

# 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.

# PANSY CHILDREN

Pansy faces along the wall,  
Some are large and some are small;  
Happy faces, sweet and fair,  
Enjoying Earth, and Sun and Air.

We are come to see thee smile  
If but for a little while;  
We have little time to spare—  
It is taken up with care.

But each time we come to thee  
We go away still more free.  
Soon we'll be Just like you—  
Free from care and sorrow too.

We will let this happy grace,  
Which we find within thy face,  
Work for us while we are still,  
For it is our Fathers Will.

—By Geo. Bounhold.  
Denver, Col.



## Marion's Message from Merchantville.



We have lovely times at our Unity School, 'specially on "Scrap Book Sunday." The way it is, is this: Instead of taking your ticket home, you each have an envelope to put it in, with your name on it. You put a ticket in every Sunday, and

once a month we paste them in our scrap-books. Well, papa, whom we call Uncle John when we are at the Unity School, pastes the tickets in the books, and the children arrange them how they like, Little Annette, whom I will call Sunshine after this, arranged hers herself; it is very cute, one ticket here, and one there. It is very funny.

Well, I am very happy on "Scrap-Book Sunday," because I lead the class, while Uncle John is pasting the tickets in the books for the children. We have very nice names for papa. His name at Unity School is "Uncle John," in the house it is "Papa dear," and when he plays games out on the lawn his name is "Brother Johnnie."

Here is a little joke Sunshine said one day. When her grandmother asked her if she did not get wet when she went out in the rain, she answered, "No, I didn't, but the umbrella did."

I thought I would write to you and tell you about our little school. WEE WISDOM's birthday will soon be here. Our dollies have nice names. Frances' doll's name is Love Wisdom, Elsie's is Peace Love, and mine is Anita Truth Inocencia Trueman. They call her Trusie for short.

We are having little entertainments in

the evening in front of Unity School under the arbor. Well, this is the way the programme began: All sang "We Welcome You." Then as Marjorie and Louise were not here we had only Mary, Elsie and Frances to say their banners. Marjorie was here but she did not want to say hers. "Where did you come from baby dear?" by Mary and Elsie; "Kind words are wonderful little seeds," sung by Frances; Mary sang "God is Love;" Elsie, "God is Light;" Frances, "God is Life;" "Kind Hearts are the Gardens," spoken by Mary. Little Walter can sing "Jesus Blessed the Little Children Long Years Ago," but seeing the people that were there, he grew bashful, so we all sang it very low, and he sung it with us, for he was not too bashful to sing it with all the children. So we sang it low, and he sang loudest, so everybody could hear him plainly. Then we all sang "Open My Eyes that I May See," with motions, and that was the end of our little entertainment on Monday.

We were talking about joy, how we should let joy into our hearts and into our play. Little Sunshine was there that Sunday, and when she went home she opened the door and let the wind come in. Her mother said, "Shut the door, baby, you are getting the house cold." Little Sunshine said, "No, I'm not letting the wind in, I'm letting joy in, mamma."

I thought I would write to you as all the children do, that is, most all of them write on WEE WISDOM's birthday, because they like the little Wee Wisdoms to see their letters. Papa said that I was to select the Word Seed for August. I enclose you my choice of Jewel, Song, Verse, and Word Seed. I think that little Love song is beautiful; it is very easy to learn. I often put my dollies to sleep singing it. Love is the fulfilling of the law. If we obey the Law of God (Law of Love), then we will be at peace (harmony) with ourselves and all the world. Papa says the greatest expression of Love is obedience. I am loving and kind.



I asked papa to make some pictures of himself for me. He made some yesterday. If I like the prints, when they are finished I will send you one. All the scratches that I made in this letter are kisses, and the blots stands for hugs.

Mamma, papa, Elsie and Frances, and all the Wee Wisdoms here and myself send to all our best love. Your little friend,

MARION SLEATER.

P. S.—I wrote this letter on hotel paper. I played I was travelling, because I wrote a little each day, and every day I wrote I played that I was at a different hotel. Don't you think this is a pretty long letter for a little girl ten years young? M. S.

### A DIME.

#### The Sister of A Nickel.

MABEL M. ROGERS.

I HAVE come to introduce myself and my travels. My name is A Dime.

One day as I lay in a little girl's pocket I heard some reading. I listened and heard the voice of a child saying, "Mamma, don't read that. Here is my WEE WISDOM."

So the mother began reading about the "Autobiography of A Nickel," and as I listened I discovered it to be the autobiography of my brother, A Nickel.

"Oh, dear," I sighed, "I wish I could have someone write my autobiography for me."

"O, mamma," the child said, "look at the dime I found. May I write to WEE WISDOM about it?"

"Certainly," said the mother.

At these words my heart leaped for joy (that is, if I have any heart) and the child shut myself and my autobiography in an envelope and sent us away. It was dark to me for several days. Then I saw a stream of light come in, and I was pulled out by a little boy, one of the "Wee Editors" I suppose. I soon decided that I must be among some Truth people as I felt the joy, peace, harmony and all-good.

"This will be fine for our birthday number," said the boy, as he held the story before him.

"And you," he said, pointing to me, "you shall go to Brightside." So now I must end my story.

### PINK'S VALENTINE.

ALMA ANDERSON.

PINK had almost everything she wished for, but Dolly had not. Pink's mamma was rich, and Dolly's was poor and went out to do cleaning. One day Dolly's mother went to Pink's house to work and Dolly went with her, for it was lonesome for her to stay at home all day alone.

Dolly was a very nice little girl, if her clothes were old; so Pink's mamma sent for her to come upstairs to the nursery to play with Pink. Dolly had never seen so many pretty things as Pink had to play with. At first she was afraid to handle them, but Pink was not selfish with her playthings, so they were soon having a delightful time.

