

Vol. 7.

KANSAS CITY, MO., JUNE, 1903.

No. 11.



THE INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY,

95 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Dear Mrs. Fillmore — I want to congratulate you on your little paper, Wee Wisdom, which came to headquarters this morning. The little Sunshine Department is especially entertaining, and I am sure would be appreciated by all this children. Wishing Wee Wisdom a large circulation, I am, Yours faithfully in sunshine or shade,

CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN,

President General.

THE A of B's of C.

Queer things had been happening in the little village of Colford. Old Mrs. Green, who lives alone in the little house at the end of the road, had ordered a cord of wood to be drawn on Thursday afternoon. That evening, when she started for the prayer meeting, the wood was in her door-yard. When she returned, an hour and a half later, it was sawed, split, and neatly tiered in the wood-house.

Alton Ray, the little lame boy, found a new crutch mysteriously replacing the old battered one that hurt his shoulder.

Patrick Halliday's onion bed on Tuesday night was running over with weeds, and the next morning not a weed was to be seen. Patrick himself believed it to be the work of the fairies, but since they were evidently well disposed toward him, he was not at all disturbed.

An air of mystery pervaded the whole village. Every one talked of the strange happenings which no one seemed able to explain. It was not generally known that a new society had been organized among the boys and girls of the village.

It was called the A or B's of C. Only the initiated knew that the letters stood for "Association of Brownies of Colford." Weekly meetings were held on Tuesday afternoons. The members were asked to contribute written suggestions for helping others.

It was Helena Bradford who suggested weeding the onion bed. Her father was the village doctor, and Helena had overheard poor old Patrick in her father's office complaining of his rheumatic shoulders.

It was Eddie Hollister who suggested that the nickel collection be used for the new crutch.

Flossie Ryan told the society of the hard times that had come to the Mullens family. Mr. Mullens had been sick for weeks, Mrs. Mullens needed to work to supply the wants of the family. She was strong and willing to work, but the babies took all her time. The result of this information was that six Brownies were appointed to visit in turn at the Mullens' house, and beg the privilege of taking care of Billie and the twins Of course the during a morning. Brownies went disguised as young girls, and grateful Mrs. Mullens never suspected the truth.

The Association is adding to its membership, and its work is being carried on stealthily and with merry good-will after true Brownie fashion.

— By Adelaide Denning Newton, selected by DONNA.

"Wherever love may guide me No want will turn me back; Bright skies shine ever o'er me, No good thing can I lack."



VOL. VII.

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A SONG OF JOY.

Happy am I as the thrushes that sing; Happy as Nature that welcomes the Spring; Glad as the flowers that drink the cool rain, For sweet joy has kissed me again and again.

Happy am I every hour of the day,

For I live in the woods and bathe in the spray;

My home is the hearts of all souls that are bright,

For I am the child of God's Wonderful Light!

— WINIFRED A. COOK.

RAINDROP STORIES.

UITE a shower of stories.

storietts and essays fell into my hands one day when the dear Ye Editor asked me to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest " all that these stories had What a refreshing shower it was, fairly glistening like raindrops in the sunshine, with joy and love and life, and above all, with sweet expressions of a desire to serve and bless others. This proves that the little readers of WEE WISDOM have not passed its teachings by unheeded, but are opening their hearts more and more to receive the lessons which the Spirit of Truth is speaking through everything, even so small a thing as a raindrop.

It was most difficult to come to a decision as to which was the best one of them all, when all were so good, but the committee has made the choice, and we will all abide by it without a single regret that ours was not the one chosen, but with loving congratulations to the

one to whom the prize was awarded.

Among others of merit we must speak of one story written by one of the older contestants, with a thread of romance woven into it. It is well written, but our Wees are not ready for just that kind of a story as yet. Sweet, simple, child-life is what we give our thought to at present. Another story is quite a scientific description of the nature of and the changes possible to a raindrop, and the amonnt of knowledge displayed was quite astonishing to some of us grown-ups.

So we might go on and on mentioning good points in these beautiful little stories, but space forbids. Some of them will be published. Try again, Sweethearts, you are just getting into the way of putting your thoughts into form on paper, and I expect other opportunities will be given you; then, perhaps, your story will be the prize winner, and I hope I may have the pleasure of reading them all again like I did this time.— JENNIE H. CROFT.

P. S.—I have a dear little Wee in my home who calls me "Aunt Johnnie" (there was a time when he could not say Jennie), and he loves Wee Wisdom, and gives me no peace until I read him all there is in the paper as soon as I take it home to him.— J. H. C.

[&]quot;Who blesses others in his daily deeds
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
And every flower in other's pathway strewn
Confers a pleasing fragrance of his own."



THE PRIZE STORY.

BY CYNTHIA KNOWLES.

EAR little Raindrop, where did you come from, and what do you do?

"My little girl, do you wish to know about such a tiny creature as I? Well, the first I remember, I was playing on the beach with a host of brothers and sisters. We were dancing about and throwing the pink shells up over the white sand, when a Sunbeam whispered softly in my ear, saying, 'Dear little Raindrop, would you like to go with me up in the bright sky?'

"Why, yes, I'd go anywhere with you."

