

# 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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## Love's Roses.

BY LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.

**T**HERE was once a land where thoughts were as visible as flowers or nettles, according whether they were good or ill. Good thoughts form lovely flowers, and evil thoughts, nettles and noisome weeds all around us, only we have not eyes to see them. But in this land of Once-upon-a-time a loving thought bloomed like a rose. "How beautiful!" you say; "that land must have been full of flowers." Oh, no, it was not; it was hardly different from our own. But you say that you would have had a garden, oh, so full of fragrant roses, heavy with the weight of their velvet petals! Thoughts would have been worth something then, would they not? Old Mr. Close-fist would have tried to raise some special marketable variety.

This land of Once-upon-a-time was ruled by a beautiful queen even more good than she was fair. None but a very good queen ever reigned in this land of Flower-thoughts, one who filled the palace garden with a rapture of radiant, sweet flowers. She now wore a crown of silver hair, and her gentle hand trembled like a lily in the wind. Some said that the queen had seen the planting of the century oak, but that her thoughts had kept the roses in her cheek and the violet in her eye.

One day in June the queen sent an invitation to all the maidens in the land to visit the palace on a certain morning, wearing crowns of their own loving

thoughts. For the one who wore the twelve most beautiful roses she had a rare gift, and a lesser gift for each of the other maidens.

On a green hillside Thelma lived. Thelma's garden was full of flowers. You would have known that had you seen Thelma's face. When she received the queen's invitation she began to prepare her garden, and she looked into her heart to see what thoughts of loving kindness were there which might form beautiful roses. She intended to wear roses the hue of the soft dawn, which love-thoughts unfold. There was a large bush by the window, and this, she knew, would bear the roses for her crown.

Her mother stood in the door-way watching Thelma count the tiny green knots wherein abode the beautiful roses.

"My daughter's wreath will be the most beautiful, and she will receive the queen's gift," said the mother.

"No, no," laughed Thelma, "many will wear fairer wreathes than mine. Ah, mother, dear," she said tenderly, "I would it were you and not I that were bidden to the queen's palace, with a rose-wreath on her brow. 'Twere fitter to place on hair grown silver in a life of loving deeds."

As she spoke a beautiful rose unfurled upon the bush. Thelma laughed joyously. "I think this must have opened for you, mother," she said; and as she

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## One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did.

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

### CHAPTER X.

#### HAVING FAITH.



**A**FTER Evelyn and the boys had been tucked away for the night, Mrs. Evans sat down in the sitting room close to the lamp, and taking out her purse looked for a long time at the last piece of money—a ten-cent piece.

As she sat thus wrapped in thought, the door opened softly, and Harry stood beside her in his night clothes.

"Mother, what's up?" he asked

early, and when I asked why, she wouldn't tell; and when Jack said his prayers (he always says them loud) he said, 'Give us this day our daily bread, and tell mother to cook more.'"

Mrs. Evans smiled faintly, while Harry continued, "And that's true; we did n't have enough supper."

His mother dropped her head in her hands, and the purse and money rolled to the floor. Harry jumped to pick it

up. "Oh, say, mother!" he cried, "is that all you v'e got; only ten cents?" Dismay was written on his face, and he tried to put his hands in his pockets, as he puckered his mouth, then remembered the clothes he wore. "O mother," he drew a step nearer, "I never did a thing today but play. I'll fish all of tomorrow, and I'll sell them somehow."

"Mother's dear boy!"

Mrs. Evans looked up, and putting out her arm drew

Harry into it.

The next morning Harry was true to his word. He rose early and brought home fish for breakfast, and after the



*Mrs. Doble looking out to sea.*

abruptly. "I know something's the matter, for I couldn't go to sleep. Evelyn called at my door three different times, 'Besure and go fishing tomorrow,

meal he and Jack hurried away to the work.

As the boys reached the point of rocks at the end of the beach, a cheery voice called out, "How do you do, boys? I have n't seen you for some days."

There sat Mrs. Doble looking out to sea, her dog not far away.

"What are you going to do this morning?" she continued, and then not waiting a reply, "I wish you'd go with me among the rocks below us, and I'll show you where I think you can get some abalones."

"We'd like to, Mrs. Doble, but we told mother we'd go fishing this morning."

"Yes," chimed in Jack, "we need to fish; we did n't have much supper last night."

"Pshaw! can't you keep still, and not tell everything you know," muttered Harry under his breath.

Mrs. Doble wisely said nothing to Jack's remark, but advised the boys to begin right away, and if they caught more than they needed to come to her, she wanted fish today for dinner.

Luck seemed to attend them, but Evelyn declared later that it was the Lord helping those who helped themselves. Harry caught twenty fish and Jack five. It was then too late to go for the abalones, for the rocks were covered as the tide had turned, and Mrs. Doble was obliged to leave for home.

"Jack," said Harry, holding up his string, "we're going to sell everyone of these, and take mother the money."

"All right, come on," cried Jack exultingly.

The two boys went from house to house until every fish was gone, and then sped home with their earnings.

In the meantime Mrs. Winn had called at the Evans cottage, and taken Evelyn away with her. It was she who

had left the butter and cream for Mrs. Evans.

"I just poked around till I found your safe, and left the things there. We keep a cow, so I always make a little extra butter for some friend," explained Mrs. Winn. "Come, Evelyn, we must catch that car."

The three hurried away, for Puss was with them.

