

WEE WISDOM

✧ BIRTHDAY EDITION. ✧

✧ Written and Edited by the Children. ✧

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



WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.

"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that beholdeth Good Always.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The joy and gladness that are fullness of life and health.

"In Thy presence is fullness of joy
. Thou wilt show me the path of life."

The truth that frees from the clutches of race heredity.

"One is your Father, even God."

The knowledge that *Jesus Christ* is the subjective spirit of every child.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

The understanding that our word is the builder of our environment.

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

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

—JESUS.

Bountiful August is here!
Come, ye Wisdoms, and hear
What we all have to say
On this happy birthday
For the good and the true and
the queer.

MY PET PUPPIES.

Written and illustrated by DOROTHY P. LATHROP.

Eight years of age.

When I was little, mother went walking and a dog followed her.

It was only a little dog. Mother said, "Go home," and the dog didn't. And when she was going home the dog was there and mother said, "Go home," and it didn't. It went home with mother, who gave it something to eat, and tried to send it away again. I wanted to keep it.

Mother and father said, "No," but I begged so hard that they let me have her. And she was the nicest dog we ever had; she won't bite or hurt you. Mother says it was our reward for giving her a home.

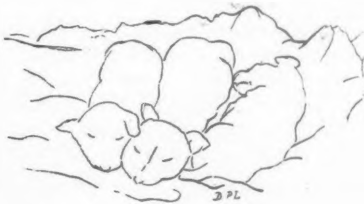
We kept her a long, long time, and nothing happened until one day I heard a noise under the stoop. I wondered what it was, and so I asked mother, and she wouldn't tell me, and days passed by and then I told mother that I thought it was a cat. So I sent the dog under, and when she went under the noise stopped. The

next thing I thought it was a rat, and sent the dog under again, and then Sunday came and I put my hand under and I felt my dog, and I felt again, and what do you think? Why, I felt a tiny, tiny little foot, and I told mother I knew the dog had

puppies. Mother smiled and would not tell me.

After dinner, I put on my old clothes. I put my hand in and took out a puppy. and I put my hand in again and I took out another. I thought that I had all of them, but I put my hand in and took out the last puppy. And after about a week we went to the sea-shore, and we have only been here four days, and the last I saw of our dog she was lying on the ground and her puppies were in the basket asleep. They just got their eyes open, and they looked so cunning. I kiss them all the time.

One day our dog had a pain towards night, and I treated her. The next morning she was all well. I send you a drawing of my puppies:



DOROTHY IN THE EVENING.

BY SARAH ELLWOOD.



T WAS one of those warm summer evenings, which we can all remember, when the crickets chirp, chirp from the wet grass, and the house dog lies on the door-step panting.

On such a night Dorothy sat in a little chair beside her grandfather. The door stood open and old Don lay on the step, now and then raising his head to peer into the darkness of the yard and sniff the odor of the weeds on the grass-bordered, country road. A stream of light from the lamp by grandpa's elbow straggled out in front of him and lit up a space before the door.

"Ge-ah-ah," went grandpa. He had a habit of clearing his throat about every two minutes, which used to frighten Dorothy when first she came to live with her grandparents, but now she hardly noticed it.

"Tick-tock," said the old clock on the shelf.

"Grandpa, what makes the clock tick?"

"Tick-tock." No answer.

"Grandpa, what makes the stars shine?" No answer.

Dorothy moved to the window and peeped out. "I'm going to count all the stars in the sky," she said—"one, two, three, four, five, six—dear, that's all I know; when I'm grown, I'll count the rest."

"What makes that one so bright?" thought Dorothy. "Maybe that's the one that stood over the manger where Jesus was born, only that was in the winter; well, that wouldn't make any difference," said Dorothy aloud. She often talked to herself, as children will who play by themselves. "I'm going to wish by you, little star," and the star winked back.

"Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen to-night,
I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish to-night."

And the two little stars behind the window-pane looked up earnestly to the heavenly stars. "I wish—I wish," said Dorothy, "that mamma may always be happy, and—that I'll never be 'fraid of the dark."

The wish for her mamma was her evening prayer, when she nestled in her little white bed and kissed the pillow "good night," in place of her own mother.

Just then, in came grandma wiping her hands on her apron. "What makes the little girl so quiet to-night? Does she want to hear about 'Little Red Riding Hood?'"

"Mamma" (she always called her mamma for she was the only one she had), "I want to go to bed," and Dorothy turned away from the window.

"What!" grandma raised her hands in mock surprise, "and alone without a light!" holding forward her little hands, after a manner she had when very earnest. "Well, you shall, dearie," said grandma. "Shan't I fix your bed?"

"No, thank you," came from the foot of the steep little stairs in the hall; then the patter of little footsteps, and all was quiet.

"Ge-ah-ah! you arn't going to let that child go to bed alone, are you?" Grandpa laid down the paper and took off his glasses.

Don stood erect in the door, wagged his tail, and stalked majestically into the hall. Grandma looked first at the dog, then at her husband, smiling as she picked up her knitting; and grandpa picked up his paper.

The old clock counted off the minutes slowly; a half-hour had passed; it was nine o'clock. Grandpa arose, went to the door, shut and locked it, then opened the glass door of the old clock, took out the key and wound it. Meantime, Mrs. Grandma had pulled down the shades and brought a cup of water.

Now the two old people wended their way to bed, grandpa before with the lamp, his wife following with the water for her little grandchild. At the landing they paused to breathe, and then tip-toed into the bedroom. There in her little white bed lay Dorothy, and at her feet was Don. "God bless her," said grandma and something suspiciously like a tear fell on the white coverlid, then they went into the next room to bed.

In the morning Dorothy said, "Mamma, I wasn't a bit 'fraid, but maybe I ought n't to had Don there. Do you think he could keep me from being 'fraid?"

STORY OF A JINGLE SHELL.

BY MARION D. TUCKER.

The first thing I can remember about myself I was lying in the sand out in the ocean.

One day a big fish came right up against me. He knocked nearly all the breath I had out of me. He said, "Why don't you come on top of the sand and see the wonders of this beautiful water world?"

After this away he went before I could answer him. But I took his advice and went to the top of the sand.

The waves were rather high, and as soon as I came to the top of the sand I was carried by the waves to a place where I heard the greatest noise I ever heard in all my life.

Just then the fish who had spoken to me came by and I asked him what the noise was.

"It is the splashing of a wheel of a large steamboat."

