

WEE WISDOM.

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



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YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM



HAT a happy Birthday party WEE WISDOM had! And how proud and glad you have made Ye Editor by the live interest you have shown in making the August number such a success. Why, do you know that somebody intimated that *you* and the "Wee Editors" could get along very well without Ye Editor, what do you think of that? That may be true, but one thing is quite certain, Ye Editor could not get along without *you*.

Blessed Wisdoms! "Ye are the sugar and spice, and all that is nice," of this old prosy world. I am told over and over and over again that the freshness and flavor of your letters and stories are like the breath of morning to many a time-burdened soul. It opens up some way the place in their hearts where happiness and childhood have a hiding place. You see, it is too bad that happiness and childhood have to hide away in the hearts of "grown-ups" to keep old Herod of time and mortality from slaying them altogether. We will have to find a remedy for this. And what shall it be, but to slay the slayer? Who made time and mortality anyway? God never did. He created life and eternity — "without beginning of days or end of years." And do you know, blessed Wisdoms, that *now* it is beginning to be told in the text-books that teach about the body, that everybody has a *new body* once a year? Don't you see what that means, *nobody* can ever get older than a year at most? Isn't that beautiful? And now the right way will be to count no one over a year old. You may be a year old five or six times. Somebody else may be a year old over and over

again till they've been a year old forty or fifty or a hundred times, but that does n't mean age. We must all throw away the old, ugly, worn-out pattern of the race, and *let* the sweet spirit of youth and beauty mould the one-year-body more beautiful and perfect each time. Wouldn't it be great, though, to see your papas and mammas putting on the tender fresh flesh of sweet childhood? And then, to have them drop all care and worry, and let the Great Intelligence rule their lives, and bring into divine order and harmony all the beautiful thoughts and purposes which have waited so long to become manifest. Why, blessed Wisdoms, it's heaven here and now, when we wake to *know* our part and do it.

None of you are too young or too little to speak the word that shall help to free the world from its false sense of life, and bring in the glad day when "we all shall know him from the least to the greatest." "Ye are the light of the world." "Let your light shine." Remember you are letting *your* light shine whenever you think or speak of the highest, best and most beautiful that ever comes into your sweet mind. *You are "Wisdom* uttering itself day after day." You are God's precious mouthpiece, and error has no place or speech in or through *you*. "Ye are of God, little children."

This number has been arranged mostly by "Ye Mr. Editor" and "Ye Wee Editor," for Ye Editor has just arrived in time to meet you in the *Sanctum* before WEE WISDOM goes to press. Everything is all right she knows, and the left-over Birthday matter is as fresh and sweet as if it had been used last month. The dear little letter writers will be sent their cards just as soon as Ye Editor gets unpacked and straightened round.



VOL. VII.

KANSAS CITY, MO., SEPTEMBER, 1902.

No. 2.

Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose.

MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

CHAPTER I.

THE SURPRISE.

“**V**ES, THAT is what I call her, ‘My Rose.’ I transplanted her from ground not far away, and now you see her blooming in my garden. She is a plant that loves sunshine, and like the sunshine she brings a smile to every one who comes her way. I sometimes call her Rainbow Rose, for like that flower she has many tints, and every one carries with it a blessing.”

These were Uncle Noble's words to a friend, and strange to say he was speaking of a little human rose; a living, breathing, speaking blossom of his garden.

“Yes,” he continued, addressing his friend, “school closes next Friday, and I am going to take Rose for a trip to the seaside. I want her to see some of the outside world. Mrs. Pleasant will look after the house here, and I have found a good reliable man to look after the plants during my absence.”

“Then you are not going to take Mrs. Pleasant with you?” inquired the friend.

“No; we thought something of it at first, but Mrs. Pleasant, who is Rose's grandmother, you know, wishes to continue her business selling fruit and flowers on the corner of B— Street.

You have, no doubt, seen her there, and then, too, she says she is no hand to travel, though it's not such a trip.”

“Where do you intend going, may I ask?”

“Certainly; down to Santa Cruz, so Rose can have a taste of sea air.”

“You don't say! Why that's where my wife is to have a cottage, not so far from the beach. By the way, Comfort, my wife has two extra bedrooms she's not using. If you don't care for hotel life, you might find them just the thing, and not so expensive. I am going down myself next week.”

“That is a capital idea, and will suit Rose and myself nicely. If you go down Monday we might all go together.”

“Yes, that's my day. I promised Mrs. Bright and Pansy that I'd be there on Monday for the week. This is my vacation, you see,” and Mr. Bright rubbed his hands together good-naturedly; and after a few more words took leave of Mr. Comfort.

This conversation took place outside of Mr. Comfort's gate.

“I must tell Rose,” said Uncle Noble to himself; “it will please her. Oh, there she comes now from school,” for a little figure in pink was seen just turning the corner, and running toward him,

her brown curls flying in the breeze, and her blue eyes shining. She sprang into his arms, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"O you dear Uncle, I'm so happy! I've a surprise for you. You can never guess it!"