What a nice time we had. We rode over mountains and plains. Up! Up! till I met millions of other little Raindrops just like me. The wind came along with a voice all could hear and said, "I have a mission for everyone of you."

We all danced for joy, for we were tired sailing about with nothing to do. And as we started we heard the still small voice of Mother Nature saying, "My little pansies are all dying of hunger and thirst, so please come quickly in nice little showers and gladden the grain and all the flowers."

So when we reached the earth each one of us began to work out our own little mission. We saw a tree by the roadside with its leaves all dusty and limp, so many of us danced and patted on the leaves. Soon the tree began to clap its hands with joy. Then the birds came and gave a concert in the tree till we were happy as we could be. The beautiful sun said, "Well done; I will now reward you in the sight of all the people."

We were in a semi-circle when the beautiful Sunbeams waved a magic wand and in a moment dressed us in bright colors—red, orange, yellow, green, violet, and blue. The earth people all exclaimed, "What a beautiful sight! A Rainbow! A Rainbow!"

Then we vanished away until we should be needed another day.

The Four Second Best Raindrop Stories.

A RAINDROP.

JULIET LUCK.

[11 years old]

CAME rushing, bounding out of the darkness into the light and sunshine with many others of my kind into a clear pool.

"Where am I?" I asked Mother Earth.

"You are resting safely on my breast, dear, but some day you will go to old Father Ocean."

I trembled and sparkled in an ecstacy of delight. I looked around and saw beautiful grass, flowers and trees and many little drops like me tumbling over the pebbles, and I wanted to play, too, but mother said, "Wait, dear, until Father Ocean calls you."

One day I began to feel so queer, I got lighter and lighter; soon I began to feel myself going up, up, and I heard mother faintly call, "Good-by, child, the time has come."

Oh, I felt so happy. I was joined by many more, and we were sailing East fast.

In a house in far-away Virginia a little girl sat at a window, gazing out on the parched grass and withered flowers. "Oh, it is so hot! Mamma, will it ever rain? We have had none for six weeks."

"Yes, dear, I see a tiny cloud in the West."

Presently we little Raindrops felt a mighty rush of cold air, and began to fall down on the dry earth and sparkle on the leaves. Oh, everything was so thirsty, and many of us were swallowed up, but I fell with a great splash into the out-stretched hand of the little girl at the window, and never got to go to Father Ocean.

THE STORY OF A RAINDROP.

HAZEL L. BAIRD.

AM a little Raindrop. I have come to tell you a few of the many uses that I and my many brothers and sisters are to the world, and the useful life we lead.

The sun draws us up into the cloud in the form of vapor. We have a very pleasant time sailing around up in the sky. Then the little flowers and pretty plants of earth get dry and thirsty, and then we are allowed to come down and through the Good give them life. We water the flowers and give them brighter hues. At times we all float along in a stream together 'mid mossy banks, and turn the great mill wheels and sing little songs that inspire the poet.

When the sun shines upon us you can see hundreds of little colors glisten, which form the beautiful rainbows you admire so much. Then when the winter comes and it seems cold, we come floating down in the form of little stars and flowers, so pure and white and beautiful, and cover the earth with a nice warm blanket to keep the flowers warm. Then we are called the beautiful snow, so pure and white.

Sometimes we dash down from high rocks and form a cataract, which roars and is very beautiful. There are many mineral substances in us sometimes. We are of very great use when turned into steam. We run the ships, the great monsters of the deep, and the cars and much more machinery useful to man. We wet the hot lips and face of the sick one. Some children do not like it very well when we come pattering down on the roofs and window panes; they just forget we are sent by the Good, and they are glad when we cease falling and the sky clears, and everything out of

doors is cleaned and looks fresh and bright and the air smells so sweet. We moisten the dust so it does not fly and get them all dirty and make them cough and breathe in naughty diseases and microbes, which are not, but they think they are.

Sometimes we catch cold and come down in great pellets called hailstones. Sometimes we break the glass in the windows, bump peoples' heads, crush the flowers, and are real naughty; but when the sun comes out and shines upon us we feel ashamed of ourselves and sink away out of sight and are real good again for a time. These are a few of the many things the little Raindrops do. So I will bid you good bye and hope to come again.

THE STORY THE RAINDROP TOLD.

LUCY AULT.

•• PATTER, patter," went the rain on the roof of a tiny house.

"Whirr, whirr, click," said the machine inside, and the little boy in bed said nothing, but lay staring at the damp spot on the ceiling while his mother sewed on the machine.

The little boy and his mother were poor people in everything except love. They lived by themselves in the small house, and the mother sewed for her boy and herself.

Ardo Garth was an imaginative little boy of six years, and as long as he had his mother to love he was contented. This night he lay in his rickety little cot watching the damp spot on the ceiling grow as the raindrops came through the hole in the roof. He was wishing he had some one to talk to him; mother was busy, and the cat could not do anything except purr. "Now, would n't it be nice if flowers and bees and birds

and clouds and raindrops could talk?" he thought sleepily; "then those raindrops that are wetting the ceiling paper could tell me some stories, and—"he was very sleepy—"birds and bees—and raindrops—" and he was asleep just as the drop that had been forming on the spot above his head splashed down right on his right eye, and what do you think that drop did? It made Ardo see himself lying out in the woods gazing at a tall flower which had just received a large raindrop into its purple cup.