All of a sudden it became dark above me.

"What is that?" I asked.

"The vessel is passing above us and that makes it look dark."

I thanked him and he went away. Very soon I heard another loud noise. I thought it must be the waves breaking against something.

Finally I was washed upon some dry sand. I lay there for awhile. By and by a little girl came along and picked me up and said, "Mamma, isn't this a beautiful Jingle Shell?"

"Yes, it is a beauty."

I was then put into a pail, and put into a box with two thousand other shells like myself.

When she had collected enough shells, she bought some pretty baby ribbon, and made a hole in each one of us and strung us on the ribbons. Then we were tacked up to a door-way for a portiere.

When the little girl saw how beautiful it was she said, "Mamma, just think of all the good that comes from the hidden depths of the ocean."

"Little children, love one another."

CLARA'S VERSES.

What is the matter, little child?
A tear drop down your eye.
O, do not cry, little child,
For I love you so.
Flowers are blowing,
And the grass is nice and green.

Jesus blessed the little children,
And the little birdies and the little angels.
Oh, Jesus blessed the little babies,
And the big people too,
And the little boys and girls.

—CLARA WEIRMULLER, six years old.

AMY'S LESSON.

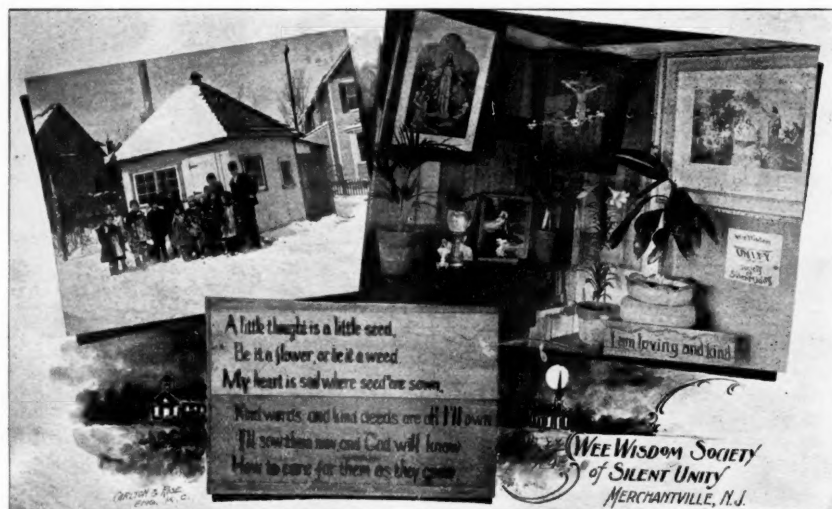
BY MARIE HORNBECK.

Ten years old.

Once there was a little boy whose name was Merrill Watson. He had a little sister, her name was Amy. They lived in a very rich family. The little girl never cared about anything but her pretty clothes and jewelry.

But the little boy was different. He liked to have lots of pets. He had a good many birds, but he never caged them up, only at night; he had some big cages out in the back yard. Every morning he would run and open the little doors, and they would fly around until they got tired and then they would come in the cages themselves. But when it began to get late Merrill would go and blow a little whistle he had; then all the birds would come in their cages and let Merrill shut them up. But once in a while some of them would go hide and not come when they were called. When they did this Merrill would go hide behind a bush. When the birds saw that Merrill would not hunt them they would go in the cages. Then Merrill would shut the door.

Once Merrill's aunt sent for him to come and make a visit. Merrill asked Amy if she would take care of the birds. Amy said that she did not have any time to spend for dirty birds. Merrill said, "All right, I will stay home." That made Amy ashamed, so she said she would take care of them. So Merrill went to his aunt's. After awhile Amy grew to like the birds. She bought some new birds, and trained them just like Merrill had. When he came home he was so pleased that he said she could be in partnership with him.



An Essay.

BY R. W.

WE ARE always searching for the Father: some in a human body; others do some other thing; still there are some that are crusaders in a small way. Some feel hatred toward their neighbor; others condemn. But the only and best way is to love your neighbor, but not to have faith in others more than yourself. But to do and be and live a happy life. Probably you will not get human praise, but a more loving praise from the Father.

Another thing some of us try to get, and that is earthly praise. "Oh, I wish I were out to the Philippines or where the Cubans had such a struggle with the Spaniards, or do some marvelous thing that the people would praise me, like Edison or some other great man." The way to progress and be happy and to have people love you is to begin on a small scale, but after a while you will progress.

Do not criticise in the opposite way from which you know is right. See good in people, not the false. Do as you think—not think, but *know*—is right, no matter what follows; it will always bring good results.

One thing that has helped me is books—good books, not bad books like frivolous and sentimental novels. My favorite authors are Holmes, Emerson, Lamb, Shakespeare, Tennyson and Longfellow.

Shakespeare's plays, or his plots rather, are so fine that I do not read them often, or at least about one every six months.

Holmes' short poems are lovely, and I hope after awhile I will be able to read Emerson's Essays as well as his others.

Longfellow's and Tennyson's Poems are very, very good. Especially Tennyson's "Sunset," "Bugle Sound," and "Break, Break, Break." Longfellow's poems are nearly all satisfactory.

Standard books help build up your knowledge and make part of your character. But you are the one that is responsible for all you do; I am too.

If a naughty thought comes on the end of your tongue and wants to be let free, tie it up; do something to it. Imagine all of those thoughts warriors, because they really are; and you be the conqueror to command all your kingdom, your mind anyway.

You would think that was nothing to do; perhaps you want something higher. The highest thing there is, is to do the universal truth.

NATURAL LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

DICTATED BY ORION.

VII.

HOME FRIENDS.



ALBERT, Mamma, Papa and I live where we have plenty of trees in the yard, and we can always find bugs, birds, etc. We have four bird nests on the place and two of them are Wren nests. I climbed up and looked into one of them, and it had the cutest little round hole in it and pretty little eggs that were buff spotted with pink and brown. We watched the Wrens build their nests, and they carried up great sticks, and some of the sticks were too large to go into the box. The Wrens sing all the time, and are very tame. Seven little Wrens came out of one nest on the Fourth of July—guess they came out to celebrate. The English Sparrows have a nest in the old Elm Tree. Four little ones came out on the 6th of July. We have a Swift's nest in the chimney, and we watched the Swifts break off twigs from our Locust Tree while they were on the fly. They glue the sticks together to make their nest. One little Swift came down and roosted all night on the screen door and let us examine him with a lamp all we wanted to. An old Woodpecker comes and sits upon our house and hammers on the tin to make what he thinks is music. Mamma says that she thinks it is pretty good music.