"A surprise for me!" exclaimed Uncle Noble, "well, that's funny, for I was thinking I had one for you. But come in," and Uncle Noble swung the gate wide open. "Let us hear the surprise in the summer house."

"You tell first," said Rose, as she settled herself on the bench at his side.

"No, let me hear yours."

"Very well, I'll tell mine first, for I can hardly wait; and grandma won't be home till after five, so she will have to hear about it later. Prudence sat beside me at recess," continued Rose, pulling a leaf through the lattice as she spoke, "and she said a friend of hers had just gone to Santa Cruz; a little girl named Pansy Bright. She thought we might meet Pansy and Mrs. Bright while we are there, and it would be so nice for us. And Prudence and I are going to correspond, that means write, you know. We had that word in our dictation today at school. But I haven't told you the big surprise, it is this—" and Rose began untying the string of a little package that lay in her lap. "Oh, but you must guess first, Uncle. What do you guess?" and she began rolling it up in her apron.

"Let me see, it's flat like a book. A new copy book?"

"No, try again," cried Rose, elated.

"You're very warm, Uncle."

"A slate?"

"No, of course not; I'll show you. It's a lovely book with good thoughts for every day in the year."

"Where did you get this?" asked Mr. Comfort, taking the little book from Rose's hand.

"From my teacher for keeping up in my class. I've had perfect marks every month. So she gave me this book. She says it will help me do everything well. Now what's your surprise? You haven't told it yet."

"My surprise is, that when we go to Santa Cruz, you and I will live in the Brights' cottage with them, and so you will have the opportunity to become well acquainted with this little Pansy."

"Oh, how lovely, Uncle Noble," and Rose clasped her hands tightly together, a way she had when pleased. "That's a beautiful surprise."

"So is yours, my Rose; I am most pleased that you keep up in your lessons so well. But come, let's go into the house, and after tea we will read a little from this new book of yours."

They rose and went towards the house, for grandma had come to the side door, and was looking for them.

[To be continued.]

"You look very much pleased about something," said a gentleman on a suburban train to the conductor, who was ordinarily a somewhat grim and stern-faced personage.

"I presume so," replied the conductor. "I've just seen a little girl who takes this train to go in to school every morning, and she always smiles up at me when I punch her ticket. I declare, it makes me good-natured for the rest of the trip."

Yet all she did was to smile.

—Selected.

Do you know that every kind act you do and every kind word you speak to a dumb animal will make not only the animal but yourself happier, and not only make you happier, but also better.

—GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE BABY'S FACE.

When evening trains make steam clouds roll,
 Wee Frances runs into the street;
 Near the telegraph pole
 She waits for papa's coming feet;
 Then is her face like some fair lake
 Which sunbeam's kiss awake.

But when he hums a careless tune
 Without a look to see the dear,
 All strewn like flowers in June,
 Her smiles are changed into a tear;
 The dimpled face of pink and white
 Has lost its sunbeams bright.



Ah! now she sees its all in fun,
 For papa seeks now here, now there;
 Around the pole he'll run
 And cry, "O, there she is! take care!"
 Then on his shoulder she rides home,
 Sweet home! his work is done.

— Told by MAMMA.

Like the shining stars of night
 Are thoughts of love and right.
 Like the clouds that hide from sight
 Are the thoughts and words that bite.

THE FIRST NEW DRESS.

A Story From Real Life.

COUSIN JO.



AM so tired of these made-over dresses!" said Nora Baxter in a discouraged tone, looking down at her dingy gray dress.

"You ungrateful girl! Many a poor child would be glad of that dress," replied her mother, glancing severely at Nora.

"No, mamma, I am not ungrateful, but I do long for a brand new dress bought purposely for me. Here I am ten years old and never had a dress that was not made out of my sister's, or somebody's old back breadths. Every spring I look at the apple trees in their lovely white and pink blossoms and say to myself, "Oh, would I could blossom into such beauty!"

Mrs. Baxter turned quickly and scanned her daughter's face with a new interest. The tone in the child's voice touched her with its longing and regret, for usually Nora was the life of the house, and no one imagined she had a thought of anything but having a good time.

"Well," said her mother, "why don't you earn one?"

"Earn one! What could I do to make money?" eagerly cried Nora.

"You could dry apples this fall and save the money for a winter dress," said Mrs. Baxter with a smile. The smile meant a good deal, but Nora did not notice it in her excitement, for her vivid imagination showed her the new dress complete and ready for use.

Nora went at this work as she did with her play, with might and main. Day after day, she pared and sliced apples, spread them on sheets in the sun to dry, watching them faithfully,

turning them, taking them in at night, and carrying them out in the morning. She would be distressed when she saw how they shriveled and how little they weighed after all her work, but her mother encouraged her and assisted at odd intervals.

She also prodded her on with such remarks as these: "Your father does not believe you will stick to this work until you have enough money to buy the dress," or, "Mrs. Sawyer said the other day, 'What! that Tom-boy drying apples to buy a new dress? Let me know when she does. Such a joke her attempting it! Who would have thought such an idea could enter her head.'"