Evelyn enjoyed every bit of that ride. There was much to see, and Mrs. Winn made it all pleasant by pointing out and explaining everything of special interest. The electric car sped over the track. The Bay of Monterey gleamed blue in the sunlight, upon their left. Then came New Monterey, and Monterey the old Spanish town. The old buildings, built of a rude clay called adobe, were very interesting to Evelyn, with the red tiles covering the roofs. They caught a glimpse of the Catholic church, San Carlos Mission, where the sermon is delivered in Spanish every Sunday morning. They passed the first theatre in California, built in 1847. Here Jennie Lind sang years ago, Mrs. Winn told Evelyn. Then they left the buildings, and a few blocks more were covered, and they had reached the Del Monte grounds, skirted on one side by Monterey Lake. The rest of the way they walked.

"What a big hotel!" exclaimed Evelyn, as they approached the building.

"See pretty flowers," cried Puss.

"Oh, I never saw anything like it," Evelyn exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"There are ten miles of driving in these grounds," explained Mrs. Winn. "Now, we'll walk in the Maze."

"What's that?" enquired Evelyn.

"I'll show you. See, here we are!" and Mrs. Winn pointed out a labyrinth made of a cypress hedge cut into fanciful shapes. This labyrinth wound in and out. "You may go in, but don't lose yourselves."

The children entered hand in hand, while Mrs. Winn stood at the open entrance. At first it was great fun, but after a little they found they were going backward and forward, and were not able to find the place at which they went in.

"Come, children," called Mrs. Winn, "we'll go down by the lake and eat lunch."

"We can't!" called Evelyn. "I can't find the way out!"

At that Puss began to cry. One of the gardeners came by, and Mrs. Winn called to him. He understood the mystery of the Maze, and quickly led the children outside.

"It was exciting!" exclaimed Evelyn. "But I guess I don't want to try walking through it again."

Mrs. Winn laughed. The children were delighted to sit beside the cool lake, and watch the swans, while they ate their lunch. It was fun, too, to throw crumbs to the swans, and see them stretch their long necks.

"We will go and sit on the hotel steps and hear the music. A stringed orchestra plays at two," Mrs. Winn remarked.

This was the best of all, so Evelyn thought, to hear the sweet strains, and see the people pass up and down the broad steps.

On their way back to the car Mrs. Winn turned abruptly to Evelyn, and asked, "Isn't your mother in a pretty tight place just now?"

Evelyn did not reply, but looked up at her interlocutor vaguely.

"I mean," said Mrs. Winn, coloring, "don't you find everything more expensive than you thought at first, and a little hard to make ends meet? I did when I first came here."

"God takes care of us," Evelyn replied, looking into her lap.

"What a queer child you are. Of course, God takes care of every one, some are poor."

"We needn't be poor if we have faith enough, and help along," was Evelyn's reply.

"Bless us! what can you children do?"

"The boys fish, and I gather seaweed and shells, and mother presses the sea-weed."

"You are good children, I must say."



*Lake Monterey.*

Now, I happen to know a lady who wants some sea-moss mounted for the museum. She wants a good deal. I will send her to your mother."

Evelyn clasped her hands. "Oh, if you only would; that would be so good."

Evelyn's demonstrativeness surprised and disturbed Mrs. Winn, so that she asked in her quick way, "Have you had enough to eat?"

"Oh, yes; we've had faith, you know."

"Goodness! people can't live on faith; they need bread."

"Yes, ma'am, but the faith brings the things to eat."

"Well, you are a funny child. I'll have to think about that. But I'll send Mrs. Lakewood to you for the pressed sea-moss."

"Why," exclaimed Evelyn, "the Lakewoods were the people that took us to Point Lobos."

"Look!" interrupted Puss, "car's comin'. Now, more ridie."

[*To be continued.*]

### LOVE'S ROSES.

(*Continued from page 2.*)

spoke again new petals formed in the rose.

Among the sweet boughs of a hawthorn tree a thrush was singing to the summer day, but now above the notes of his morning hymn came the plaintive sound of a child's voice. Through the garden of flowers came a little maid sighing for her daily bread.

"I will bring you something to eat, little one," said the mother, thus adding a flower to her bed of pinks.

"That song was sweet," said Thelma. "Little wandering bird, have you no nest?" She stooped and gathered the child into her arms.

"Look, look," cried the little singer, and Thelma looking saw that a rose of wondrous beauty had opened upon the bush.

"Dear little heart wants a flower," she said, plucking a narcissus for the small hand, and adding new petals to her rose. But the child looked wistfully to the rose.

"Be satisfied," said Thelma, "I have given you enough."

The child dropped her longing eyes. A tiny cloud was in the fair sky of Thelma's face, and she saw that a blight was upon the rose.

"Here, little one, the flower is for you," she said softly.

"It is not so pretty as it was," said the child, looking at the rose in her hand. But a tear from Thelma's eye fell upon it, and it was more beautiful than before.

When the little singer had left the garden Thelma saw that there were still two roses upon her bush; the new rose having the tint of the softest after-glow in the evening sky, while its breath was like that of the early morning.

And so the roses bloomed upon Thelma's bush, and on the tenth day, two days before the journey to the queen's palace, there were many flower-jewels ready for the maiden's crown.

"Mother, I need but two more roses," said Thelma, counting them.

"Aye, child, do not delay your thoughts of loving kindness," said her mother, anxiously.

Thelma sighed, "I fear I think over-much of my wreath," she said; "I am hoping so that my rose-crown will be the fairest, and the good thoughts do not come. Today I found a canker-worm on the velvet bosom of a rose."

On the eleventh day Thelma washed her long brown hair and dried it in the sun.

"My daughter's hair will glisten beneath her roses," said the mother.

Thelma shook her head in the sunlight so that a thousand little gleams of gold ran through it.

"The queen will be glad to look upon my daughter," said the mother.

