

# WEE WISDOM

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



## Who is He?

I knew a little boy	His little face wore
So good, good, good,	A smile, smile, smile,
That he always did	For his heart was happy
What he should, should, should.	All the while, while, while.

He was ever ready  
To do, do, do;  
When anything was wanted  
He flew, flew, flew.

Now mamma calls in vain	Like a fog at sea
All around, 'round, 'round	It hides, hides, hides
Where the happy boy stood	All the sunshine from sight,
There's a frown, frown, frown.	And <i>mis</i> -guides; guides, guides.

Oh, where is the boy  
With the smile, smile, smile,  
That is hidden from sight  
All this while, while, while?

Along comes a breeze	And here stands the boy
Of true thought, thought, thought,	So true, true, true,
And lifts off the frown	All smiling and ready
As 'twere naught, naught, naught.	To do, do, do.

— M. F.

---

### CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

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

### CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

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

— DR. T. Y. KAYNE.



VOL. V.

KANSAS CITY, MO., OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 3.

## The Garden, the Gate, and the Key.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

### CHAPTER II.—PATIENCE FINDS HER KEY.

**W**HEN Faith reached the meadow where she had been playing she found her two friends had left for their homes, so she gathered up her daisies, and picking up her doll from under a tree returned to her own home.

The next day after school Faith met her two friends as usual in the meadow, and told them all about the wonderful garden and the old man who took care of it.

They listened, but Prudence did not think much of it, but Patience said she was going to hunt till she found the key to the gate she had seen yesterday. Thus saying, Patience began to hunt, Faith helping her. Prudence said she was tired playing and was going home, so they said good-bye to her, and continued their search. After some time hunting Patience gave a little cry, "Oh!"

"What is it?" asked Faith, running to her.

"I have found the key," said Patience.

"Let me see it," said Faith.

"Why, it is quite different from mine; it is made in the shape of a little green snake with its tail in its mouth, but it is not at all ugly."

"I am sure it is the key," said Patience, "for snakes mean wisdom, my teacher at school told me, and green is life, and the circle is unending life. Why, it is quite wonderful. But now let's see if it fits, then we shall know if it is the key or not."

So the two children ran to the gate, and

Patience slipped her ring into a little groove she found there, and so the gate swung open and she stepped inside, but Faith ran around to her own gate.

Now, when Patience entered the garden the first thing that met her eyes was a tall tree covered with Snowballs. As she looked at them they seemed to wave and beckon to her to come nearer, so she walked towards the tree, and then she noticed that all the pretty fluffy balls seemed to be singing a little song together, so she kept very still to listen, and she stood and looked up into the tree. Three large ones seemed to lead, while the others joined as in a chorus, and this is what Patience heard:

*First Snowball*—I am one of your holy thoughts.

*Second Snowball*—Yes, one of your holy, holy thoughts.

*Third Snowball*—One of your holy, heavenly thoughts.

*All Snowballs*—Holy, happy, heavenly thoughts.

"I do not quite know what you mean," said Patience.

"Well, listen, and you shall hear a little story," said the first Snowball.

"Once upon a time there lived a little girl whose name was Alice we will say. This little Alice was left all alone in the house one evening, and it was very lonely for the little girl, for mother and father were both out and there was only the cat to play with. Soon the little girl began

to think of being afraid, for she felt all alone. But while thinking how lonely she was, all at once another thought came to her mind, and she remembered that she could not be alone, so she said to herself, 'Why, God is here—the Great Spirit of Good—and all His happy angels are watching over me,' and so she grew happy in this thought, and the light of the lamp seemed brighter, and Kitty began to sing in her lap, and then Alice went to the piano, carrying Kitty with her, and played a little melody and the time was short after that, for it seemed but a little while before her mother and father came in."

"Why, that little Alice was just like me," said Patience.

"That little Alice was you, Patience," said the big white Snowball, "and after that we bloomed out in beauty on this tree. You helped our blossoming, and here we are heavenly thoughts to cheer everyone who looks upon our whiteness. Now walk on a little further for we see a Daisy growing in the grass; she also has something to tell."

"How do you do, pretty Daisy!" said Patience as she stopped before the flower. "What have you to say to me?"

"Many things, little one," answered the Daisy. "Look into my heart."

"How can I?" asked Patience.

"Try!" said the Daisy.

"I see," said Patience, kneeling in the long grass, "your heart is of gold, the color of the sun—that means warm and full of love, I suppose."

"You are right," answered the Daisy, "but what else do you find?"

"Oh, your heart is made up of many tiny flowers."

"Ah! now you know," said the Daisy, "and every one means a single thought, for though I am small I am made up of many, many beautiful thoughts and deeds. When you speak a kind word, when you gladly sing baby to sleep, when you wipe mother's dishes, when you put away your toys neatly, then you plant me, and I bring happiness to all that look upon my face, and joyous."

"What a wonderful little flower you are!"

"Yes, little Patience, I am the blossom of your seed planted."

Patience thanked the Daisy for the lesson, and on rising from her knees looked up to see an old white-haired man standing beside her.

"Oh, are you the Gardener?"

"Yes, my child, you may call me the Gardener, and I too have a word for you. Keep the little key safe, wear it about your neck that you may be wise and always ready to help others find the way to their gate, as Faith has helped you."

So saying the old man led Patience to her gate and there said, "Farewell, and go forth and give happiness."

*(To be continued.)*

## NED'S IDEA OF SCHOOL.

MRS. N. D. HAHN.