"Get under this little bush so you will not be wet when it rains," the flower was saying to him, "and if you care to listen, you may hear the story this Raindrop will tell me."

As Ardo snuggled under the bush as he had been told to do, he asked if Raindrops always told flowers stories.

"Not always," said the flower, "but sometimes."

It seemed quite natural for Ardo to be in the forest conversing with flowers.

"Very often the clouds we are on mark out our duties for us," began the Raindrop. "Sometimes a lot of us fall in a garden, sometimes the cloud tells us to fill a cistern or water some flowers. but this time our cloud told us to fall into a silver cup that a king's son was holding in his hand. Perhaps you know that when a cupful of raindrops are caught before a heavy rainstorm, the owner is successful in his first, second, third and fourth ventures. tumbled into the cup that Prince John held out. He guarded us carefully, and as soon as the rainstorm was over he bid his father, mother and brothers good bye, mounted his black horse and went to a neighboring kingdom taking us with him.

"In the evening Prince stopped at a small inn for supper, but he rode on through the night till he came to the city wherein the king dwelt. He went at once to the king who received him with great kindness.

"This king had a lovely daughter, Princess Hope. He loved his daughter very much; his one fear was that she might want to marry some one who was not worthy of her. That fear had caused him to say that whoever should answer a riddle which he (the king) would ask, could marry the princess. Prince John had heard of this, and he determined to try to win the princess. So when he saw the king he told him what he had come for. The king told him to come back the next morning at eight o'clock.

"As the prince was passing out of the palace to mount his horse he caught a glimpse of the princess. Her hair, which was brown, fell to her feet in waves, and her skin was soft and fair. The prince fell in love with her at once.

"'If she is as good as she is beautiful she is indeed worth striving for,' he said.

"He spent that night at an inn. In the morning he made a bag of his silk handkerchief and placed the cup containing us inside it. Holding the bag carefully in his hand he went to the palace. The king placed him in a room in which there was a bed, a chair and a table. After putting a folded paper in the prince's hand he left him.

"The prince placed us on the table in front of him, and then taking off the handkerchief he leaned over the cup and said to us.

'Raindrops big and raindrops little, Help me to guess the good king's riddle.'

"We all jumped up and down inside the cup. That was our way of saying, 'Yes, we will.' Well, this was the riddle that was written on the folded paper: 'When is an ounce worth a pound?'

"Many men had tried to answer it but

could not. Prince John was left by himself for four days, but the king sent him food. As the sun rose on the fifth morning the prince said that he had solved the riddle.

"As the people flocked into the palace at sunset that evening, the king, princess and prince came out on a large platform. A herald then read to the people the riddle, 'When is an ounce worth a pound?' Prince John then stepped out and faced the people.

"'My answer is this,' he said in a clear, strong voice, 'an ounce is worth a pound when an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.'

"All the people called out, 'That is a good answer. He has won the princess. A happy life to Prince John and Princess Hope!'

"'Prince,' said the king, 'you have fairly won my daughter, but before I give her up you must win her love.'

"I will try to,' said Prince John humbly.

"'There is no need to try,' Princess Hope said smiling, 'I love you already.'

"Prince John and Princess Hope were married yesterday and are ruling the kingdom by love," finished the Raindrop.

"What a nice adventure for you to have," said Ardo, "but how did you get down here to the flower so soon?"

"Well," said the Raindrop, "the Prince had an immense cannon made and he shot the cup from its mouth. We went high enough to catch on a floating cloud, and we fell once more from the cloud as rain. All those drops coming down are my companions."

"Thank you for letting me listen to your story," said Ardo sleepily.

"Get under the bush further or you'll get wet," said the flower. "Don't you see how it's raining? You —"

And then Ardo woke up. There was

his mother shaking him and saying, "Ardo, dear, wake up. It is raining in here; you are quite wet."

"I've had such a nice dream," he murmured sleepily, as he tumbled into his mother's bed.

The next day marked the beginning of better times for Ardo and his mother, for a letter arrived from Mr. Garth, saying he had come into possession of lots of money and that Ardo's mother need not work any more but could just rest all the time.

THE RAINDROP.

HELEN KLINE.

[11 years old.]

WAS deposited in a saucer with my brothers and sisters. Then some chickens came and drank some of the water and left myself and three of my brothers in the dish.

The sun was shining brightly, and I felt as if I were changing all the time, and then I knew I had changed, because I felt myself floating upward with my brothers.

It was very nice and we could look down upon the earth, and we could see the dish in which we had been. It now looked empty and dry.

We soon came to a very cold place and I again was changed, and I felt myself falling down, down. This was not quite so nice as the upward flight, but still I enjoyed it. Then I landed on a broad leaf of a vine near a window. In the window stood a small child. I could see that she had been crying. She had just got over the chicken-pox and was compelled to stay in the house three Nurse had promised to take weeks. her outdoors awhile if it did not rain. and it had rained, and this was why Bessie had been crying (Bessie was her name).