"What are these?" asked Dolly, seeing some pretty envelopes on the table.

"Valentines. This is St. Valentine's Day. Don't you ever get any?" said Pink.

But Dolly did not know what a valentine was. Pink showed one to her and told her all about it.

"Oh, how I do wish I could get one!" cried Dolly, when Pink finished.

"Maybe you will," said Pink.

"No," said Dolly, "I don't get things often."

Pink looked sad, for she thought it was not fair for her to have so many fine things and Dolly not to have any.

After they had played awhile Pink gave Dolly her very best doll to hold, and skipped away to talk to her mamma. When she came back her face was all smiles.

When Dolly was ready to go home Pink gave her a little bundle, and Pink's mamma said what was in it was a present for Dolly.

When Dolly opened the bundle, what do you think she found? Why, one of Pink's dolls and one of her very prettiest valentines.

Little flowers,  
Little diamonds,  
Little pearls,  
But the dearest things on earth  
Are little boys and girls.

— LORENA WRIGHT.

## Wee Wisdom A PETITION.

By Mamie.

Say, Mr. Artist, won't you make  
Mother Goose pretty for Wee Wisdoms'  
sake?

Won't you make her fair,  
With real nice hair?  
And have her nose and chin  
Leave off and begin

Somewhere?

She's been long enough now  
With Mother Truth  
To get back her beauty and youth.  
And, say — next time  
You fix up her rhyme,  
*Won't you fix her up fine?*

You may let her wear her  
"Mother Goose" hat —  
Little girls look well in that;  
But we want her with a face  
Full of dimple and smile  
A-chasing each other around

All the while.

### THE KIND CHILDREN.

EDNA HICKOK.  
10 years old.

THERE was once a poor woman who never had a good house or nice clothes. Next door to her lived a lady, and she had two children; one was a girl and her name was Annie, and the boy's name was William, and they were always trying to help poor people.

One day this poor woman went out to look for something to eat, but Annie and William had just had their breakfast, and they saw the lady and took her into the house, and told their mother that this was the poor lady. Then the children ran to get her something to eat. They gave her some warm mush, and tea to warm her with, and some more nice things that she had never tasted before.

After the children had done this they felt very happy, so little Annie ran to her mother and asked her to give her some clothes for the poor woman, so Mrs. Smith ran upstairs and looked into the drawer and found two old hats, for the poor lady had to go bareheaded. So Mrs. Smith gave her the hats and five dresses, and the poor woman went home feeling happy, and so

did Mrs. Smith.

The next day the lady came by looking as happy as she could, and the children looked sad because she did not have a good home, so mother told them not to be sad, for she had a little wood-shed that she could live in. The children ran over sticks and stones to find her. At last they found her and told her they had a place for her to live in. "Oh, you good children!" said the lady. So they went back to the house and told their mother she was here, and the mother fixed the place for her and put a bed and other things in it, so the poor lady felt quite happy now. They became good friends, and she came to dine with them too.

All the other children were afraid of the old woman, but Annie and William were not, and the lady lived with them always, and did pretty nearly all the work for Mrs. Smith and they lived together forever after.

We can learn from this a lesson how to help one another by being good, for Annie and William grew up to be a good man and lady. My little ones, it is very easy to be good to poor people. Even if the people are dirty, we can help them out.



\* LAVERNA AND VIOLETTA LEEMAN IN FLOWER SONG.

"We are God's own roses, growing wild and free;  
Showers may come, and sunshine, not a bit care we.  
Running o'er the meadows, dancing through the dell,  
Somewhere good will meet us,  
For we love good well."

[WHAT ALL THE FLOWER CHILDREN SANG.]

"We are all the flowers, the gay young flowers,  
Born in sunshine and April showers  
In forest dale and shady nook;  
We bloom in the leaves of Nature's book."

\* See letter on page 12

Marie had heard someone talking about cutting wisdom teeth. When she noticed that one of her big teeth was coming through, she excitedly exclaimed to her mamma that she was cutting her wee wisdom tooth.

Morris — "Papa, what do you leave behind you every day?"

Papa — "Well, what, my son?"

Morris — "Your record."

Papa — "Good, my son. Too many carry their record with them and make a burden of it."

## THE FLOWERS OF SPRING.

HELEN D. PAINE,  
12 years old.

When the rains come down,  
And the sunshine the earth doth crown,  
The flowers of Spring come in full array,  
Dressed in gold, purple, white and gray.  
The grass grows green like velvet sheen,  
The buds are bursting from the trees,  
And rivers are quickly becoming seas.  
First comes the Blood-root  
In a dark red suit;  
She is all ready for the ball,  
For the other flowers she is to call.  
Next comes the Dog-tooth Violet,  
Dressed in the most golden of a set.  
The next is the May-flower,  
In a beautiful pink color;  
Then the Ermine we see  
Under the shade of an old tree.  
Now all the flowers must be ready soon,  
For the ball is to be about the middle of June.  
But there are a few more to come  
With their play and fun.  
Next comes the Violet purple,  
The daintiest flower that ever grew.  
The Strawberry blossoms so very white  
Cover the field; a beautiful sight.  
Then the Dandelion of which we make curls  
And think of them as if they were pearls.  
The next flower is the Buttercup,  
Where the bee likes to sup.  
Anemone, Hepatica and Crocus  
With their bell shape,  
Send their love to us.  
The Daisy, so yellow and white,  
Sends out its purity and light.  
In the damp ground we see,  
The Marsh Marigolds,  
And the grass around it folds.  
The next is the Spring Beauty,  
Of a great rarity; the belle of the year,  
And to us is very near.  
The next are the Roses so fragrant and pink,  
To us all nature it would link.  
But the flower we love best,  
Better than all the rest,  
Is the flower of Liberty,  
The flag of our country.