Just four weeks ago today Ned Parker woke up at Grandpa's in a different state of mind than this morning. Now he was going home, and very glad to go, too. Then he had thought of a whole winter at Grandpa's, which meant such lots of fun. No schools, no problems. What a treat it would be.

You see Ned had made up his mind that it was not necessary to attend school, and as he was nearly fourteen years old he was so sure he knew best. His father wrote a letter to Grandpapa Graham, and on receiving a reply it was decided that Ned should go to Grandpapa's and spend the winter there. Ned pictured in such glowing colors the time he was going to have in the country that all his school-mates began to share his opinion of "schools being a nuisance."

Now now was it that he was going home after only four weeks' stay? Well, in the first place, Grandpapa kept an account book and every little while he would say, "Well, mother, I've come to a place in my books that puzzles me a little to straighten out, and isn't it lucky that Ned is here?" Then he would show the place to Ned and say, "You fix it up for me," and if Ned acted at all as though he could not answer it,

*(Continued on page 11.)*



## Harry's Mission.

AUNT SEG.



JOE KNOX was a surly man, and his good wife, Ellen, who loved him in spite of his cross temper, used every means in her power to keep him good-natured.

No children came into this home to call Ellen "mother," and Joe "father," and Ellen used to say to herself that perhaps it was just as well, since they might be in her husband's way and bring trouble instead of joy.

Joe had a sister living near with whom he had long been angry, and this sister had a dear baby whom she called "Harry," and whom Joe had never seen.

They were very poor, and Joe ought to have helped them, but he had no idea of doing such a thing. Poor, cross, unhappy Joe! it was time for something to happen that should make him a better man, and it happened.

One day he came home in a very surly mood, and tramped through the house making a great deal of noise, when suddenly his eye fell upon the bed, *his own bed* where he slept every night, and right on that bed lay a sweet, golden-haired baby looking at him with wondering eyes. Joe paused in amazement and returned the gaze. Then babe's face dimpled all over with the merriest smile, and two rosy arms were outstretched invitingly. Joe did not know what to do; did not know what ailed him. Whose baby was that? Why didn't he scold and make a racket about Ellen's ears? Why didn't he order it out of the house? He was greatly surprised to find himself drawing nearer those coaxing arms, but he could n't help it, nor could he help bending down that the soft baby hands might pat his rough cheek, and Joe was nearly overcome by a new strange feeling in his heart, when baby said as plain as could be, "I 'ove 'ou." Something in Joe's throat nearly choked him, and he had to brace up and get away as fast as he could, or make a baby of *himself*.

He went out to Ellen who kept her back to him for fear that she should see him

scowl, and to her great surprise, for she had expected him to roar out something awful, he asked in quite a decent tone, "Whose baby is that?"

Before Ellen had time to explain, baby, who had instantly followed Joe, was there with two dear little arms clasped around Joe's trousers leg, and the same soft voice repeated, "I 'ove 'ou, I 'ove 'ou."

Joe was caught; caught by the leg and couldn't get away; caught by—a—baby. And Ellen!! Well, Ellen tried to look as if she had expected it all the time; was n't surprised; Joe must, of course, be friends with his little nephew.

Joe lifted the child into his arms, and again asked, "Whose child is it?"

"Joe, dear, it is Mary's little Harry." Joe made a move to put baby down, but by this time the magical arms were around his neck. "She is in awful straits, Joe, and had to leave baby here while she went out washing for money to buy their food."

Now at this moment there were two Joes; one whose heart was melting within him, who wanted to love babe and bring poor Mary home, and another Joe who would never forgive nor pay a penny for her support; but the first Joe was being hugged by Harry and liked it, and babe had the old cross Joe by the neck and was rapidly overcoming him. Ellen looked on with a tear waiting for the victory, until the struggle ended in *Uncle Joe* taking Harry into the bed-room while Aunt Ellen prepared supper. Now, Ellen could work and listen too, and her heart was very full of joy as she heard Harry taught to say "*Uncle Joe*," and then "I love you, *Uncle Joe*," till the baby lips gave forth the sweetest message her ears had heard, "I 'ove 'ou, Nunkie Do;" and when he sat upon his uncle's knee for his supper he would occasionally reach up to Joe's face with his dear little hand and say, "I 'ove 'ou, Nunkie Do."

Poor Joe! he was almost ashamed of his new self; his cross, troubled heart had

grown so tender that he did not know it for the same heart.

Aunt Ellen was a very wise woman, for she had learned wisdom by daily practice in keeping her patience with her fractious husband, and she let babe prattle on, never appearing to notice anything new or surprising, and filled up the time during supper by telling Joe of some detail of housekeeping which had claimed her attention during the day, but she was glad when Harry and his uncle disappeared out of doors to visit the chickens, so that she could smile a little and weep a little for joy that her plans were working so nicely, "for," said she, "there will surely be some hope of poor Mary's coming to live with us," and she began to sing about her work which Joe had n't heard her do for a long time, and he thought to himself, "She'd a sung all this time if I hadn't been such a bear," and Joe was ashamed of himself.

What a good time babe was having! Ellen went to the door to see, and there was Uncle Joe with a little boy on his shoulders, whose curls were like fine gold glistening in the sun, and whose little fat hand was clutching Uncle Joe's black curls, and pulling them, of course, but it really felt good to the man who had just found his heart. Uncle Joe was capering across the yard—a great strong horse—and Harry was holding the black curls for reins and shouting "Mo', mo', Nunkie Do—dit up! dit up! Nunkie Do."

