewie sat down by his bettle and began talking to it, and as mamma went upstairs she heard him say, "Your all right, little bug. God make you well, little bug. I love you, little bug. God is your life, little bug."

In a few minutes Lewie came running upstairs holding the bug in his hand and excitedly exclaiming, "See, Mamma, he can do just ever sing—he wiggles all around." The bug was now quite lively so Lewie took his blocks and built a little pen and put the beetle in. But Mr. Rove became so lively that Lewie could not keep him in the pen, so mamma suggested that perhaps he wanted to go home to his baby bugs, so Lewie put him out the back door and watched him hurry away "to find his babies" and probably tell them about his strange adventures.

L. B. W.

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### A Hint.

"A red glass makes everything seen through it red,  
While blue glass turns everything blue;  
So when everyone seems to you selfish or cross,  
Perhaps the real fault is in you!"

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"He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

## Little King Cole.

Directly opposite the house where King lived stood a large old-fashioned dwelling, surrounded by spacious grounds, where nodded the dear old-fashioned flowers our grandmothers loved so well. Here lived an elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton, all alone, save for a little Irish maid-of-all-work named Katie.



King had been sitting dejectedly on the front door-step for half an hour looking the very picture of childish despair, when Mr. Clayton chanced to observe him.

"My little friend seems to be in trouble; I'll see if I can help him out," he said sauntering across the street.

"What's the matter, King?" he questioned, seating himself so that he could look into the downcast face.

"Has somebody been cross?"

"Has kitty run away?"

A mournful shake of the head was the only reply.

"I hope the new puppy has n't been stolen? You look as if you had lost your last friend!"

King heaved a deep sigh.

"Surely mamma is not ill!" added Mr. Clayton quickly, apprehensive that some serious trouble was agitating his little friend.

"No, Mr. Clayton; she's well," said King, looking up into the kindly face, then with a deep sigh, "Its—its the whooping-cough."

"So you have the whooping-cough. Well, don't worry about it, dear; perhaps you won't have it very hard. It may not be as bad as you anticipate," said Mr. Clayton, gently patting the little hand.

Oh, it is n't *me* that has it! Its Beth and the nine Merryfields—and—and everybody but me," with a melancholy shake of the head.

"Oh, I see, all the children have the disease, and mamma won't let you play with them, and its lonesome playing all by yourself."



"Oh, no, Mr. Clayton, that's not the trouble, I can play with them all I want. Don't you remember when Beth had the measles and mamma let me sit by her bed and tell her stories and amuse her? Poor Beth was so sick! I can play with them, but mamma won't allow me to have the whooping-cough, and I do want it," and gloom descended on the fair brow.

I am afraid there was a twinkle in Mr. Clayton's eye as he said encouragingly, "Well, never mind, little man; cheer up, there's the scarlet fever and the mumps and the chicken-pox, and a whole host of diseases you may take yet."

"Oh, no, no, she won't let me have *any* of them. She says it isn't necessary and I just expect I'll have to be well all my life."

"Well, well, the prospect is gloomy, I declare. It's down right mean of mamma to deprive you of so much pleasure."

"Mr. Clayton," exclaimed little King earnestly, "she's the best mamma in the whole world, but she never was a boy, so she don't always know what they like."

"I'm afraid I can't help you, King," said Mr. Clayton, sympathetically, "but I'll tell you what we can do. Wouldn't you like to run across the street with me and see if Katie has some of that nice cake with the thick frosting?"

"Oh, yes, thank you," and King sprung up with alacrity, for Katie always contrived to have the cake little King liked best, ready to bring forth from its hiding place at a moment's notice.

The two friends entered the house and soon emerged, each bearing a huge piece of cake in his hand.

Presently merry peels of laughter and the gay clatter of a little tongue proclaimed that the sombre cloud had lifted, and although some of the most alluring joys of life were denied him, little King could enjoy the few remaining with greater zest.

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### Lines to Mother Sparr.

HERESA B. H. BROWN.

Drift on, sweet summer, with thy glorious life,  
Into autumn's richness, crimson and gold,  
In heart so true with choicest blessings rife,  
Thou livest ever, for Love ne'er grows cold.

Drift on, fair summer, thy spell of sweet content  
Broods o'er me. The shining waves do softly sing,  
"Give, O sea, to her on loving errand bent,"  
And at her feet their treasures freely fling.

