

WEE WISDOM

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




 YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM


BLESSED welcome to you, dear Wisdoms! It seems a long, long time since ye editor was in the Sanctum to greet you. But you have fared so well in the hands of "ye Wee Editors" and "ye Mr. Editor" that the loss has not been yours.

As ye editor glances 'round she sees quite a number who have never met with us before. And do you know, some of these are here because some loving little hearts gathered them in and paid their way? One sweet little girl kept the porches swept and gave her little salary, so earned, to bring this dear child over here into our Wisdom circle. And Willie sold his pet pigeons for a like purpose. Do you know what was in them that did this kind of a thing? It was *something* that has made what seemed a bit of a coin into a whole yearfull of pleasure for somebody. But it does n't stop there. You know how one little seed put into the ground, when it grows, brings forth so many seeds of the same kind you can't even count them. Well, think of what one little seed of unselfish love, well planted, must bring forth. Then remember *you* are putting in thought seeds and word seeds every day of your blessed life, and every one brings forth of its own kind, just like the little plant seeds. Would n't we better be as careful to choose the kind we would like to see growing in our homes and all about us as we are to pick out the seed of the kind of flowers we want to grow in our yards and gardens? Little seeds make no mistakes—they *always* bring forth their kind. Now think of what *you* may do—for there are several thousand of *you* now, toward seeding the dear old earth down with a crop of love and joy and truth!

It would n't be long, while we are planting these love thoughts and love words, if we were all diligent, to pull up the little

weeds that are springing up from the wrong thought seed and word seed.

All the big, nasty, dreadful weeds that we call murder and as-sas-sin-a-tion came from tiny little hate thoughts. Listen, dear Wisdoms, "He that *hateth* his brother is already a murderer." We don't want to sow any murder seeds, and so let us *love* and not even think evil of the poor soul who has cast such a gloom over our Nation. Let us plant a seed of loving kindness in his heart-garden by telling him *God loves him*, and hate has no place in him. We had better say some loving words for a nation that would return murder for murder. "The love that never faileth" says, "Overcome evil with good," "Love one another, and so fill *full* the law."



It would seem there is a simultaneous move toward a Subscription Fund for WEE WISDOM, so many loving hearts are looking out for the children who seem not to be getting "the true sincere milk of the word."

It is a good move; it shows how love likes to reach out and give of its best to others. It is not a new thought to ye editors, for many a dear little heart is blessed with the visit of WEE WISDOM who has not the money to send for it. Sometimes, the publishers think ye Editor is "too givey," but you see it is this way: she gives her services free, and it does seem as if love could take care of it all, and if a child is hungering for a book or a paper, *it shall have it* as long as there is one left at Headquarters. Now that is an honest confession and one that some of the friends think will keep ye editor impoverished, but her idea is different. It is all the Lord's, and we are but His stewards, and His treasury is always full, and His many hands ready through a loving humanity to supply as well as to receive. Giving and receiving are always equal in the divine law of Love.



Our Pillow Verses this month were written by our sweet Aunt Mary.



SOME GOOSE JINGLES SET RIGHT.

BY AUNT EMMA.

Sing a song, a six-pence!
 I've a pocket full of rye
 To feed to all the birdies
 A-flying in the sky.
 Now isn't that much better
 Than to bake them in a pie?
 For food we do not have to kill —
 Such dishes I pass by.

You've heard about the king, I know,
 Who was counting out his money;
 And all about his hungry queen
 Who lived on bread and honey;
 But now we know the source of wealth
 We never take accounting,
 And we're sure that all we want is ours,
 If we ask right, never doubting.

CAROLINE—A MOURNING DOVE.

"PAPA HARRY'S" STORY TO ORION AND ALBERT.

CHAPTER I.

CAROLINE was a little Mourning Dove that first saw the light of day in a nest of a few straws and twigs, built in an elm tree about seven feet above the ground. As she looked out through the spaces between the sticks she saw a beautiful green world, teeming with busy life and apparently all peace and happiness.

The great ruler of the day was riding high in the heavens, and a few fleecy white clouds floated quietly through the blue ether. Below beautiful flowers were nodding lazily in the sun, or bowing thanks to gorgeous butterflies and hummingbirds, which flitted about over the hustling bees and wasps that were working among

the clover blossoms. The zephyr blew gently among the trees, making the leaves dance and laugh in sunshine, while underneath the grass waved approval, causing the crystal drops of water from the morning shower that had not yet been taken up to heaven by the dear old sun to sparkle like a field of diamonds. Brilliant tanagers, bluejays, orioles, woodpeckers, goldfinches, buntings and other birds flew among the trees and mingled their sweet songs with those of grander singers—mockingbirds, catbirds, brown thrushes—that seemed to pour out one continuous melody of praise. The crickets, katydids and cicadae sang in prayerful harmony with a love concert of ranidae, hyloidae and bufonidae in a little pond near by.