Ellen was quite overcome. She was more than glad, but really felt weak from surprise, and sat down with the dish cloth in her hands, with which she was about to wipe her eyes, when she discovered that it was the dish cloth; then she laughed and went to work again with a glad heart.

Now, perhaps you think people turn good in a minute, after having been wrong doers for years, but things do not work that way, and when Ellen, with a little tremble in her voice said, "Joe, Mary is coming," Joe put Harry down and with the old black look snatched his hat and walked down the street right past Harry's mamma with that horrid look on his face.

The two women just sat down and cried

because cross old Joe had come back again, but Ellen said, "It is n't so very bad as it was, Mary, because Joe took to Harry right away and played with him every minute."

"Mamma, mamma, Nunkie Do, Nunkie Do," cried Harry, trying to express his joy in Uncle Joe.

"You blessed baby," said she, catching him in her arms, "maybe you'll prove peace-maker after all."

"I am sure he will, Mary, if we only have patience," said Ellen. So they promised each other to be patient and hope for the best. One thing was gained, Harry might be left with Ellen every day, and that was such a relief to Mary who must earn her living, and she could feel safe about her dear baby when he was with Aunt Ellen.

Joe did not sleep very well that night; a shadow was on his heart. Ellen heard him fidget and sigh, and she was glad he was uncomfortable for then she knew his old hard heart had not come back to stay. In the morning he did not talk at all and went away looking very sour. Ellen watched for his home-coming and sent babe out to meet him, and babe's joy over "Nunkie Do" was so great that Uncle Joe had to give in and be good in spite of himself. Then they had another joyful time together, but Joe was careful to get off down town before Mary came.

In this way a week passed—Joe and babe having such a happy time, surprising the cats and the chickens with their horse races and bear races, etc., but Joe always went off before Mary came.

\* \* \* \* \*

Baby Harry continued to be the joy of the household and the happiest baby when Uncle Joe came home to be his playfellow.

One afternoon Aunt Ellen was called to see a sick neighbor, and as Harry was asleep and ought to remain asleep for good two hours, she felt safe to run out and leave him for a short time. She was detained, however, longer than she expected, and when she returned babe was missing. She called him, supposing him to be out among the chickens, but no answer. Then she searched high and low, but no golden-haired baby responded to her frightened

calls. Their home was a little beyond the town limits, and there were no neighbors very near, while back of the house was a long stretch of pasture land and woods.

Poor, frightened Aunt Ellen ran here and there, much farther than it seemed possible for babe to go, and then came despairingly back to her empty house. Joe was not to be home until a late hour that day; what *should she do*! She remembered that she might pray, and so she asked God to show her what to do and waited in the silence for direction. Remembering that God was with Harry comforted her very much, and she could think more clearly.

She put on her hat and went to the sick neighbor's house asking that the little daughter, the only person available, might go to town for help, then she flew back again, hoping beyond hope to find baby; but no, he was not there. It seemed such a long time that she had to wait, for the messenger was a child and the way was long and the day was drawing to a close.

What if night should come on, and babe out in the darkness! Oh, she must not think of it! She would steadily remember that God was with Harry, and this comforted her, and steadied her heart so that she ceased to fear, and trusted the everywhere Good. Then the men came, and Oh, here was Joe and that was best of all.

"Stop crying, Ellen," said Joe, "and tell us what has happened."

Ellen told him, and he divided the men, sending them in different directions, then said to his wife, "Stay here, Ellen, until Mary comes," and he sprang down the wide pastures.

It was such a wild place, full of tall brush and shadows, and stones, and holes. Ellen waited and told God that she knew that babe was safe in His care, and she was n't one mite afraid. Then she watched for Mary, and when she saw her coming, knew that the little mother had heard that her blessed baby was lost, for she was running, panting, crying, and just fell into Ellen's arms exhausted.

"Oh, Ellen, my baby! where is he?" she gasped, and Ellen prayed her to be

calm and hopeful for a lot of men and Uncle Joe were looking and would be sure to find him. But she could not wait.

"I must go, Ellen, and find him. I can't wait, or I shall die." Then Ellen went with her, begging her to go slow, "for," said she, "the men might overlook him in their hurry and then we may find him." This she said seeing that poor Mary was not in a condition to hurry.

Ellen thought of the holes and peered into every one, and Mary looked into the clumps of brush, and they could hear the men calling to each other, but could not see them, and night was coming on. Poor Mary sobbed and wept until she could scarcely see for tears, and her sister had to keep in mind God's presence every minute. Finally it was too dark to see the way and they sat down with their arms around each other, and waited and prayed.

Now, Joe was hunting with all his heart. He did everything so. If he was good he was very good, and if he was bad he was very bad. You may be sure his heart was in this hunt for Harry, and he felt certain of finding him, or tried to feel so. But when it grew dark he shut his teeth hard and trudged on. He was thinking of Mary, too. Joe's mind was striding along in the right direction at last.

"Hoo-hoo, Hoo-hoo," sounded off in the darkness. All around came the responsive "Hoo-hoo, Hoo-hoo." This meant "Babe is found." Now what strength came to Joe! He fairly bounded over the stones in the direction of the call and soon met the men carrying Harry. Before he reached them he called, "Harry," "Nunkie Do," came faintly from the tired baby lips and in another moment babe was in Uncle Joe's arms, and tears were falling on the yellow curls; a pair of soft arms about his neck, a very contented little voice murmured "I 'ove 'ou, Nunkie Do," and babe was fast asleep.