Nora looked indignant, and said with a toss of her head, "Oh, she has not worn old dresses all her life. She has dresses and dresses."

It took three months' work, for dried apples sold at a very low price in Maine, and there must be many pounds after they were dried to bring the required amount, for Nora had stipulated the dress should not have one bit, of cotton in it.

"I am so tired of goods that has cotton mixed in it. It never looks rich," she remarked to her mother, one day when they were talking over what material and color she should buy.

Many a good time she gave up, many a chance to go beach-nutting, and she dearly loved the woods; its brooks, its leafy shade, the birds and squirrels, the wild flowers and winding paths. She would exclaim enthusiastically after an afternoon's romp there, "Oh, there is such life in the woods! I wish I were a bird to fly so far and high!" She was repressed a great deal at home, and the freedom of the woods enchanted her.

At last she had enough pounds of apples they thought to pay for the dress, so Nora and her mother went to

the neighboring town to dispose of them and buy the dress.

One man said he had all he wanted for the present, another was very sharp and tried to get the apples so cheap there would not be enough money to buy the dress. Nora became so exasperated she stopped at the door as she was going and called back to him, "I hope you have no girls!" Nora's mother went back to apologize for her daughter's remark, and explained that Nora's keen disappointment caused her to forget her manners. The men, sitting around the stove, chuckled low, as if they enjoyed the little episode. Finally they found a customer and sold the apples, and Nora chose the dress. She was a positive little body, and had decided that the dress must be blue, because her hair was red, and it was then considered the proper thing for a red-haired girl to wear blue, though she dearly liked pink. She chose a blue and white plaid. Oh, the relief of that decision!

Arriving home, the dress was displayed to each member of the family, admired, put away, taken out again and placed on the table where she could see it the moment she awakened in the morning.

Nora had seen a little girl from Boston with a particular kind of sleeve that she wanted very much. She described it to her mother, and had quite set her heart upon having this fancy sleeve. "You know, mamma, everything about the dress must be new and tasty," Nora would repeatedly say.

When the dress was finished and tried on the sleeve did not give satisfaction. "It does not fall right. It does not look like the Boston girl's."

"Why, Nora, do you expect me to compete with a Boston dressmaker, and I have not even seen the sleeve," said Mrs. Baxter.

"But, mamma, I want everything just so about the first real dress I ever have had," sorrowfully exclaimed Nora.

"Oh, child, you do so set your heart on things. How many times you will be disappointed in this world! Why, no one ever had a dress just exactly as they would like to have it."

Nora went to bed very dissatisfied, but she rose bright and cheerful the next morning, described the sleeve very minutely to her mother, laughingly saying, "I was shown how it was made in a dream."

Mrs. Baxter remodeled it, and Nora tried the dress on, and as she surveyed herself in the mirror she triumphantly said, "There, that is the way it ought to look."

Her brother Charles remarked, "Isn't she a vain little noodle! But, mamma, that was funny about the dream. One would have thought she called upon the Boston dressmaker, she described it so accurately. She's a great one."

One of Mrs. Sawyer's girls was to have a birthday party, and Nora was invited. She wore her new dress, and when she walked into the parlor she felt embarrassed for she was very conscious of her "bran new" dress.

Mrs. Sawyer said, "Nora, come here and let me see your new dress." She surveyed the dress and exclaimed, "This is the dress she has earned herself, girls, by drying apples. Nora, you look fine, and the blue is just the color of your eyes, and you have the prettiest blue eyes I ever saw in a child's head."

Nora had never had a compliment in her life. Her people did not believe in praising children for fear of making them vain. Nora's eyes deepened, the color flamed into her cheeks, and she said impulsively, "I will never forget you the longest day I live."

There was a hearty laugh, and all turned to see Mr. Sawyer standing in the doorway.

"And I say, Nora, you are the pluckiest little girl for ten miles around. The way you stuck to that apple paring this fall is a lesson to us all. You look like a peach in that new gown, and many another you will earn or I miss my guess."

Oh, such a happy girl as Nora was that afternoon. Her laugh rang out above all the others. She was the ring-leader in all the games, and helped to make the party a great success. When she went home she bounded into the house and exclaimed to her mother, "The happiest time of my life! The very finest party that I ever attended." Then followed the most animated description with minute details of the music, the games, the dances, the refreshments; then she finished with what Mr. Sawyer said, for she was fond of "Uncle Jim," as she called him, though he was no relative, only a man with a warm heart for children.

Mrs. Baxter quietly remarked, "See what perseverance and patience accomplished in one instance. So it is through life; those two qualities are foundation stones on which you build your character, strong and abiding. Remember this, daughter, and when you become discouraged say, 'I have shown that I have persistence and patience in little things, and I can use them again until everything I attempt I will carry through to fulfillment.'"

The good and the true
Are blessing you.
You pass them along
With your word and song.

BABY SISTERS.

DOROTHY P. LOTHROP.