Just then her mamma came in, and seeing how disappointed she had been, she said that Bessie might have the window open a little while. Bessie was delighted, and her mother opened the window. She stood at the window, the sunshine streaming in upon her now, for it had stopped raining.

Just then the wind shook the leaf upon which I lay ever so hard and I fell off right into Bessie's hand. I thought I would tell her about my life, so I started, and Bessie sat very still and listened. I had to tell it very fast, for the sun was shining upon me, and I would have to take another journey. I told her about my journey and all, and just as I finished I floated very slowly away, and I heard Bessie asking her mamma where I had gone. Her mamma told her that I had gone on another journey. This is the end of my story, and I hope you have enjoyed it.

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide-world's joy. The lonely pine upon the mountain top waves its sombre boughs and cries, "Thou art my sun." And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." And the grain in a thousand fields rustle in the wind and makes answer, "Thou art my sun." And so God sits effulgent in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with child-like confidence and say, "My Father, Thou art mine."- BEECHER.

"It was only a glad 'Good morning,'
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day."

WHAT OUR WEE MAIDEN SAID TO THE WIND.

BLANCHE BELMONT LERCH.



- O Wind, you blew my hat across my breast!

 Now blow it back again and let me rest.

 I cannot see you, Wind; where did you go?

 What did you say? You laugh and caper so!
- I open wide my blue, mischievous eyes,
 They are too small to measure up your size.
 I know you're here! just now across my nose,
 Your tricky breath my curls and ribbon blows

Come, Wind, and take me up on your big hand,
And if you'll hold me there quite still, I'll stand,
So you may boost me high, up, up, till I
Can catch the birds and touch the clouds and
sky.

BABY COBBET.

Her full name is Mary Lillian Cobbett. When we were in Denver last August, Baby Cobbett, who was then just two weeks old, entered our class, taught in the Divine Science College, and took her first lessons in Science; of course, she was in her mamma's arms, and you will see from this letter written by her mamma that she is still a student.

"My DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I promised you a picture of the Wee-est Wee for WEE WISDOM when she had it taken. I have much pleasure in sending you one, taken of her as she expresses herself when playing in her high chair by the dining room window. It was taken indoors with an out-door camera. I wish you could see her now.

She is very bonnie and chatty in her own language, and very self-entertaining. She manifests so much of the Intelligence she is, which we are almost incessantly recognizing, either consciously or unconsciously, as herself. She has been attending College quite regularly until the last few weeks since when (I feel) she is rather too talkative for the convenience of all. She is very strong and very active, a great joy and constant sunbeam to us all. We find in her a beautiful manifestation of the Truth we believe.

estation of the Truth we believe.

Yours in Love and Truth,

Universal Home of Truth, Denver, Colo,"



It seems a breath from heaven Round many a cradle lies, And every little baby Is a message from the skies. Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

- Selected.





NEW ALBANY, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like your little paper very much. I have a little brother named Roger. He has a little wagon. He is sitting by me watching me write. He has red hair. He is very sweet, too. He is two years and five months old today. I will be seven years old in June. I am going to school. I am almost through the First Reader. My teacher is Miss Jenny. Your little friend,

HENRIETTA RUSHENBERGER.



HERNANDO, MISS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am ten years old, and I am in the Fourth Reader. I have a cat, a puppy, and am going to school every day, and I like to go very much. Dear Mrs. Fillmore, I take the WEE WISDOM, and I like it very much. I have a sister, her name is Fanny. My mother's name is Agnes. I will close. Your friend,

CORA FAIRLEY.

20, 20, 20

CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I don't know whether I am sending this to the right place or not, as I have never written before. I have taken it just 15 year. My Aunt Bertha sent it to me. I have read them before, though; my cousin takes them, and she gave me quite a few to read on the train when I was at her house visiting last summer. I wish you still sent Truth cards, for I would like to have one. I am so sorry the story of "Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose" is finished; I liked it very much. Hoping to see my letter in print, Lovingly, Nancy Simpson.

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PUYALLUP, WASH.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — This is my first letter to you. I like WEE WISDOM very much. Papa gave it to me for a birthday present. I was very glad when it came; I like to read the letters in it. I like the story about "Lily's Freckles." I saw in the little paper that you wanted us to write a Raindrop story. I will write one. I will close now and write my story. Your friend,

RUTH DARR.

TRENTON, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I am a little boy eight

years old. I go to school. I like to read about Jesus. He took the little children in his arms and blessed them, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." All for this time. With love to all, good-by,

LUTHER WILLIS.

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Dear Wee Wisdom—I enjoy reading you very much. My little sister is seven years old; she is in the Second Reader. She likes to read you very much. I go to school. My teacher is very good. I have a kitty, she is gray and white; she is my pet. My little sister had a little kitty, but it got killed. She felt very sorry; a dog killed it. She said it was a bad dog to kill her kitty.

Your loving friend, GRACIE WAITMAN.