What a beautiful world it was. Caroline nestled close to her baby brother, and her little heart beat in sympathy with the whole world of vibrating love. She saw the cattle quietly grazing below, the swallows and martins bathe in the little pond, saw a pretty Argoipe spider weave a delicate winding web, saw vultures and hawks floating by pure will-power without flapping a wing—mere specks against the sky. She heard her father cooing in the elm tree, heard her mother on the edge of the nest answer. She peacefully swallowed the milk given her by her father and mother, and wonderingly watched the world around her.

The day drew nearer its close. Over and under, and all around, the earth, the air, the water, teemed with myriad forms of pulsating life. To the west of the elm tree stretched a prairie that seemed like a great brown ocean, reaching to the horizon with

waves of green and gold rising and falling in the light of the departing sun. One lone tall cottonwood tree stood sentinel over it, and as the great giver of life sank lower and kissed the earth, its silhouetted shadow lengthened itself out and out till lost in the blending distance. A cicada sang his vespers overhead, and the evening song of praise arose from all around. Away off across the prairie a long sinuous thread of cattle wound in and out among the hills, and high in the air twittered swallows, swifts and martins, while an occasional night-hawk flew noiselessly along or dropped earthward with a weird, hollow, booming sound. The sun disappeared in a sea of fire, shooting up great radiating streams of purple and blue tinted with pink and yellow. A beautiful snake of mottled crimson, with dividing lines of yellow and black, glided stealthily from a raceme of red flowers. The snake-type of life—activity, grace, beauty, power and eternity—disappeared in the grass and left only a memory. The shadows faded into one great shadow, and Venus twinkled feebly, then flung forth her blazing crescent over the western hills and quickly sank to rest.

Now the heavens were bejewelled with millions of twinkling stars, blazing suns so far away as to look like points of light, each probably attended by a system of worlds, and those worlds inhabited. A little screech owl alighted on the cottonwood tree and uttered its peculiar cry, a cry that sounds like a mournful attempt at laughter. It added a weirdness to the scene which was intensified by the howl of a wolf that echoed and re-echoed from hill to hill, startling forth from the banks of the pond a heron, who winged her solitary way down a small stream, sending forth her peculiar notes. Then silence, deep silence, broken by howl of a wolf; answered by another wolf, and another, and another. They were signalling for a feast. Again silence, continued silence, and little Caroline passed to dreamland.

Thus ended her first day. Being innocent and loving, she saw only the beautiful

and lovable. She knew not that around her was raging war, ceaseless, relentless war. She knew not that she was soon to see this warfare carried on between all the living things—this warfare of devouring. She understood not the close nestling of her mother at the call of the screech owl and the howl of the wolf. Many things she had yet to learn, and many things she was ordained to teach the creatures, by example, of the uselessness of this warfare. Her life henceforth was to be one continual series of escapes. And each escape added to her store of knowledge.

The nest in which she and her little brother were hatched was a very small affair, consisting of a few sticks and straws loosely put together, giving her an interstitial view of the world.

The warm May days came and went, and the little baby doves grew stronger and larger, and the feathers came more and more till they were completely clothed. One day as Caroline was listening to her father's sweet song of "Coo-oo-oo-oo" (a love song), from the top of the elm tree, a sharp "woof" ("keep still") from her mother at the edge of the nest caused the four doves to suddenly become silent and immovable. Out from the bushes near the foot of their elm tree came Mr. Procyon, the raccoon, looking upward for a dove that he had heard singing. His eyes finally rested upon Mamma Dove and the two babies in the nest. Mr. Procyon stopped, and his fierce eyes shone with excitement and anticipation. Licking his jaws, he took a few steps toward the tree, when with another "woof" Mamma tumbled headlong out of the tree and fell right in front of the raccoon's jaws. Caroline's heart seemed to stop beating, and the fright she received so shocked her that she came near disobeying her mamma's "woof" (a disobedience that usually means destruction) and jumping out to go to her mamma's assistance. The raccoon's jaws closed over the mamma dove, but in some mysterious manner she has slipped just far enough away to be clear of the dangerous teeth, and she now fluttered along, beat-

ing the ground with her delicate wings, apparently badly wounded. Again and again those long teeth snapped together, but each time just missed the form of Caroline's mamma. The raccoon made a determined rush, but only to bump his head against the uncovered roots of a fallen tree, between two of which the dove had managed to slip. Away went the race again, over the grass and through the bushes the dove fluttering along, dragging one apparently broken wing, and whenever the raccoon made a fast rush, a bush or stump or tree was sure to get between them. They came to a little gully down which the dove rolled over and over with Mr. Procyon's gleaming mouth only a few inches away. Up the opposite bank they raced, through a thick undergrowth, passing out of sight over a ridge. Caroline felt faint with fear, and she wondered what had first hurt her poor mamma. But Papa Dove flew down with a "O-oo" ("All is well"), which partly reassured her, and then — Oh! the joy of it — Mamma came circling through the trees and alighted beside the nest all well and sound. Papa put his wing over Mamma and helped her preen and clean her ruffled feathers. Then she explained how, when she had the raccoon so far away that she felt confident he could not find his way back to the nest, she had taken wing and returned, leaving him baffled and looking foolish. Caroline had thus learned a double lesson: never to disobey her parents, for she had now seen to disobey meant her destruction, and the proper way to lead an enemy away when he is dangerous.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE DORA'S VERSE.