BABY sisters as a general thing are very nice, but when they are very little they cry a little too much, but they are very sweet all the same.

When they are a little older then you



have to take them out in carriages. You think that is fun at first, but soon you get rather tired of it; but when they are a little older, in short clothes, and they commence to walk and talk I like them a great deal better, in fact I love them a great deal better; then still more when they are at the age when they say cute things. As I have one, I know.

Sometimes she says such funny things, and again such dear little things. Once

my sister was hopping up and down on one foot in an ecstasy of excitement and said, "Mamma, Mamma, there is a really, trully big black snake on you." Mamma said she expected to find a worm of some size on her, but Gertrude calmly remarked, "I thought that it was a black thread but it was only a big black snake." The worm was about half an inch long.

Then Gertrude was in the habit of saying, "Who do you love best, Dorothy or me?" and Mamma would say, "I love you both best;" but one day sister said, "I know who you love best," and Mamma said, "Who?" and Gertrude said (the unexpected answer), "God." Gertrude has referred to it often to Mamma as a secret, although we all know it.

Sisters are very nice to have pillow fights with in the morning, but I don't know about them in the morning before you are awake, at about half-past five or six o'clock. They come in and hug you and kiss you to wake you up, and their hugs are enough to squeeze your neck out of joint. They are very nice to play with, but if you want to read a little they come and want you to play with them. After a lot of teasing you say, "Yes, what do you want to play?" "Play house" is always the answer, and the expected answer, for I have had experience and ought to know. But sister is willing to play whatever we want to.

She is a generous little thing. When we were on the cars coming down here to the sea shore a lady commenced talking to her and she said, "Won't you come and live with me?"

Sister said, "No."

The lady said, "I haven't any little girls."

"Haven't you any little boys?"

"No."

"Well, you have lots of big folks?"
 "Yes, but I haven't any little folks."
 "Why don't you buy a little girl?"
 "Oh, I haven't money enough."

Sister said quickly, "Mamma, where is my pocket book?"

Her pocket book had four cents in it.

Sisters are nice when you want to have plays, so that you can have them for fairies.

My sister has a great way of climbing. She climbs to the top peg of the clothes-tree. The clothes-tree looks as if it were going to fall over every minute. She climbs on the top of sheds and tries to climb the trees; she climbs the fences and everything there is to climb, in a way to make one shiver.

Once Mamma reproved her for climbing so much, and said that she might fall. Gertrude said, "Mamma, you can't fall unless you're afraid."

So all of you Wee Wisdoms who have baby sisters had better watch for the cunning things and remember them; for you might want to make use of them as I have.

I have forgotten most of sister's cute sayings.

UNCLE JOHN'S COLUMN.

[Extract from a private letter]

"We have a little wooden box hanging up on the wall in our Unity School. Burnt into the wood are the words: '*This society is supported by the voluntary contributions of its friends and members.*' I looked into the box the other day, and tucked away in a corner, neatly rolled up in a little ball, was a 'five-dollar William' taking a snooze. You see, we never beg nor ask for help, but our friends are good to us always. We thought we would like to send this 'five-dollar William' (bill) as our School's birthday present to our dear WEE WISDOM paper."

[WEE WISDOM returns grateful thanks to Uncle John and the Unity School at Merchantville, N. J., and affirms for these generous souls the "full measure, pressed down and running over" that must always come through loving giving.—ED.]

"QUACK! QUACK!"

(A true story.)

ARDALE ROLLWAGE.

LAST summer there was a mother duck and three little ducks living in the back yard, and one evening we heard her say, "Quack, quack, quack," and when someone would go to the back door she would turn toward where a new picket fence was being put.

The following morning there were two little ducks missing, and the mother duck was going all over the yard very unhappy, crying, "Quack, quack," and a lady seeing she had only one duck asked the children to hunt for the other two; so they went out to look for them, and the mother duck seeing the children went out to where there were holes dug for posts, and stood saying, "Quack, quack, quack," and in one of those holes were found the two lost ducks, and both were alive.

I think if we would listen to dumb creatures they would often tell us about their troubles, and we could help them.

THE VISIT OF LADYBUG.

MRS. S. J. BRIGHAM.

Ladybug, ladybug,
 Don't fly away;
 I am so lonely,
 I want you to stay.

Show me your poppy-gown
 With the spots on it;
 Where is your parasol?
 Where is your bonnet?

Ladybug, ladybug,
 Show me your wings;
 Where have you hidden
 The beautiful things?

Little maid, little maid,
 Thank you, I'll stay;
 I live in Sweet-Pea land
 Just over the way.

Call at my garden
 Whenever you please;
 I'll give the sweet blossoms
 To you and the bees

Goodbye, little maid,
 I must fly away home;
 You will be welcome
 Whenever you come.

—Selected.

THE GAME OF MASKS.

ANITA TRUEMAN.

IN THE beautiful kindergarten of God the teachers, who are bright angels, gave to each child a mask to play with.