Uncle Joe had lived over several years in those few hours of trial, and when Mary met him and tried to take her baby, he put his other arm around her and said with tears in his eyes and in his voice, "Mary, dear, *come home*," and he kept his strong arm where he had put it, around his widowed and homeless sister, *homeless* no longer.

As he laid the golden head on the pillow the baby lips repeated, "Nunkie Do, I —'ove—" and slept again. Joe dropped on his knees beside the child and buried his face in the soft curls, and what Joe said to God then and there we cannot know, but *this we do know*, that Uncle Joe was redeemed *by love*.

## One of these Little Ones.

This month our visitor is one of Kansas City's *Wee-est* Wisdoms. Her name is Margaret May Bulkley, and she was two years "young" last June. But you should see her as we do sometimes when she visits



us, with her blue eyes all a-sparkle and her blonde curls all a-fly chasing Morris' white rabbit 'round the lawn, or watching with unwinking interest some enthusiast telling of the Truth that makes you free. And this wee maiden is quite able to express herself in pure, plain English, too.

Her first visit to the Rooms was soon after her second birthday, and quite an important occasion it would seem from the anxiety which her friends had held over her. But Margaret found out something then and there, and afterward when

there seemed need she gave herself this little treatment formulated by her own self:

*"Mamma, my bowels moving free and easy. I am God's child. Nothing hurts; nothing hurts my stomach."*

When Margaret bumps herself instead of crying she will draw her diminutive little figure bravely upright and declare, *"Nothing hurts; it's all well now."*

Nor does this wee bit of mighty Wisdom stop with calling itself "God's child," its spirit of ministry goes forth to others, and Margaret's sweet voice has commanded the tempest of wails in her little neighbor next door to stop by this treatment:

*"Don't you know you are God's child, baby, and nothing can hurt God's child? It's all well. Don't cry."*

Before each meal Margaret will put both hands over her eyes and say, "*Praise God!*"

But I must not forget to tell you that one of the wonderful possessions of our wee Margaret is *four Grandmas*. Think of it! you who have the love of one or two what the devoted love of *four* would be! How *can* she possibly have four? Why don't you see, two of them are *just* Grandmas and two are *Great-Grandmas*.

Its a lovely thing to have a lot of dear friends loving us when they love us wisely. And can there be *un-wise* loving of friends? You have heard of "loving to death," which seems a very idle saying, but it is true of love that is full of fearing. "Perfect love casteth out fear" and so is health-giving to that which it loves, while loving mixed with fearing is really more anxiety than loving and so has power of drawing to it the very conditions it feared. But even as "the tongue of the wise is health," so the *true* love of a friend is health.

Let us all *know* for wee Margaret that her wisdom is shared by these dear Grandmas and friends, and that they all realize that she is God's child and so are willing to let His perfect life manifest through her unhindered by anxiety and fear.

---

## A Weeping Willow all Forlorn.

HELEN AUGUSTA FUSSELL.

A sorrowful willow a-weep in the rain,  
    Stood a-sighing,  
    A-sighing;  
And all the day long  
    Kept a-crying,  
    A-crying.

And every few minutes  
    She'd sob,  
    And she'd sob;  
And then her poor head  
    It would bob,  
    And would bob.

O sorrowful Willow, Oh, why do you weep?  
    Let me ask,  
    Let me ask;  
"Because," said the Willow, "such trouble is mine,  
    I'm aghast,  
    I'm aghast.

"The wind has blown the sun away,  
And the rain has drowned him;  
    I mourn,  
    And I mourn.  
My sweet friend is dead, and that's  
    why I feel  
    So forlorn,  
    So forlorn."

"But each morning fair he arises,"  
    I cried,  
    Gladly cried.  
But the Willow but wept and per-  
    sistently sighed,  
"Every night since I've known him  
    He's died,  
    Oh, he's died.





1. *Everyone in this house wants to do what is right.*
2. *We are all patient, calm, harmonious.*
3. *We love one another.*
4. *We feel kindly toward one another.*
5. *We have charity each for the other.*
6. *We do not notice nor condemn each other's faults.*
7. *We are all the children of God on our upward way, and by every thought and every act we each are trying to help the other members of the family.*
8. *We are trying to do the will, and thus prove our doctrine that God is Love.*

—From Fanny Harley's *Simplified Lessons*.

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]



AUSTIN, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Please find enclosed fifty cents, for I want you another year. I like the story of "Red Caps" and "The Real Santa Claus." One day I had a severe pain in my stomach and went and got WEE WISDOM and read the Bible Lessons and the pain all left. I thought of the little green and blue thoughtkins and said "I'm strong," and then the blue thoughtkins set me free with their scissors. I read the

Pillow Verses to a little friend who isn't in Science and when I got through she said, "They are true; every one of 'em." My letter is getting too long so I must close my letter, wishing you many happy returns of your birthday. Yours in Truth,

ALMA ANDERSON,  
Twelve years old.

I wrote this letter in July and intended to send my picture for your Birthday number but every thing kept me from it.

A. A.

\*\*

PORTLAND, ORE.

DEAR WEE WISDOMS — Knowing that you all are interested in the good, and the good you all can do; knowing also that your little angel thoughts are flying here and there, ever on the wing, bringing messages of love, peace, and good-will, I ask that these beautiful, little angels may be sent this way to strengthen a wee baby-truth in its young life and help it to help itself. I am sure you would all like to hear about this infant.

I will explain to you first how this thought baby came to me. It was through my love for all little ones — these dear little ones that Jesus spoke of when he said, "Ye are of God, little children; greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world."