"Mother, I would love you for your sweet words, but my heart is full of my rose-wreath," said Thelma, "I can make no more roses bloom; my words come only from my lips."

Then she sat beside her bush weeping because no more roses would blow. Lifting her eyes she saw a long, sharp thorn on the stem of her last rose.

"You will spoil your roses with your tears," said her mother, reprovingly. "My child, think of someone with love in your heart."

"Never mind, mother, 'tis meet that someone else should win the queen's gift," said Thelma gently, and she saw that a new rose had bloomed.

Thelma went to bed with the birds that she might arise early for her journey to the queen's palace. She opened her eyes at the soft kiss of the dawn, and opened her casement in sweet welcome to the morning. As her eyes fell upon her rose bush she gave a cry of surprise,

for she thought that there was a new rose, white like a snow-bird, among its brushing sisters. Then she saw that it was a little hand, soft and white, stealing through the emerald leaves to pluck a rose.

"Stop, stop!" cried Thelma, "how could you wish to take one of the roses which are for my wreath!"

Like a timid bird the hand slipped back; and a maiden, wearing on her soft hair a wreath of roses, stepped from behind the bush. She was like a rose herself, so fair and frail and small, with pale gold hair mantling her white shoulders. She took the rose-crown from her head. "See, there are only nine," she said, "I thought you could spare me one. I have tried to think loving thoughts, but the thought of my crown and what the queen would say to me have been ever in my heart. I have tried, but, oh, it has been so hard!"

She replaced her crown of flowers; and putting her hands to her face wept softly.

"I fear it has been thus with all of us," said Thelma, gently. "Sister, come nither." Leaning from her casement she wound her gentle arms around the other, pressing her cheek softly against the sweet fading roses, giving them new life.

"I know how you feel," she said, "for I, too, could think of nothing but my crown, and what the queen would say to me."

She reached and plucked a rose from her bush, the fairest one that she could see, and wound it into the girl's scant wreath.

"Now we shall each have ten roses," she said brightly. "If you will wait for me, I will weave my wreath, and together we will go to the queen's palace. My name is Thelma; and yours —?"

"Is Laurel. Dear Thelma, I dare not wait for you; the way is long, and I fear my roses will fade."

"They will draw new life from a loving heart," replied Thelma. "If you will wait for me we will cross the valley, which will shorten the way."

"I fear the darkness of the valley, and its piercing nettles," said Laurel shuddering.

"Then farewell, sister, for you must be on your way," said Thelma, with a parting smile.

When Laurel had gone from the garden Thelma saw that there were still eleven roses on the bush, and the eleventh one was like a flower of paradise.

She hastened to adorn herself for her visit to the queen's palace. Then she bowed her head, crowned with the fragrant rose-wreath, for her mother's parting blessing. She went down the hillside, and bravely entered the shadowy valley where flowers never grew, but only nettles and poisonous weeds.

Where the shadows clung darkly, and the nettles grew thickly, a man was at work in the valley cutting down nettles and weeds. Heavy chains hampered the movement of his feet, for he was a convict.

As fast as the man cut down the nettles they sprang up around him. When the valley was cleared of them he would be free, but he feared he would never be able to cut them all down. Raising his eyes from his hard task he saw a maiden approaching through the shadows, with a rose-wreath upon her head. The flowers made a soft radiance about her like the halo of the dawn. The man started, surprised at her, for he had never seen anything so lovely in this desolate valley.

"Friend, what are you doing?" asked Thelma, as she approached him.

"Friend!" laughed the man harshly. "Your 'friend' is trying to cut these nettles down; but it is like trying to empty the sea, with ten thousand rivers always pouring into it."

"Think one kind thought," said Thelma, "and it will be more efficient than one hundred strokes of your h scythe."

"Then I will think of you," said the convict.

He cut down a nettle, and it did not spring up again.

"But they who put me here I bitterly hate," said the man, and the nettles began to grow close about him again.

Thelma's eyes grew misty with rain.

"You cannot help it," she said pityingly;

"I wish that I might help you!"

Her hand rested on a thorny bush;

and beneath her soft fingers a rose unfolded.

"How beautiful it is," said the convict. "If it were only mine I could work harder, and the nettles would not spring up so fast."

"It is for you," replied Thelma. "I am well content with my eleven roses, and will let some better maiden win the queen's gift."

A tear of gratitude crept into the prisoner's eye, and where it fell a small blue violet sprang from the earth. It was pale and stunted, but it was his own thought-flower, and the prisoner's eyes dwelt with more delight upon it than upon the peerless rose.

"Take the rose and the violet," said Thelma; "cherish them in your heart, and a ray of sunlight will find you out in the shadows."

Cheerfully continuing her way she soon emerged from the valley upon the sunny highway. Here she met Laurel, and the two traveled joyously to the queen's palace.

At length the pearly walls of the palace rose before them, and soon they joined the rose-crowned maidens thronging through the portals. Their wreaths were varied as to hue and size and beauty of the flowers. Some were white, some yellow, some pink; while maidens with burning eyes wore roses of deepest red. Those who could boast of twelve roses, showed only small, imperfect ones. There seemed none to wear twelve imperial roses; indeed the maidens' roses were not nearly so fair nor so plentiful as usual, for since the queen's proclamation vain thoughts had driven more gentle ones from their hearts. Each wished to be first in the queen's favor; so the gardens, which had been a sweet luxuriance of flowers, suffered from sudden blight. The rose-crown of twelve roses had seemed so easy to attain, but had proved so hard!

Some of the rose-wreaths were fresh and fair, though worn half the day in the golden sunlight; some were fading; thorns peeped sharply from some, and with some the blight had dimmed their loveliness.

