

WEE WISDOM

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





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.



Greetings and blessings to all Wee Wisdoms this delightful September month from ye "Mr." Editor—the business manager, who regularly sees that your sweet little paper is properly printed and mailed to each of you—for dear Mrs. Fillmore and likewise the "Wee" editors are sowing loving, beautiful thoughts, and enjoying the refreshing mountain air out in Colorado, and they have been so busy that their words of cheer to you have not reached us before going to press.

So many good stories and pillow verses have come that some of them must wait until another time, and as soon as we get our new music type we will have a beautiful new song for you every month, written by your good friend, Ernst Krohn, of St. Louis, Mo.

Wasn't the August WEE WISDOM, written entirely by yourselves and the "Wee" editors, nice? So many words of praise have been sent us about it. Now, because you don't write it all every month is no reason why you should not write your good little stories, letters, etc., right along—you do so well.

Our good Pillow Verses this month were written by Lydia Gardiner Worth, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Next month an interesting story of four chapters will be begun. It is entitled "Caroline—A Mourning Dove," and is Papa Harry's story to Orion and Albert. We know you will like it.

Lowell has written a very interesting account of their trip which we may publish with some nice views next month. The boys may also tell you about their climb up Pike's Peak, starting at six o'clock in the evening and reaching the top at four o'clock the next morning.

How good and loving it is for our Wee Wisdoms to send the paper to those children who would like to have it and don't think they can pay for it. Several letters have been received suggesting that a fund be started for that purpose. So any of you, or Sunday Schools, desiring to save your pennies, nickels and dimes for that purpose may send them for "The Wee Wisdom Subscription Fund," addressing your letters to Unity Tract Society, 1315 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo., and each month we will publish the names and amounts given, and WEE WISDOM will be sent into many homes, carrying your love and blessings filled with peace, health, joy and truth.

We will soon be able to furnish to our readers copies of Mr. Alwyn M. Thurber's new story for boys and girls, called "Elsie's Little Brother Tom." It is to be beautifully bound, in boards, with a superb half-tone drawing on the front cover. It will have nearly two hundred pages, and will sell for 75 cents. It reflects the science of Truth without making it at all obtrusive, and opens with a charming Christmas scene in Elsie's home. It is intended to be a fitting birthday or holiday gift.

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.



VOL. VI.

KANSAS CITY, MO., SEPTEMBER, 1901.

NO. 2.

How Morlena Was Healed.

(A True Story.)

LUCY C KELLERHOUSE.

MORLENA lay very still in her little bed. Every morning the sun, peeping over the roof of the neighboring house, found her there; and again in the evening, when he looked in through the front window, he found her lying just the same, straight and still. The children next door romped and played, but Morlena had never joined their sport. The wind was lively in the branches of the trees, the leaves danced, the birds hopped on the ground, or pierced the air with swift motion; the water, the clouds, all things moved, but Morlena lay still. Yes, the brook lay just so when winter came and locked it up with chains of ice. But underneath the brook's icy bonds is moving water—that is life.

The doctors came—one, two, three, four. But Morlena's mother only cried harder, and Morlena's father looked more tender and sad when in the evening he came home and stooped and kissed his child.

"It is October, isn't it, papa?" asked Morlena one evening, looking out at the falling mellow leaves.

"Yes, darling."

"Christmas will soon be here."

"Yes, my child."

"It will be two years then, since you laid me just so in my bed. It will be very lazy for me to lie in bed two whole years. I really must be well for Christmas."

"Yes, Morlena."

He turned his face away, as if to look at

the crimson sunset through the golden trees.

"Were you easy today, Morlena?" he asked presently.

"Perhaps I didn't feel so very good today, papa. But I am a big girl now—twelve years old!—and I do not mind so when my back hurts as I did when I was little. I never cry, but I am trusting in God to heal me."

The father did not speak, but looked again through the window. The bright trees and sky were very pretty, but he did not see them.

The doctors had said that Morlena would never be well—*never*, what a cruel word; never romp and play, never walk, never move her feet again! Yet her mother and father would have given all the world for the glad sound of her footsteps.

One day somebody sent Morlena a story to read—a true story. A woman had been sick a long, long time. Her doctors, just like Morlena's doctors, had said that she would always be so; but she had prayed to the dear Lord, and He had made her whole.

Morlena did not read any more stories that day, but thought very hard of this one; it was so good and beautiful, if it were really true; and Morlena believed that it was true. And then the words, "The Lord is my shepherd," came to her. "The Lord is *my* shepherd"—mine, too, and will take up *this* lamb in His arms. Morlena had prayed before, saying each

Wee Wisdom

morn and night her little prayer, but now she prayed earnestly, feeling that God was really listening to her and would make her well.

Morlena did begin to get well the very day that she began to pray earnestly. One evening her father, bending to kiss her, noted a soft color in her cheeks, always so white before. She saw his look of pleased surprise.