Little Dora was five years old, and when the other children learned their verses for Sunday School Little Dora had to learn one, too. She had learned, "Blessed are the pure in heart," and all the blessed verses before it, and today mamma read to her, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Mamma told her what a peacemaker meant, and then proceeded to teach her the verse. "Blessed," said mamma; "blethed," said Dora; "are the," said mamma, "ah de," said Dora; "peacemakers," from mamma; followed by "peathe-makers" from the wide-awake little girlie. Over and over they said the verse, a few words at a time, until Dora said all alone, bravely, "Blethed ah de peathe-makers, foh dey all be talled de chillens of God."

For days Dora repeated it over and over to herself, but everybody was so good and everything went along so peacefully that she had no chance to be a "peathe-maker" only as she did not break the peace. But one day her mamma sent her to the store after a spool of thread. Mamma had given her a new nickel, telling her that she would receive one penny in change, as the thread was only four cents, and that she might spend the penny for herself. As she walked along home thinking about her penny and how she should spend it, she came to some large boys disputing over a game of marbles; loud angry words fell from their lips, and they really looked as though they were going to fight.

Dora's verse naturally came to her mind. Here was a chance to make peace. Involuntarily she repeated, "Blethed ah de peathe-makers," and stepping fearlessly up to the boys, held out the penny in her tiny hand, saying, "Boithes, ooh tan have dis penny if ooh will dus thop that naughty talk, and be dood boithes." How ashamed the boys looked, and the largest one said, "Bless your little heart, we don't want your penny; here, take my marbles," and before Dora could gather her scattered senses the boys had each contributed to Dick's bag of marbles until it was too full to tie good, and laying it in her arms had walked away whistling boy fashion.

Dora hastened almost breathlessly home and when she had told mamma about it said, "Do folks always get mabbles for being peathe-makers?" Mamma tried hard not to laugh as she answered, "No, not always marbles, darling, but they always get loving thoughts, which are much better," and left Dora with her marbles and her verse.

—MRS. N. D. HAHN.

Wee Wisdom

A BELATED LETTER FROM COLORADO.

MANITOU, COLO.

Dear Wee Wisdoms:

The "Wee Editors" greet you from the top of a rocky hill overlooking the city, although we are entirely shut in by moun-



Rainbow Falls.

tains. We are on the side of a beautiful basin, the sun is shining brightly and a soft, cool breeze is blowing, making it an ideal day.

What have we been doing since we left Unity Headquarters? Well, we came flying along on the train through hills and dales and corn patches until we struck level hay-fields, dotted with pretty little towns; then



Partial View of the City of Manitou.

came plains, sage brush, smoke and dust. When we finally reached Colorado Springs,

imagine our surprise to find the platform crowded with people, craining their necks and standing on every box and truck to see



Summer School of Metaphysics.

us get off. We marched off while the band played, and such crowding and pushing made us think it was foot ball season, but we soon found that all the excite-



Out for a Morning Ride.

ment was over the arrival of Vice-President Roosevelt, who was to deliver an address.

We then took the train for Manitou, and soon found ourselves at the beautiful home of Judge J. W. Kriger, which you see in the foreground of the third picture. "Wee" began at once clearing a place for our tents in the camping ground, and saw a thousand cacti and felt the presence of ten thousand! The next day the tents were all up and everybody snugly encamped, although the majority of those attending

the Summer School of Metaphysics live at the hotels.

One evening a party of us started to walk up Pike's Peak. We left the camp at six o'clock, picking our way over the boulders and rocks, upward, ever upward, just as we do in our thoughts from the material to the spiritual. It was a long, slow process, but we finally reached the top at four o'clock the next morning, where we beheld the



The Cathedral Spires.

gorgeous beauty of life and light in the golden sunrise.

The Colorado flowers are beautiful, some yards being one mass of bloom. Then there are so many magnificent sights, such as the natural monuments of towering rocks as is shown of The Cathedral Spires, which are in the Garden of the Gods, and beautiful cataracts, etc. Next summer we hope many more of you will be there with us.

THE "WEE EDITORS."

OUR PICNIC.

Dear Wee Wisdoms:

You all perhaps remember that in my last letter you read of our good time in the country. After a couple of weeks a little brown-eyed girl came up from the city, so Edna found another playmate. This was our "Baby Alice" of years ago, who wrote the Sermons in WEE WISDOM, now grown to be a large girl of twelve years. The day following Alice's arrival had been planned for a picnic. Mr. Ed fixed us a fine lunch in a cracker box. This was stowed away in the back of the wagon, then we all piled in. Mrs. Bee and Alice and Kip in front, and

in the back, Edna, Aunt Mary, Baby and Naomi. Mrs. Bee was driver, though Alice held the reins part of the way. We were on the road to Sonoma Creek, the place chosen for our picnic.