Expectancy was in the face of most of the maidens, disappointment in

others. Some were proud; some humble; some sweet; some fretful.

Thelma and Laurel sat down in the great hall, waiting to be ushered into the queen's presence. Laurel was very weary from her long walk, and her tired head drooped upon Thelma's stronger shoulder, while her eyes, so full a moment before of wonder for the beautiful palace, closed dreamily. Thelma put her arm around Laurel as she slept; she drew the soft, pale hair back from the child-like face, and doing so, she noticed Laurel's rose-wreath. The roses were pale and drooping like the weary little head. The words of Laurel returned to her, "I have tried, but oh, it has been so hard!" Hers had never been fine roses. No fragrance escaped their pallid lips; their petals were loose and few. But they were Laurel's best.

"It was harder for her than me," thought Thelma. Then from Laurel's head she softly took the wreath and placed her own where it had been. A new rose bloomed on Thelma's brow.

Presently Laurel opened her bright eyes. "I was feeling despondent," she said, "but now it seems as though I had drank a glass of sunshine."

Thelma laughed so that the faded roses in her wreath swung like bells.

And now the magnificent purple velvet curtains were drawn aside, and they beheld the queen in the far end of a beautiful room seated on her jasper throne. Gold and silver and precious jewels flashed around the great hall, but more rare and lovely than these were the queen's flowers, adorning every vacant place. The queen herself looked like a lily, whose leaf was her emerald mantle. Her scepter was a silver lily with stamen of gold, and in the priceless crown upon her head the sparkling jewels formed flower and bud. On either side of the hall were seated lords and ladies of the realm, eager to witness the bestowal of the queen's gift upon the fortunate maiden. A large door open at one side of the hall disclosed a room set with long white tables laden with viands. Hither the maidens, filing before the queen, were led for sweet refreshment.

Retainers in white and gold ushered the maidens before the queen, and each

one stopped a moment for the royal kindly glance and pleasant word. But the queen looked vainly for the wreath of twelve supreme roses.

"The little maidens have found it harder than I supposed," she said to a lord near by, and he replied deferentially, "Yes, your majesty."

Last came Laurel with Thelma, who in her serene, quiet way, had drawn back for others to go before. As Laurel stepped before the queen a soft murmur of approbation sounded sweetly to her ears.

"You have done well, my child," said the queen. "There are eleven beautiful roses in your crown. The great gift was nearly yours. But take this from me in remembrance of one who loved her subjects as her children."

So saying she took from her finger a pearl ring and placed it upon Laurel's hand.

Thelma's heart was rejoicing for Laurel's sake. She had forgotten the faded wreath which she herself was wearing. She was still thinking of Laurel as she stepped before the queen, and did not suppose that the sweet incense of praise arising was for herself.

"My daughter," said the queen, in such a tone as mothers use, "my daughter, lift your timid eyes that I, too, may be blessed by the love that shines from them—the love that formed these noble flowers."

A flush crept into Thelma's face like unto the hue of her roses. For a moment she thought that the good queen was making gentle fun of her shabby wreath. Yet, as she was bidden, she raised her soft dark eyes to the queen's face. Beyond the queen was a great mirror duplicating the gay, beautiful scene of the room. In this mirror Thelma saw her own reflection and crown of roses.

They were no longer poor and faded, but softly glowing with new life blushed tenderly among her dark tresses. It seemed as though each flower must have for its heart a flame of living fire, for each moment they shone brighter until a wreath of radiance seemed to encircle Thelma's brow.

"My daughter, thy roses are beauti-

ful beyond thought, but there is one missing," said the queen regretfully. "The great gift was almost thine. I would that it had been, for thy face is even more sweet and beautiful than thy roses, and thy heart must be fairer still. But request of me aught that thou wilt, and it shall be thine."

Thelma stood in thought. She would have liked a ring like Laurel's, or perchance some richly embroidered garment; she would have liked a horse handsomely caparisoned; or a beautiful house, with marble stairs; she might even ask for a castle, or a palace; then she thought of a vast stretch of sunny land on which to grow her flowers, and she was about to ask for this when she thought of the prisoner in the valley.

"Kind queen," she said, "between your royal palace and my simple home lies a dark valley where sunlight never enters. In this valley a man with heavy chains upon his feet labors every day—if day it can be called—among the dread nettles and poisonous weeds. When the valley is cleared of them he will be free; but, dear queen, the longer he labors there in the darkness the faster the weeds and nettles grow. I ask that he may be set free, where the sunlight and flowers are. Then I think the nettles and weeds will die of themselves."

"And is this your wish?" asked the queen, gravely.

"It is my wish," replied Thelma.

"Not gold, nor land, nor jewels?" said the queen.

"Only this, dear queen."

"Daughter, it shall be as you desire. And now, my child, look up."

Thelma lifted her eyes, drooping modestly, to the queen's face, and beyond it to the great mirror. She had felt a stirring upon her temple; and now she beheld the unfolding of the twelfth rose, more beautiful than all, radiant so that it gleamed upon her brow more like a star than a flower.

"The great gift is thine," said the queen. "My daughter, bow thy head."

The queen arose from her throne, and taking the jeweled crown from her head placed it in the midst of Thelma's roses. Then in Thelma's hand she placed the

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lily scepter, saying, "Thus I bestow upon thee the great gift, which I trust may not be too heavy for thy fair young brow. My feet have nearly reached the door of the sunset. Thou art fittest to take my place. Thy loving thoughts have made thee queen of the land as they will make thee queen of all hearts."

And with one accord, all cried, "Hail, Queen Thelma, of the Loving Heart!"