7 36 36

MANSFIELD, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. We take the little paper, and like it very much. I am ten years old. I have three sisters and three brothers. I am in the Third Reader. My sister is writing a story about a Raindrop. I will send a verse about a Raindrop:

"I'm going down to cheer a flower,"
Cried a little drop of rain.
I hear it sigh. It droops its head
As if in weary pain;
"And I will go!" "And I!" "And I!"
Cried all the raindrops near.
So down we went in merry haste
The whole wide field to cheer.

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KANSAS CITY, Mo.

FLORENCE CARNALL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I read WEE WISDOM, and think it is the best little paper I ever read. I am a boy twelve years old, and am a great lover of animals. I have a dog named Lion. He is half Water Spaniel and half Hunter. I have five cats and a horse. We have a baby boy named Edwin, and he is a very good little boy.

Yours sincerely, FLOYD DOUDRICK.

A & A

RATON, NEW MEX.

Dear Wee Wisdom — I am so glad to get your paper. It is such a nice paper. I am eight years old. Mr. and Mrs. Troy took me and adopted me; my mother died last July. I got a dozen eggs. Mamma Troy and love to you all, and so do I. Mamma Troy got me a burro, a bracelet, a merry-go-round, a pair of shoes, a little stove, a nice hat and four nice dresses. I am trying to be a good girl most of the time.

Gladys Nina Cleta Troy.

OMAHA, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I write you a letter for the first time. Please send me a Truth card. We have a big cat named Dinah; she has four kittens. We have a dog named Nelly; she is very smart. Next time I write I will send you a story about "Three Fierce Puppies." I would very much like to see my letter in the dear little paper. Well, I must-close, with love to the Wees.

Yours very truly, Lois E. Cory.

Jt Jt Jt

NEW YORK CITY.

Dear Wee Wisdom — This is my first letter. I am very much interested in your paper. I came to know you through Mrs. James Day. I have written a story about my little pet squirrels which are red and very funny. I have tried my best, and I hope it will succeed. If it should please, I will continue this story.

Yours truly, H. Dorothy Dambmann.

[Your story is all right, let us hear more of your squirrel.— Ed.]

JE JE JE

LEEDS, N. D.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will write you a letter. I am seven years old. I have a cat, and her name is Sunrise. I will send a little verse:

> All things bright and beautiful, All creatures great and small, All things wise and wonderful: The good God made them all.

SELMA WIERMULLER.

Mansfield, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I wrote a little story about a Raindrop, and hope it will not be too late. I have taken you for a long time, and like you ever so much. My sister is writing to you too. I will close for this time. Yours truly,

GRACE CARNALL.

TRENTON, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have a little sister. Her name is Gertrude. She will be two weeks old tomorrow. She was born the 28th of April. I am in the fourth grade at school. I am 9 years young. My school teacher's name is Miss Compton. I like her very much. I have one brother. His name is Lawrence. I hope your paper success.

Marian Van Vrlsorwill.

P. S .- I will send you a story.

[Our little Marian's story would be real good if only she had made her brownie a good Brownie. Now I wonder if she wont kindly change her story and find something real good for her Brownie to do. That's what Wee Wisdom is for, to fill the world with good. To help every little thinker think and speak and do that which shall make life full of joy and gladness.—Ed.]

South Orange, N. J.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — We have two guinea pigs, one named Beethoven, one Happy; a cat named Bob; a canary, and a gold fish. These are our pets. Mother taught me to say a verse from WEE



Harriet and Caroline Seymour,

WISDOM, and one day I went to school, and I told it to the teacher and the teacher taught it to all the children. It was:

"I am well and I am strong.
I am happy all day long."

We went to the circus and saw all of the animals. We love to climb trees, and we climbed some today. Your loving friend,

CAROLINE SEYMOUR.

...

TRENTON. Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will once more write a few lines to you. I received the Truth card that was sent to Baby Ethel, and thank you ever so much for it. I have two little cousins I am going to send WEE WISDOM to. I know they will like to read the nice little stories. I will try and work more for WEE WISDOM in the future.

Truly your friend, Mrs. Weltha Murphy.

[Mrs. Murphy sends three subscriptions with her letter. If all WEE WISDOM'S good friends would go and do likewise what a big birthday gathering we would have — Ed.]

BUCKEYE, ARIZ.

DEAR WEE WISDOM -- I like the little paper that my Aunt Miss Lillie Deering sent for our birthday present. I will be very glad to get it every month. It is the very best paper I ever had. I am your little friend, ETHEL L. GRIFFITH.

JE JE JE

McPherson, Kans.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I think you are a nice little paper. I like the story of "Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose" very much. I am a crippled girl. I have n't worked any for three years. I have one brother and no sisters. Our school was out today. I will send fifty cents for Wee Wisdom one year. A lady friend gave it to me. I think it is a very nice present. With true love,

ALTA WAGNER.

FUNNY THINGS IN SCIENCE.

What Some of the Wees are Saying.

(Little Benny, to his brother): "Say Willie! Miss B—— is just making our baby into a Scientist. I was just up stairs and I saw her a thinkin' and a thinkin' and a thinkin' as hard as ever she could."

(Willie): O-h! I hope she don't.