Drift on, bright summer, joyously within  
This holy place, where naught of earth doth mar,  
Eternal summer reigns; breath of the Unseen  
Floats upward from the heart of Mother Sparr.



Freely ye have  
Received,  
Freely Give.

"GIVE!" said the sparkling little rill;  
"I always give, am giving still;  
And yet I have enough alway,  
God fills my fountain every day;"  
"Give!" says the little rill,  
"The cups of others fill."

"Give!" says the pretty garden flower;  
"I give my fragrance to the bower,  
I give the bee his morning meal,  
And yet no want I know or feel,  
And my reward is this —  
The dewdrop's morning kiss."

"Give!" says the bird upon the tree;  
"I sing my best, my song is free;  
I never knew a bird sung out  
And left forlorn to fly about;  
To sing my song and give  
Is my best way to live."

"Give!" says the twinkling star above;  
"I shone before you saw me, love;  
I guide the sailor on the sea —  
I give the light God gives to me.  
"Give!" says the tiny star,  
"The light shines very far."

—DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

## Epistles.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have had two cats come to me, and one of them is big and the other one is little. Once I had a big dog

and her name was Delle. My cousin and I play together and we have a very nice time. I feed the hens and give them some water, then I water the flowers. I would like one of the moss cards which Mother Sparr makes.

CHESTER MILLINGS.

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STUCK, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will write you a letter to tell you that I like WEE WISDOM very much and love to read it. I have one pet kittie and six dollies. My mamma is a scientist. I go to school and I am in the third reader. I don't take WEE WISDOM but a little girl friend of mine takes it. My name is Viola Ella Myrick, and I am nine years old. I will close for this time.

Your little friend, VIOLA MYRICK.

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MILES CITY, MONT.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR — I received the lovely moss card. I think it is very pretty. I thank you very much for it. I am going to send WEE WISDOM a birthday present of some moss agates that I picked up from the banks of the Yellowstone River. I hope to see your picture in the next WEE WISDOM.

Lovingly,

MARIE REMINGTON.

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WEST SUTTON, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I got the moss cards that you sent to me. Thank you very much. I think it is very good of Mother Sparr to make so many pretty cards for all us children. With love to the Wee Wisdoms.

ALICE R. KNOWLES,

(Age 10 years.)

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SILVER CREEK, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Those moss cards made me think of Love, for it must have been Love that made Mother Sparr gather these beautiful mosses and flowers for little children that she never saw. And it must have been Love that made the editor of WEE WISDOM take the trouble to print the letters from us children. Next month will be WEE WISDOM's birthday. How I would like to be at its birthday party. I think WEE WISDOM ought to have one of Mother Sparr's most beautiful moss cards for a birthday present. I am your little friend,

NELLIE PIPER.

SILVER CREEK, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am 12 years old. I live on a farm. I go to school in the winter and plow corn in the summer. I would like to have a moss card very much. I have a little colt; his name is Charley. I like to read WEE WISDOM. This is the first letter I ever tried to write. I would like to see Mother Sparr. Yours truly,

GUY PIPER.

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SILVER CREEK, ILL.

MRS. FILLMORE—Little Harry cannot write. He wanted me to write for him. He wants one of those moss cards. He says he would like to be with Mother Sparr and help her gather moss and shells. He likes to go to the river and pick up shells and pebbles. They all like WEE WISDOM very much. With love, HARRY PIPER.

Written by his mamma.

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RATON, N. M.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I love WEE WISDOM and I thought I would write and ask for a moss card. My mamma goes to the Divine Science meetings. I am seven years old. My papa is in Los Vegas. Please send my sister Mabel a moss card. Well good-bye.

Your love, VIRGINIA WHITE.

And please send Me a moss card.

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RATON, N. M.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I had the dysentery and mamma cured me with Science and now I am well. Mamma goes to Mrs Troy's meetings every Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock that she can. Mamma gets little WEE WISDOM papers from you and I read them sometime. My papa is a fografer. [Who can help Edith spell this word?—ED.] I am nine years old, and will be ten in December-the 19th. I would like to have a moss card. I will close now. Good-bye.