ALAMEDA, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I enjoyed very much to read the story of "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did." I go to the Home of Truth in Alameda and I like it very much. Yesterday Miss Schroeder, our Sunday School teacher, gave our class of girls each an envelope with sachet in it and painted flowers on the outside of it, and they were very pretty. All the rest of the classes got Easter cards, but I liked the sachet best. This is the second time I have written to WEE WISDOM. I am twelve years old.

Yours truly, DOROTHY KUCHEL.

WOODLAND, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like to read the letters that the little Wees write, and thought you would like to read a letter that I write. I am ten years young, and we have taken WEE WISDOM ever since it has been published. My sister Ethlyn took it first, and she likes to read it now; she is eighteen years old and is going to high school in Portland, Oregon, and often attends the meetings at the Home of Truth. Mr. and Mrs. Minard live there. We like to have Mrs. Minard visit us in the summer, and we like to eat apples; I think I can eat more than she can. I have a brother Carlton. He is fourteen. He likes to read the WEE WISDOM stories. He wants to be an engineer when he gets grown. He has some sheep that he earned taking care of papa's sheep. He says he is going to school with the money he gets from them when he gets through school here. I have two sheep. We do not live on a farm, but a man keeps them for us. I have lots of little friends and will send you some names. I am going to write a letter, "Why I Like Spring to Come." From your friend,

RUTH B. CONRAD.

CRYSTAL, ARK.

DEAR EDITOR AND WEES—As I have some spare time now I will write to your dear little paper. I hope you will accept it with pleasure. It is so nice here today. The birds are singing so

sweetly now. The roses are in bloom. I would like to know if you have any WEE WISDOMS to spare, if so please send one to Nancy N. Thornton, Silver, Ark., and Ethel Carpenter, Silver, Ark. I send a story called "The Lost Girl." I will have to close now. Good-bye.

HATTIE L. TOMPKINS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have written another story for you and hope you will like it. I should like to know if instead of a story you can send a poem that you yourself did not write. I wish you could arrange to send the paper every week instead of every month. Well, I must close. Success to WEE WISDOM. Your faithful reader,

NANCY SIMPSON.

WESTVILLE, ILL.

DEAR EDITOR OF WEE WISDOM—I am teaching the colored people this beautiful Truth. I find them with so much simplicity and childlike. They grasp the understanding quickly; harmony in their bodies soon exists where inharmony once showed forth very plain. I always wanted to help the colored people develop spiritually. I present these three subscriptions to three little colored girls. They are very intelligent now. Asking God to bless you in your good work,

MRS. DELLA SMITH.

RATON, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I love WEE WISDOM so very much, especially "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did." I just returned from California last month. Today is my birthday, and I am nine years young. Papa's is tomorrow. I was feeling bad a few days ago. I had a sore throat, and I said, "God is my health, I can't be sick," and I was well the next day. I went to the Home of Truth in Los Angeles, and I liked my teacher very much. Her name was Miss King. We live out on a ranch twenty-three miles from town. It takes us about four hours to come out with a horse and buggy. My papa has about ten thousand acres. My calves are all grown now; only three, and they were just born about a week ago. I love animals so much. I will send fifty cents to renew my subscription. Well I guess I had better close. Your true and loving friend,

GLADYS TROY.

P. S. I will write a verse about "Chickie's Puzzle"

I'd like to know how it happened,  
I can't understand it a bit;  
A moment ago I was curled up so,  
There was naught I could do but pick.  
So I picked and picked, and by and by  
There came a great crashing sound;  
And first thing I knew the shell was in two,  
And I standing safe on the ground.

FREEBURG, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have thought of writing a story long ago and have written one now.

It is about "The Little Hero," and if the editor likes it I may write another one. I am not getting Wee Wisdom just now, but am trying to save my money to get it. But I have seen in the little paper anyone writing a story would receive an extra paper, so I hope I will see my story in it when it comes. I have to close now as it is growing late. From a friend, IDA E. SCHANZ.



ORCHARD GROVE FARM, TABLE ROCK, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I made a bird house all by myself, except papa helped me drive some of the nails and I "spect" a sparrow to build a nest in the bird house. Papa put it on a short pole by the grape vines. Aunt Myrta is writing this letter for me. Aunt Myrta wrote a story for me and I liked it very much. She lives in Table Rock now, and I like to go to see her.

Much love from THOMAS DUDLEY HOWE.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I think I will have to add a little to Tommy's letter, for I wrote that just as he dictated it, so the composition of it is all his own. When I was out to the farm, and saw the bird house, and he told me how he worked nearly all one day, sawing the boards and driving some of the nails, I felt sure that you would be interested in hearing about it. I told him we would write to you about it, so that was the important subject in his mind, and he forgot to tell you lots of other things he might have. He insisted upon my writing *just* what he said, and he was tired when we got that written, and thought that was long enough for this letter, and said we could write another one sometime. But I want to tell you how much Tom enjoys the Wee Wisdom, especially the continued story about California. He always has to have that read to him just as soon as the paper comes, so his mamma says, no matter what there is to be done, and then he has it read over again several times. He likes all of the stories, too, very much, and the dear little letters. Tom can read a little himself, and can print short letters to his auntie, but they would not be very easy for anybody else to read. He and his auntie have great fun playing about fairies, and we are constantly finding such beautiful good ones, and I must tell you what their names are. There is the fairy with a golden crown, whose name is Wisdom; the fairy with the silver crown is called Peace; the one with a pink crown is Love; the one with a red crown is Life; the one with a blue crown is Truth, and the one with a purple crown is Power. Tom thinks those are very pretty names. He has learned to sit in the Silence with Aunt Myrta, too, once in a while, and it makes him very happy. He and Baby Brother, as we still call him, though he is getting to be a big boy, have very nice times playing together. They like to go out with their grandpa, too, and help him plant trees, and, of course, he enjoys their help very much. With much love and best wishes for the dear little paper that we all love so well, I am, Your loving Aunt MYRTA.