Last Easter morning, a thought was resurrected and came to me — a beautiful conception of something — and from that time it dwelt with me. You know that if we love something *very much*, and long for it, if we let our true mind dwell upon it, our thought-angels will bring it to us, it will be manifested to us. So it was not long before my thought-angels brought to me this babe of truth.

It was Saturday in the month of June that it came to pass; so you see it is not very old yet, not even old enough to stand alone — this beautiful bud — this little blossom — class of boys and girls.

This little baby Class of Truth has on an average of eight little children who attend our Saturday afternoon class. But we know that this class will grow that with Wee Wisdoms love-thoughts sent this way bringing strength, wisdom and joy, good will be made manifest, showing forth the true Christ-child, in beauty, and this little infant Truth Class will wax strong.

I know you would also like to hear about the happy little party that came to spend an afternoon with me. Indeed they were happy! Faces beaming with joy, as each child came bringing its little love-offering in the way of candy and cake. After they were all seated, we sang this song —

## Little Deeds.

"Flake by flake the ~~an~~ comes down, builds the drift,  
Drop by drop the streamlets change to torrents swift.  
Gentle words and golden deeds build our peace,  
Memories whose echoes grand never cease."

Then Brother Minard, our dear leader in the Home of Truth here, brought along his kodak to take a picture of our little boys and girls, which he did when they were all seated on the grassy slope of the hill-side just a little way back of the house, just as you see them in this pretty little nook, nestling among the wild flowers, ferns and leaves, showing you all our dear little baby-truth-blossom. I knew you would like to take a peep at this blossom, so I send you the picture.\*

To the right of the picture you can see, dressed in white my little boy whose name is Earle, and he is four years young. The reason I call your attention to him is that he has lived in the Truth nearly all his life. And Earle is now aiding me with this little class.

After the picture was taken, we all went into the house where we found it as pleasant as we did out of doors, for the house is up on the hill-side overlooking the city, and when we entered the rooms, which were set apart for this little gathering and decorated with Oregon Fir branches, you can imagine how beautiful it all was—bouquets of thistles and everlasting flowers were placed on table and floor in different parts of the rooms.

The little ones then were seated after each one did a little part in the way of speaking and singing, making it as pleasant as they could. We then had a silence. The statement given by one of the little boys was, "God keeps us." We then sang "Jesus Blessing," out of "Truth in Song."

Thus we entered into play joyous, happy, fearless and free. After several of our games, it was time to bring out the refreshments consisting of cookies, nic-nacs, sweet biscuits, candies and angel-cakes, after which they had a quiet see-saw out under the trees just before going home.

Then Oh, the bright, happy little faces, that came to bid me good-bye and be kissed!

The afternoon was slowly creeping on towards evening, and the sun was now sending its last glimmering rays over the city of Portland which made it look as though it might be a city of gold with every window in each house a diamond setting. We could but gaze upon this splendor and think how beautiful it all was, and what a magnificent world we live

in, and how much we have to be thankful for.

Now, if any of you dear Wee Wisdoms have any little papers with good reading that you would love to give to our little baby Truth Class we will love to receive them.

Earle's grandma takes WEE WISDOM for him, and so we take for our lessons the Juvenile Bible lessons in WEE WISDOM, and I think they are *just splendid*, there is so much good to be gotten from them.

Yours in Life, Love and Truth,

MRS. NETTIE HUGHES.

## Ned's Idea of School—Continued.

Grandpapa would elevate his eyebrows as much as to say, "Seems to me you need a little more schooling to make a great business man." After a few failures Grandpapa told Ned that they would take up book-keeping one hour each day. Then he began to ask him questions in geography, which ended in Ned's taking up geography. Then suddenly, Grandmama observed that Ned spoke very improperly, and of course grammar followed next. Then in writing the answers they noticed so many misspelled words, and the writing was so poor that a copy-book and spelling book next occupied a part of his time. Grandpapa had been a school teacher and he made it seem so very much like school that Ned heartily wished he was back in school at home so at recess he could have the boys to play with, and Sundays were so long here that he thought one hour in Sunday School at home would be a big treat.

It lacked only a few days of Christmas now, and as he thought of the skating and merry Christmas bells in the city he could stand it no longer, and going up to Grandpapa the night before he had said, "I guess it takes too much of your time to teach me. I'll go home and go to school a while and then come out and stay with you." Grandpapa said, "That is a sensible idea. I have enjoyed teaching you, but I can't be hardly enough of a boy to make up for your schoolmates." And next Sunday when his friends saw him at Sunday School they all asked him if he had come home to spend the holidays. "Yes," he said, "and the rest of the days, too." And when school opened again Ned was one of the first ones there, as well as first in his studies, and by degrees he told the whole story of how he concluded he ought to go to school.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom."

\*The picture sent was too dark to make a half-tone, and so WEE WISDOM cannot show you the dear little group of boys and girls.



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON I. OCT. 7.

Jesus Dining with a Pharisee.  
Luke 14:1-14.

**GOLDEN TEXT**— *Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased: and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.* Luke 14:11.

There is no place in God's Kingdom for pride and vanity, for the truth is that God has made us one great big family, and He is the Father of us all. It is a nice thing to be pretty of face, for beauty is of God, and it is also good to be well dressed, but if pride comes into the heart because of these blessings, they will be blessings no more, and the pride will soon show itself on the face in hard lines that are not at all beautiful to look upon. Be sure of this, dear children, pride will make the prettiest face seem ugly, while the plainest face will be made beautiful when the spirit of modesty, gentleness and sweetness shines through it—"He that exalteth himself shall be abased: and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." The mortal or unreal child exalts himself bragging about himself and his possessions, but the real or Christ-child is always humble and meek, because he exalts God the Good as the only power and presence. Remember that a pretty face and beautiful clothes do not make a beautiful soul, but a beautiful soul creates beauty everywhere.