We have some cities of Ants around the yard, and after a rain they build up their houses which look just like little castles. Albert and I feed them sugar and bread. Once I gave them a piece of bread too big for them to take down into the nest, so they dug out the doorway and after getting the bread in, walled it up again. Sometimes the Ants do house-cleaning for Mamma by carrying off the crumbs we boys drop around. Once while digging out in the yard I happened to dig into an Ant house and found that they had one room for the Ant eggs and one room with aphides and eggs in it, and one room filled with food.

One day last summer while coming home from Unity Hall we saw a lot of Moth cocoons up in the Maple Trees, and we climbed up and filled our pockets with them. This June they hatched out, and what fine big Cecropia Moths they were, being over six inches across. Nine of them hatched out on one day and flew all around the house till we let them out. They laid eggs all over Mamma's flowers and chairs, and Albert found them and planted some to see if they would come up. We also had the chrysalides of many kinds of Butterflies, Moths and sphinges in a box upstairs and many have hatched. We got the Sphinx chrysalides out of the ground when Papa dug his flower beds. I think the little Sesia Sphinx the prettiest of all sphinges. He looks just like a little bird about an inch long, and can spread and close his little feathery tail so cute. The other day a storm blew down one of our trees and I found a great blue and yellow worm on it. He was about five inches long and awful big round. I put him in a box and fed him on maple leaves, till in a couple of days he built himself a silk cocoon house and turned into a chrysalis. We are going to keep him till he comes out a perfect Moth. Albert and I watched him weave his silk coat on himself.

One day we found a beautiful red and green bug and called Mamma to come and see it. She caught it and started to wipe some dust off of its wings and it kind of exploded, and threw something in her face that burned her so that she dropped the beetle, and cried "Oh!" and covered up her face with her hands. And, oh my! what a horrid smell was all around there. When Papa came we showed it to him and he laughed and laughed, and said he could guess what had happened, and said it was the Caterpillar Hunter, and then I remembered he showed one to me one day and told me never to touch one, as it could throw out a strong kind of acid which smelled dreadfully.

While we were writing this a Rove Beetle lit on the paper and ran around with his tail up in the air like a flag-staff—guess he was hurrahing for McKinley or

Bryan. And a little red bug has sat on the paper all the time, and peeked at everything we wrote, and seemed well pleased with it and himself as he hopped upon the pencil and washed his face just like a cat does.

I hope all the little Wee Wisdoms will get better acquainted with and learn to love their little sister and brother beings that live around their homes.

THE AU-TO-BI-OG-RA-PHY OF A NICKEL.

BY ZAYDEE SMITH.

How do you do? I came to tell you my adventures again. I am now in a beautiful Home of Truth. They have a child called Marion. She is a Wisdom, and knows how to translate my words for me. She gave me as a love-offering to a Home of Truth yesterday.

Marion told the lady I was the "Autobiography Nickel." The lady is full of truth and love. I like to be with her. She has a child who is also full of the truth. She translates the words for me. I wish a few more would help me on my way. They would make people so much happier if they knew the Truth.

The lady laid me on a dish just now, and I am beside another nickel. Well, if it isn't the very nickel that went with the penny and me to WEE WISDOM's home!

"It's a lovely day, isn't it?" said the first nickel.

"Yes. Why, where did you come from?"

"Oh, I traveled here."

"Where have you been all this time?"

"Well, I have been in quite a number of places, but not many places know truth."

"Well, all my places have been Homes of Truth."

"Do tell me how to learn the truth."

"Listen to people when they talk the truth, and grasp all you can. Well, I suppose I'm to go, so good-bye."

"Good-bye."

The nickel went, and he will tell the rest of his adventures next month.

THE WEE BIT OLD LADY.

BY JESSICA BELTON.

Once upon a time there was a little wee bit old lady, and she lived in a little wee house with a wee little yard all around it. The little lady also had a little girl about six who had taken after her mamma in height and was very small. They owned a little Jersey cow, and had everything they wanted.

In the morning the little mamma would get up out of bed and go down stairs to get breakfast; then she would call Dotty (the little girl). Dotty would get up and bring her dolly down stairs with her, and then her mamma would fasten her up and let her go out to play with her little neighbor. Her mamma would always wash her clothes on Monday, then hang them up to dry. Then she would come into the house and lay down on the lounge to rest.

Pretty soon Dotty came into the house with her little neighbor to have a little tea, as she had some doll dishes. The things she had were ice cream, cake, strawberries, candy, bananas, potatoes and meat. They both thought they had a pretty nice tea, and after they had washed the dishes the little girls went out to play again.

At twelve o'clock the little mamma went into the kitchen to get dinner. After dinner Dotty always took a little nap, and while she was sleeping her mamma went upstairs to change her dress for the afternoon, for she 'most always had some callers come about two or three o'clock. After Dotty woke up her mamma curled her hair over again so it would be smooth and pretty, and then put on her a pretty white dress that was mostly lace and embroidery.

Pretty soon Dotty's mamma had to go out doors to gather some of her little girl's things which she had left out in the yard, as her mamma was afraid they would get wet, as a thunder storm was coming up. It got so dark that afternoon that nobody came, and then they had supper and her mamma read her some stories, and then pretty soon Dotty got sleepy and they both went to bed.

Noah's Ark.



Written by
WARREN W. REED.
When 11 years old.

Sit down, baby boy,
And I'll tell you about that toy,
That is, if you won't annoy.

That toy down on the floor
Shows the ark built by Noah,
So that the bad might be no more.

God did not make a mark,
But He told Noah to build the ark
Out of lots of things, including bark.

Noah and his relations were good,
So God told him to make it of wood,
Stone, and other things, and carry food.

The ark was thirty cubits high;
Then God told him to call nigh
Every animal, both low and high.

In the ark so far there was no light,
So it was as dark as night,
And Noah made windows to make it bright

And Noah called female and male,
From the elephant to the nightingale,
And then all set sail.

And Noah set everything to right,
And sailed forty days and night,
When he sent a bird which could not light.

Then he sent another bird,
From which nothing was heard,
Till one day at the window it fluttered.

Then Noah opened the window,
And saw that the water was low,
Then the wind began to blow.