BOULDER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have not written to you for a long time. My brother Norman has a

dog. He is black and his name is Sport. He runs away a great deal. I used to have a bird and a family horse, but birdie flew away and papa sold pony. I enjoy the story of "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did" very much, and hope that it will be continued for several months. I like to read the letters which the other Wees have written. Today is the fourth day in succession upon which it has rained here. I will now close. Your loving little friend,  
GENEVA LIELA HALL.



KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write you my first letter. I think it is a dear little paper and can hardly wait to get it. I like the story of "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did." I am thirteen years young and am in the seventh grade at school. I have three sisters. I will write you a story for the little paper. I hope it will escape the waste basket. Your loving friend, WINNIE WILLIAMS.



WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—Will you please send Wee Wisdom to my cousin, Geraldine Hayden? I enclose fifty cents for it. I put kitty in my doll carriage and she had a nice ride. We have got some lettuce growing in the house. Geraldine's mother came out to see us the other day. With love, CECELIA BULLARD.



TRENTON, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have taken your paper for nearly a year and like it very much. I have an old mother cat and her name is Rabe. She has two little kittens called Tip and Snip. They play together, and are very pretty. They are my only pets. It is very warm here today, and I am sitting on the porch to write this letter. I am eleven years old and am in the seventh grade in school. Our school will be out in three weeks. Hoping to see this letter published, I will close. Yours respectfully,

HATTIE M. LEWIS.



ESCANABA, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Mamma is writing a letter to my aunt. I have a dolly. I think your little paper nice. I guess I am going to St. Louis fair with mamma. My doll's name is Dorris. My other doll's name is Carmie. Your little reader,  
LETITIA HEWLETT.

[Letitia's letter is very original in construction. It's real nice of her to persevere—she will soon be able to write a story.—Ed.]



BATH, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As I have written you another story entitled "Honey Bees in May," I will also write you another letter, too. I received the extra copies you sent me, and have sent them to some of my friends, hoping they would understand and acknowledge the Truth. Yours very sincerely,  
JENNIE C. SCHOFIELD.

RIPON, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have never written to you. My mother takes you, and how I do love to read the beautiful little letters and stories in you. I have a great big doll and a good many other ones, only not quite so big. I have a little colt and a horse. I have not named my colt yet, but my horse's name is Dan. Well I must close. Your loving friend, SADIE M. HUGHES.



STERLING, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I love you dearly. I am a little girl twelve years young. I have a little brother two years young. His name is Archie. My favorite prayer is:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
And know the Lord my soul will keep;  
And I shall wake to see the light,  
For God is with me all the night."

I like "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did." I also like the letters the other children write. I like the Bible Lessons very much because I love God with all my heart, and hope the other Wees do. Mamma has a very nice Bible, and I love to read about Christ. God is my best friend, and I hope all the other Wees love our dear Savior. Mamma has forty little chickens. Oh, I have something else to tell you. One day mamma, I and my sister were cleaning the yard, and my little brother got his sunbonnet and tore it. I will try to get some subscribers. Hoping to see my letter in the paper, I remain

Your loving friend, BESSIE WEBB.

P. S. We moved two more rooms on our house. If the little Wees do not feel able to write, ask God to help you and He will.



FLORESVILLE, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first time I have ever written to you. I like you very much. I am going to school now and am in the fourth grade. We have about sixty-five little chickens and a pretty little cat named Gavie. I have a little sister baby who is very sweet. I like to play with her very much. I have a sister five years old, and one fourteen years old. When I read the May WEE WISDOM I was very sorry that the Bible Lessons were not put in.

Your friend, ANNIE JOHNSON.



IOWA FALLS, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will try and write a few lines, as I never see any letters in WEE WISDOM from around here. I will try and write a story about "Why I like the Spring-time." I never tried to write a story before, but I will write a short one this time. Maybe next time I can do better, as practice makes perfect. I like to read the letters and stories in WEE WISDOM, and have taken it for several years. We have a little pet squirrel. We feed it nuts and corn. I have fixed my flower beds all ready for the seeds. It is too cold to plant them yet. I will send some of our neighbors' names and addresses, as I saw in WEE WISDOM that you wanted some names. Well, I will close and remain as ever, Your loving friend, KATIE MEYER.



BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

## LESSON X. JUNE 5.

Christ's Trial Before Pilate.—Mark 15:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Then said Pilate to the chief priests and to the people, I find no fault in this man.—Luke 23:4.*

When the mortal talks, very foolish things are often said and done. One little child might, perhaps, suggest a naughty act, and tell it to others until a number of children would at last be into the mischief, doing something that the parents would not like. Thus it was with the chief priests, elders and scribes. They talked and talked until they had agreed to have a perfectly good man condemned.

Pilate was a just man, and saw that Jesus was without sin, but he, too, did not listen entirely to the good voice that spoke within his heart, saying, "Release him, let him go." You see Pilate wanted to please the mortal rather than God; so he listened to the people, ordering Jesus to be crucified, and allowing Barabbas to go free in his stead.