"Honor nor shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Paul says, "Love vaunteth not itself is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly," and this is true, therefore when we have true love for God and His children we can never be proud, for love is that beautiful power that lifts us up and makes a noble life, while pride and vanity pull us down and make us stumble and fall so that we are unhappy until we give them up.

Will you each this morning make some true statements about your own true life, knowing that God's child is never proud or vain, or "stuck up" as little girls express it. Well, then let us begin:

*I have no pride of family. Why?*

Because God made me and made everybody else to live as one family, united in love.

*I am not vain about my body, or my clothes, and so do not look down upon any one. Why?*

Because my real body is beautiful Spirit, and so is every one's. We are all one.

*I am not proud of what I can do. Why?*

Because all good is done by God who knows no pride.

*I am not proud or vain at all. Why?*

Because the Christ within me is meek and lowly of heart. I love everybody and everybody loves me.

LESSON II. OCT. 14.

Parable of the Great Supper.  
Luke 14:15-24.

**GOLDEN TEXT**— *Come, for all things are now ready.* Luke 14:17.

Children, what a good sound the dinner bell has, and how welcome the call from your mother's lips when she says, "Come in, children, for dinner is now ready;" especially is this so if you are very hungry and feel as though you could eat anything, and then how good everything tastes. Some day you will all be just as hungry for wisdom and knowledge, and then you will find that your table is full of these things, which are yours for the asking and eating.

The Spirit of Truth is now calling us to a table spread with good things. The table is invisible and so are the good things, but they are the real, for they make all the good visible things. A funny thing about it is, and so different from the table that your mother sets, the more you eat from this table the more appears, so that you can never eat it all up; this is like magic, isn't it?

If you want peace, the Spirit of Peace says, "Come unto me." If you desire wisdom, go to God for it, for He is calling, "Come, for all things are now ready."

Every good and perfect gift comes from God who stands right at your center. Every thought of yours must come to God for its strength. The water of life and the bread of life is the truth of your soul, and when each thought of yours obediently eats and drinks of this living fountain, then disease and suffering, pain and death will be no more, for you will have overcome them as Jesus did.

LESSON III. OCT. 21.

The Lost Sheep and Lost Coin.  
Luke 15:1-10.

**GOLDEN TEXT**—*There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.* Luke 15:10.

God made us whole, complete, and our joy consists in proving this, and that is what we are doing here in this world. When we look out over the world and see the wonderful things people are doing and the wonderful knowledge others have, we are very apt to compare our own shortcomings with them and thus believe that it is impossible for us to ever be so great and good and wise. But the greatest and wisest man who ever lived, Jesus the Christ, has said to all, "Where I am there may ye be also," and "What I do ye may do also, and greater things than these shall ye do." So I think we had better be about it, and not sit down and cry, "I can't." Don't you?

Now the lesson today is about finding things that are lost, and about a lost sheep and piece of money that when found made the owners rejoice, but if we look closely we can read underneath the word "sheep" words such as gift, talent, and behind the words "lost money" we can see "lost peace of mind," "lost power," "lost patience," "lost love," and a great many others that people sometimes believe they lose and cannot find, but you see the only reason they believe they have lost and cannot find them is because they do not send the right one after them. Who is the right one? Why, the Christ within, who has the light of love and faith and the broom of denial. Send this one to find every lost sheep, by speaking true Christ words, and he will never fail.

If you think you can lose your temper at times, speak the true word, "Spirit is never cross or fretful; Spirit is always at peace." Then the joy bells will ring all through you, because you have found your sheep that was lost. Now let the Christ-child hold it, so that when you are tempted to lose your patience again, you do not, then after a while you will be so strong that you cannot be tempted.

Think of all the good God has given you to make you complete, and just know that nothing good is hidden from your true self; that your Christ-self finds God's health, harmony and peace to be within, and so uncovers them so that you and everybody can see them, and this is the practical Truth that makes us glad and causes us to rejoice. There is joy among all your angel thoughts whenever you decide to be good and never to be naughty or disobedient again.

**GOLDEN TEXT**—*I will arise and go to my father.* Luke 15:18.

I remember years ago of my father bringing home a poor little wild rabbit that he had trapped. At first we children were very glad to have such a nice little playfellow, but when I saw how frightened and trembling he was, and thought how far away from home he was, I determined that he should go back to his friends and freedom. So the next morning I took him and his cage upon the car and rode to Golden Gate Park, where I knew there were plenty of wild rabbits running all over the hills. He seemed frightened all the way to the park, for he did not know what new danger awaited him, but I kept comforting him, telling him not to be afraid, for he was only going home. At last we arrived at the park, and when I opened the trap-door out he flew, and with a few great bounds of his strong legs was out of sight, hidden by the trees and grass!

Did he know he was home and was he happy? I should think so! You ought to have seen him as he skipped away; why, his feet fairly danced and laughed at the thought of being home and free. When I read over this parable of the prodigal son it made me think of this rabbit, I suppose because he was so glad to get safely home, and how glad we always are to get home to faith and love and peace after we have tasted of something else.