We enjoyed the beautiful ride through the country, and when we came in sight of the banks of the creek there was a general shout of joy, for we had been driving for some hours, frequently stopping to inquire the way. Once we drew up at the side of the road for the children to get a drink, and here they climbed a fence and went into a field where we saw a pump. They had quite a time pumping, for the handle was old and rusty, but at last the water came and we were all glad of a drink, for it was a very warm day for California.

When we reached the creek we found there was no place to lead the horse down, so we left old Tick up under the trees, and Mrs. Bee gave him some hay and then took off his bridle. While this was being done Aunt Mary had discovered a beautiful spot to spread the lunch, beneath the shade of some big pine trees. This was surrounded by a barbed wire fence. A place was soon found where we might crawl under. Edna and Alice were the first inside, Kip coming after, tugging the big jar of milk, then Baby was handed over to Edna, and Naomi was rolled under the wire, and so we all reached the inside of the enclosure.

First we set to work to lay hats and wraps together in a pile, then a nice soft place was found for Baby where he might sit on pine needles and eat dirt to his heart's content. Next, the lunch was spread, and everyone was so hungry. Mrs. Bee soon joined the happy group and very little was said, but—

"I want some jam on my bread."

"Please pass the crackers."

"Where is the butter?"

"Aunt Mary, please give me some more bread," or, "Naomi wants a drink of milk."

We had finished lunch and were just about to pick up the remains to stow away in the box, (for we had more than we could eat), when Mrs. Bee started up from her

seat on the ground, crying out as she did so, "Tick's running away."

We all made a rush for the road, Mrs. Bee getting there first, with Kip at her heels. Aunt Mary ran out and made a clutch at the horse, but there was no bridle to hold to so Mr. Tick, wagon and all, went tearing down the road, with Mrs. Bee and Kip tearing after. Away they went without any hats, in the hot sun, running so fast that we soon lost sight of them.

Then Aunt Mary turned to see little Naomi crying and sobbing at her side.

"Mamma, mamma, horsie back run away," she was wailing.

Naomi had to be comforted and have it explained to her that mamma and Kip were all right. Those left of our little party returned to the shade of the trees.

In the meantime Baby de Witt was having a most beautiful time by himself, seated in the centre of the lunch cloth, and surrounded by crackers, bits of buscuit and bread and egg-shells. He was cramming his little mouth with egg-shells and bread, and plenty of dirt to season it. He was given over to Edna's care, while Aunt Mary hunted a resting place for Naomi in the shade, and covered her up. She was soon fast asleep.

Alice and Edna next went down to the creek to wade while Aunt Mary gave Baby his bottle and put him to sleep under a tree alongside of his sister. Then she busied herself treating or sending good thoughts to Mrs. Bee and Kip, telling them that God (Good) was with them and nothing could hurt them. All this time Mrs. Bee and Kip were running after Tick, puffing and panting, up and down hill. Of course Tick was headed for home, but Mrs. Bee thought it very necessary to catch him. Once she said to Kip, "What do you think Aunt Mary is doing?"

"Oh, holding the thought for us," Kip answered breathlessly.

You know, little children, that Kip meant holding or thinking the true thought for his mamma and himself, believing that God was with them, and that nothing, not even the hot sun could hurt them, and this

is just what Aunt Mary was doing, when by and by she heard a buggy drive near and stop, and a voice speaking to the girls. He was saying, "The horse that ran away has been stopped at Mr. Smith's, three miles up the road." This was good news. After hearing this we all made up our minds that Kip and his mamma were drinking lemonade in some farmhouse, or perhaps lying on a sofa having a good rest. Thus knowing all was well, Aunt Mary read to herself, and Alice and Edna went back to their wading.

About three o'clock we heard wheels, and Aunt Mary ran out into the road. Are you wondering how she got out there so soon, under the barbed wire fence? Well, she did just as some little girls do, she rolled in the dust. There was a whoop, and Aunt Mary found herself facing Kip and Mrs. Bee who had returned driving Tick as though nothing had happened. We called to the girls, and after a little made them hear, for the waters of Sonoma Creek dash and whirl and tumble over rock and log with such frenzy that it is hard to be heard above their roar.

The two little ones were still sleeping, so we asked the girls to watch over them for a while, which they kindly did. Very soon the babies awoke, then we all went together down to the creek, and Mrs. Bee told her adventures.

Alice and Edna were delighted at the prospect of wading again, so shoes and stockings came off in a hurry, while all of us sat on the edge of the bank and listened to Mrs. Bee's story. She and Kip ran for three miles down the road. Two or three times they checked their speed to see if Tick had turned off the main road, when at last coming to a farmhouse where they knew the people, they stopped. The ladies were very kind to them, inviting them in to rest, but Mrs. Bee said they must go on and find their horse. One of the ladies threw a big shade hat out to Mrs. Bee who caught it up and ran on. At the next farmhouse, horse and wagon awaited them. Here the kind-hearted people made Mrs. Bee and Kip sit down to rest, and gave them both

lemonade to drink. On their way back, they returned the hat, and again kindness was shown them, and more lemonade offered them, but they did not stay long, remembering the little party awaiting them under the pines.