It blew the strong ark of Noah
Up in the hills where the water was lower,
And the water subsided a good deal more.

So when e'er you, little boy,
Play with that wonderful toy,
You can think of Noah, little boy.

Wee Wisdom



The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

— Selected by Charles Heinrich.

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

Epistles.

SPOKANE, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — As I have nothing to do I thought I would write you a letter. I take WEE WISDOM and like it very much. I will write a chapter of the "Autobiography of a Nickel," and would like to have it printed in the August number if you have not one picked out already for August. I would like to give WEE WISDOM a better present, but I don't think I can. I send a verse for a pillow. I must close now with love to all Wisdoms. Yours truly,

ZAYDEE SMITH.

CHEROKEE, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I take WEE WISDOM. I like it very much. I read the letters that little boys and girls write for WEE WISDOM. I hope I will see my letter in next month's paper. My Grandma takes UNITY. I go to school. I am in the fifth grade. I am ten years old. I will close.

MANDIA L. GILLETTE.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I take your little paper and like it very much, and I am a girl eleven years old. I go to the Home of Truth Sunday School. I have a brother and a sister. I wish you would send Mother Sparr's moss card to my little brother Harry; he would like a card; I would be pleased to have a card too. I say good bye,

LETA VAN FLEET.

SARATOGA, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have got two subscribers for WEE WISDOM, and I enclose a postoffice order for \$1.00. The first subscriber happens to be my school teacher, the second our domestic. I send you my picture. The picture was taken by a friend of aunty's who was taking or trying to take a few pictures of Penny Lil, our cat.



The boy holding the handkerchief is myself. The boy in the middle is Rob Kniel, a playmate of mine. He has a nickname I would not like to have. It is "Wood Chuck." The girl is his sister, Margaret. I have a story for you. Good bye.

JOHN T. C. LOWE.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I write telling you that I send you a little story for the August number. It is "The Sunbeams' Pleasures." I hope you will like it, for it is the best I can do. Your little worker,

GRETA GYER.

BONNEY, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I wanted to write something on WEE WISDOM's birthday but I couldn't think of any story, so I will write a letter. I will send you a picture of our house that I drew. It is not very good. I have a little duck; its leg is broken. I have a little baby brother eleven months old; his name is Harmony; he can walk most any place around the yard, he tries to catch the chickens. He loves to play with the cat; he will go up to it and lay his head on it. The cat likes to have the baby play with it. I liked July Bible Lessons, and the pillows were very nice. I like to read the little letters very much. You will have to excuse me for this time. Yours truly,

BESSIE MEYER.

P. S.—My little duck is all right. I kept saying it would get all right, and it did. The picture of the house is north view.—B. M.

**

BONNEY, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I cannot draw any picture for WEE WISDOM's birthday. I cannot think of any story to write, so I will write a letter. Papa has been making hay. It rained very hard today; it is the Fourth of July today. I did not go any place.

Yours truly,

NORA MEYER.

P. S.—Nora cannot write herself and so I write for her.—BESSIE.

**

BONNEY, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I do like to look at the pictures in WEE WISDOM. I am a little boy nine years old. I would like a Truth Card. I have a few chickens. I cannot draw a picture for WEE WISDOM's birthday. I wish I could draw one. Yours truly,

JOSEPH J. MEYER.

P. S.—Joseph could not write for himself, so I wrote for him.—BESSIE.

**

NATIONAL CITY, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I send birthday greetings to you and all the Wee Wisdoms. I send a dime for Mother Sparr. I think WEE WISDOM helps me very much. I like the stories of "A Nickel." The June Bible Lessons I think were very nice. The Miss Rix that wrote them comes sometimes to work in the San Diego Home of Truth. I went to her Sunday School once. I send a pillow verse. At first I didn't think that I could think of any, but mamma told me not to think but listen to the inner voice and it would tell me; I did, and so it gave me the verse. Lovingly,

CELLA PEARL SLOCUM.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will try to write you a piece for the August number. August is my birthday too. I think it very nice; I love it best of all the months. I will be ten years old. I have a little brother only five; he has a pet dog named Nero. I live in sight of the ocean and I go over there sometimes, and go to the sound nearly every day. Grandma lives in sight of us. I love to go through the wood and gather flowers. I love flowers, they smell so sweet in August.

GUSSIE M. SOUTHERLAND.

**

RAWLINS, WYO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I want to extend to you all a hearty congratulation for a past year's work. I have enjoyed everybody's letters and instructions through the WEE WISDOM. I am strong and fearless, brave and true. I love everybody and everybody loves me. I have a pet lamb, a dog, and a pretty cat which I like the best. I inclose lots of love to all the Wee Wisdoms, Ye Editors, and Mother Sparr.

Your loving friend, JUNA NICHOLSEN.

**

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR WISDOM—We are three children in the family, two girls and one boy. We go to the Home of Truth Sunday School every Sunday. Sometimes we take some of the neighbor children, and they enjoy it very much, but their parents do not allow them to go to the Home of Truth. One day my brother was playing with a little neighbor boy who was always sick. One day he came up and asked my mother why we were always well and he always sick. So she asked him if he says his prayer every night before going to bed, and he said no matter how late it is he would kneel down to say his prayers. So she asked him what prayer he said. He did not like to say, but she asked him if he said the Lord's Prayer, and he said, "Yes, and another prayer." So she asked him if he would like to say the prayer we children pray, and he said "Yes." So she gave him that little prayer of "God is my help in every need." He looked at it and asked if he could say it twice, once for his mother and once for himself (his mother is always sick too), and she said "Yes." A few days after he came up again and she asked him if he understands the prayer now. He said, "Well, I was always sick, but I am well now." He was always troubled with sore head, sore throat, trouble with tonsils and earache. He has been well ever since. I received your moss card. With many thanks, your friend in truth,

LAURA KNIEF.

Wee Wisdom

CENTRALIA, WASH.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—I love to read the little stories that are in you, and they make me feel so good. I am the oldest girl in the family, and there are four children. I have three brothers and I had two sisters but I have to play alone now. I have a little brother one year old the 8th of June. The strawberries are ripe now and baby likes to eat them. I am going to school again this summer. Mamma is one of the scientists of Mrs. Reynolds. She helped mamma so she got well after being sick five months. Mamma says my letter is longer enough, so I will say God bless you and all the dear children. I would like four moss cards for my brothers and me. Your loving friend in Truth,

EDITH REMKE.