* *

Little Cliffie P—, 5 years old, fell on the stove and his face was badly burned. There was a Scientist in the house, and he was taken to her immediately for treatment. He came into the room crying, but went out laughing and swinging his handkerchief over his head, exclaiming, "It's all well! it's all well! that's the Christian Scientist of it." A friend asked him how Miss B— did it. He replied, "I'll tell ye, she's got a little prayin' handkerchief on her dresser and she went and got that, and put it to her eyes, and just told God where I was, and he cured me."

*

Little Johnny L, lying on the floor meditatively, finally calls out, "Mamma, did God make Johnny O'Flaherty?"

"Yes," said the mother. "Well, did he make his legs?" (His legs were crooked.) Reported by Miss B.

SOME OF MARGARET'S WISDOM.

"Eleanor, my Sunday School teacher has come. Do come in and see her. She is the one who teaches me all about God and how to be well without taking old bad medicine, not even cough syrup."

"Now Eleanor, I will show you how to treat yourself. Sit up and close your eyes and say, "I am Spirit; I am filled and thrilled with Infamont Power; I am filled and thrilled with Infamont Strength; I am filled and thrilled with Infamont Life; I am am filled and thrilled with Substance and with Love. Now be real still, hold the thought and you will be well. Take a good long treatment and think about God."

QUIET WAYS ARE BEST.

What's the use of worrying, Of hurrying, And scurrying? Everybody flurrying And breaking up their rest, When everyone is teaching us, Preaching and beseeching us To settle down and end the fuss, For quiet ways are best. The rain that trickles down in showers And blessings give to thirsty flowers, And gentle zephyrs gather up Sweet fragrance from each brimming cup, There's ruin in the tempter's path, There's ruin in the voice of wrath. And they alone are blest Who early learn to dominate Themselves, their violence abate, And prove by their serene estate That quiet ways are best.

Nothing's gained by worrying, By hurrying And scurrying, With fretting and with flurrying, With tempers often lost. And in pursuit of some small prize We rush ahead, and are not wise. And find the unwonted exercise A fearful price has cost. 'Tis better far to join the throng That do their duty right along, Reluctant they to raise a fuss, Or make themselves ridiculous. Calm and serene in heart and nerve. Their strength is always in reserve, And nobly stand each test; And every day and all about, By scenes within and scenes without, We can discern, with ne'er a doubt. That quiet ways are best, - Silver Chain Messenger.



BY A FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN.

LESSON X. JUNE 7.

Paul's Voyage and Shipwreck.-Acts 27:33-44.

GOLDEN TEXT — They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses .- Ps. 107:28.

Dear WEE WISDOM readers, here is a question in geography, "What sea would Paul have to cross in order to get from Cæsarea to Rome?' olden times it used to be called, "The Great Sea." Have you heard how very blue its waters are? For the greater part of the year it is delightful voyaging upon it, but sailors tell us that from September 14th to November 14th it is dangerous, and nearly all navigation is discontinued.

After Paul had asked to have a trial at Rome, those who had charge of him simply waited for an opportunity to send him. It happened that during the later part of August, A. D. 60, a ship was about to leave Cæsarea on its return voyage to a city in Asia Minor. Paul and other prisoners were put upon the vessel. Besides these the passengers included two of Paul's friends and the Roman soldiers. All went well with this ship, and it reached the port it was headed for. Here the ship's company had to go on board a larger vessel, one loaded with wheat, and bound for Rome. In all there were two hundred and sixty-seven souls on board. The first stop was at the island of Crete. Find it on your maps.

Now, Paul had been on that sea many times before, and his experience told him it would not be wise to attempt the voyage to Rome at that time of the year. What besides experience was his guide, dear readers? What besides experience is the guide of every faithful Christian? Was Paul's advice accepted? Note the word "shipwreck" at the head of the lesson. That answers

my question.

The weather promised fair, the sails were unfurled, and orders given to go ahead. ship was under headway but for a short time when a terrible storm came up, and it raised great waves. The sailors did what experience had taught them to do. They put chains and ropes about the vessel, and threw the light freight overboard. For two weeks they tossed back and forth upon those mighty waves in the darkness, without a sight of sun or stars. How cold and wet, tired and hungry, fearful and absolutely hopeless the company must have been! But there was one who was not afraid, not discouraged, who knew God would answer his prayers for the safety of all. And in the night of the fourteenth day a message of cheer did come from one of God's angels, and it said that not one would be lost. Paul gave his companions the promise he had received, and his faith gave them courage and hope. Dear readers, consider what one man was abie to do for over two hundred because he trusted the omnipresent and all-powerful God.

Have you heard the song called "The Tempest"? The captain sees no hope for his ship in the terrible storm, and cried, "We are lost!" His little daughter goes up to him, and whispers, "Isn't God upon the ocean just as well as on the land?" And her faith saved the vessel and all

on it.

Dear readers, as we have sunshine and storm on the sea, so have we seasons of storm and seasons of sunshine in our lives. We read that when the fishermen of Brittany launch their boats upon the sea, they utter this simple prayer, "Keep me, my God; my boat is small, and the ocean is wide." You have a little boat on the sea of life. Who is your pilot? Pray every day the prayer of the Brittany fisherman, and even in a storm you will know no fear,

Note how thoughtful Paul is of the others. He ministers to their physical comforts as well as to their spiritual needs. Do you want to be able to help people in the way that is best for them? Keep your mind and heart open, and the best

Teacher will give you wisdom.