"Yes, mamma told me that there was a little, just a little color in my cheeks; and I said that it was the tiny rosebud of His promise which God had sent me that He would heal me—just a little flower; but it means, Oh, so much!"

"Yes, Morlena," he said, but Morlena saw doubt in his dear eyes. He was going away for a whole week, and she hated to have him go with that look on his face. She put her arms around his neck and drew his face to hers.

"Oh, papa, papa," she cried, "if only

Her two little white feet lay so still on the pillow, so still. For nearly two years they had not moved.

But the next day Morlena called her mother to her side.

"What is it, my child?"

Morlena laughed. "See, mamma, see; my naughty little foot is moving from its place! And the other moves, too! Little truants!"

How golden the sunshine seemed; how bright were the red leaves; what sweet music the little brown sparrows made to the ears of Morlena's mother!

"They are all true—God's promises," she said. "My child will be well again."

Every day Morlena was a little better. One bright morning she said, "Mamma, if you will help me, I think I can get up."

Then Morlena saw doubt looking from her mother's eyes.

"The doctor said you ought not be moved," said her mother hesitatingly.

"Mamma, God is my doctor. He told me I could sit up."

Her face was so earnest that her mother stooped and put her arms about her, gently lifting her. Morlena drew a deep happy breath as she sat up.

"Help me a little more mamma, so that I can sit on the side of the bed."

For nearly two years her head had lain lower than her motionless feet, to help her suffering back; but now Morlena sat up as proud as a little queen.

She put up her gentle little hand and smoothed away the look of anxiety which would come to her mother's brow. "It is all right, mamma; God has made me well."

The next day her mother helped Morlena from her bed; and the little white feet, which had been paralyzed so long, took one step, two, three.



"Mamma, if you will help me, I think I can sit up."

you could feel as I do—that God is going to make me well!"

"I will try, Morlena; I will believe it, my darling."

"Yes, believe it all—that by-and-by I shall be able to walk and run about, like Bessie and Ray and Mabel."

Then the doubt came back into his eyes.

"Mamma," said Morlena, her eyes dancing as she rested from her first triumphal walk, "I feel as though I had traveled around the world!"

The third day Morlena spent seated in a great chair.



Opening his arms and folding them about her.

Now Morlena's father did not know all about this getting up and sitting up and walking. Morlena was getting well as fast as she could; that he might see, when he returned home, that the sun had melted the ice that bound the brook, and the little

stream now flowed free and happy. What a great, joyful surprise it would be for him!

"Papa did not think that God could or would heal me, but now I can show him that he has healed the little sick lamb in His flock."

What a long, long day that last day was, with the big hand creeping so slowly around the clock, so many, many times. Then sounded the opening of the door, steps, and the father's never-omitted question, "How is Morlena?"

"She is better today," replied the mother.

She felt that her father sighed; for "better" had always meant so very, very little. Then the door of the room opened, with his dear, kind, sad face at the door; and Morlena, her eyes bright with happy excitement, arose and walked bravely to him. Her father opened his arms to enfold her, and held her close to his heart, weeping unsuppressible tears upon her dear head. She lifted her glad face to his. "Oh, papa, God does not know what incurable means."

* * * *

Every day Morlena was stronger and better. The good, the learned — everybody came to see her, marvelling, and speaking of her healing as a miracle; because they could not explain it any other way. But Morlena knew naught of miracle; she only knew God's beautiful law, through which the faith of a little child is mighty in its power. So she did not wonder, as the others did; because she said it was God's way, and Morlena knew.

Go forth, go forth with an earnest heart,
And do the best you can;
'Tis the little deeds and the willing hand
That sows the seed in every land.
And each one doing his little part,
He render all with a loving heart,
To the God who guides the toil and strife,
And rewards each one with a crown of
life.

— L. C. M.

If you want to be happy and make others happy never say anything unkind

OUR COUNTRY VISIT.

Dear Wee Widdor:

This is my second visit to you, and I am going to tell you how some big and "Wee" Widdors went to the country and what they did there. There were six of us in the party, Mrs. Bee, Kip Bee, and the two little Bees, Naomi and Baby de Witt; then Edna and Aunt Mary. The day we started was Baby Bee's birthday. He was just one year old, and this was his first trip away from the big city. Baby looked very charming in a sweet little white dress and cap and little blue shoes, and was as good as could be all the way. Naomi hugged her dollie, and smiled through her pretty blue eyes when we met them. Kip carried his mother's satchel, and was as helpful as a ten-year-old boy can generally be. Edna, a ten-year-old little girl, took mamma's hand, and we all passed through the gate and onto the ferry.

Pretty soon, for time flies when we are having a happy time, we reached Tiberon, and there we all stepped off the boat and hurried onto the train. The older children, Edna and Kip, were so busy talking (for they had n't seen each other for over a year) they nearly stepped onto the wrong car. Once in the Santa Rosa train, we had to be quick again for it was filling up very rapidly, so many people were traveling, but there were seats for all. Mrs. Bee and Baby were together, then Naomi and Aunt Mary were together, and Edna and Kip in another seat with a bag of cakes between them.