The Kingdom of Heaven within is our real home, and we cannot breath freely anywhere else. We cannot think right anywhere else. We have to stay there all the time if we would be happy, but how glad we are to know that the Kingdom of Heaven and our loving Father never go away or leave us, that although we may seem for a while to forget Him and wander into error and suffer, that as soon as we are sorry we can return home and always find a welcome.

To be sorry is to repent—repentance means turning away from error to the good, or coming home where we belong. All good things wait for us in our Father's House of Love. Light, warmth, peace, health are ours, for they are God's.

The story is told of a little girl who had a most wholesome kind of religion. Her brothers had set traps to catch birds. "Didn't you pray to God to save the poor little birdies?" asked her mother. "Yes, I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" "Yes," she said, "I then prayed that God would keep the birds out of the traps and for fear that God might be busy about something else I just went out and kicked the traps to pieces." *Ex*

LESSON IV. OCT. 28.

The Prodigal Son. Luke 15:11-24.



## YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



OVING greetings to you all! It seems a long time since we had the Sanctum to ourselves, and "ye editor" is "powerful" glad to meet you all once more. To be sure our "wee editors" did us proud in our absence, and we are delighted with the way in which you behaved yourselves, and our confidence in you is such we feel sure that "ye editor" can slip out most any time and WEE WISDOM will go right on just the same. I think she would n't want to be left out entirely, though; there's something about *you* that she loves to be close to and is seldom far away from your interests. Bless you, every one.

Yes, it was a real treat to get out and see how big the world is, and find Wee Wisdoms everywhere. Someway they all felt so like *you* that she just would n't let any difference come in when she found them swarming everywhere. Even way up where that tall Pike peaks through into the cold and shiver of the up-above-clouds country, where the sun turns white, and the rain turns white, and the roaring winds have a play-ground, was a small Wisdom with ears wisely wound in "papa's handkerchief" to keep them safe from the pinching and boxing of the too frolicsome wind. It was all so wonderful and grand in and about those stupendous peaks and canons, giving us a faint realization of the height and depth, the strength and magnitude of Him who is greater than all and yet who finds a child's heart big enough for His Kingdom.

"Ye editor" met many of WEE WISDOM's correspondents in Pueblo and Denver, and many more Wisdoms who promised to remember us with stories and letters, none of which are at hand yet. Perhaps the school duties coming in so soon have interfered. But remember, nothing can interfere with Wisdom when she would open her mouth.

We found our "Mr. A. Nickel" still in North Denver. Whether he had not yet

finished his scientific observations there or whether he was waiting for some one to help him get his report ready for WEE WISDOM, we were not able to find out. But we trust the Wisdoms of North Denver will see to it that he is provided with a good a-man-u-en-sis and that he is sent on his next trip to some Home of Truth.

We were at Cina's and Eddie's home, and Eddie gave us a first-class entertainment with his phonograph, and took a snapshot of us with his kodak.

Where are our correspondents this month? Is it because the TRUTH CARDS have not been forth-coming yet? You will remember it was some months ago that we told you our moss cards were all out and our sweet *Mother Sparr* was not at the sea shore to provide more. In their place we proposed to have some TRUTH CARDS which you could hang up in your room to look at and remember. If there is any one to blame for the non-appearance of these cards it must be "ye editor," for she has not gotten these truth statements arranged to her satisfaction. When she does, these waiting names shall all be remembered with a card. But don't let your interest in WEE WISDOM and each other be governed by a card. Write and tell us all the good things you can think of. Write and answer these questions—

*Who are you?*

*Can you SEE Love?*

*How do you know Good?*

*How do you know there is God?*

## THE CHILD.

He owns the bird songs of the hills—  
The laughter of the April rills;  
And his are all the diamonds set  
In Morning's dewy coronet—  
And his the Dusk's first minted stars  
That twinkles through the pasture bars.  
And litter all the skies at night  
With glittering scraps of silver light—  
The rainbow's bar, from rim to rim,  
In beaten gold, belongs to him.

—James Whitcomb Riley

How much better is it to get wisdom than gold.—Solomon.





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.

MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

## OCTOBER.

WILHELMINE SMITH.

When Summer's heat and Winter's cold have kissed,  
When days begin and end in silvery mist,  
October's here, with rich fruit in his hand,  
All ripe and luscious, through the wide free land.

He paints the fruit with purple, red and gold,  
And even drops it on the soft brown mold  
Beneath the trees and vines. The sweet, ripe nuts'  
Most prickly burrs and thick bark he unshuts.

Such glorious days and nights October brings!  
Sweet Summer's fragrance still around us clings,  
And blends with Winter's strength and vigor keen,  
In hours of calm content and rest serene.

These are the days when quiet woodlands ring  
With children's voices, when they gladly sing:  
"October brings the Father's outward wealth,  
Not only fruit and nuts, but joy and health!"

"Ye editor" was tempted to believe in disappointment after trying one whole day to find a way to get out to "Brightside" and failing to do so. But never mind, you Brightsiders, it wasn't your fault; if only she had known to send you word in time, *you* would have provided a way. Next time she'll know how to manage it.

One of the dearest little books published to bring children into living and loving interest in the processes of the Invisible Worker through Nature is Arabella B. Buckley's "Fairy Land of Science." It can be found, we think, in any book store.

I like the August WEE WISDOM so very much. I think the children did wonderfully well. "Noah's Ark" was very cute. I liked the "Boys'" remarks in Editor's Department. Royal's was jolly.

MARY B. DE WITT.

## List of Whos?

Who will write us a real good scientific Thanksgiving story?

Who will tell us something about the history of our first national Thanksgiving?