Little Bessie (whose twin sister has passed from sight) says to her mamma, "Did n't you say God was everywhere, and Sister was with God? Then God is with us and Sister is with us, and I don't want you to cry, mamma."

## OUR BACKYARD TENANTS.

BY ORION.



LAST spring a little Wren and his wife were house-hunting in our yard. Papa Harry, Albert and I thought we'd like to have them for neighbors, and so papa put up a two-story house for them on the top of the porch. They moved in the next day and went to house-keeping. We watched them furnish their house, and it was real funny to see them carry in sticks and feathers and leaves, and I guess a little of everything they could find 'round the yard. They paid their rent every morning by singing to us.

In a few days another Mr. and Mrs. Wren came around and wanted a place, and so papa put them up a house in the maple tree. It seemed as if the two families ran a race to see which could sing the loudest and longest. We were well paid in music. Papa put up another Wren house "to let" in the pine tree, and it was taken too quick by some more Wrens.

There's a family of gaily-dressed Blue-jays living in a tree in the next yard, and they spend most of their time hunting food on our side, because it is safe in our yard, and the man in the other yard has a gun.

We thought we'd like to have some more kinds of tenants, but we hadn't any pond for them, and so we all went to work and dug a big, long, deep hole with one end shallow; papa cemented it all nicely, and Albert and I filled it with nice spring water, which we brought in little buckets till we had I guess three or four barrels of it. We call this little lake our a-qua-ri-um. The deep part is for fish and the shallow part is sandy and is for plants and little fish and tadpoles (tadpoles are baby frogs).

Papa and Albert and I made lots of trips down to the Santa Fe Lake and to Washington Park and around, hunting up plants and fish and things for our a-qua-ri-um. Its real nice and funny to watch 'em. There's lots of kinds in there. The little Bream Fish are the prettiest; they have blue heads and green sides and orange

color underneath. They have white gills with black rings 'round them. The Dace is a pretty little fish, too. It has red fins and red tail. We have a Goldfish in there — you know what that looks like.

We found out that big fish, like Bass and Crappie and Carp and Crawfish, were not the kind of neighbors for our pretty little fish and tadpoles, and so we took them out and put them in the rain-barrel. Now our little water tenants are all happy and prosperous. And the Water Lily and the Catstail and the Bulrush and Reed and other water plants keep the water pure and sweet for the little water-folks, and we have such a nice time watching them, and that pays for all our work. There's a queer little Whirligig Beetle and a Skipper and some Dragoon-fly larvæ, baby Dragoon-flies, and they have to live in the water till they get their wings.

We think we are going to have some new tenants, for some Gold Finches are looking 'round our trees now. Lots of little Humming birds visit our flowers. There are lots of kinds of beetles that we like to watch, and little ants, and the Cicada that makes such a shrill noise towards evening. Papa likes to hear it. He says it is singing. I will tell you about the Cicada and bugs next time. Its ever so nice to have lots of nice little neighbors and know how to visit with them.

At Unity Rooms there are several large pictures and among them a portrait of George Washington, and a large oil painting entitled, "Jesus and the Rich Young Ruler." One evening several children were playing in the rooms and visiting and having a good time. One little girl, looking at the picture of "Jesus and the Rich Young Ruler," said, "I like Jesus because he loved little children." A big boy spoke up and said, "I like George Washington best because he was a great general." Another little girl quietly settled the matter by saying, "Oh, Jesus is a good deal the best because he is our father in heaven, and George Washington is only our father in the country."

Wee Wisdom  
Rick's Bug House.

9



HUNTING FOR BOARD.

Mr. Bird speaks:

"Where shall we get our breakfast today?  
Where shall we dine, my little dear, say?  
The earth's covered up with cold white snow  
Where can we two little snowbirds go?"

Mrs. Bird answers:

"I know a good place on Lilac Street,  
Where nice snowbirds go to eat;  
The restaurant's kept by little Will,  
The table's set on the window sill."

Clara D. Merriman, in *Little Folks*.





[These seed words are contributed from month to month by the Wee Wisdom Society of Merchantville, New Jersey, and are for the use of all WEE WISDOM's Truth sowers.]

**Class Word**—LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW.—Romans 13:10.

**Jewel Word**—I AM LOVE.

**Song Word**—TRUTH IN SONG, No. 2—"GOD IS LOVE."

**Verse Word**—

Sing a little Love Song,  
Sing it every day;  
Sing it while you work,  
Sing it while you play.  
Sing it when you go to bed,  
Sing it when you rise;  
Sing it always in your heart  
'T will surely make you wise.

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Having a vacation, and being a reader of your good paper, I thought you may be pleased to hear from a little girl nine years old from Colorado. The stories are so good. It pleases my grandpa and grandma, and most of all when my little friends are visiting me then WEE WISDOM we enjoy. Your little friend,  
PEARL WISE.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I take the little WEE WISDOM paper, I like it very much. I like to read the stories that the little boys and girls write, and the pillow verses; I like this verse:

God's within  
And nothing can be sin.

I learn the pillow verses off by heart. I am a little girl nine years old. Next year I will be in the fifth grade. I like to go to school. I read the WEE WISDOM paper over and over again. I liked the story of the Nickel very much. I like the sea moss cards; I have three of them and one red one, it looks like a tree at grandma's. The tree stands by the water, and when the sun shines upon it, it looks very pretty just like that sea moss card. I guess I will close.