At Santa Rosa a gentleman met us with a team and we were all delighted to have a drive, for it was five miles to the farm out in the country. Edna and Kip sat on the front seat, and Naomi on the back between her mamma and Aunt Mary. The children had many questions to ask the gentleman that drove.

"Are there any boys there?" asked Kip.

"Yes," answered the man, whom we will call Mr. Ed, "there are three boys, and some little girls, too," and Mr. Ed smiled down at Edna.

"How old are the boys?" asked Edna.

"One is about Kip's size, and the other's a little fellow four years, then there's Theodore, he's fourteen. Theodore lives with us, the others are boarders."

After riding some distance Mr. Ed raised his whip and pointing with it said, "There's our corn-field ahead pretty soon you'll see the house. The children usually come running out to meet me along here begging for rides."

At the gate two ladies met us, and one lifted sleepy little de Witt. How glad we were to alight, and still more glad to be shown into a cozy little dining-room which we were told was for just our party. This was lovely. Our long trip of nearly four hours had made us very hungry, so we were pleased to sit around the table and drink milk and eat bread and butter and fruit and other good things. The Bee family had a little cottage outside to themselves while Aunt Mary and Edna had a room together in the house.

As soon as supper was over the older children ran off to make friends with the others, and also to discover all the interesting things about the place, such as the swing and the see-saw, and the little dog, the kitten, and, best of all, the barn-yard and blacksmith shop, better seen by clear daylight. In the meantime, Mrs. Bee and Aunt Mary started to the cottage to put the little ones to bed.

Naomi said her little prayer very sweetly:

"God is my help in evvy need,

God my evvy hun'ner weed (feed),"

but growing so sleepy she skipped all the rest, saying, "God b'ess papa, make Naomi good girl, good girl," and hugging her dollie up close to her closed her pretty blue eyes for the night.

Kip and Edna declared they were going to wake up at six the next morning, but like good children they slept until seven, and were in good time for breakfast. Edna and Kip are both little Truth students, so both had learned to think of others. The first thing before play came duties. Edna would run to Mrs. Bee's cottage and say, "May I dress Naomi?" and Mrs. Bee would answer, "Thank you, Edna, that

will help me so much." After breakfast Kip would watch little de Witt and amuse him while Mamma Bee was busy tidying their room.

Then came the play times. Kip and Bennet, the eight-year-old boy, would go off together down the creek to look at the fish or wade in the water, and one day they came back with a turtle which Bennet had caught for a pet. Aunt Mary wanted the turtle to go back to his home in the creek, but as the boys were very kind to it and made it a nice cool damp place to live in, she felt it was all right.

Edna made friends with two little girls — we will call them Ethel and Hazel, but these are not their real names. Sometimes the little girls would sit on the piazza and make patch-work or doll clothes, then when they wanted a change would take turns in the swing, or walk down the road and meet a big hay wagon. Some kind-hearted farmer would give them a ride back to the farm, and they would climb down laughing for joy at the good time they had had. In the afternoon sometimes Edna would go with Aunt Mary 'way up the creek.

"Shall I take a towel?" Edna would ask.

"Yes, and your bathing suit, if you wish," Aunt Mary would answer.

"But won't you go wading, too?"

"I don't know, maybe."

"Oh, yes," Edna would say, so Aunt Mary would be persuaded, and she, too would be a little girl and dabble her feet in the creek, or else she would lean up against a big stone and read stories aloud to Edna, and Edna would open her eyes wide and listen while she munched a big apple, picked on the way through Mr. Ed's papa's orchard. Edna and Aunt Mary did not go alone always to the creek. One day Kip and Bennet and Mamma Bee and the two little ones went too. Such times as we had!

The evenings were lovely times for the children. Then they would watch the milking, and hold their little cups for some of the nice warm milk. Next came a ride on the sled, and that sled could hold so many children, all could get on at once,

and Kip or Bennet or Ethel would drive the big horses, but Mr. Ed's papa would walk along side to see that all went well. Away to the corn-field they'd go, and pile the sled high with corn for the good cows, and back they'd ride stented 'way up on the corn.

If I try to tell you all they did those happy four weeks I would fill up all the pages of your little paper and more. But let me tell you first that Edna and Kip and the grown-ups used their Truth thoughts many times to help those about them. Some day I may tell you about our picnic and how the Good took care of us.

Some dear little notes came to me from sweet children in reply to my letter in June. I hope more of you dear ones will write to me after this letter, and I will answer your letters, every one.

God blesses you all, and much love is given you from
AUNT MARY.

Address: MARY BREWERTON DE WITT, 2311 Bouda Vista Ave., Alameda, Cal.

GRAMMER IN A NUTSHELL.

AIMEE M. WOOD.