The Good certainly took care of Kip and his mamma, for both kept well, and the sun had no power over them, for God, the Good, is the only real Power there is. How thankful we should all be to the Good! At four o'clock or after, we picked up our wraps, thanked the kind woman who had lent us a bucket to give our horse a drink,

and then all climbed into the wagon and headed old Tick for home.

A few days longer we remained in the country, and then one morning, early, good byes were said, and Edna, Alice and Aunt Mary were driven to the town, and there we took the train back home. In the afternoon, Mrs. Bee and Mr. Bee (who had joined them in the country), and the three little Bees, returned to their home in San Francisco, and so ends our country visit. God bless you all. I am looking for those dear "wee" letters.

Your loving
AUNT MARY.



"Attention Company" represents three of the Scottish Terriers from the Ortiz Fruit Farm, Mexico, Mo. Reading from left to right they are Nosegay Snapdragon, Ortiz Fannie, and Nosegay Heather. Snapdragon and Heather were imported from Scotland a few years ago by Mr. M. B. Guthrie, proprietor of the Ortiz Fruit Farm. They have fine records, having won prizes in St. Louis, Baltimore, Boston, Pittsburgh, and other large cities.

Are n't they cute? Their faces show not only intelligence, but life and love and goodness. The Scottish Terriers are small and tough, with hair sometimes sandy, sometimes gray or dusky blue. Their eyes are clear, bright, and inquisitive; always gay, though brave and vigilant, investigating every corner and nook, and are the first-famed dogs of Scotland.



[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—THE SUBSTANCE OF MY FAITH IS LOVE.

Jewel Word—I AM WISDOM.

Song Word—TRUTH IN SONG, No. 23—
"INFINITE LOVE AND WISDOM."

Verse Word—

O Holy Spirit, come to me,
Touch thou my heart that I may feel
Thou wilt thyself as love reveal
To every human child divine.

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]



VIOLA, IDAHO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I would like WEE WISDOM another year. I will send you \$1.00 for the subscriber, Chester Kissinger, and myself and "The Wonderful Wishers of Wishingwell." My sister, Fannie Cuthbert, would like one of your Moss cards.

Your friend, JENNIE CUTHBERT.

P. S.—I send ten cents for Moss card.

TABLE ROCK, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl eight years young. I used to live in Arkansas. I have never seen a letter in WEE WISDOM from Arkansas. I have never been to school, but I think I can go now since we have moved to Nebraska. I have been reading WEE WISDOM for two years, and I like it very much. I would like to have a Truth card.

Your friend,

VIOLET BOONE.

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PENDER, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I received the cards the other day and thank you very much for them. I like to read WEE WISDOM. I must try and get some new subscribers for WEE WISDOM. I am thirteen years old. I send you lots of love and truth. It is very hot, but it will never be too hot to write to WEE WISDOM. I must close, hoping my letter will be issued in next month's paper. I send love and truth. From

ANNA VOGT.

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SPRING CREEK, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I had the pleasure of reading the birthday number of your paper while sitting alone in my country home one Sunday. Having been both a public school and music teacher, it recalled pleasant memories of the days that were spent with children. The Wee Wisdoms certainly do well in composing "Truth" stories. I feel a desire to hear from them each month through their paper. There is one suggestion I feel like offering the Wee Wisdoms, if I may be considered an adviser, and if you have no such plan already. Let us start a fund to send WEE WISDOM to other "Wee" ones that are hungry for your help through your sunshiny paper. We might deny ourselves a little if necessary, in order to have some pennies or nickels or dimes to send. Perhaps next time I will write to Wee Wisdoms themselves, and try to have something good to tell them. From a Lover of Everybody,

J. S. H.

[We are glad that such a spirit of love is being shown by our readers to help spread the Truth. As stated last month, a "WEE WISDOM Subscription Fund" has been started for such purpose as suggested.—Ed.]

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PONTIAC, MICH.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I have taken WEE WISDOM for a short time, but I think it is lovely. I would like to tell you how I appreciate its many good sayings. I enjoy

all that's in it, and I am trying to live by its teachings. Here is a verse I made up when I was thinking about the Pillow Verses. I would like it very much if you would send me a Truth card and count me a Wee Wisdom girl. Yours lovingly,

HAZEL BAIRD.

The Lord is ever watching me,
All my actions He doth see;
He doth watch me every day
To keep me in the heavenward way.

— H. L. B.

* * *

MANHATTAN, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have just received my first WEE WISDOM, and I like it very much. Mamma and my sister Pearl have read the stories to me. I am seven years old. I am going to school this fall. I would like a Truth card very much. I have a little dog named Brownie and a little striped kitten. Your loving friend,

ALVERTA B. STECK.

* * *

[An extract from Aunt Mary's last letter.]