EDITH MAY WHITE.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ——— I am one of the "children of a larger growth." I always try to love and cherish the child spirit—for it is only in that way we can make ourselves fit for heaven or the heavenly life here or hereafter. I want to tell you of a demonstration

of Christian healing I made at a picnic in Humboldt Park, July 22d. A little girl was thrown out of a hammock accidentally. She struck on her side and head. She moaned piteously when they picked her up and laid her back in the hammock. I gave her this beautiful thought silently and mentally spoken: "You are God's child, and sin, sickness and death cannot touch you." In less than an hour she was waiting on the table while the older ones were eating; after supper she was playing games with the other children. I wrote a poem about it which will appear in *The New Church Independent* for August.

If Violeta's mother will send me her little girl's birthday, I will send Violeta a pretty birthday card. I will send one to Juna also. I was glad to see their pictures. God bless these dear Science children who are being trained to love the Truth, and do not fear sickness, accident or death.

WALTER S. WELLER.

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ST. JOSEPH, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—There is a dear little girl in the house where I room that I read you to. She has such sweet thoughts. I wish you could hear her talk about God and Jesus. She had a dream about God. She saw God under a big tree and saw a light, and God called her three times, and Jesus looked at her. She wants to know what you think about her dream. I thank you, WEE WISDOM, with all my heart for coming to my home. You bring such love for all with you. I love you and all your dear little writers. I send you a little letter Fannie wanted me to write. May the grace of God and our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

JENNIE VANGILDER.

[FANNIE'S LETTER.]

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like one of those pretty moss cards if you please. I have got a nice little kitten for a pet, but no brothers or sisters, but a good mamma and God. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I am God's good little girl and five years old. I send love to Mother Sparr.

Your little friend,

FANNIE WILLIAMS.

"Little children, love one another."

## Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

### Lesson 1. October 1.

Joy in God's House. Psalm 122.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—*I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.* Psalm 122:1.

The house of the Lord is very beautiful; it is a heavenly place not made with hands—it is a spiritual home. In that home there is only joy, peace, happiness and love. When we are wise and good then it is we are living in that house.

David used to sing songs about being in God's presence. It made him happy to sing these songs, for he felt and knew that the Good is everywhere.

It is good for us to sing and give thanks when we are happy, for we should always be grateful to God, as it is God that gives us every good thing.

When your mother gives you your breakfast and helps you in a thousand little ways, then you must know it is God working in and through her. When father buys you clothes and takes you walking or riding, then you must remember it is God, the Good, working in and through him. When the teacher at school teaches you and helps you in learning your lessons, then again remember God is working in and through her.

God gives His children all they need—food, clothing, knowledge, or whatever is necessary. In the house of the Lord we find all that we desire, and we must forever give thanks to our heavenly Father for His many blessings and gifts to us. We are His children, so He never forgets us, but is always giving us some good. The more thankful and grateful we are, the more we are able to receive from the Lord.

If we are thankful children, we will be peaceful children, agreeing one with another, not quarrelling but loving one another and doing kind little acts continually.

This is the way to have peace, for where we act in peace, there we can feel the Presence of the God of Peace.

### Lesson 2. October 8.

Haman's Plot Against the Jews.

Esther 3:1-11.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—*If God be for us, who can be against us?* Romans 8:31.

If in your school you see a little boy or girl go to the head of the class whom you

know does not deserve it, you must not feel badly. If that one has not really studied, but has had someone whisper the right way to spell the words, then the place is not deserved, and such an one will not stay long at the head. It is a better thing to be at the foot of your class than to go to the head when you do not deserve it. The true way is to learn the lesson faithfully, and honestly spell the words that are given you without help from another; then you will deserve your place in the class, and you will feel glad to think you have earned it all yourself.

True help comes from God. The Christ-child in your own soul will tell you how to spell the words. You have always a right to ask the Christ-child within, for this is your true self, and what the Christ-child tells one is never forgotten.

The Golden Text for today's lesson is: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" No one can really harm us, for we know we are all in God's keeping. Haman could not harm Mordecai even though he wanted to do so. God always cares for those who love and serve Him.

If some boy throws mud at you, just make up your mind you will not care, it cannot hurt you even if it should hit you a few times. How can it hurt, you can wash it off, and if you will say to yourself, "I do not mind; that boy's real self did not do it, so I forgive him," why, the boy will not wish to throw any more mud. He will be ashamed when he finds you do not throw any back at him.