Three little words you often see
Are *Articles a, an and the.*

A *Noun's* the name of anything,
As *school or garden, hoop or sicing.*

Adjectives show the kind of noun,
As *great, small, pretty, white or brown.*

Instead of nouns the *Pronouns* stand,
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.

Verbs tell us something to be done,
To *read, count, laugh, sing, jump or run.*

How things are done, the *Adverbs* tell,
As *slowly, quickly, ill or well.*

Conjunctions join the words together,
As *men and women, wind or weather.*

The *Prepositions* stand before
A noun, as *in or through* the door.

The *Interjections* show surprise,
As *Oh! how pretty! Ah! how wise.*

The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which *reading, writing, speaking, teach.*

MY FIRE-FLY.

LUCY SWAIN.

He was mine by right of discovery only. I filled the watering pot at the hydrant in the yard one evening about sunset, and he came floating up to me through the deep water, nearly drowned. I thought he was dead at first, but I took him out and he began to crawl feebly over my hand.

I became quite interested in him, and one of the first things I noticed was the apparent absence of the antennæ, or horns,

that all insects have. I got the magnifying glass and by looking closely I saw two little round knobs where the antennæ ought to be, and thought perhaps they had been knocked off in his dreadful experience in the water. (He showed me my mistake later.)

He was a dark gray color, with the thorax prettily trimmed with red. His little lamp was nearly out, barely giving light enough to show that he was a fire-fly.

As he grew stronger he seemed to realize that my hands and dress were unfamiliar ground, their strange feeling to his feet seemed to bewilder and frighten him, and he kept running around as though he did not know what

to do, so I let him crawl off onto an oak tree, and as soon as

he felt the rough bark he showed by his actions that he was at home again, and began at once to dry himself. He had no towel of course, but used his feet very cleverly, passing them again and again over every part of his body except his head. At last, though, he wiped his face carefully with his fore feet, and then went to work on the little knobs. He spent more time on them than on any of the rest of his body, and they gradually unrolled 'till they looked like two little rings, like the first picture. Then they grew into long loops like the second picture; then, finally, with a sweeping motion of his hand, he drew one loop out full length, like the last picture.



It made me think of a gentleman drawing his mustache through his fingers, and was a very funny sight.

I was called away just then and left him busily at work with his mustache. When



I came back he had lit his little lantern and flown away to tell his friends about his strange adventures, perhaps, for it was dark now, and the air was bright with fire-flies.

"LOVE'S ROSES" TRIUMPH.

MY DAUGHTER has, ever since a child, had a belief of quinsy, so-called, which has had no power over her for years, but this winter, through too much anxiety over material needs and a desire to teach more music pupils, the old belief of course came back. For a week in spite of all the true words, it only wavered, better and worse by spells. At last it seemed to me she was prone on the ground holding fast with both hands to strong firm posts, and the only way I could get her to let loose of them was to ignore her entirely. Dear little WEE WISDOM came and my heart gave a glad throb as I took it to her saying, "You provided this against a time of need, and now it has come with help." I said silently to her, "Say to all false thoughts and feelings, Be still." Then I finished my work, and quietly sat down beside the couch and read "*Love's Roses*" to her. All of the tenderness, love and power contained in those words seemed to take full possession of me, and when I had finished she arose from her couch and sat upon my lap and clung to me, saying, "Mamma, I'm frightened." I said "Why, darling?"

"Because every bit of pain has left me," and from that moment she never has referred to it. She ate a hearty supper in less than an hour after (it had seemed impossible for her to even swallow liquid before), all because of the sweet spirit of God contained in that story. God has blessed the writer as well as all connected with the paper — F. W.

A HAPPY TRUTH FAMILY.



Mamma. Louisa. Clara. Selma. Albert. Papa. Lilly.

Away up in North Dakota, not far from the Canadian line is the home of these bright little folks. Their papa's and mamma's names are Mr. and Mrs. Emil Weiermuller, and they live on a beautiful farm near Churches Ferry. Their papa made a large deep pond right near the house, in which many big and little fish live, and on which the ducks and geese swim. In the winter the pond freezes over, and then what lovely times the children have skating and sliding on the ice! To give the fish fresh air in the winter a little house is put on the ice under which a hole is cut through—this little house keeps out the cold so that the hole won't freeze up. Fresh water for the pond and to water the horses and cows is pumped by a big wind-mill.

Last February their papa visited Unity Headquarters and saw how *WEE WISDOM* and *UNITY* are set up in type and printed. About three months before that while moving a building on the farm, he was kicked in the face by a horse. The left side of his face was cut open from the bridge of the nose to the lower lip, several teeth were knocked out, and he was unconscious for some time. A doctor was called, who wanted to sew up the cut, but Mr. Weiermuller said, "No, just put some court-plaster on to hold the edges together, and it will soon be well," and in four days the wound was healed, leaving no scar that can be seen three feet away. Mr. Weiermuller also reasoned that God the Good is as much life and power today as He was when Mr. W. was only a baby, and as God gave him teeth then He could give him new ones now in the place of the ones the horse kicked out, and by trusting His power and goodness, new teeth are growing. We could see and feel them when he was at Unity Rooms. Wasn't this a beautiful demonstration?