Yours truly, BESSIE BALDWIN.

P. S.—You will find enclosed 25 cents for which send me WEE WISDOM for one-half year.

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FOREST CITY, ARK.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am ten years old and am in the fourth grade. My mother is a Scientist. Two little brothers, a sister and I have never taken a dose of medicine. Please find enclosed ten cents for which please ask Mother Truth to send me a card. I attend a Divine Science Sabbath School every Sunday afternoon from four to five. We have been taking the WEE WISDOM ever since it was published. Wishing WEE WISDOM very much success, I remain yours in love and tauth,  
ARDALE ROLLWAGE.

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ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little boy, and I'm a good boy. I have lots of play toys. I am old enough to climb trees. I'm a big boy, and I'm four. I go to Sunday School at Home of Troof (Truth). Please send me one of those cards Aunt Mary makes. I have a good grandma. I'm a good boy every day. I play I'm a pussy cat sometimes. Your little friend,  
(Dictated by)

KENNETH ARCHIBALD WILSON.

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KIRBYVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like to read the pillow verses, and I think the pillows are the best reading. We have a hen setting out in the woods with thirteen eggs under her, and they are going to hatch some time this week. I am like WEE WEE-est, I have learned that everything that is around me I make. Good-bye,  
WILLIE CHURCH.

FAIROAKS, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Thank you very much for the pretty cards.

"Always be bright  
And love the right."

This is for WEE WISDOM's birthday.  
Good bye, from OSCAR HAMBROUGH.

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POPULAR BLUFF, MO.

MYRTLE FILLMORE, ED.—As I am a subscriber to WEE WISDOM and wrote for a moss card, and they were all out, but the promised Truth card I have never received yet. I would be more than pleased to receive one at any time. I like WEE WISDOM very much and am always so pleased to get it.

Your little friend,

CLYTA TEAS.

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STERLING, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We sleep out doors these hot nights, and the omnipresent Good is with us out of doors the same as in the house. Mamma is going to send a picture of me when I was three months young. We have seventy-five little chickens. Myrth likes to play with them. Lorena and Myrth have gone for the cows in place of Frances. Frances works at the Bulletin office. We take Harper's cow to the pasture, too. I'm love and truth,

THANET WRIGHT.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl five years old. I cannot write, or print, so Mabel is guiding my hand. I like the WEE WISDOM very much. I am a little truth girl, and I treat people sometimes. I would like to have this letter in the birthday number. Now Mabel is going to write.

With love, yours in Truth,

JUNE HAMILTON.

P. S.—I would like a Mother Goose or a Truth Card.

JUNE.

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KOUTS, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As you invited your readers to send poems for the birthday edition, I will contribute a poem which I hope to see in your next number. Mamma takes UNITY and WEE WISDOM and I like to read the stories. I am fifteen years old, and attend the Kouts High School.

Your friend, KATIE KRING.

[“Wee” editors liked Katie's poem very much, but there were some things in it that were not just what the Wee Wisdoms believe, so “Wee” just changed the words in some places and took out some in other places. It is on page 10]

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—Our yard is just full of birdies 'cause we have so many pretty trees. All kinds of birdies come to see me, big ones and little ones and some that are so pretty. They give us a concert every morning. They are not a bit afraid. The Bluejays will come close to us and talk, and look so reproachful at me if I forget to put their water out for them. It is so much fun to watch the birdies take their bath. I have learnt my multiplication table up to five. I wish you had met two little friends of mine last spring when you were in Nebraska. They are Pearl and Myrtle Warfil, and live in the country near Burchard, Neb. Mamma says Pearl is the smartest little girl she ever knew; she could dress and undress herself when she was two years old, and go upstairs to bed alone. I enjoyed the new Wee Wisdom Library book. Your little friend,

TESSIE EVELYN WALLACE.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write to you for August, because it is yours

and my birthday. My mother and I went to Coney Island. They say that there is nothing like it in the world. We sat on the sand and saw the beautiful black waves come in. It was very pretty to see the moonlight on the water. Where we are boarding there is a pug dog named Tokey. He is so fat he can hardly walk.



Today when he was waiting for his lunch when I came in the room he began to bite at my feet. Sometimes he sits down and goes around. It is hotter in Brooklyn than I ever felt it before. I send you a picture of a Sand-Witch I drew myself. I do not think my time is out but I will enclose the money for my subscription. Please do not send WEE WISDOM till I send my new address. I think WEE WISDOM is the nicest little paper I ever had.

Yours sincerely,  
KATHERINE OMMANEY.

## Wee Wisdom

HOLTON, KAN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I saw in the WEE WISDOM about you making WEE WISDOM larger and I think I will like it. Mamma and papa say I may have it. Our room and Violetta's room got up a little entertainment. It was the 17th of May and it was called The Flower Festival. I was a morning glory and Violetta was a lily in the first act, and in the second act Violetta was a lily, and the third act I was a yellow rose and Violetta was a wild rose. I will send you the program and let you see how nice it was.

Your loving

LAVERNA LEEMAN.

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ORDWAY, COLO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I thought I would write to you and tell you how much I enjoy WEE WISDOM. I would not live without it for anything. I have two new subscribers for WEE WISDOM in Ordway, Colo.—Miss Alice R. Walters and Miss Gwennie M. Turner. Thula Ruble wishes to renew her subscription, and you will find postoffice order for all of them. Please send me the second volume of Wee Wisdom Library, and I send order for that also. I am trying to spread the truth among my little friends. I had quite a demonstration all by myself. I sprained my ankle, and used the little prayer called "A Testimony of God's Child" for a treatment. We all send you lots of love, and we are all growing in the truth and would not live without it. Mamma wonders if it is hot in Kansas City; she hopes to see you next month but she is almost afraid she can't. Will you please send me a Truth card? I am your friend in love and truth,

MAY L. ALLEN.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have written a little story for WEE WISDOM and I would like it in the birthday number, also my letter. June, a little girl who lives at our house, has printed a letter with my help. I live near Lincoln Park, and June and I go in bathing there very often. I like the WEE WISDOM very much, and was very interested in "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key." I am twelve years old. I would like a card, as well as June. Hoping to see my story accepted I close. Yours in Truth,

MABEL ROGERS.