People never enjoy quarrelling with those who will not quarrel back. The little boys and girls who wish truly to be and act as God's children will not fight nor quarrel; they will be amiable and gentle.

Say to yourself every day: "God is my Father. My Father cares for me. My Father watches over me," and you will find no harm can come to you, for when we have faith and trust in God, then do we know He is caring for us all the time.

### Lesson 3. October 15.

Esther Pleading for Her People.

Esther 8:3-8, 15-17.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—*Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.* Psalm 37:5.

Just when one seems to be in the greatest trouble then it is that God sends some one to help them out of their trouble. But one must first ask God for help.

Esther saved her people from being destroyed. She was a brave woman, and was not afraid to stand before the king and make her request. Esther asked believing



and she received that which she asked for. Any good thing that we ask of God will be given us, if we only have faith and believe that he hears our prayer.

God's angels are always watching over us. Everyone that is doing good is an angel of God. Every kind thought is also an angel of God. Esther acted as an angel of God for her people, the Jews. The king had to listen to her, for God prompted him and led him in the right way. The king's heart was open to God's leading because Esther met him lovingly and expected good of him.

We must always expect good of people, and they will give us good.

It is not right to give evil for evil. We must do good to those that try to injure us, then we shall help them to know how to be better. God never punishes us for any thing, so we must never attempt to punish or treat cruelly anyone that seems to annoy us.

Always do the kind act. If one says an unkind word to you, watch your chance to do some good for that one, and he will be sorry and ashamed, and will not say any more unkind words to you. Sometimes you have to be very patient and do many kind acts before another will learn to be kind also.

#### Lesson 4. October 22.

Ezra's Journey to Jerusalem.

Ezra 8: 21-32.

**GOLDEN TEXT**—*The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him.* Ezra 8:22.

We must think of God all the time, for this is to pray without ceasing. Every true thought is a prayer to God, and to fast in the right way is to fast from or to give up all naughty thoughts and acts, and think only of the Good.

God helps us to know how to think, but it is good for us to ask Him for what we want, as by asking we feel more sure of having, and God gives all good gifts to His children.

God does not know anger. He loves us all the time, and watches over us. He leads us by the hand and will never forsake us. Nothing can harm us if we remember that God is near. Even if we try to get away from God we cannot, and God knows no wrath or anger for us.

To seek God is to seek the Good, and the way to seek good is to look for good in everyone and everything.

When you go to school start out every day with the thought, "I will look for the good in all my lessons. I will see only the good in my teacher and schoolmates," and

see how happy this will make you. Why, your lessons will be easy for you to learn, and you will find your teacher so kind and helpful, and the scholars will all be pleasant to you, and before you know it the study hours will have passed.

At home look for the good in your little tasks, and everything will be a pleasure to you.

When you are out walking look about you and see how much good you can find, and you will be surprised what an interesting walk you will have. You think as you look about you, "What a good horse, and how patient he is, he is doing his duty." Then you see two children playing together, they are having such a good time. You notice the flowers and the plants. They are growing to make someone happy, and thus they are doing good.

Keep your eyes open and you will find God everywhere, for God is the All-Good.

#### Lesson 5. October 29.

Psalm of Deliverance. Psalms 85, 126.

**GOLDEN TEXT**—*They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.* Psalm 126:5.

The people that lived long long years ago—before the time of Christ—did not know that God is all Love. They had their own ideas of God, but their ideas were not always true ones.

Jesus is our great Teacher, and he teaches us that God is Love, and Love is always Love, and never never knows any anger.

Sometimes we have a task to do that seems very hard and difficult, but if we do it willingly, asking God to show us the best way to do it, why, after it is finished we are so glad, and rejoice, for we find we have done it quite well. The more we try, the more easy things become. Suppose a little boy has some arithmetic examples to do. If he tries hard to work them remembering God helps him, next time they will be much easier and he will take but half the time to work them.

From my window where I write I look out on a beautiful clear pond. It is so clear that it reflects upon its bosom the sky above and the trees that grow on its banks. This is the way the child of God must be, so pure and beautiful without one disturbing thought so that the beauties of God will be reflected in his countenance.

The more good we do, the more beautiful we grow outwardly as well as inwardly. Let us ever remember that God, the eternal Good, is our father and we are His children.