MAKING FRIENDS.

HARRIET LOUISE JEROME.



NEAR our cottage in the woods one summer there were a great many squirrels. They would skip and spring and dance among the branches at the top of the tall pines all day long. Early in the morning they would chase each other over our roof, rattling nuts down into the eaves-trough, scampering from one place to another and waking any lazy person so stupid as to like an extra morning nap—as I always do.

Out on our veranda we watched the busy squirrels. What seemed a mere frolic to us was probably real work to them. One day little Harold came to visit us. He was a queer, old-fashioned child. Of course he liked the squirrels.

"We had squirrels in our kindergarten, at home," he said. "They ran all around the room and sometimes they would eat out of your hand. I wish these here would play with me."

"Perhaps you can teach them to eat out of your hand," said grandma.

Harold was very eager to try. He had seen six squirrels at work on a crust of bread, trying to tear it to pieces so that they could carry it up to the holes in the trees that they used as store-houses.

"I'll go and break up that bread for them," he said.

When the crust was broken, he threw it as far as he could into the thicket into which the squirrels had disappeared when he went toward them. But not a squirrel appeared again that day.

The next day Harold got up as soon as he heard the little friends scampering over the roof.

"Come here," he called "here is some breakfast!" He threw a whole handful of bread crumbs at them, and—away went the squirrels with their tails in the air.

Harold came in looking pretty sober. "Grandma" he said "I wish you would give me a few crumbs of cake, the squirrels don't like our bread."

Grandma smiled. She longed to tell

Harold something, but it is better for little boys to find out many things for themselves, so she gave him the cake crumbs.

Harold waited nearly all day before he saw three squirrels together, then he stole up to them and threw the crumbs of cake. Of course the squirrels should have been very grateful, but they were only frightened and all you could see of them the next instant was the flash of their tails, straight up as they whisked by.

That evening, Harold had a bag of little candies. Usually he ate them as fast as possible, but for some reason he saved a few in the bottom of the bag and hid it in a corner of the veranda.

No squirrels scampered over our roof until rather late the next morning. Even I was up and dressed. Harold hurried out, got his bag of candy and threw every bit that he had saved among the squirrels.

A few moments later a very sad little boy walked into the kitchen. "Grandma," he sighed, "the squirrels and I can't ever be friends."

"Have you tried to win them?" asked grandma.

"Yes," nodded Harold, "but they don't care a bit when I do something for them."

Then grandma thought it was time to help her boy a little.

"Do you remember when you went to spend the afternoon with Grace?" she asked.

"Yes; I didn't have a very good time. She wanted to play house or teach school all the time. I wanted to watch the steam-cars and play fire-engine."

"Yet Gracie had been working all the week to get her dolls dressed and her play-house in order so to give you just the best time she could."

"But I didn't know how to play that way."

"And the squirrels, dear, don't know how to play your way."

"But I gave them candy."

"You did just what Gracie did. You gave them what you would like yourself. The way to make friends, Harold, is to forget what you would like yourself and think

about them. Watch them, see what they like. You have found out that squirrels are afraid of boys, and don't like to have even candy thrown at them. If you really want some squirrel friends, watch them and try to learn what they do like."

A very quiet little boy sat out under a tall pine with his chin in his hands all the next morning. The following morning, very early, he scattered some pieces of bread and some acorns on the roof of the veranda, then he sat behind the blinds of a window just above it and watched. Some squirrels came and almost dared pick up the tempting things, but not one was carried off until he was away at breakfast. But he tried again the next day, and the next, scattering his crumbs when there were no squirrels in sight, and then watching to see them gathered. At last, he could sit very still with the blind open without disturbing the little workers as they picked up his crumbs to store away or to feed their babies at home.

Finally, one morning Harold held his hand far out filled with nuts and crumbs. He held it as still as if it had been a part of the house. Oh, what a happy boy danced down stairs a few moments later to tell how a squirrel had really stolen up and snatched a nut from his hand! That was the beginning of a very happy friendship. The older squirrels never got entirely over being afraid, but the baby squirrels had never fallen into that uncomfortable habit which troubles older people quite as much as it does the most timid squirrel, and before summer was over you could have seen the young squirrels running over Harold's shoulders, and hunting for nuts in his pockets as gaily as any of the kindergarten squirrels.

Just before we went back to the city I heard Harold explaining to a visitor how one could make friends with squirrels. I wonder if one could not make friends with almost any living thing, wild or human, if they follow his advice.

"You have to sit still and think about them and not bother them much at first," he said, "then you want to do things the way they like them, 'cause it isn't what you do, it's the way you do it."

SEPTEMBER.

WILHELMINE SMITH.