These masks were very curious. By looking at them you could see just what the children who wore them were thinking about. When the child was happy, the mask smiled, and glowed with love. When the child was jealous, or angry, or selfish, the mask looked very ugly.

The children were very pleased with these lovely gifts, and had no end of fun reading each other's thoughts. Each child tried to make his mask as pretty as possible by thinking beautiful thoughts.

"I know what you are thinking about," said one child to another, "you are thinking about our sweet teacher Truth, for your mask looks ever so much like her face now."

"So I was! Did you really see it by the mask? You must be thinking about Sunshine, the kind teacher who comes to us in the morning. Your mask is shining just like her face."

"How lovely! I wonder if we could make our masks look like Love? I think she is the best of all our teachers."

"So do I. Let's try."

So they thought about the beautiful angel teacher Love until their masks became beautiful as her own dear, smiling face.

Just then the teachers brought in a great many pretty toys, and gave one to each child. After that the teachers went away, and what do you think the children did?

As soon as the teachers were out of sight, the children began to play with their new toys, and forgot about their masks. Some of them were very happy about the new playthings, and their masks showed it. But some of them were not satisfied, and some of

them even grew angry with each other about them. And the tell-tale masks showed it all. Soon one of the teachers came in and saw what the children were thinking about. Then she said very gently and kindly, "My dear little ones, do you know that the masks we gave you always show what you are thinking about? When you are playing, every thought can be seen. Then, too, every thought helps to make your mask beautiful or else ugly. Now, we gave you the masks for you to make them more beautiful by thinking sweet, loving thoughts. What have you been thinking about your play? It is all written on the masks. I can see every thought."

"Oh, dear," cried one child, "my mask must be just ugly now. I have been thinking angry thoughts. What shall I do?"

"I'll tell you," another little one answered. "Let's all think about our lovely teachers, and that will chase all the bad thoughts away."

Then the other teachers came in, and the children formed a ring about them, and sang a sweet little song, until every mask beamed with thoughts of Love and Truth and Beauty.

Do you know, dear children, that our own faces are like those masks? Let us think about Kindness, and Love, and Peace, and Wisdom, till our faces beam like the faces of angels.—*Selected.*

OUT IN THE MEADOW.

ALWIN M. THURBER.

Where are you going, my little Bo-Peep?
Haven't you found your little lost sheep?
What are you seeking for, little Boy Blue?
Isn't there some one out looking for you?
Dear little treasures, how came you to stray
Ever so far from your mammas away?
Here, take this daisy, and here is a pink,
Now you will scamper for home, I think.
Little Bo-Peep and our little Boy Blue,
Surely your mammas are looking for you.



CHARLESTON, WASH.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—In regard to your letter on the 19th, I did invite the *WEE WISDOM* already in June for another year by sending 25 cents for the *WEE WISDOM* and for Aunt Mary's flower card, what I read. Thanks for it, and I rec'd a postal card telling that you got the money. Hoping that I will get the dear little paper for I can't part with it, I remain yours in love,

ELLA DRENKAHN.



SAN JOSE, CALIF.

DEAR *WEE WISDOM*—I am a little girl eight years old and live in San Jose, California. I have never seen any snow, but I am going to Tennessee to spend next winter with my grandma, and I hope the snow will be deep so I can have some sleigh rides. We are Truth students, and the Truth helps me very much. I have a Spitz dog named Zip, and a white cat and three grey kittens. My white cat has one blue eye and one yellow one. Zip loves the kittens and chews them and washes them like their mother does. I will close now and write more some other time.

Your little friend, HELEN KNOX.



144 37th St., CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR *WEE WISDOM*: My letter will have to go in the September number, tomorrow being the 15th of August. I have just returned from a three weeks' "outing" in the country, at a summer resort near Laporte, Ind., kept by an aunt of mine. Although there were no children among the regular guests I did not have to go far to find them; for there were six of them living on the other side of the road. I had many a frolic with them. I also met three very nice children, a boy and two sweet little girls, at the home of Mrs. W. They were attracted by my playing on an organ. They lived on the other side of the street from Mrs. W. Every time they heard the music, whenever I called there, they would come running over. They were neatly and prettily dressed, with bare feet, the usual style in the country. The youngest one, Annie, was about four year old and the greatest little "chatterbox" I ever knew. She made friends with me at once. She asked me, "Why don't you come over to our house?" She invited me to call as she went out,

the last time I saw her. Her sister's name was Myrtle. I did not learn the name of their brother; he came over only once. I hope I will see all these dear children again when I go down again next summer. One day when I was going down into the town, I met a little girl about seven years old who looked up into my face with a bright smile saying, "Hello!" to me. I had never seen her before, and, therefore, I didn't know who she was. She spoke to me simply because she recognized a friend in me. On two other occasions children, who were utter strangers to me, have so recognized me during my visit to the country. Two children were sitting on a door-step as I went by, and one of them said, "Hello!" to me. Another pretty little girl, with golden ringlets, smiled at me! Isn't it nice to have all children love you so much? As this letter has been long enough I will close. I will tell you about my flowers in my next letter.