I want to tell you how some of our children earned their fifty cents to send WEE WISDOM to some little child unable to take it. Edna, the writer of the story in August WEE WISDOM, swept off the porch at the Home of Truth and so earned 10 cents a week, and ran errands also. One little boy sold his pet pigeons, (quite a self-sacrifice). His name is Willie. I read the August number over three or four times. Is the subscription list growing larger? I want it to grow and spread. I love it. Lucile Altona is one of our darling little girls. She also has subscribed for another. With many blessings and love. "AUNT MARY."

* * *

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I like the WEE WISDOM paper very much. I am a little girl eight years old. We have two cats at home, and I have a little brother six years old. Papa subscribed for the WEE WISDOM paper.

Your friend, WINIFRED DUFF.

— • —
WAS IT YOU?

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long.
Somebody thought, "T is sweet to live;"
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right.

Was that somebody you? — *Ex.*

RESULT OF THE NEW PARTNERSHIP.

AUNT EMMA.

Said good Mother Goose to dear Mother Truth,
As she gravely nodded her head,
"Now what a great shame that old woman of mine
Whipped her children and sent them to bed."

"Indeed it was so," said dear Mother Truth;
"And really it all must be changed,
For wisdom you'll teach by your jingles and rhymes
When with love they are all re-arranged."

"Oh, here she comes with her numerous band,
So I'll doff my cap and give her welcoming hand."

Shoe Woman:

"I'm the queer woman who lived in a shoe,
Who had so many children I didn't know
what to do;
But I've learned now to give them broth with
plenty of bread,
And kiss them all fondly when I send them to
bed.
And you, little Wisdoms, were like me in my shoe,
With so many thought-children *you* didn't
know what to do,
'Till Mother Truth showed how in wisdom you'd
find
The way to direct these children of mind.
And now you are happy, and your children well
fed
On the Substance of life, with plenty of
bread."

Boy Blue:

"I'm Little Boy Blue, who blows his horn
When sheep's in the meadows, cows in the
corn.
My other name's Conscience — you know me, I'm
sure.
I'll not let your Substance be eaten by beasts,
But save for your own use these spiritual
feasts;
And the toot of my horn long and loud will be
heard
When'er a Wee Wisdom speaks a wrong kind
of word.

— • —
Little three-year-old Tommy, upon whom
his mother was inflicting personal chastise-
ment, exclaimed: "You'd better give me
a few more licks, mamma; I don't think I
can be real good yet." — *Ex.*



HARRIET H. RIX.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSON I. OCTOBER 6.

Joseph Sold into Egypt. Genesis
37:12-36.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt; but God was with him.*—Acts 7:9.

Now let us turn to the study of the life of Joseph, and learn once for all how the good always conquers evil. The story of Joseph and his brothers is a very interesting one, and I know you will all take pleasure in reading it. For the next five lessons we will study his life, so before you begin this first lesson get some one to tell you the whole story; then you will be ready to study it from Sunday to Sunday.

We have lately been learning all about Jacob. Well, this Joseph is his son, and Rachel is Joseph's mother. He had eleven brothers, making all together twelve sons of Jacob. Now, all little as well as big Truth students know that Joseph and his brothers have something to do with each one of us, and with each and everyone in the world. What they mean to us we want to find out, for then the story can help us.

Now listen to this: In all the Bible stories you can always find Christ, or one who stands in the story for the Good. Joseph was that Good, or what we love to call the Christ-child, and what were all his brothers? They were different states of mind. You will not be puzzled about this if you take it to yourself. Joseph is the Christ-child within you, and his brothers are your will, your desires, your feelings, etc. Now seeing and knowing this, the story is made quite plain. Joseph is one of the youngest of the brothers, and yet he turns out to be the most powerful.

You see, children, when people are born into this world, they think of their bodies first, but after awhile they remember about the spirit, and then think a great deal about it. It has been this way with each one of you Wee Wisdoms. All you wanted

when you first opened your eyes on this world was enough to eat, but in a short while you wanted more than that. You wanted to learn about the world, yourself and things, and now you have grown to the place where you want to know all about the Christ-self.

Well, when people love their bodies so much that they are always thinking about eating and drinking and having a good time, they think they dislike the Christ-child, their own true selves, and do not want to hear about him, nor see him; so they say, "We will get rid of this voice of good in our hearts, we will not listen; we will sell it or kill it." That is what Joseph's brothers said of him, and they sold him to some strange people going through that land, thinking that they would never see or hear of him again, but that was not possible. You cannot do away with the Christ-child, nor can you live happy or peaceful without him, as Joseph's brothers found out years afterwards, for then in their trouble they were glad to receive help from him.

Little children, listen to the Christ-child now and obey his sweet will, for he will bring you good all the time, thus you will not come to want and trouble as Joseph's brothers did, but will always know that God is with you, as our Golden Text says, as our peace, joy, plenty and power.

LESSON II. OCTOBER 13.

Joseph in Prison. Genesis 39:20-40:15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*But the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy.*—Genesis 39:21.

Now we go on with the story of Joseph, and find him in prison, for the Christ-child must take his good into every part of the world, even the darkest places.

Joseph was not the only Christ-child in the Bible nor in the world who has gone into prison, for Peter, and Paul with his friend Silas, and many others have been there, but the fun of it is no one can keep them there very long, and while they are there they all do good.