The Lady September, sweet and serene,
Lies restfully down to think and to dream:
She thinks of her brother January so bold,
Who loves the pure snow, winter rain and the cold;

And then February, as steadfast, though small—
As firm as Gibraltar, yet scarcely as tall;
Then comes brother March, as strong and self-willed

That he roars out his orders and cannot be stilled.

Then wavering April comes into her thought,
Uncertain of whether to weep or be caught
With a smile on her face; and gentle May,
Who coaxes the flowers, and day after day
Whispers of sunshine and hours that are long,
All filled up with brightness and laughter and song.

Then June comes, with pure white and blue above,
And red all around us—the flowers of love;
July in our flag makes the three colors meet—
Independence his motto: "Stand on your own feet!"

August smiles at the next, self-satisfied, mellow,
And answering gleams come from golden-rod yellow.

September, she knows, will soon take her place,
September the motherly, rich in her grace;
October the generous, all loaded with grain,
Fruit and nuts—she recalls him again and again,

With the store of good things which he lays at the feet

Of the children of men; and November, who'll keep,

With the help of Jack Frost, these good things we need.

His whistle she hears: "I am coming with speed!

My days will be short, and my nights will be long,
But my rain-drops are pearls and my wind is a song."

Then sister December, who hushes all earth
In her still, icy arms, that the pure inward birth
Of the Christ may take place—the Christ of the light,

Who comes in the silence, in darkness and night.

Lady September arouses herself from her rest:
"When the children of men see us all at our best—
When they see us twelve months at our best
and as one,

The kingdom of heaven on earth will have come."



SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a few lines. I think "Old Rink's Cherry Tree" was very nice. We have a good many pets. Mamma has one rabbit and sister has seven rabbits, and I have a canary bird, three cats and some chickens. I received your cards and thought them very nice. I am eleven years old. Am very much interested in little Joy. Will write you a verse:

God is my refuge—
My trust is in thee.

Yours in truth, MARRETТА ATHERTON.

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RAYMOND, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl ten years old, and the 12th of August I will be eleven years old. It seems to me I could not get along without the WEE WISDOM. I like it so well. I have a brother a year and three months older than me. He is twelve years old. I have a pet badger, a horse, a kitty and two dogs. My kitty's name is Tom. He is a nice kitty and shows his love for us in many ways. My school will begin the 1st of September, and won't I be glad! My brother and I are in the Fourth Reader. There are only four of us in the family—papa, mamma, Logan and I myself. Mamma and papa take a paper called *The Good News*, of Columbus, Kansas. The editor of the paper is Fred Deem. We like it all right. I hope to see my letter in the next paper. This is the first time I have written to WEE WISDOM, so I will close for this time.

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VIOLET SMITH.

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RICHLAND, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl eleven years old. I would like WEE WISDOM for a year beginning with July number. We live on a farm, and I am the only child. A great many people say, "I should think you would be lonesome, Rena, not having any brothers or sisters to play with," but I tell them I haven't any time to play. I put in my time helping mamma and papa. We are going to the Farmer's picnic tomorrow. Good-bye, from

MISS RENA CUMMINGS.

P. S.—Is the waste basket pretty hungry?
R. J. C.

SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Please find enclosed 50 cents with which I subscribe for WEE WISDOM one year. I just received the July number. I think "The Two Thoughts" is such a beautiful piece. About two years ago you sent me a Moss card, for which I thank you very much. VIOLA E. MYRICK.

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ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like your pretty little papers! I am a little girl eight years old. I am going into the high second this term. I have a big garden. I go to the Home of Truth Sunday School. I like it very much. I will close with love,

LUCIE ALTONA.

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BUCKHEAD, S. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We have eleven cats and two ponies. I go horseback riding every morning. I stay in Florida in winter, and in South Carolina in summer. I have a wheel in Florida. I am twelve years young, and am in the sixth grade. I like this verse:

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

I like to read WEE WISDOM very much. My Auntie is a subscriber for the UNITY and WEE WISDOM. I will close.

Yours in love and truth,

ALICE RUTH.

P. S.—Here is a pillow verse for Saturday:

"Work while you work,
Play while you play,
That is the way
To be happy and gay."

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ALAMEDA, CAL.

EDITORS OF AUGUST WEE WISDOM—Permit me to tell you how delighted I am with your August number of WEE WISDOM. I have read every word with pleasure and delight, and so have my young friends. Royal's and Rick's verses are delightful, and everything in the little paper gave me great pleasure. Our Alameda Sunday School is saving its money to send subscriptions to WEE WISDOM for those who cannot afford to have the bright little paper. Will you kindly send us some names of those who would enjoy this gift of Good? To be clearer, I should say each child is saving his or her nickels and ten-cent pieces individually, and this has nothing at all to do with the Sunday School offering. Would you kindly send us some names and oblige, Your friend in Truth,

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON IX. SEPTEMBER I.

Isaac the Peacemaker.—Genesis
26:12-25.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God.*—Matt. 5: 9.