Your friend in Love and Truth,

WALTER S. WELLER.

P. S.—I have not sold any of the seeds that I mentioned in a previous letter. I am willing to give them to any of your readers who would like to send for them. I have Morning Glory, Japanese Dolchos, Single Sunflower, Double Holyhock, Marigold and mixed Sweet Peas. I will send any of these, postpaid, to any address. I would like to correspond with Edna Bosche, of St. Louis. I saw her letter in August *WEE WISDOM*.

—W. S. W.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

I am a little girl. My name is Ethel Jones. I am 8 years young. I live in St. Louis. I go to the Divine Sunday School. I take *WEE WISDOM*. I am a happy little girl every day. I read some beautiful letters. I sing a beautiful song every day. I send my love to all little Wees.

Your dear, ETHEL JONES.

P. S.—I hope my letter is good enough to print.



HOLINGROVE, BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I thought I would write and tell you how I enjoy dear *WEE WISDOM*. It teaches us to be kind, loving and truthful to every one. I would not live without it for anything. My auntie and uncle take a book called *UNITY* which is very nice indeed. I will enclose in this letter fifty cents for another twelve months' visit from dear *WEE WISDOM*. I am your friend in love and truth,

RAYMOND A. HILL.

P. S.—I enclose 10 cents for a Moss card. I wish to know what they are for. —R. A. H.

Wee Wisdom

NORTH TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am writing you this little letter to thank you for publishing my little story. You may be sure I felt quite pleased to see it in print. I also thank you for sending me so many WEE WISDOMS, and I am going to distribute them among my friends. As I have only ten cents at present I enclose it in case you might have one or two WEE WISDOMS of the August number to spare. With best wishes for you and all the Wee Wees, I remain, your loving friend,

A. IGOE.



CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR FRIEND—I send you my picture reading WEE WISDOM. I am five years old. I have a kittie and ten dolls. With love,

MARGARET HAIGHT.



SHOSHONE, IDAHO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I live about two miles from town. There are plenty of shade trees around the house with sage brush and lava rocks decorating the desert. The desert is only good for sheep or cattle. But there are so many sheep that the cattle men are crowded out. The ranches are along the river on

the account of them having to irrigate. When we first came down here there were thousands of rabbits in just a little part of the field. But they have had so many rabbit drives that they are not so thick, but they still injure the crops. Our dog and I go out chasing the rabbits. Each day he catches one or two rabbits. I send 50cts to renew my subscription. Please send the July number. With love,

VERNE MILLSAPS.



EAST HAMPTON, MAINE.

DEAR FRIENDS—I thank you very much for sending me the Flower and Truth card. I think the words on the Truth card are lovely and I am going to learn them. Lovingly,

LORENA H. MURCH.

[They are words of life and health, and we hope all will learn them.—ED.]



WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a story about pets. My brother and I have several pets, and I would like to tell you about them. First I will tell you we have two pet pigs and one puppy we have a bantam hen, and rooster and I have a large blue hen and we have a cat. I have a flower garden and my brother has a vegetable garden. I have Poppies, Candytuft, Adonis and Portulacca. My little brother has corn and field peas in his garden. I have a few pieces of Geranium. My little brother's name is Elbert; he is seven years young, he likes to hear me read your little stories. August is my birthday too; I will be twelve the twenty-seventh day of August. I would like to have a Flower card if you have one to spare. Lots of the children seem to be much pleased with the Flower cards. I hope you will have a nice time at the birthday party. I only wish I could be with you. I will close for this time by saying, Your true friend,

GUSSIE M. SORUTHERLAND.

P. S.—My little brother would like a Flower card too if you have one to spare. Enclose find ten cents.



WEBSTER, KANSAS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I am a little boy ten years old. My birthday was the sixteenth of this month. My papa is a farmer. I have a cow and calf that are my own and I have two nice kitties and one dog. I have a drum and little wagon. I like to go to school. I read in the Fourth Reader. My mamma takes the UNITY and likes it very much, and I love WEE WISDOM and I like to read the letters that the children write. Will you

please send me a Truth card if you have one to spare. I enclose a two cent stamp.

Your loving friend, LOUIS R. MCOMB.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM -- This is the first letter I write to you. I was in the country a week. I saw a big snake. I had a good time in field trying to catch a rabbit. I get the dear little paper at the Sunday School of Practical Christianity. I like to read the little stories from it. I like to have a Truth card. I will close with love,



JULIUS SCHULT.

CAMDEN, N. J.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am ten years old and I have never written to you before, and I hope you will put my letter in WEE WISDOM. A strange cat came in my bedroom this morning when I was getting dressed and I could not get any further because it wanted to be loved and petted all the time, so I spent about half an hour in loving and petting it. At last it acted as though it smelt a rat or a mouse (either one or the other) and so let me get dressed as far as my apron, then I tied a blue ribbon around the cat's neck and it looked very pretty, but I could not admire it too long for I to breakfast must go. From your loving friend,

GERTRUDE TRAUBEL.



BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I like WEE WISDOM very much, and wish to have her visit us all again. I go to school and like to read, write and sing. I love my teacher very much. I am a big girl 9 years old, and I have a pet kitten and a pet chicken. Goodbye, your friend in love,



JESSIE R. HILL.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I am a little boy 11 years old. I go to school and I am in the third grade. We have a large yard and garden, and I love to work in the garden and among the flowers, and gather the fruit. We have a cow and some chickens. The rooster will eat out of my hand and so will some of the chickens. I love all kinds of birds and animals. I love WEE WISDOM better than any other book. I have a little sister and her name is Jessie. She is writing to you today. I will close now. Your little friend,



ROWLAND HILL.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — One morning when I looked out of my aunt's window I saw a sparrow's nest. It had five speckled eggs in it. I watched the nest a great deal and once I saw the mother and father birds fly away. Please send a flower card. Lovingly,

VERA MILLER.



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON X. SEPTEMBER 7.

The Prophet Like Moses.
Deut. 18:9-19.

GOLDEN TEXT — *This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world.* — John 6:14.

A prophet is a teacher sent of God to tell the truth. He has to be perfect or he could not tell the whole truth. His eyes must be spiritual, and his heart full of love or he would fail.

Now, who is this prophet sent of God? Is he only to be found in Jesus, Moses and John? We know that Jesus said, "I am come to do the will of him that sent me," and Moses was told by God to tell the children of Israel, when he went down to save them from Egypt, "I AM hath sent me unto thee," and of the other prophet it is said, "There was a man sent of God whose name was John." Truly these were all sent of God with a message of light into the world, but God has also sent a message by each one of us. This is the reason Jesus said, "Let your light shine." The best teacher we have is our own, true, divine self. I know several little boys and girls who have learned to call on this perfect teacher whenever they are puzzled over their lessons in school, or when they cannot understand what they are reading, and it seems hard to learn, and help often comes to them very quickly.

You may all do this, but first you must get very still so that you can catch the teacher's voice, for He does not talk in the outer ear but in the heart. Jesus and Moses knew this, so they often went up on a high mountain to get away from all noise, and there listened to the still small voice. The Christ of each heart is the real prophet, and God has put words of life in his mouth so that when he speaks he heals the sick in body and the sick in soul.

LESSON XI. SEPTEMBER 14.

Loving and Obeying God.
Deut. 30:11-20.

GOLDEN TEXT — *For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments.* — I. John 5:3.

All little children love to choose. In your games you choose partners and sides, and after you become a little older you will like to select your own clothes and choose the colors you want to wear, and your choice shows your taste. So it is with your character. We say, "A man is known by the company he keeps." The real company you keep, or entertain, are your thoughts, and as you here select wisely and well you prove that you belong to God. We each have a large field to choose from. This field has weeds and flowers all in a tangled mass growing together, or as our lesson says, "I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing." No one can really choose for you, not even your dear mother, although she so kindly helps you to make a happy choice. Choosing is a very important thing, especially when it comes to choosing heart company, called thoughts, but you will always be guided wisely if you ever remember that good is real and evil unreal. Jesus Christ chose to serve and love God when he was only twelve years old, but I expect he had to make a fresh choice every day of his life.

What you would like to do and be, you have to keep before you, like a pattern, every moment in order to weave it into your life. If there is a library in your town (or if in any other way you can get the book) ask for Hawthorn's "Snow Image and Other Talks," turn in it to the story called, "The Great Stone Face," and you will learn how one little boy, called Earnest, became a Christ-child by looking often at the angel in the great stone face.

LESSON XII. SEPTEMBER 21.

The Death of Moses. Deut. 34:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Lord spake unto Moses face to face.*—Ex. 33:11.

Although this lesson is called the death of Moses, it is not like a usual death, for there is no body left to be buried by his friends, and we have reason to believe he did not die of sickness.

It must have been that Moses used his great God-power to make his body disappear from mortal eyes; just as Jesus could do with his when he was in danger. Moses had certainly learned from God up in the mountains some wonderful things, some of which we have been studying, such as the turning of the bitter water into sweet, and the bringing down of the manna in the desert.

God's world is full of wonders that we know little about but no doubt you children will learn to uncover some of these later on, and our dear

WEE WISDOM is trying to help you do this very thing.

What a beautiful sight it must have been to have seen this old man of one hundred and twenty years, with the beauty and strength of a young man, and eyes as strong as a child's. You all know what gave him this beauty, youth and power. It must have been a young heart, beautiful thoughts and faith in God. He certainly did not waste his time and force thinking about evil, getting angry, and doing unkind things. His life was taken up loving God, and so at the end he overcame even the last enemy called death.

LESSON XIII. SEPTEMBER 28.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Thou shalt remember the Lord thy God.*—Deut. 8:18.

* * *

LESSON I. JULY 6.

The Giving of Manna. Ex. 16:4-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Give us this day our daily bread.*—Matt. 6:11.

Good, being my God, I can never lack any blessing. Truth is the manna from heaven that is always falling all about me.