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STERLING, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We have six bunnies and three guinea pigs and two big pigs and two white pigs. Cyril is dressed in a chinaman dress. Why he is in a chinaman dress is because he fell back-

wards in some water, and that is why he is dressed like a chinaman.

With love and truth,

MYRTH WRIGHT

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HOLTON, KAN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—We like the card that you sent us. We learned all of it. I like WEE WISDOM. Hope my letter will be put in WEE WISDOM next month. We are going up to grandpa's to-morrow. I have two dolls.

Yours in love,

VIOLETTA LEEMAN.

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PLEASANTON, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—On such an occasion as the birthday of our little paper, I tried to have my Wee Wisdom of five years to write you a birthday letter, and although he thinks much of the paper and is only satisfied when it is all read to him, when it came to the point of telling just what to say he answered,

"Dear Wee Wisdoms—Here is my picture." A pause, then, "Now what shall I say next?" (another pause). "O mamma, you write it."



So I will tell you the dream he had, (which amused us) in his own words:

"I dreamed that Bobbie (his playmate) and I made a ladder to climb to the sun—a great high ladder higher than the house, and we climbed and climbed till

we reached the top, and there was the sun right above us, though it was n't as high as I thought it would be, and my! but it was hot then. The sun's rays were shining all around us and they were so bright and pretty. Bobbie reached out his hand and caught hold of a hand full and pulled. The rays came loose, and a whole lot of stars came down with them and fell all about us. I said, 'Why, Bob! God might not like for you to meddle with His sunshine factory.' And then I waked up."

Now can some of you Wee Wisdoms write out a lesson to be learned from this dream, something about God's sunshine? Where can we find it? Can it be covered up? ("pulled out" the dream has it), and how? If so, perhaps the editor would like to publish it. With much love to all little folks, and all the folks,

GUERNEY HAYS' MAMMA.

Fair words gladden so many a heart.

—LCSGFELLOW.

## THE VIOLETS.

MARGARET WASHBURN.  
10 years old.

ONCE there was a little violet that grew in a meadow in the shade of a large tree. Every morning the sun shed its rays all around like bars of gold, and sparkled on the dew-drops which shone like diamonds.

This little violet felt very happy and contented where it was, although it felt sometimes as if it would like to go and help someone, and yet at the same time help the world.

One day one of its companions said, "I wish I could go and see some of the world and do some good." Then the little violet answered, "Why, I would like to go and see the world, but I think it would be nice for all of us to go together."

One day it happened that some little girls came to where the violets were nodding in the grass, and one of them said, "Let us take some of these beautiful violets to that little sick girl; she will be so pleased with them."

"Oh, yes," shouted the others, full of joy. "That is just what we will do. It will make her feel so happy, for she cannot pick them like we can." So they took a lot of them and made a pretty bunch, and among them was the happy little violet who was always trying to do good.

The children took the flowers to the little girl, and she was so pleased that she nearly jumped out of her bed. They were put into water, and as the little girl sat looking at the violets she began to grow better and better. She soon got well, and the violets lasted a long time. They had done some good and so there was a joyful end to all their troubles.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:

There is a chapter in the Bible, the 117th Psalm, I like very much:

O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people.

For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise ye the Lord.

DELLA NELSON.

## For Wee Wisdom.

KATIE KRING.

It is the warm glad summer  
The sun is shining bright;  
Oh! now won't you be happy  
And let your cares be light?

Now when the youth is dawning  
Make not others sad,  
But by your own sweet goodness  
Make everybody glad.

And when it is the morning  
High is the rising sun,  
Let not your time be wasted,  
Let your work be well begun.

We love the Christ, dear children,  
For He loves us all our life;  
Helps us make the world more  
peaceful,  
Helps us drive away the strife.

For we want our life all sunshine,  
And our journey to be well.  
Let us read the dear WEE WISDOM,  
For the way of good it tells.

God bless the dear WEE WISDOM  
As it enters all our homes,  
And chases out the sickness,  
And chases out the moans.

And now farewell, Wee Wisdoms,  
Do your good duty till we meet,  
Till we come again together  
In September's cool retreat.



CONTRIBUTED BY THE CHILDREN OF THE  
ALAMEDA, CAL., HOME OF TRUTH.

LESSON V. AUGUST 4.

Abraham and Lot. Genesis 13:1-18.

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

Abraham and Lot started out to make a long journey. They were both very rich in cattle, silver, and gold. Before they had gone very far a strife began between the herdsmen of Abraham's cattle and the herdsmen of Lot's cattle. Then Abraham, who was a kind and just man, said, "Let there be no strife between us or our herdsmen; the land is before us," so they separated, one going to the left and one to the right. Lot chose the plain of Jordan, and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan.

In this little story of Abraham and Lot we find how good it is to do for others as we would have others do for us. So let us remember that if we would have everyone be good, loving and kind to us we must be good, loving and kind to everybody and everything. I will tell you of a little boy I know who had money to buy fire-crackers for the Fourth of July, but he thought how much better it would be to take that money and buy a book for his grandma's birthday; it was a book she wanted, and the boy had so much pleasure in watching her joy. He had forgotten that he did not have very many fire-crackers, when a gentleman neighbor called him in and gave him all the fire-crackers he could use. Don't you think this would be a very happy world if we would remember to always help other people?