You'll be interested in connection with this lesson to read about Christ in a tempest on the Sea of Galilee. (Mark 4:36-41; John 6:15-21.)

How beautiful is the 46th Psalm! How many will memorize the first four verses, the ninth and the tenth?

LESSON XI. JUNE 4.

Paul at Rome. Acts 28:16-24, 30, 31.

GOLDEN TEXT - I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. - Romans 1:16.

In February when the Great Sea was favorable for sailing, after a sojourn of three months on the island of the people of kindness, the entire com-pany embarked. They sailed northeast to Sicily, and tarried there for three days. After sighting Italy they kept a northeasterly course and landed at a city on the Bay of Naples, considered to be one of the most beautiful spots in the world. Do you know, California friends, that San Francisco Bay is called the Naples of the Pacific? Ever day, dear readers, thank God for the beautiful world and skies which He has put you and me in the midst of and surrounded us with.

When Paul landed he found Christian friends, and was glad to see and talk with them. destination and the soldiers' destination was Rome, and they set out on their march for the greatest city in the world. When they arrived he was given every possible liberty. He was a noble prisoner, and commanded the respect of all who came in contact with him. We read that he was coupled by a slight chain to a soldier, but was allowed to be at large. Think of his influence upon the many different soldiers that stood guard over him. How much good he had been able to do even in prison!

He first called the Jews together to explain to

them why he was a prisoner. Notwithstanding his treatment in Jerusalem, note how charitably he mentions it (verse 19). But these at Rome had heard nothing about him in particular, but much against the new sect called Christians. For a whole day he talked to them about Christ and Truth. One has said, "The same sun melts the wax and hardens the clay. The same sunshine and rain which causes the living tree to grow and flourish are the most powerful influence to make the dead tree decay." And some believed what Paul taught and some did not.

How long was Paul a prisoner at Rome? (Verse 30). Did his chains interfere with his work for the Master? Not at all. Besides his work with the soldiers he helped many who came to him. And he wrote four epistles, which form an important part of the New Testament. These letters were written to the Ephesians, Colossians, Philippians, and Philemon. Find them in your

Bible.

History tells us of more than one who worked wonders in a prison cell. Sir Walter Raleigh, while in the famous tower of London, wrote his "History of the World" and a number of poems. Nearly all boys and girls who have read "Pilgrim's Progress" know Bunyan wrote it in an English jail.

LESSON XII. JUNE 12.

Paul's Charge to Timothy. - II. Timothy 3:14 to 4:8.

Golden Text - There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness. II. Tim. 4.8.

Paul was released from prison, given the verdict from Cæsar, "Not guilty." He left Rome and again visited the different churches. And for the first time he went to Spain. But while Emperor Nero was still on the throne he was again arrested. While in prison at Rome a second time he wrote the letter part of which is the lesson for today. The salutation reads, "To Timothy, my dearly beloved son." I hear you ask if Timothy was really Paul's son. No, dear readers, but Paul loved him as his own son. He was a young man who had heard Paul preach and had been converted. They became close comrades and helpers one of the other. When Timothy was given charge of the church at Ephesus, their paths from that time lay apart. In great love Paul wrote the beautiful letter which we have in our Bible today. And the advice is good for us as it was for Timothy. Have you ever been told it was good to read and study the Bible? That's what Paul urged upon Timothy and he gives him the reasons. Read verses 15, 16, and 17.

Many great men have lived by the Bible.

Many great men have lived by the Bible. Daniel Webster and John Ruskin, the former, a great orator, and the latter a great author, both give the Bible credit for any power they may have possessed in thought or language. When Andrew Jackson was on his death bed, he pointed to the family Bible lying on a table near him, and said, "That book is the rock on which our republic

rests."

"Bring me the book," said Sir Walter Scott to a friend who was at his bedside during his dying hours. "What book?" asked the friend.

"There is only one book," said Sir Walter

Scott, "bring me the Bible,"

The second command to Timothy in today's lesson is to tell others about Christ. How many ways do you know to show forth the Christ-child? Thinking, speaking, and doing; sometimes one

way is best, sometimes another.

The old Greeks at their festivals had many games. One was to race with a lighted lamp and to keep it burning until the goal was reached. Paul had kept his light burning. For Christ's sake, dear Wee Wisdom friends, let us be winners in the race. Read verse 8. What crown does Paul speak of? Is it a crown of honor and glory? No, all honor and glory belong to God? Even Jesus, when on earth, would take no credit for being good.

Let us review Paul's life. What had he been? Surely a great and good man, one who had undertaken much and accomplished much, a great speaker, a man of great wisdom, a great traveler, a powerful writer, a deep thinker, a founder of seven churches, a leader among men, a pastor who faithfully loved his flock, a devoted friend—all these, and was he proud? No, but always a modest and most humble follower of Jesus Christ.

LESSON XIII. JUNE 28.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom.—II, Timothy 4:18.