**

PACIFIC GROVE, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write you a few lines. I am in the fourth grade. I am eight years old. My sister is in the fifth grade. She is ten years old. I own a hen with thirteen little chickens, two plates, one rabbit, four cousins, four dolls, three trees, two mugs, cup and saucer and twelve raspberry bushes. I would like one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. I like to read WEE WISDOM. I do not take WEE WISDOM. My aunt sends them to me. I belong to the Band of Mercy. Yours truly,

PHEBE ATHERTON.

**

NEWTON, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I hope the little story I send will be accepted. I enclose five cents for the little leaflet spoken of in June WEE WISDOM. I take WEE WISDOM and like it very much. I am eleven years old. I am away for the summer. I go in bathing nearly every day. I have two brothers, one is a baby. I would like to have one of the cards with the verses.

Your loving friend,

MARION TUCKER.

**

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am too small to write. I am just five years. My sister and brother and I go to the Home of Truth Sunday School. We are in Miss Rankin's class, and we love her very much, sister and I. Brother is in Mrs. Roorbach's class. I made up a little verse—

My name is Violet Ruth,
And I love to speak the Truth;
Then day by day
I learn the better way.

Yours in love and truth,
MARGUERITE AND RUTH.

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM AND MOTHER SPARR—My name is Winfred and I attend the Home of Truth Sunday School in Alameda. I have a dear little chipmunk, which I have had for many years. One cold night I forgot to bring him in, and after Sunday School mamma thought of him and took him in, and he was quite stiff and seemed to be dead. We all held the thought, "You are filled with God's life," and in an hour he was as frisky as ever. I would like to have a Truth Card. Yours truly,

WINFRED H. MOEBUS.

Enclosed find 10 cents for card.

**

CONWAY, S. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little boy, and I am ten years old, and I have been going to school, and I have two little sisters. Baby is six months old. I have a brother. I can plow. My grandma takes WEE WISDOM and I like it very much. I hope you won't throw my letter in the waste basket this time, I will try to do better next time. I would be glad to have one of your moss cards. I am in love, GORDEN SARVIS.

**

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will be seven years old on August 23d, and I want to know how old you will be? Mr. A. Nickel came to visit our Sunday School yesterday. Some children laughed.

Mrs. James, whom I love very much, told us to write a story to WEE WISDOM, but I was going to anyway, because it was my birthday. We live near City Park. It is a very big place. It has two lakes with boats and ducks and swans, a zoo, shady walks, drives, and beautiful flowers. The band plays afternoon and evening. We went over there one evening after sunset. The light shone on the water and it looked like gold. The crescent moon was hanging in the western sky over the mountains bathed in the sunset tints, and it made me think that God makes everything beautiful and good. I can read WEE WISDOM myself now and I like it very much. I would like a card. Your little friend,

KATHERINE OMMANNEY.

P. S.—Stamps enclosed.

**

URBANA, OHIO.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—I see in your last number that you would like all Wee Wisdoms to write something for August number, so I will send a little story that I have written myself on purpose for this occasion, and hope it will be all right.

Yours respectfully, JESSICA BELTON.

CORUNNA, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I love you very much. I like the little letters and pillow verses, and so I thought I would write a letter and send a pillow verse. I have a little garden of my own. In it I have lettuce, radishes, beets, tomatoes, and a morning glory. It seems to me that nature is in everything. I am a little girl ten years old. I went to school and was in the fourth grade, but am to go in the fifth when school commences. My auntie sent me WEE WISDOM when I was not old enough to read, but now I read it with pleasure. I go to the Christian Science Church and Sabbath School, and like the way my teacher explains God as All Good. I am yours lovingly,

MARIAN CHASE.

P. S.—This is my pillow verse: Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

**

NATIONAL CITY, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—My name is Marie Hornbeck. I am ten years old. Our Sunday School takes WEE WISDOM, and my teacher's name is Mrs. Slocum. I think it is one of the nicest little papers I ever saw. It has so many lovely thoughts in it. The pillow verses make such a lovely pillow to sleep on. I send you a pillow verse and a little story I made up. Would you please put them in the little paper? My mamma wishes to send a pillow verse too. I think it is a good one. Yours with love,

MARIE HORNBECK.

**

PACIFIC GROVE, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write to tell you what I have selected for WEE WISDOM,

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontious Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty, from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

WHAT I OWN.

A hen.
Eleven chickens.
A flower garden.
A cat.
Two mugs.
Three apple trees.
One doll.
Fifteen cents.
Two picture books.

I belong to the Young Folks' Club, the Band of Mercy and four leagues.

I was in the fourth grade but was promoted into the fifth grade. Where 'bouts did Mother Sparr go when she went to the sea-side? Did she come to California or knot? My Aunt Mary gives me WEE WISDOM and I like to read them. I like to read the letters that are in the paper. I will send a pillow verse.

MY PILLOW VERSE.

Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen to-night,
Wish I may, wish I might,
Have the wish I wish to-night.

Yours truly,

MARRETTA ATHERTON.

**

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the pillow verse* I say every night. I thought you might like to have it, so I send it to you. I am eight years old, and I read WEE WISDOM. I would like a card.

Your friend,

MARJORIE WILSON.

**

WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am five years old. I have a sister nine years old. I would like to have a Truth Card. I saw where children had written letters to you. Good bye. Your loving friend,

ELBERTA E. SOUTHERLAND.

**

CHANNING, TEX.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Enclosed find a story I wrote about "A Nickel." Yours in truth,

MARY McALLISTER.

P. S.—Little Edgar says he wants to know what has become of little King Cole.

NIMBLE NICKEL.

BY MAY McALLISTER.

I am a nickel now, but just where I came from I do not know. All was dark to me until one day I was dragged from my sleeping place with my companions, and we were found to be just rough pieces of ore, and were sent to a place where they melted us, and then marked us and cut us out round, and then we were sent to a place where they put a government stamp on us, and then we went out on our journey.

I never saw any more of my companions. I was given to a little boy for cutting weeds, and he went to the store and traded me for cookies, and I was put into a drawer with some other nickels and locked up. I don't know where I will go next.

*See Thursday's pillow.

THE SUNBEAMS' PLEASURES.

BY GRETA GYER.

Once upon a time four sunbeams came down to the earth, and they said, as they came down, "Let us try to seek others' pleasures and not our own."

One went to a low cottage door and played with a cross child until she laughed and tried to catch the sun.