—HERBERT S. MAGEE,  
Age 10 years.

LESSON VI. AUGUST 11.

God's Promise to Abraham.  
Genesis 15:1-10.

**GOLDEN TEXT**— *I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.*— Genesis 15:1.

We now turn to the Old Testament for our Bible study. God's promise was not

meant for a man alone, whom the Bible tells us lived many thousand years ago, but for people today who will trust as did Abraham.

The faith and obedience of Abraham through the record of his life recalls the words Jesus spoke saying of Peter: he was the rock upon which he would build his church or temple, meaning Peter, or faith. The temple here spoken of does not mean one made by hands, for again, quoting Jesus, "Little children, know ye not that ye are the temple of the living God?"

Abraham never questioned why he should do the things God asked of him, but with the knowledge that God was his Master he obeyed, having faith that all would be well.

The Golden Text alone teaches us that there is but One Divine Power over all. "I (or the Christ within) am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." Knowing all life is of God, there is no getting outside or away from God. Where could we go, for there is no place where God is not? Since God, or Good, is our shield, to obtain this great reward (or happiness) we must faithfully obey the voice of the Christ-child.

Warriors used to wear a shield to protect them from the blows of their foes, a shield being a plate of steel worn on the left arm. We all need protection on this battle-field of life, and what better one have we than the promise of God as our shield. Therefore, let us buckle on the armor of faith; God, or Good, will be our shield, and with truth as our sword, we, like Abraham of old, will go forth to obey (which is the first lesson of a soldier) the command of the Christ within.

—ALICE FASSOLD.

LESSON VII. AUGUST 18.

Abraham's Intercession.  
Genesis 18:16-33.

**GOLDEN TEXT**— *The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.*— James 5:16.

There were two cities called Sodom and Gomorrah. They were both very wicked and cruel. The cities were about to be destroyed on account of their wickedness, but one day a very nice man, called Abraham, asked that if there were fifty righteous people there, could the city be saved? The Lord's answer was, Yes, if there were even ten men that believe in the good.

A righteous man is one who believes in the good but not in the evil, and loves to do the good so that he will be loved by everyone. The prayer of a righteous man is always answered, for his life is a living



prayer, for we all know that we should believe in the good in all things, and if we see the good everywhere as love, protection, strength, wisdom and the all good, we, too, are living a life of prayer, and are saved from all evil.

One day there was a little boy who disobeyed his mother, and sold a few rags and bottles to a man who gave him two cents for them. He went right to the store and bought some candy. Then he took it into the house and told his mother to keep it for him until he wanted it again. About an hour later he went to get it and found it was gone. He knew right away that his mother and friends had eaten it. When he wanted to go out again his mother would not let him. He felt very sorry that he disobeyed and then tried to help his mother and went in the cellar and got some wood for her. This little boy was very unhappy when he found his candy gone. The reason he was unhappy was he was disobedient. This story teaches us the lesson that we would be happy and like the little Christ-child if we are kind, loving and obedient.

—HELEN H.  
Age 12 years.

#### LESSON VIII. AUGUST 25.

Abraham and Isaac. Genesis 22:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT — *By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac.* — Heb. 11:17.

In this little story of Abraham and Isaac we have a fine lesson of how we should have faith and not be selfish.

Abraham was a man who loved God very much, and one day he felt that God wanted him to give up his son Isaac. A long time ago people believed they should offer burnt offerings to God, so they would journey far off and choose a place where they would build an altar, then they would bring wood and build a fire and burn a lamb. This was what Abraham did, only he was willing to burn his little Isaac, whom he loved so much. When God saw that Abraham was willing to give up his child, He sent His angel and said, "Abraham, I know thou lovest me; do not burn the lad," and Abraham looked up and near him was a ram for the offering.

Let us always be willing to give up to the Good, for we know that God will never ask us to give up anything that is for our good. What we want to give up is all selfishness and all unkindness and unhappiness, and keep our temple (which is our heart) pure and holy, then the Christ-child will reign in us.

A very wise man once said, "Never be

afraid to let your angles go, for it is only to make room for the archangels to come in."

—WINFRED H. MOEBUS,  
Age 12 years.

#### LOVE! LOVE!

ROYAL FILLMORE.

"Oh! I don't like school," said Alice, throwing herself on the couch; but soon she went to sleep and the Christ-child appeared before her and said, "I will show you how to like school. Love your teacher and she will love you; love work and you can do it easy; love makes everything. To-morrow do as I tell you and things will go all right."

Alice awoke to hear her mother say, "Tea is ready, dear." She went to tea, and told her mother all about it. She smiled. The next day she did as the Christ-child had told her — she loved everybody, and everybody loved her.

#### OUR PETS.

MORRIS SHAFER.

Well, "Wee" editors say it is time to tell about the house pets for the August number. Last year we had nice, clean white bunnies, and this year we have black cats. The mamma cat comes to the high noon silence every day, and demands the large plush chair; if some stranger chances to take it, she talks of it and even scolds. She had two black babies. One of them seems to have wandered off, but she has adopted another black baby. Mabel's bird and the black cats are all the pets we have now, but they do not play together.

We got a nice pretty new red ice-water tank today. Ain't I glad! It is most too warm to do anything except eat ice cream, and drink ice water from the new tank.

Greatness means strife, for men and nations alike. A soft, easy life is not worth living if it impairs the fiber of brain, heart and muscle. We must dare to be great, and we must realize that greatness is the fruit of toil and sacrifice and courage.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

## WHAT HAPPENED TO MARY.

BESSIE PYATT.