Now we come to the little Isaac of the last lesson, grown up, and with boys of his own. Isaac was the son of Abraham and half-brother of Ishmael. You remember that Abraham means faith; now faith brings into the world physical strength (Ishmael), and moral strength (Isaac); but we can soon see that Isaac is the greater power and strength because more spiritual.

Our lesson today shows how good and true he was and how he was not afraid to trust God for everything. What a brave little boy Isaac was. When his father took him as an offering to God, and he fully knew that his father meant to burn him, he did not even cry out; no, even then he was still and trusted God.

Now you know when a little boy can be as brave and strong as that must when he grows up make a loving, peaceful, strong man; and it was so with Isaac. You know that some boys who do not know the truth will taunt and laugh at other boys who refuse to quarrel and fight, but if the boys who are thus laughed at really have the right spirit of moral strength and courage they will not give in at the laughs, but will stand firm upon their ground of peace and courage and thus win a greater victory than they would in whipping fifty boys.

Now I suppose, though it does not say so in this lesson, that Isaac had to meet just such trials while he was digging the wells, and probably many people called him weak and cowardly for not going to war and fighting for his rights, but he knew God, and that God says, "Overcome evil with good," and instead of quarreling over a well of water that he had dug and that somebody else claimed, he just peacefully moved on and found a place to dig another well. He did this over and over again

until all his enemies were overcome, and he and his people were left in peace with plenty of everything. You see, children, patience will wear discord and evil out every time. I wonder how many of the boys and girls who read this lesson would be willing to be called coward for truth's sake. I think that Isaac's brother Ishmael would have given in and fought for his rights, because he was only physical strength, but I believe in our inmost heart we all like the character of Isaac best, and would choose to be like him, peaceful, meek and gentle, yielding to the good and true every time.

LESSON X. SEPTEMBER 8.

Jacob at Bethel. Genesis 28:10-22.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Surely the Lord is in this place.*—Genesis 28:16.

Isaac had two sons, Jacob and Esau, and they were twins. Isaac was an old man now, and his sons were young men.

Our lesson today opens with a picture of Jacob far from home in a place called Bethel asleep and dreaming. Do you know the story of his life and why at this time he was so far away from home, with only a stone for a pillow? It is a very interesting tale, and you had better read it if you want to understand this lesson. Read first the story of how Esau sold his birthright to Jacob for a mess of pottage (in the twenty-fifth chapter of Genesis, from the twenty-seventh verse) then read of Jacob's error and how he deceived his father (in the twenty-seventh chapter), then you will know why Jacob was in this unhappy state.

You see it was the result of selfishness, which always brings suffering. Probably by this time Jacob was sorry for the trouble and pain he had given others, and perhaps in his heart felt that he could never rise above the shame of it, but we know there is always forgiveness for us in God, and always a chance to mend. Jacob learned this when he saw the vision of the ladder resting on the earth and reaching to heaven, with angels of light coming and going on it.

How many beautiful lessons this Jacob's ladder holds for us. It shows us that although we live in a world that seems to be filled with sin we must keep our Christ eye ever fixed on God and His angels (pure thoughts), then we can mount the ladder of truth that leads to the kingdom of heaven in our hearts. Children, this good ladder is always at hand, and everyone can use it who wants to. You must mount it yourself step by step, for no one can do it for you. Your ladder will only hold one person, and

that is yourself, but remember, everybody has one.

Close your eyes now, go into the silence and like Jacob you will see this ladder. It has seven stairs, the first is called "Willingness," now look up and read the word on the next stair, "Repentance," but do not keep your eye too long there, remember you have only taken two steps and there are five more. Next comes "Watchfulness," then in their turn, "Forgiveness," "Charity," "Power," "Light," all of which bring us to the very gate of heaven.

And ever up and down this wonderful ladder of truth walk our helpful angel thoughts, guarding, guiding and blessing.

LESSON XI. SEPTEMBER 15.

Jacob a Prince with God. Gen. 32:1-32.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.*—Luke 18:1.

Now we come to another story in the life of Jacob, where we see him wrestling all night with a man.

You will want to know what Jacob has been doing since we left him at Bethel dreaming about the ladder, but as it is too long a story for me to tell here you must either read it for yourself or ask some one to tell it to you.

He had been away from Esau, whom he had wronged, for twenty years and was at last returning, but before he could meet his brother in a right spirit he must overcome his error thoughts. Well, this is just what he did as he wrestled with the man all alone there at night; which you understand, children, was not a real man, but a thought in his own mind. God won the victory in him, so that when he met Esau he was forgiven and they were able to live together in peace.

Now let us see how we can use this lesson for our own good. We all have two ways open through which we may learn the truth. The first or easy road, Jesus called "the straight and narrow way." It comes by listening to the voice of the good within and obeying it. If we refuse to take this blessed way we will have to take the other road, the hard way. It is long and roundabout, and most of us call it experience.