Another went to a place in a dark room where an old man lay, and shone on him till he thought of the scenes he loved best.

And another stole to a heart of a flower that was sad, and shone on her till she lifted her white face again.

Another went where a blind girl was and shone on her hands till she knew what kind of a day it was.

When their father, the sun, called them at night and they met together in the sky they said, "We find in seeking others' pleasures that it is a good deal nicer than to seek our own."

One day Morris said to his mother, "O, Mamma, I heard a rooster bark from here clear to the country!"

Another time when they were out walking, on passing a monument establishment he said: "Mamma, these are the kind of grindstones they put in the grave-yards."

IN THE CHERRY TREE.



Only boys
Know the joys
Of climbing into
trees,
Where cherries
red
Hang overhead
For boys and
birds and bees
—H. A. F.

LEAH'S MESSAGE.

I am so glad to have this beautiful moss that grows in the sea so far away from here. I have never been so far in my life, but I would love to go to the sea shore, and perhaps I may go some time; I hope so.

As it is the birth month for the dear little paper I love so much, I send greetings and wish it may always prosper, and we may see many happy returns of the same.

I suggested to grandma that I send a pillow verse for Monday to help dedicate it for a new year, and she asked me what I wanted to write and after I had thought a moment, I told her to say to you for Monday:

"God is Love; that Love surrounds me,
In that Love I safely dwell;
'Tis above, beneath, within me,
Love is mine, and all is well."

I know that Wee Wisdoms everywhere are Love, and the WEE WISDOM paper is brimming over with Love and cannot help it, for there is nothing but Love everywhere.

I wanted to say something more to print in the paper too, so I just told grandma to say to you what I thought about myself, and everybody too:

"I am God's little girl. I am God's little girl. So is every little girl God's little girl, and every little boy, too. For God is all and in all, everywhere, and in Him we live and move and have our Being."

I want WEE WISDOM for another year and so I send fifty cents to pay for it. I love the pillow verses. Wednesday's is my favorite one. I know a little prayer I say every night and it is this:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I know that God his child does keep;
I know that God my Life is nigh,
I live in Him, I cannot die.
God is my health, I cannot be sick,
God is my strength, unfailing, quick,
God is my All, I know no fear,
Since Life and Truth and Love are here."
Amen.

"Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me, and I know that Thou hearest me always." Forever. Amen.

LEAH M. WOOTON.



MARY.



PUTNAM.



CHARLEY.

To Dear WEE WISDOM

LESSONS FOR YOUNG FOXES.

BY CHRISTINA MATHISEN.
Eleven years old.

Mrs. Ruby Bush was really a very handsome young fox—the handsomest in the whole neighborhood, so it was said, and how beautiful she was, not only that but was a good and gentle young fox, which was lots better than to be called beautiful, for kindness goes a great deal farther than good looks.

She and her husband and her two little ones lived in "Tall Tree" forest, as happy and loving a family as the sun ever shone upon.

The two little foxes, Vic and Vim, played together all day. They had the finest games of hide and go seek, the great holes in the trunk of the old trees making the finest kind of hiding places.

Ruby Bush was a good little mother, and she wanted to see her boys well brought up, so she thought it was time to give them a lesson in hunting.

Vic had his turn first, and he and his mother started to the nearest poultry yard. The turkeys were roosting on the top of a rail fence, not dreaming of any danger, and Mother Fox and Vic had little trouble to fill their bags.

Vic was very much pleased over his success and thought it almost as much fun as playing with his brother Vim.

Father Bush had seen a trap in the forest and had told his good wife about it.

"Now," said she, "is the time to teach the boys about traps." So when the boys started off to play as usual, she called them back and told them about the dangerous trap—to be very careful not to go near it. A delicious piece of meat had been used for the bait and Mamma Bush wished she had it, so she got a long stick and got it out, and what a fine time they had eating it, wishing they could find another.

Wee Wisdom



RAWLINS, WYO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I enclose \$1.50 for two new subscribers, whose names I give below. The other fifty cents is for "Brightside." I am so happy that I too am a little Wee Wisdom, so please put me in a little corner where I can help all the Wee Wisdoms celebrate your birth month. I am a little girl twelve years young. Was in the fifth grade this year. I am very faithful; I did not miss an hour the whole term. I now enjoy vacation, for I play to my heart's content. I have some pets, but I like my doll the best. My love to WEE WISDOM, dear Mother Sparr, and the whole family of Fillmores.

From your friend,

EMMA NICHOLSEN.

I am Philip, and I live in Chicago. My grandma is my mamma now. And she's good and makes folks well. I'm five years old. Once I sent WEE WISDOM a dollar to go and see some other boys with. Some boys play in our alley that don't wash and comb their hair. One day I didn't want to be washed and combed and fixed up 'cause I wanted to feel how it seemed to be an alley boy, but after while I knew God's boy wanted to be clean and nice, and so I said,

"Mamma, the alley boy's gone and Philip's come back," and she was glad. I went down to Kansas City last summer and saw Rick. I wanted to play with his pony's tail, but pony didn't want me to play with his tail; he kicked, but not me. I like Rick and the pony, and I liked the tomatoes in the boys' garden, but I liked the boys' papa best. I hope WEE WISDOM 'll have a lot of parties.



PHILIP MCMAHON.



This is little Charlotte Wolf, who came to WEE WISDOM's second birthday, but as WEE WISDOM had gone away for a time, she was not introduced to the other Wee Wisdoms. Now that WEE WISDOM has a birthday, and so many little ones have come, we thought she would like to be among them. She was such a nice little girl that when she fell from a second story porch she *would not be hurt*. She lives in St. Louis.

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

Written by Children of the Chicago Truth Center Sunday School.

LESSON VI. AUGUST 5.

Jesus and the Children. Matt. 18:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.* Mark 10:14.

One time the disciples asked Jesus who was the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, and Jesus called a little child and said that if they did not become as a little child and have as much faith in him as a little child, they could not enter the kingdom of heaven. And if they offend any of those who believe in him, and have become humble as a child, then they would have evil things all around them, because the Son of Man came to save the souls that were lost, and rejoices over one humble soul as a shepherd rejoices over one sheep that was gone astray and is found.

— MABEL M. ROGERS.

LESSON VII. AUGUST 12.

The Forgiving Spirit. Matt. 18:21-35.

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

Peter asked how often we should forgive our brother, seven times seven? and Jesus said, No, seventy times seven.