Paul taught the truth to a great many people while a prisoner, and another time he and Silas prayed and sang songs until the prison doors flew wide open and set them free.

Now, children, learn this Christ lesson from Joseph. When things do not go your way do not give up and become discouraged, but instead do the very best you can just

where you are, and you will forget all about the failure and trouble in the blessing that will come to you in doing your bravest and best. "Faithfulness in little things is the only way to great things."

All the time Joseph was in prison he trusted God, and *that*, children, was the very secret of his power and peace, and is yours, too. You see, the story shows you how everybody in and outside the prison was working to set Joseph free. Even so, everybody and everything in the world and in yourself will help you bring your true self out, if you only desire it. The Christ-child in you never forgets his power, or how to make you wise and happy, so if you will give every thought over to his keeping, as the ruler did to Joseph, they will all learn little by little to show forth the good.

Joseph is called the dreamer, because he was always thinking of God and the angels, but he was not a dreamer who never put into practice what he saw in the silence, for he lived his dreams in his every day life.

When we learn to read our own hearts, then we may read the hearts of others, for all true hearts are one. Joseph told his fellow prisoners the meaning of their inner thoughts, and thus his fame spread abroad, and everything began to work for his freedom, and greater work in the world. Thus the Christ becomes stronger and more powerful in you until the prison house of error can keep it covered no longer, and it comes forth to do its real work.

In our next lesson you will see how Joseph was promoted still higher, and was made ruler over greater things.

LESSON III. OCTOBER 20.

Joseph Exalted. Gen. 41: 38-49.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Them that honor me I will honor.*—I Samuel 2:30.

Faithfulness is true success. Through faithfully speaking true words and thinking true thoughts you learn true self-control, that is, how to rule yourself.

You have all heard this, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and thus it was with Joseph, for in the seeming all his good was taken away, and it looked as though every hand was against him, but the truth in him raised him up to the highest place. Now the Spirit of truth is in you, dear children, and you will see it if you love it enough. This is your storehouse of good, a heart full of love and truth, and with all this goodness what have

you to fear? If famine, pain or trouble come, you have the power to heal them all.

The subject of this lesson is "Joseph Exalted." Do you know what that word exalted means? It means to honor, to respect, to love very much, just as you love and respect your mother. When boys and girls respect and lift up in their minds all that is good and true, how sweet and strong they grow. Now what must we exalt more than anything else? Why, our divine self, the Christ. Every thought must bend the knee to this master and call him King. This is the real lesson in the story of Joseph that we have before us today.

When Joseph, through his goodness, had received this high place of honor, he did not sit down in idleness, but he worked all the time for the good of his people, and during those seven years of great plenty he gathered the corn into a storehouse. This is what you are doing now, in learning all you can about the truth. Your mind is your storehouse, and into it you are gathering the treasures of God's Kingdom. In the years to come you are going to give these treasures forth again to bless others.

In our next lesson we learn of the use Joseph made of his wealth, and of how glad and happy it made the people.

LESSON IV. OCTOBER 27.

Joseph and his Brethren.—Genesis 45: 1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.*—Rom. 12:21.

When Joseph was sold by his brothers to those strange men they took him down into their country which is called Egypt. Here he remained a great many years, hearing nothing from his brothers nor they from him.

At last a great famine broke out all over the land, and the people had nothing to eat. Even Joseph's brothers, who had once been so wealthy, lost everything and found themselves in great need. One day they heard about a great man who lived in a far-away country, and who had plenty of corn. They were told that this great man would sell them some of his corn, so they made up their minds to go to him and ask for help. They had to travel many miles, but they did not mind that, for when they arrived at the great man's house, they found him as good as he was great. He gave them all the corn they could carry, and also gave their money back. All this time Joseph

knew his brothers although they did not know him, and at last he could keep them no longer from knowing him, so he told them he was their brother Joseph. Then they all had a very happy time together. Joseph did not scold them nor punish them for what they had done to him; no, like the dear Christ he forgave them gently, and tenderly cared for them, and gave them good for evil.

So the Christ will always love each and every one, and no matter how many times we may seem to turn from our Good, he will always be ready to love and bless us when we turn to him for help. Then there can be no sick, hungry or ignorant thought, for all are fed from the Father's storehouse of Love.

ROBIN DEAR.

THE SONG EARL'S MAMMA SINGS TO HIM.

Oh! there was a robin dear
In a tree,
And he sang a little song,
All for me;
Oh! he sang a little song,
But he did not sing it long,
For the wind was blowing strong
As could be.

Oh! it blew him far away
Out of sight,
For the snow was falling down
Thick and white.
Oh! it blew him far away,
And I did not care to play
Any more all that day
And that night.

When I said my little prayer
By the bed,
I remembered what my Ma
Once had said,
How God listened to each word;
Then I told Him of the bird
And I'm very sure He heard
What I said.

For the snow it did not stay,
And at dawn
Little robin hopped about
On the lawn;
Oh! he sang a jubilee
In the crooked apple tree,
For the winter, don't you see,
It was gone.