## Ye Editor's Sanctum.

To start with, WEE WISDOM wants to tell Marie Remington how beautiful is her birthday gift of moss agates, and how gladly and thankfully it is received. We can see this dear little heart is so full of love and goodness it *just must* do something to make somebody happy. And that's the way to make room for more and more good to come to us. Don't you know that to keep Good busy there must be a continual round of give and take—take and give? When you want a fresh handful of something you must empty your hand of what it has in it.

But about these pretty moss agates. How do you 'spose they ever came to get their pictures taken in this hard rock? What if they could tell us all about it, wouldn't it be interesting, and wouldn't we find picture-taking "as old as the hills?" Why, do you know the whole history of the old earth is written in the Rocks! They were the only tablet God had on which to keep count of all those long, long ages when he was building this wonderful world for man to live on. We will talk some more about it some day.

The dear little letters are still pouring in. Someway they feel so alive to "ye editor." It seems almost as if the little thought and effort made to write them had come along too, and that they are truly a part of your dear little lives.

You wouldn't know how much your letters tell that isn't really put down in writing. You see, everything we touch takes on our *like-ness*. These little marks we call writing stand for a lot, I tell you. Can you remember how many thoughts and all that come to you when you were working away at these little letters? It would nearly have filled a book, wouldn't it?—what you would liked to have said about all that is precious to you in that one little letter. Well, the essence of it all gets here some way.

One letter from a little boy in South Carolina had three precious pennies in it,

wrapped carefully in paper. Don't you think they told his story for him—of how much he wanted a moss card, and how willingly he gave of what he had? Another Wisdom enclosed a dime, which told very plainly that her generous soul wanted Mother Sparr and all concerned to receive measure for measure. Dear loving hearts!

You "love to love the true,  
You love the good to do."

And your angels (pure thoughts) do always behold the face of our Father in heaven (harmonious life).

## A FUNNY PROBLEM.

It was a warm, sleepy afternoon, and the scholars in Miss Plummer's school looked and acted as if they wished four o'clock would hurry along.

The class in mental arithmetic were lazily droning through their lesson, when Deacon Day popped his cheery face in at the door. All the children loved him, and were glad when he came to visit the school.

Perhaps he saw they needed something to wake them up, so when the class was through with the lesson he gave them this problem:

"If eighteen cows were going through a narrow gate, where only one could pass at a time, which cow could look back and say, 'There are eleven pairs of horns behind me?'"

The class thought busily for a minute; then up came Tommy Tufts's hand.

"Which one, Tommy?" asked the deacon.

"The seventh."

"No."

Another minute of study, then Celia Brown put up her hand.

"What do you think, Celia?"

"I think it might be the eighth, for when the cow turned her head to look back her own horns would be behind her, wouldn't they?"

"No, it isn't the eighth," the deacon said.

About this time little Johnny Hartshorn, on the front seat, began to snicker.

"What are you laughing at, Johnny?" asked Miss Plummer.

"Cows—can't—talk!" giggled Johnny.

Deacon Day laughed, too, then.

"Johnny has answered it," he said.

"None of the cows could do it, of course."

Then all the scholars laughed and woke up for the rest of the day, and Deacon Day bowed himself out.—*M. C. W. B. in Youth's Companion.*



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

*October!*

October! Month of all the year!  
With golden leaves to crown  
The plentiful harvest of good cheer —  
October! Gold and brown!

October! God's full brimming hand  
Reached out to feed and fill.

October! Coffer of the land —  
A mint of gold in till.

If every Wisdom would get one more  
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Thanksgiving stories are now in order.  
We hope our Wisdoms will send us a lot of  
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Monday

Happy thoughts,  
Make happy days;  
Loving hearts  
Make pleasant ways.

Tuesday

Gentle words  
Make gentle ways;  
Speak not at all,  
Or speak in praise

Wednesday

Kind I've been  
To ev'ry one;  
Now I'll sleep,  
The day is done.

Thursday

I'm a happy  
Little heart;  
Of the Good  
I am a part.

Saturday

All the Good  
You wish to see  
Has its home  
In you and me.

Friday

Willingness  
And ready care  
Make work light  
And burdens rare.

Sunday

Health and joy  
And peace I find  
In a loving  
Happy mind.