"**M**ARY, take that basket and go down to Horton's after the groceries, and if they want to, Fred and Ida may go," said Mrs Miller to her twelve-year-old daughter.

"All right, mamma, and may I wear my new hat? I will be, oh, so careful."

"No, Mary, I don't want you to. You will spoil the flowers and get the ribbons dirty."

Mary cried and fussed awhile, but to no avail. So she went out of the room saying to herself, "Mamma is so mean. I look awful in this sunbonnet. I will wear it anyway." And Mary ran up the back stairs and into her own room, and took her new hat out of the band-box; then she slipped down stairs with it under her dress, and grabbed up the basket and ran to the store without waiting for her brother and sister. When she got there she got the things and started for home. "I guess I will go into Mabel's a minute, and she will see my new hat," said Mary, who was very vain; but alas, her vainness was to have a fall. She ran into Mabel's yard, and found her little friend out on the back porch playing with the kitten.

Mary forgot all about going home, and she left her basket on the porch and went out to the barn with Mabel to swing. Mabel's big brother had put up a lovely swing for her. Then they played in the hay-loft. At last Mary noticed it was getting dark, and she happened to remember her groceries.

"Oh, I won't get back in time to cook the meat for supper, and papa is going out of the city tonight, and is in a hurry," said Mary, and started off on a run.

Mary thought it was just getting dark, but it was a storm coming up. As she got half way through the big orchard that separated her house from Mabel's she was startled by a peal of thunder and a crash of lightning, and she saw ahead of her Fred and Ida coming to meet her.

"Where have you been, Mary?" said

Fred; "mamma has been so worried, and there's a storm coming up; and papa had to go without any supper, except bread and preserves."

Another crash. And the children were so frightened that they crept under the cover of a tree. And it began to pour rain. And Mary's hat was a sight to be seen. The flowers had faded white and the ribbon was so draggled and torn. By the time they got home it was seven o'clock, and Mary and the rest had to go without a warm supper that night. Mrs. Miller did n't scold Mary, for she thought she was punished enough without much supper, and worst of all she had to wear her hat to Sunday School that way. And Mary always thought of the trouble she had brought on others besides herself.

## LITTLE PINK'S FIRST LETTER.

How de do, dear papa?  
I guess you don't think  
You get a sweet letter  
From dear little Pink;  
But baby is sleeping,  
And mamma is out,  
And Nurse's so cross  
I do-no what about.

So I hope, dear papa,  
You sure get this letter;  
And that you all well,  
For little Pink's better.  
I took no medicine—  
What nasty old stuff—  
But took mind treatment,  
I'se all well enough.

Now by-by, papa;  
I send a sweet kiss,  
Right down on this paper,  
I'll mark it like this \*  
And I'll ask gentle Jesus,  
Tonight when I pray,  
To bless dear papa  
While he is away.

—Selected.

Keep pushing! 'tis wiser than sitting aside  
And sighing and watching and waiting  
the tide.

In life's earnest battle they only prevail  
Who daily march onward and never say  
fail. —Ex.

## Wee Editors' Sanctum.

By the Boys of Ye Editor.



IT IS again WEE WISDOM's birthday; "Wee" Editors again have charge, and *we* have again locked Ye Editor out. She cannot again look through the keyhole, for "Wee" Editors have even stopped that up this year. But we open the doors wide for Wee Wisdoms, and give them a hearty welcome.

Come in! Don't stand back! Walk right up to "Wee" Editor's desk. We won't hurt you. We cannot get up to greet you, for we are so very busy today. But *come in*, anyway.

Well, if you won't come in, look at our pictures. This is Lowell, sitting with his chin on his hand. You saw him last April telling a story to the kids.

This is Rick (the artist) with a boiled collar on. You saw him April getting his lessons. And here is Royal, the healthy boy. He goes by many names.



He is "Prince Chubby" on account of his abundance of life. He is "Pussy" and "Fatty" for the same reason, and is "Bakey" because of a certain kind of baking powder that bears his real name. You saw him before in the wheelbarrow. Well now that we have been introduced to you, we feel more at our ease.

Say, do you know that the birthday number last year was a grand success? Well, *they* tell us that it was. Why was it? Because the Wee Wisdoms took a special interest in it. They wrote everything in it themselves.

Look at this number! it is full of good things all written by Wee Wisdoms. But



we want to suggest one thing. Make the lesson that your story or letter would teach plain, so plain that even the big folks can understand it and profit by it. And remember that whenever you feel like writing for WEE WISDOM, just *write*, and send your writing right along.

You see that we haven't WEE WISDOM's new dress this month as we had planned, but we have four extra pages.

Here are the Pansy Children on the third page. How do you like them?

Don't you think Marion Sleater has written a beautiful letter? She also wrote the "Seed Word" and "Verse" in Uncle John's Column in Uncle John's place.

Well, if Mr. A Nickel's relations ain't turning up! Mabel Rogers found his sister, "A Dime." We suppose they are both children of Mr. Almighty Dollar.

"Pink's Valentine" by Alma Anderson, is well written and shows careful work. Pink must have been a very nice little girl to know, and we



are sure she sent some good prosperous words home with Dolly.

Somebody wants Mother Goose to look as young as Mother Truth and has written "A Petition" to the artist, just as though it was his fault.

"The Kind Children," by Edna Hickock, shows a great deal of originality. You will be sure to get good from it because its moral is at the end.

Here are Laverna and Violetta in their "Flower Song." They look as near like roses as children can look.

Helen Paine has written a very long poem telling of God's works in bringing the flowers into bloom.