There was once a king who called a servant who owed him ten thousand talents, and the servant worshipped him and said, "Have patience with me and I will restore it." The same servant went out, and met one of his fellow servants who owed him one hundred pence, and saying, "Pay me all you owe me," took him by the throat. The servant said, "Have patience with me and I will pay you all," but the fellow servant cast him into prison. When the king heard, he was wroth and put him in torment and delivered him to the tormentors.

Christ meant to teach his disciples that we should be ready to forgive every wrong as freely as we would have others forgive us, and has taught that as we do good to others, it shall be returned full measure to us.

— EULA BLACKLEDGE.

ANOTHER LESSON VII.

Christ told Peter he must forgive his brother seventy times seven. We should forgive them seventy-seven times if they do wrong to us, and Christ promises to forgive our wrong doings as we forgive others.

— MARIE PRIOR.

LESSON VIII. AUGUST 19.

The Man Born Blind. John 9:1-17.

GOLDEN TEXT—*One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.* John 9:25.

You have all heard of the many people Jesus healed, but perhaps you have not heard of the blind man who was restored to sight. Jesus had been teaching that whosoever committed sin were the servants of sin and suffered sickness. So the disciples wanted to know why this man was blind, and whether he had sinned or his parents. Jesus answered "Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." So Jesus told them that he must do the works of his Father who sent him while it was day, for when it was night no man worked.

Jesus meant to show his disciples that in every one was the Christ-child, which when awakened manifested life, health, and sight, and had they but faith they could do the works of the Father.

— MABEL ROGERS.

LESSON IX. AUGUST 26.

Jesus the Good Shepherd. John 10:1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.* John 10:11.

The Christ-child in each one of us is the good shepherd, and when we listen and the voice within us tells us right from wrong it is the good shepherd leading us. When we follow that voice we enter in at the door of the fold. But when we let bad thoughts lead us, we rob ourselves, for good cannot enter in a place that is already filled with bad.

— EULA BLACKLEDGE.

Wee Editors' Sanctum.

By the Boys of "Ye Editor."



"**VE EDITOR**" has given her sanctum over to "Wee Editors" this month. We have her pen and ink and paper and everything, while she has to content herself with looking through the key-hole and guessing what her "wee" editors are doing. We are glad to be with you on this occasion. We think that you will be delighted to see how many of the Wee Wisdoms have written, and how well they have written. When you read all the stories and letters in this WEE WISDOM you will see how many bright little boys and girls there are who read this paper. Some letters are very good, and some are better, and we are sure that every one of you could have written a nice letter if you had only tried.

Now, let us look through the paper together. The Bible Lessons are written by some little girls of the Chicago Truth Center Sunday School, and we think they are so plain that every one can understand them.

The "Natural Lessons in Natural History" are conducted by Orion this month. He was undecided what he should write about for a long time, there are so many interesting subjects to talk about, but we think that he has chosen a very good one, for he has so many nice little friends about his home.

A little girl asks how old WEE WISDOM is. This is WEE WISDOM's fifth birthday.

One little girl will find that part of her letter is not published and will probably wonder why. Well, she told about the manner and time of her brother and sisters leaving their bodies, and we do not think or talk about any thing of that kind.

Now Bessie sent a nice letter for herself and brother and sister (who could not write), and also a large sketch of her home which was really too large for this little paper. We hope she will do some more sketching.

Many of the little ones have invented new ways for spelling some of our English words, and we leave some of the spelling as we received it—it is so very original.

On the back of R. W.'s Essay were some very good Greek characters, but as we have never studied Greek we were unable to interpret them.

There is a Wee Wisdom Society of Silent Unity in Merchantville, N. J. We print a picture of their headquarters—Unity

School. The outside view is taken in winter and the inside view was taken on Easter. The walls of this school are decorated with the children's thoughts, a sample of which is sent burned into a panel of wood. The children hold loving thoughts for all of the Wee Wisdoms and for everybody and everything in the world. Their thought for this month is: *"Greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world."* They have promised to give us a report from their society every month.

So many of you have come to see us that we have built on four extra pages to hold you all. Every one of you who has written this month will get an extra copy of WEE WISDOM to do as much good with as you can. Get WEE WISDOM some new subscribers if you can. Our business man says it will take one hundred and ten new subscribers to pay for publishing WEE WISDOM this month. Let us see if we can pay for publishing it. Then we can feel assured that our effort from start to finish is a complete success! We can do it. LOWELL.

Come on Ye Kids and get a royal reception, because my name's Royal! Come on and I'll give you a speech up in the tree. Ye Kids saw me in WEE WISDOM last year.

The flowers are blooming beautifully around the old tree. Come down the path in the summer-house and get a bouquet. There are enough flowers for all. Our flowers are full of love and light. The old tree looks down on the flowers as good friends. The way you get up in the tree is by a little ladder. When you get up to the top of the ladder you find a pretty little platform.

I'm not one of those kind that are always talking. I'll just have time to tell you where we live and what kind of flowers we have. We live in a nice home with a cornfield across the road, and flowers on all sides, and big lovely giant trees in the back yard. We have two summer houses and some of the prettiest flowers! It's just rained and the flowers are so glad. The snap-dragon I think is the funniest flower. If you take the snap-dragon and pinch the sides of his face, his mouth would open so wide that it would look like he would swallow your whole finger.

They are building a new school-house for us school kids. And so I think this closes the Royal reception.

God bless you all.



50 cents per year.

5 cents per copy.

Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings per year.

Published monthly by

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,

1315 McGee St.

Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

BIRTHDAY EDITION.

Written and Edited by the Children.

SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

There was never a golden sunbeam
That fell on a desolate place,
But left some trace of its presence
That time could never efface.
Not a song of ineffable sweetness
That ravished the listening ear,
Then slumbered in silence forgotten,
For many and many a year.

Then scatter the sunbeams of kindness
Though your deeds may never be
known,
The harvest will ripen in glory
If the seeds be faithfully sown,
And life will close with a blessing,
And fade into endless days,
Like the golden hues of the sunbeam
That fade in the twilight gay.

— Selected by Ethel Wilmot.

Love never faileth to cleanse my soul,
And make it pure and sweet,
From every guilt and stain,
For love is my own.

Love is the greatest thing on earth,
The greatest thing in heaven,
Greater than wealth or mirth,
The greatest thing to man God has
ever given.

Love is in my heart
With all its power divine;
From me it shall never part,
For Love is surely mine.