"T is heaven alone that is given away —
'T is only God may be had for the asking."

WHEN ROOSEVELT WAS AFRAID.

It Was a Biblical Phrase That Struck Terror to
Small Teddy's Soul.

President Roosevelt was not always the mighty hunter he is now. He has had his day of being afraid of big game. But that was many years ago, when he was a wee little boy in short trousers and used to play tag in Madison Square in New York.

Opposite the Square, on the east side, stood a Presbyterian church, and the sexton, while airing the building one Saturday, noticed a small boy peering curiously in at the half-open door but making no move to enter.

"Come in, my little man, if you wish to," said the sexton.

"No, thank you," said the boy, "I know what you've got in there."

"I have n't anything that little boys may n't see. Come in."

"I'd rather not," and the juvenile Theodore cast a sweeping and somewhat apprehensive glance around the pews and galleries, and bounded off to play again.

Still the lad kept returning once in a while and peeping in. When he went home that day he told his mother of the sexton's invitation and his unwillingness to accept it.

"But why didn't you go in, my dear?" she asked. "It is the house of God, but there is no harm in entering it quietly and looking about."

With some shyness the little fellow confessed that he was afraid to go in because the zeal might jump out at him from under a pew or somewhere.

"The zeal? What is the zeal?" the mother inquired.

"Why," explained Theodore, "I suppose it is some big animal like a dragon or an alligator. I went there to church last Sunday with Uncle R—, and I heard the minister read from the Bible about the zeal, and it frightened me."

Down came the concordance from the library shelf, and one after another of the texts containing the word "zeal" was read to the child, and his eyes suddenly grew big and his voice excited as he exclaimed:

"That's it — the last you read."

It was Psalm 49:9, "For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." — *Harper's Weekly*.



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

THE SEASON FOR BABIES.

WILHELMINE SMITH.

What is the season for babies?
The early spring when the other flowers
Begin to bloom, when the smiles and showers
Of April days invite with love
To the new-robed earth and the sky above—
Spring is the season for babies.

Summer's the season for babies;
When the whispering leaves are almost still,
The softened murmur from vale and hill,
And the crickets' hum in the grasses deep
Woo to sweet dreams and to restful sleep—
Summer's the season for babies.

Autumn's the season for babies.
Why else do the flowers turn crimson and
gold,
The crisp leaves dance in the soft brown
mold,
The glorious sunsets paint the sky
A brilliant promise of by and by,
If Autumn is not for babies?

Winter's the season for babies.
When earth is wrapped in a blanket of white,
A pure soul comes to the gladdened sight,
Finding a welcome haven of rest
In hearts and home, a warm, loving nest—
Winter's the season for babies.

Our Colorado pictures are "snap-shots"
taken by our artist, Rick.

There are a lot of things that might be
told about the good time we had getting
acquainted with the "Old Rockies," but I
will leave that for the boys. Orion was
along, and he says he's going to give you
the benefit of some of his enjoyment.

Next month we will publish
most desirable books suitable for holiday
gifts to your friends, as it is getting near
the time you will desire such.

Are your parents readers of UNITY? If
not, tell them to send for a sample copy.
It is a 64-page monthly magazine filled
with spiritual life, love, and health, and is
only \$1.00 a year.

In Denver we met many of the dear
Wisdoms. They have a nice large Sunday
School there and the dearest teachers. In
the kindergarten room we tarried to enjoy
the blessed little blossoms that fluttered
like a bed of asters when the south wind is
stirring. Ah! mighty are the thoughts
those blessed blossoms are absorbing, and
their sweet beauty will never be spoiled by
the worms of race, traditions and form.
They are children of the Most High and
they receive gladly their Father's inheri-
tance.

There's a pretty new book lying on our
desk, called "Elsie's Little Brother Tom,"
by Alwyn M. Thurber. Royal discovered
the advent straightway and carried it off to
the "Den," and it must be very entertain-
ing for the boy and the book were insepar-
able until he had completed reading it
through. It advances the truths of the
Science of Being in a clever and most
interesting manner. The story opens with
a charming Christmas scene in Elsie's
home, after which the youthful mind is
carried through the other holidays of the
year with increasing interest. It is prettily
bound and will make a fine birthday or
holiday gift. It is for sale by Unity Tract
Society; price, 75 cents, postpaid.

WEE WISDOM will be furnished in quanti-
ties to Sunday Schools at the followin-
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.



Monday

Sing at your work,
And sing at your
play;
Becheerful and happy,
And make a glad
day.

Tuesday

Love is with me
Through the day,
In my work
And in my play.

Wednesday

Nothing can hurt me,
Nothing can harm;
I dwell in God's love,
I rest on His arm.

Thursday

Like the glad songs
Of beautiful birds,
Are beautiful thoughts
And beautiful words.

Friday

I know the love of
God is here;
I have nothing then
to fear.

Saturday

Be wise, little darling,
Give love, little sweet,
And blessing will fall
From your head to
your feet.

Sunday

Sleep's dear angels
Hover near,
Whispering low that
God is here.