You see that Orion has the natural history lesson again this year. He is well qualified for this work, for he knows the biggest names for the littlest bugs you ever heard.

"Wee" put "Rick's Bug House" next because it illustrates some of Orion's ideas.

"Wee" won't say a word about the letters; they are all right, and the sand-witch looks good enough to eat.

Margaret Washburne shows us by her "Violets" story how we can do good even though we cannot move. The violets simply wished to do good and it was done.

"Wee" do like Della Nelson's selection. There is nothing that brings happiness and plenty like praise. Then let's praise the Lord and all of His works whether they are great or small.

Take Katie Kring's advice. It's good.

The Bible Lessons are fine, and they make good points. Let's give them some careful study.

Morris tells us of his pets. We see the cats every day, and they are as cute as they can be. Well let's take a drink of ice water and go out and play.

Bessie Pyatt writes a very nice story about "What Happened to Mary." Bessie is getting to be quite a writer. A year or so ago she got out a little monthly magazine, writing and illustrating it all by herself, and she is only a little girl.

You see we have made some selections from other papers; this is because the *Wisdoms* did n't send in enough copy.

## CUPS.

We were at grandma's last week. A shower was coming up. We knew it, for the sky was getting black and the winds began to blow and drive the clouds nearer and nearer to where we were. There are no water pipes in her house, and it is not very easy to pump all the water needed on washing days. So grandma had tubs and buckets put out under the water-spouts to catch the water that ran down from the roof of the house. We had a big shower and it just filled every tub and bucket that was out. I thought how very much like those buckets we were ourselves, only we could fill ourselves with what we chose, and, if we liked, how refreshing we could be to thirsty people on a warm day. And we might be lovely, like the flower-cups, and people would drink happiness from us just as the bees and butterflies suck honey from the flowers. Or we could be cups of mercy, full of kind thoughts, kind words, kind deeds. You see, we are like cups set out on God's green earth to gather something good, something fresh, something sweet. When the spring rains came did you not see how every bush and tree hung out its myriad little flower-cups to drink in air and moisture and sunlight? Thus the bush and tree grow and bear fruit.

One little flower loves one set of rays in the sunlight, and another loves another; so one becomes a field "bluet," and another a wild rose or a buttercup — all so beautifully sweet that the birds and the bees bend over to kiss them. And every little boy and girl is a cup that many a one will be glad to drink from — if only within are fresh and sweet and kind thoughts. — *Mind.*

WEE WISDOM will be furnished in quantities to Sunday Schools at the following rates:

10 to 24 copies, 30 cents each per year.

25 to 49 copies, 25 cents each per year.

50 to 100 copies, 20 cents each per year.

The Juvenile Bible Lessons have become indispensable aids in the study of the lessons in many Sunday Schools.



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.

Remember, if you write a letter you get a Truth card.

The editors of UNITY are going to Colorado this month to teach in Manitou and Denver, and will probably be gone a month.

As Rick is in the habit of saying, "Oh, you're a bug house," Lowell and I thought we would get a joke on him: by calling his picture page "Rick's Bug house."

— ROYAL.

Royal had to write some Pillow Verses this month because the Wisdoms didn't send any. Yes, one little girl, Katherine Ommaney, did send one for Friday, but it was too long to put in.

We will probably have, beginning with next month, in WEE WISDOM, a page of music every month. This will be furnished by the author, Ernst Krohn, an excellent musician of St. Louis, Mo.

UNITY, the father of WEE WISDOM, has grown from a 48-page to a 64-page magazine. WEE WISDOM is for the children, and UNITY is for the parents. UNITY and WEE WISDOM together can be had for \$1.50 per year.

With the Bible Lessons came this word from Miss Rix: "Here is our children's love-offering to August WEE WISDOM. Most of the little folks are off on their summer outing, but these four were glad to do their part. Each entered into the work most

heartily and were glad to be asked to do this for WEE WISDOM, for they love it very much. God bless the August editors. May the paper prove a great success."

We received a very sweet letter from a "Mary Fairy" enclosing a dollar for two subscriptions to WEE WISDOM. The papers are to be sent for a year to any two little boys, or girls, whom "Wee" editors may select. Was n't this a good fairy, and won't we be glad to help her make somebody happy?

As we were going into the Den the other day we saw a large NOTICE, printed in gold, hanging upon the door. We examined it more closely and found a few lines explaining the notice thus:

*All estimable, rational animals of the genus Homo desiring to effect an entrance to this august sanctum must inscribe their luminiferous distinctive appellations in juxtaposition upon this roster.*

Suspended from this by a ribbon was a blank book and a pencil. They received a present of a new dictionary not long ago and have been studying it ever since, hence these big words.

## A PICTURE IN BLACK AND WHITE.



A boy, a pole and a dog  
Coming home on an evening jog,  
His fish in his mind  
And not on the line  
Of the boy and the pole and the dog.  
He whistles a tune  
To the jolly moon,  
And the moon winks back  
In this picture of white and black.

— ROYAL.



Monday

A willing heart  
Makes duty light;  
A happy heart  
Makes all things  
bright.—M.

Tuesday

Let us be gentle,  
Let us obey,  
Let us be kind,  
And happy all day.  
—R.

Wednesday

Pain and sorrow  
All are gone,  
When the light of  
Truth doth dawn.  
—R.

Thursday

Sweet is our rest  
When night is come,  
When all day  
The good we've done.  
—R.

Saturday

Be not afraid  
Of fear,  
For the perfect  
Love is here.—R.

Friday

God is Love;  
God is Peace;  
Let us from  
All evil cease.—R.

Sunday

God is Peace,  
God is Love;  
He lives within,  
Around, above.—R