Love is the pure little dewdrop,
From heaven he came
And cleansed my soul from every spot,
And made me white as a lamb.

I got mamma to write it down for me, because I was too
little to write it.— AGNES AUTREY.

A LETTER.

The following is a letter from one of our
Chicago Wisdons to her mamma, written
when away visiting. It contains some
true and loving suggestions. She is the
same little girl who wrote two of the Bible
Lessons.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.

DEAR MAMMA—I received your two let-
ters, but papa has been here so I have not
had much time to write. Yesterday Papa,
Aunt Della, and I went to Janesville.
Mamma, I have lovely times when I go to
bed, thinking good thoughts. After I get
through thinking good, then I (the real self)
goes right to Chicago and stays with you
while my body sleeps. I am coming home
Monday, but I come alone as auntie and
grandpa change at Janesville. Night and
day I feel as though there was nothing but
good around me, so of course I think good
thoughts. Every night I hold God's love
and protection over every one. I am going
to bring the kitten with me. Aunt Della
is going to have my trunk packed. I am
going to write to the Home of Truth and
have you give it to them. With love and
kisses, Your little truth girl,

MABEL ROGERS.

P. S.—I will come on the train that
leaves here at seven. I have not got time
to write to the Home of Truth now, and I
want to send your letter out now, so I will
not enclose it. With love, MABEL.

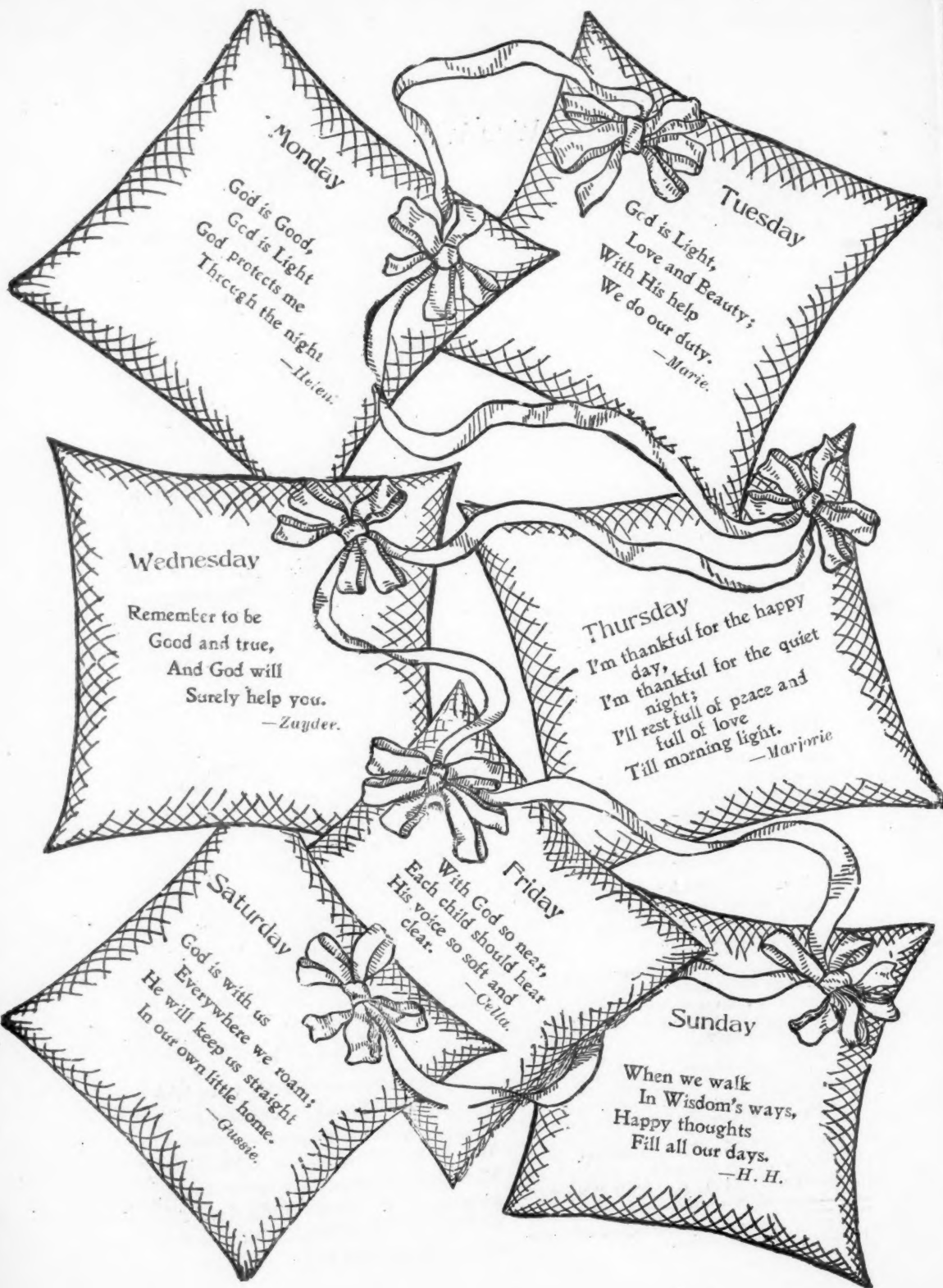
“Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

“Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden,
Like the heavens above.”

— Selected by Clara.

UNITY.

A forty-eight page monthly metaphysi-
cal magazine devoted to Practical Chris-
tianity, including healing and regeneration.
The interpretation of the International
Bible Lessons are given every month.
\$1.00 per year. Sample copies free. Ad-
dress UNITY TRACT SOCIETY, 1315 McGee
Street, Kansas City, Mo.



Monday

God is Good,
God is Light
God protects me
Through the night
—Heleen.

Tuesday

God is Light,
Love and Beauty;
With His help
We do our duty.
—Marie.

Wednesday

Remember to be
Good and true,
And God will
Surely help you.
—Zuyder.

Thursday

I'm thankful for the happy
day,
I'm thankful for the quiet
night;
I'll rest full of peace and
full of love
Till morning light.
—Marjorie

Friday

With God so near,
Each child should hear
His voice so soft and
clear.
—Celia.

Saturday

God is with us
Everywhere we roam;
He will keep us straight
In our own little home.
—Gussie.

Sunday

When we walk
In Wisdom's ways,
Happy thoughts
Fill all our days.
—H. H.