Who will tell us what Thanksgiving means?

Who will tell us of the wonderful thanksgiving that multiplied the loaves and fishes?

Who is it gives thanks, and why?

Who can tell when and where thanksgiving should take place?

Who will give thanks continually to the Giver of All Good?

If *you* want to help make WEE WISDOM *real alive* and interesting, write for it the very best good thoughts and experiences that come to you. Little folk are chuck full of original ways of telling of their good. "Let your light shine."

I and you,  
You and I,  
Who shall have  
The piece of pie?

You and I,  
I and you,  
Share it like  
Good children do.

"Mr. A Nickel" has just arrived as we go to press, too late for this issue.

## Premiums for Subscribers.

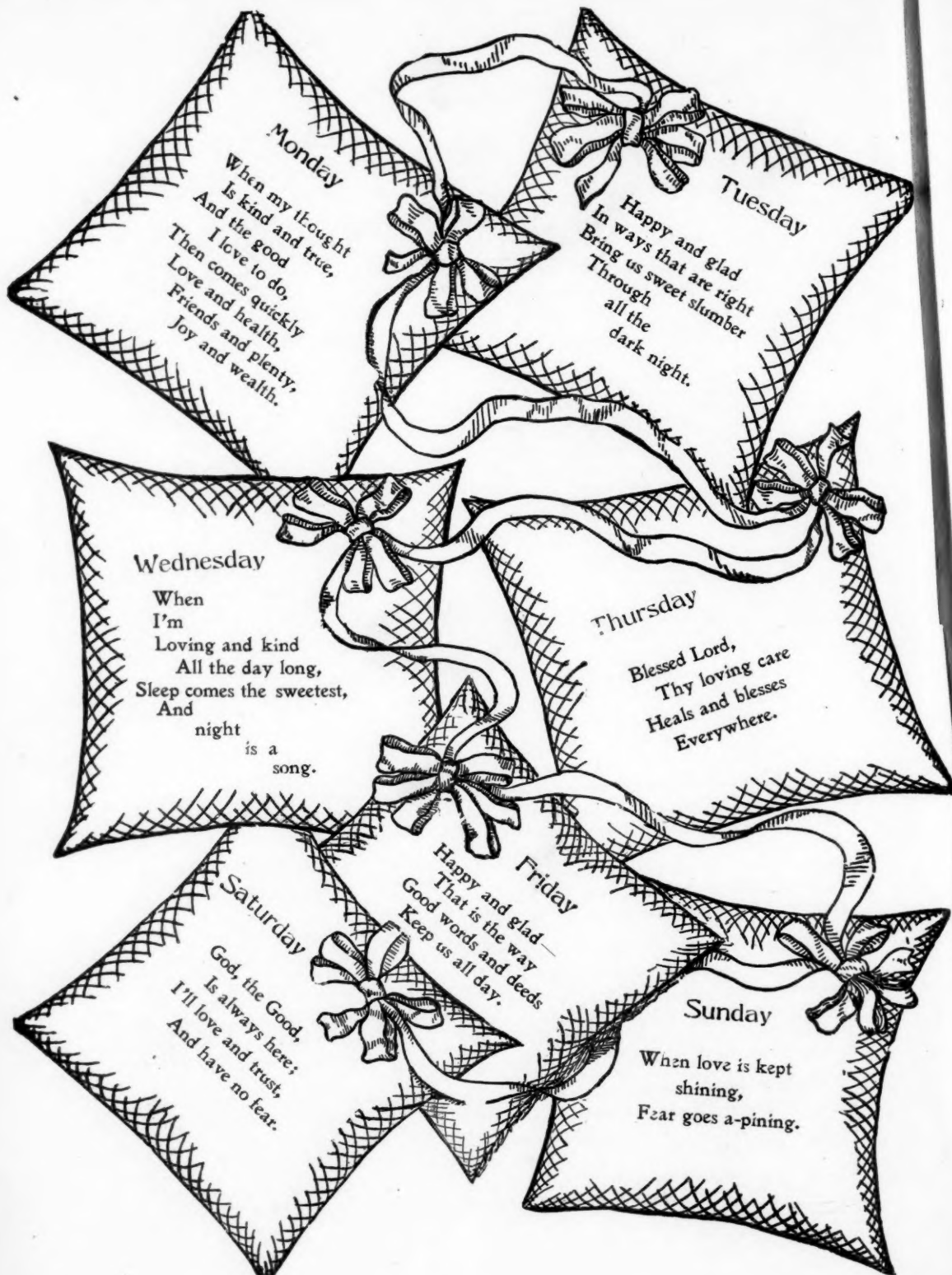
Do you want to help WEE WISDOM and at the same time have a book free? Then get your little friends to subscribe.

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

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

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

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



Monday

When my thought  
Is kind and true,  
And the good  
I love to do,  
Then comes quickly  
Love and health,  
Friends and plenty,  
Joy and wealth.

Tuesday

Happy and glad  
In ways that are right  
Bring us sweet slumber  
Through  
all the  
dark night.

Wednesday

When  
I'm  
Loving and kind  
All the day long,  
Sleep comes the sweetest,  
And  
night  
is a  
song.

Thursday

Blessed Lord,  
Thy loving care  
Heals and blesses  
Everywhere.

Friday

Happy and glad—  
That is the way  
Good words and deeds  
Keep us all day.

Saturday

God, the Good,  
Is always here;  
I'll love and trust,  
And have no fear.

Sunday

When love is kept  
shining,  
Fear goes a-pining.