No one can crucify or kill the Christ, and this is what Jesus proved to the people. The Christ within, the Divine self, never dies, but lives on and on forever. The Divine self, or King, is within each one of us. Every boy or girl is born a king. Remember this, and prove yourself one! Be a king! Rule over the wrong (error) thoughts and let only the good thoughts reign. We must never let the naughty thoughts be as a mob to the Divine within, silencing that precious voice, but remember ever to hush the naughty, and reign as a true king would. Be kind and loving to all. Fear nothing and nobody, but stand for the Truth. Truth is that, the Divine One is within you, and within each one, and can never die.

## LESSON XI. JUNE 12.

Jesus Crucified.—Mark 15:22-39.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.—Luke 23:34.*

The Christ heart is full of love and compassion. These were the words Jesus spoke from the cross, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

This is what we must do; we must forgive—give good for evil. If a boy knocks you down, do not hit him back, but quietly think, "God forgives him; I, too, will forgive him." Then remember that the Christ within does not wish to hurt you, but loves you.

Jesus loved the people, and tried to teach them the Truth. He has been our living example, but only a few have learned this. Most persons thought, and still think, that it was only for Jesus who could do wonderful things, but he said, "Follow thou me," and, "Greater things than these shall ye do." Jesus spoke for all time and for all people. We do not have to be crucified to learn, but we can crucify our sin, that is, put sin and all wrong doing far from us, and be alive in the knowledge that Christ dwells within each and all. The Christ is all there is in reality, therefore, dear children, the Truth is that Christ (God) is all there really is.

Jesus is our equal in every way, for he said, "Ye are my brothers and my sisters." It is our fault if we do not obey and follow him, and know that we are alive in God, and capable of goodness.

When trouble comes everything seems dark and sad, but when we remember that trouble is not real, for God (Good) reigns in our heart, then the sun shines, and we are made happy in knowing that the Good reigns forever. When wonderful or strange things take place, then do people begin to believe in God, but it were best to have faith in the first place. God (Good) is everywhere present.

#### LESSON XII. JUNE 19.

Christ Risen.—Matt. 28:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Now is Christ risen from the dead.*—I. Cor. 15:20.

This lesson tells of the resurrection, or the rising of Jesus from the tomb. Jesus had lived a perfectly pure and good life, and added to that, knowing himself to be perfect and the Son of God, he had power to do what no man before had ever attempted doing. He knew he could rise and live, and do as he pleased in this body.

If we live a perfectly good life we can live on forever, and not need to die. You remember the Bible says, "The wages of sin is death." Dear children, the soul or the Christ within can never die, no matter what the flesh may do. The chief thing, then, is to be good and have heaven wherever you are, for "heaven is within you."

All the error thoughts that might appear to surround us can be rolled away by our angel or true thought. An error thought may, perhaps, be, "I am going to die," but the true thought is, "I am life; I live in God." Truth sometimes makes such a breaking up and running away of naughty thoughts that it is just like an earthquake taking place. After the upheaval all is peace again, and all is bright about us, and we feel the presence of the Christ. Then are we wise and we see the Christ is living within us. The light always stands for Wisdom.

When old wrong sick thoughts are leaving us we must not feel afraid, but remember Love, and rejoice that we are resurrected (awake and lifted up) in the life of Christ. When we know love and life are ever with us let us say, "All hail!" which is a word of welcome, and give thanks to God. After that go forth and tell everyone the news of the beautiful Truth in our midst.

#### LESSON XIII. JUNE 26.

Review of the Life of Christ.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name.*—Phil. 2:9.

The name Christ belongs to all, but we must be so good outwardly, so sweet, loving and tender hearted as to feel we are living the truth of our name. Otherwise that beautiful name is useless to us. It would then be a precious pearl that is buried within the heart of an oyster, unseen and unknown.

In other words, we must live as Jesus lived, then will we also be exalted, for our Truth name is above every other name—the Christ. God created us all alike, remember. It is our fault, not God's, if we are unlike Jesus. Jesus proved the truth that God is Life, and so must we. We could not live our life without God, so let us constantly remind ourselves by saying over and over true words such as—

I am God's child,  
I live in God.  
God is my Life.  
God is my All.  
God gives me health, strength, peace, wisdom,  
and prosperity.  
God loves me.  
God loves all.  
God loves all His children alike.

#### THE ROSE.


BY NANCY SIMPSON.

Age 12 years.

Thrown out in a dirty alley was a bunch of roses. All were withered but one, which was still fresh and blooming. A little ragged, pale-faced child came along, and, seeing the rose, picked it up and took it home, where she and her invalid mother lived.

As she went in her mother greeted her with a smile; seeing the rose she told her daughter (whose name was Mildred) to put it in a jar. Mildred did as her mother bade her. As soon as the rose was put in water it was refreshed, and soon the room was filled with the sweet odor of the rose. Mildred thought it was lovely, and her mother felt better, for the rose brought with it Love, Hope and Good Cheer.

"What is June without roses?"



### YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



WHEN we all get in here together Ye Editor forgets that there is anything in all this world but fresh, wholesome, young hearts; the bottom drops out of the old and stale, and we're all just what we want to be, with nothing to hinder. Wouldn't it be nice to have *the hinder* all pulled out of life so's we could just help ourselves to what we like best? Where does "the hinder" come from, anyway? Not from the Good. Good never *hinders*. Good always helps. So the hinder-part can't come from God; good only comes from God. What business then have we to let *the hinder* hinder us? Why, that's the queer part, we've built up *the hinder* ourselves out of our own "can'ts" "'fraids" and "ifs" and "buts," and then we let it come up between us and what we want to be and do. God never made anything to come between us and His wonderful intelligence and life that He created us to express. He never made anything to rob us of our youth and beauty or our freshness of heart. *God never made a hindrance*. Let us remember this when we are tempted to say, "I can't." One good, strong, *I can* will bring a rush of courage and ability that will sweep all hindrance before it. And don't use any "ifs" either. To say, "*If I can*," means that you are not quite sure you have Intelligence and Life to back you. To say, "*I can*, for I am one with Intelligence and Life," is to let God work in and through you and to get away from all *hinders*. I think *this* is what we are all knowing together, when we meet here in the Sanctum and let go of the *hinder* thoughts that rob us of our

freedom and power. "We live and move and have our being" in the great ocean of Living and Knowing — let us not be like the foolish fish in the fable, that were always hunting for the ocean, when they were already living in it. I'm sure we'll all get away from the words and thoughts that build up the *hinders* and so find how everything in God's world *helps* and nothing *hinders*.