Since the first of the year nearly all the lessons have been taken from the book of Acts, and the principal character has been Paul. We first met him in the prison at Philippi, we visited him in the Cæsarean prison, and twice he was a prisoner at Rome. But we remember he sang in his prison cell. They might chain his body but they could not chain his soul. One has said, "Danlel could sleep better in his den of lions than Darius in his royal palace."

The history of Acts covers thirty-one or thirty-two years from the resurrection of Jesus, A. D. 30, till the close of Paul's first imprisonment at Rome, A. D. 61 or 62. Have you ever thrown a pebble into a pond or lake and watched the everwidening circles? In Palestine was the clear white stone of Truth first cast by Jesus Christ, and the circles widened and are still widening. They will continue to widen, dear readers, until all the world hears and receives the gospel of "peace on earth, good will to men."

PRAISE.

Praise God when the sun is shining. Praise God when the raindrops fall, Praise God when the clouds are heavy, And darkness seems o'er all.

Why praise Him, then dear heart? Because.
(List to His holy word)
All things together work for good
To them that love the Lord.

-Selected.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM



WEET June is with us once more, the month of lavish beauty, the month of roses, the month of blue skies and happy bird songs, but it takes

Lowell to tell what June is like.

"For what is so rare as a day in June?
Then if ever come perfect days,
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Whether we look or whether we listen
We hear life murmur or see it glisten.
Every clod feels a stir of might
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light

Climbs to a soul in the grass and the flowers."

Isn't that prettily told? Most folks would just say, "How beautiful June days are, the skies are so blue and the earth is so green, and the flowers so bright and the birds so full of song." But when we come to get right close to the heart of things, we will want new ways of telling it too, for we will find in everything a something just like we find in ourselves, a soul and mind reaching out to express itself—

"Every clod feels the stir of might, And instinct within it that reaches and towers, And blindly groping above it for light Climbs to a soul in the grass and flowers."

You would n't have thought to call the grass and flowers the soul of the dirt-clod, would you? But if, like the poet, you had seemed to feel the same life thrilling everywhere, then like him, you would have felt the substance of the dirt-clod quickening and climbing up through the little plant-fibres to find the light and joy of glad expression, and then like him, you would have told it in some beautiful new way. The door opens through our own soul into the Great Soul of All. When we keep that open, then there are no secrets hidden from us. Nature is an open book to the natural.

We are natural when our heart is in wholesome rythm with the Great Heart of the Universe. It shows very plainly in your little stories who of you really went heart and soul with your little Raindrop in its wanderings. I remember a little girl who loved to get away from everybody, and throw herself on the grass and look into the floating clouds 'till she was floating with them, and oh! the exquisite joy and wonder of those precious hours, only a poet could tell! But nobody knew to tell her it was the richness of her own soul. They only laughed at her fancies, and shut her up to the irksome task of learning what other folks said about things. But you, dear Wisdoms, are taught to let the fresh, free spirit within you have its right of way, don't spoil it by copying after others. Tell things your own way, that's the way genius does, and genius thinks its own way, too.

You have all done so well with *The Raindrop*, I think it will be a good thing for both you and WEE WISDOM for us to continue a series of subjects for you to write upon.

Beginning with the August number of WEE WISDOM, there will be given a subject for our little writers to try themselves on each month during the year. All the stories or essays accounted best will be gotten out into a little book at the end of the year, and each little author therein will receive the gift of The subject for August the book. will be "The Naughty Thought and the Good Thought." As we all find ourselves dealing with those two kinds of thoughts, and we see it makes a big difference which one wins the day. So it will be a good subject to set us looking after our thoughts. We may find a way to heal ourselves and the world of the Naughty Thought habit.



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A Pillow For You.



We'll have some more of the Raindrop stories for July, there's lots of them on hand yet, and good ones, too.

There seems to be general lamentation over the closing of "Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose." "Aunt Mary" will have to offer some new consolation, I guess.

Don't forget that the subject for the August competition is "The Naughty Thought and the Good Thought," and that all the best stories are to get into a little book.

The time for receiving Truth cards for little letters is past, but the little writers will receive an extra paper containing their production.

Don't forget that August is WEE WISDOM'S Birthday Number. You are to do all the writing, the three boys the editing, and Ye Editor the resting. We shall look for many photo visits and original drawings, poetry, stories, etc. Who will bring in new guests in the way of new subscribers?

Cynthia Knowles was awarded the prize for the best Raindrop story, and allowed her choice in books; she chose "How Edith Found Fairyland." Ye Editor would send all the Raindrop writers one if she could, but she sends you love and appreciation, and hopes you'll all keep on and win a place in the little book that's to be made up of your best stories.

WEE WISDOM is rich in reserve matter, one good long story from "Cousin Jo," another from a new friend, its title, "The Voices of the Garden." Lots of little folk's stories, too, and they will all be given a place in time. It looks as if we were going to have some young Louise Alcots among our Wisdoms.

We are all students of Mind and its ways, and so it will be a good thing for us to think how we think, and how the naughty thoughts get in and how the good ones may get them out. You can make stories to illustrate this or you can get at this subject in any way that is your way.

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

10 to 24 copies, 30 cts. each per year. 25 to 49 copies, 25 cts. each per year. 50 to 100 copies, 20 cts. each per year.