* * *

LESSON II. JULY 13.

The Ten Commandments—Duties to God. Ex. 20:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.*—Luke 10:27.

God, the Good, being all there really is, I will love it in myself until I can see it everywhere.

* * *

LESSON III. JULY 20.

The Ten Commandments—Duties to Men. Ex. 20:12-17.

GOODEN TEXT—*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*—Matt. 19:19.

Loving God, the Good, in myself, makes it easy to love God, the Good, in my neighbor.

* * *

LESSON IV. JULY 27.

Worshiping the Golden Calf. Ex. 32:1-6, 30-35.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*—Ex. 20:3.

Good, being my God, I shall think of good before I speak and before I act, thus Good shall be the only God and power to me.

* * *

LESSON V. AUGUST 3.

The Tabernacle. Ex. 40:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.*—Ps. 100:4.

I am a temple of praise not made with human hands, and God the Good dwells in my heart of thanksgiving.

* * *

LESSON VI. AUGUST 10.

Temperance Lesson. Lev. 10:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Let us watch and be sober.*—I. Thes. 5:6.

I will always keep my mental eyes on Divine Love, the fire of God, then no evil can have power in or over me.

* * *

LESSON VII. AUGUST 17.

Journeying Toward Canaan.

Num. 10:11-13, 29-36.

GOLDEN TEXT—*For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me*—Ps. 31:3.

I am led away from all evil, sorrow, sin, fear, pain, and into all good, peace, harmony, love, truth, because I trust and place faith in God.

* * *

LESSON VIII. AUGUST 24.

Report of the Spies. Num. 13:26-14:4.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Blessed is that man who maketh the Lord his trust.*—Ps. 40:4.

Truth is within me. Truth alone can be trusted. Blessed are the truth students for they see God the Good.

* * *

LESSON IX. AUGUST 31.

The Brazen Serpent. Num. 21:1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT—*And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up.*—John 3:14.

I will lift up, by faith and love, my human, mortal self until it becomes united with my Divine Immortal Self.

LESSON X. SEPTEMBER 7.

The Prophet Like Moses.
Deut. 18:9-19.

GOLDEN TEXT—*This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world.*—John 6:14.

The Spirit of Truth within me is the true teacher; it puts true words in my mouth and true thoughts in my heart.

* * *

LESSON XI. SEPTEMBER 14.

Loving and Obeying God.
Deut. 30:11-20.

GOLDEN TEXT—*For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments.*—I. John 5:3.

Just saying that I love the Good is not enough; I must prove this by living it everywhere I am.

* * *

LESSON XII. SEPT. 21.

The Death of Moses. Deut. 34:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Lord spake unto Moses face to face.*—Ex. 33:11.

Just as Moses, although one hundred and twenty years old, never grew weak and old, but always kept a young and beautiful face and clear eye, so I will let the All Good keep me. A healthy mind makes a healthy body.

A LULLABY.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

The music of the pines across the silver sea
Is bearing, sweet one, a dainty dream to thee;
Thousand stars in heaven are lulling thee to
rest,
Singing ever, "Little one, hush thee in thy
nest.

Birds warbling melodies in tender notes so
sweet;
Grasses nodding dreamily ever at our feet;
Many leaves are whispering to the gentle breeze
Sweet little hushabyes from the forest trees;
And now, my love, my darling, close thy sleepy
eyes,
Rest the dreamy little lids till the bright sun-
rise."

I love everybody, and everybody
loves me.



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

Ye Editor has been away since our last sanctum meeting, and had a delightful time. Met Katherine and a number of Wees in Denver, but the Wee-est Wee there was Baby Cobbett, the sweetest little bit of *im*-mortality you can imagine, and she began Leo Virgo's course of lessons in the College at the tender age of not quite two weeks, and finished them at a little past three. Some other dear little girls came to the College, and we had good times together. They have promised to let *you* hear of them through WEE WISDOM, and we shall expect their visit soon. *They* will read this, and it will remind them of their promise. In Pueblo we met Joy and Blanche and a number of our blessed Wisdoms. But one of the features of our morning lessons was the number of Wee Wee-ests that were present, and they were just as good and happy as they could be, for Truth is the natural atmosphere for the blessed Wee-ests. Some of them are to visit us in photo later on, and tell their own story.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We wish to call the attention of our dear readers to the fact that subscriptions should be renewed not later than the date which appears on the label with your name and address, or otherwise

your name is removed from the list. Also that subscriptions to WEE WISDOM must be paid in advance. We must do this for the reason that such a large number of our readers are receiving the paper through the loving kindness of friends who have subscribed for them, but for one year only, and when the time is out, if not renewed by you, you see no one is responsible for its cost in making you further visits.

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We recommend only the books of highest sentiment and teaching of Truth. The following books were written especially for young folks, and are bright, entertaining and instructive. They make beautiful love offerings to your little friends.

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Illustrated. The first and second volumes are short Truth stories, poems, etc.; Vol III. is a complete story in itself, entitled, "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key."

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