Let me tell you a story that will show you what we mean by experience. A little boy I know who did not always love to obey his wise, good mother, was told by her over and over again not to touch the hot stove or he would get burned. She showed him the easy way to learn the law of fire, but he did not heed her warning, but chose for

himself the hard way by putting his little hand on the stove. Then he said, "Fire burn," and never touched it again. That was experience.

Now we will all meet some hard experience, but if we, like Jacob, will try to get a blessing out of everything that comes into our lives, we will soon overcome and forget the pain and wrong, for we shall look right through these and see God, our blessed Good, face to face.

Our Golden Text tells us never to get faint-hearted or discouraged, but try, try again.

LESSON XII. SEPTEMBER 22.

Temperance Lesson. Prov. 23:29-35.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Add to your knowledge temperance.*—II. Peter 1:3.

Our Golden Text is a jewel set in a golden chain of eight precious stones. The names of these heart jewels are Faith, Virtue, Knowledge, Temperance, Patience, Godliness, Brotherly Kindness, Charity.

First, we must have faith, for nothing can be done without it, and when the heart is filled with it, then it is an easy matter to keep all the other jewels bright and shining. So first have faith in the Good, then add to it virtue; that is, prove through your every day life that you are a child of the good. Then add knowledge, for to be good is not the whole of life. We must know God and our Christ-self, then we will always be temperate. Those who know and love their true selves are never intemperate, either in drinking, eating, speaking or thinking. Knowledge of the truth gives even little children self-control, which really means the true self ruling all, the wishes, desires, hunger, thirst and feelings.

True temperance includes all the other jewels—Patience, Godliness, Brotherly Kindness, Charity.

REVIEW.

July 7—God the Creator of all Things.
Genesis 1:1-2:3.

GOLDEN TEXT—*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.*—Gen. 1:1.

God is the reality of everything and everybody with His presence of life, health, strength and power. God made the all-good. God made me. I am good.

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July 14.—Beginning of Sin and Redemption. Gen. 3:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—Where sin abounded grace did much more abound.—Romans 5:20

God did not make evil or sin, therefore they are unreal. In my true self I am pure and sinless, and will always obey the Good.

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July 21.—Noah Saved in the Ark.
Genesis 8:1-22.

GOLDEN TEXT—Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.—Gen. 6:8.

I have no fear in my heart, for I know that God is Love and ever takes care of me so that nothing can hurt or harm me. "He will guide me with his eye."

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July 28.—God Calls Abraham.
Genesis 12:1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT—I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing.—Gen. 12:2.

God's blessings fill my life with good. I am blessed with life, love, peace and health. I thank God for all his goodness to me

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August 4.—Abraham and Lot.
Genesis 13:1-18.

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

Because I know the truth, that I am a child of God, I will always give good for evil, love for hate, and thus live the golden rule.

* * * *

August 11.—God's Promise to Abraham.—Genesis 15:1-18.

GOLDEN TEXT—I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward.—Gen. 15:1.

I am a child of faith. I have faith in God, in man and in myself. The promises of God to the faithful are mine. My Good is always with me.

* * * *

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

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

"One shall save a city and two shall put ten thousand to flight." One right, true thought can save me from sin and suffering. I will think on good and fear no evil.

* * * *

August 25.—Abraham and Isaac.
Genesis 22:1-14.

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

The love and faith of my whole heart I give to God. I love to obey the voice of truth that speaks within.

* * * *

September 1.—Isaac the Peacemaker.
Genesis 26:12-25.

GOLDEN TEXT—Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.—Matt. 5:9.

The spirit of peace fills my heart with joy and gladness. I will make peace wherever I go. I shall live in peace forever.

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September 8.—Jacob at Bethel.
Genesis 28:10-22.

GOLDEN TEXT—Surely the Lord is in this place.—Genesis 28:16.

There is no place where God is not. The everywhere is filled with his goodness. I know him best in my heart.

* * * *

September 15.—Jacob a Prince with God.—Gen. 32:1-32.

GOLDEN TEXT—Men ought always to pray and not to faint.—Luke 18:1.

I will lift my thoughts to God daily and ask for light. I will speak the word of God and set myself and others free. I will pray the prayer of faith and love.

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September 22.—Temperance Lesson.
Prov. 23:29-35.

GOLDEN TEXT—Add to your knowledge temperance.—II. Peter 1:6.

I will be temperate in all things, in thinking, speaking, eating, drinking. I am true to Christ.

Monday

"Little Thoughts"
Have little wings,
And fly like a little
Bird that sings.

Tuesday

"Little Thoughts"
Should never sting
Through little words
We speak or sing.

Wednesday

"Little Thoughts"
should
Be ever sweet
For every stranger
Whom we meet.

Thursday

"Little Thoughts"
Our hearts are given
To shed their light
Like stars of heaven.

Friday

"Little Thoughts"
Are the seeds we sow,
Our hearts the garden
Where they grow.

Saturday

"Little Thoughts"
Of love we trace
In each smiling
Happy face.

Sunday

"Little Thoughts"
Ascend to heaven
On the wings
Which they are
given.