Some of our little authors forget that we are to leave all the old unhappy descriptions out of our WEE WISDOM stories. One little story was so full of telling about sickness and death we would none of us want to see it in print. We are to bring about the new living that has no shadows in it, by telling the joyous happy things of life. God made the happy part of life, and really, there is no other, for what seems to be another part is because the *match* has not been touched there to light up the waiting Good. *God is Good and God is All*. Let's never, never forget this, dear Wisdoms, and then we'll realize Mrs. Kohaus' wonderful little Truth verse —

"God is my help in time of need.  
 God does my very hunger feed.  
 God walks beside me, guides my way,  
 Through every moment of the day.  
 I now am wise, I now am true,  
 Patient, kind and loving, too;  
 All things I am, can do and be,  
 Through Christ, the truth that is in me.  
 God is my health, I can't be sick,  
 God is my strength, unfailing, quick;  
 God is my all, I know no fear,  
 Since God and Love and Truth are here."

Aunt Mary's story is about complete. No wonder you have all enjoyed it, for I think it has been a *lived* story. The pictures were all taken right on the spot, by Aunt Mary herself and it came to you right out of the abundance of her heart, and so could do nothing less than go right into your heart where it belongs. She promises us another story soon.



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June, 1904.

*More fragrant than the rose of June,  
More sweet than its red, red heart,  
Steals over my soul the rich perfume  
Of a loving, grateful heart.*

All the best little stories will be put into book form after August, and each little author will receive one as a gift.

You must all know how glad your letters make Ye Editor, and how really we do just seem to come close together and know each other in love and truth.

Wouldn't you like to make WEE WISDOM a birthday present of at least one new subscriber? Surely, you can find some home that wants the love and light of this little Truth messenger.

Aunt Myrta and Tom write a letter for WEE WISDOM which you will read. I think we'd all enjoy those stories she writes for Tom if he will share them with us. We'll call them the *Tom Stories*. Tom likes WEE WISDOM so well, we feel sure he will do this for us.

Because this is *Rose-month* and because so many have asked for Lucy C. Kellerhouse's beautiful *Rose story*, we have re-published it this month. It is a fairy story *you may live*. It took up

such a lot of room, the little stories have not all found place but they will come in next time. I think "*Love's Roses*" will give you an inspiration, and we shall hope to hear what you got from reading it.

Just one more number before WEE WISDOM's Birthday. Some of our new Wisdoms may not have learned that August is WEE WISDOM's birth month, and we celebrate it by giving the August number over to the children — "The boys" edit it, and you children do all the writing. We shall expect an extra good one this year. All our little poets and artists and story tellers and letter writers, we trust will be on hand and celebrate royally WEE WISDOM's ninth birthday. Some of you can make photo visits, too, and we'll have a grand Truth celebration.

It is vacation with most of you and just the time to write stories and letters for WEE WISDOM. You have done well, but we expect still better efforts from our young writers. The more you try to express the beautiful wisdom that comes to you the more will come. Always have in your mind that this is an opportunity to exchange blessings with each other. We're each so glad to hear of the good that comes to the other that our loving appreciation of each other's effort is healing and encouraging, and without realizing what we are doing we are belting this old earth with a *living* substance of joy and health and prosperity, and into every home WEE WISDOM enters, enters also this guest of heaven.

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

10 to 24 copies, 40 cts. each per year.  
25 to 49 copies, 35 cts. each per year.  
50 to 100 copies, 25 cts. each per year.

## Our Little Stories.

### THE MAY QUEEN.

Once a little girl named Nellie lived with her grandma in a little cottage that had a beautiful yard. Nellie made her a garden and she planted her seeds, and one day in May one little pansy began to open its eyes and wake and look all around for the beautiful sunshine. The next day Nellie came out to weed her flower garden, and to her great surprise she saw Miss Pansy, and her little heart filled with joy and delight. By and by all the flowers began to bloom, till at last all were in full bloom.

One day Nellie came and laid down upon the grass to read a book that a gentleman had brought her, but she did not become interested in it and laid it down beside her. She lay still a few moments, and then she heard a little piping voice say, "Dear Nellie, how good of you to plant us and let us grow in this beautiful sunshine." Nellie looked around and by her stood a little fairy.

Nellie sat still a moment, but pretty soon she said to the fairy, "What is your name, little fairy?" And she answered, "May Queen." Then she told Nellie how once she was the little pansy that bloomed first, but now she was changed into a Fairy Queen, and that she was to watch over the other flowers and keep them from harm. When she left she told Nellie to come tomorrow. So Nellie jumped up and ran to tell her grandma what she had heard.

The next day Nellie was there alone, and she heard the same voice saying, "Nellie," but she was not frightened. So they began to talk again, and the May Queen said to Nellie, "I will give

you a seed to plant in your heart." Then she disappeared, and Nellie went into the house and told her grandma what she had heard. Then her grandma told her what the little fairy meant by saying she must plant the seed in her heart. She meant that she must plant love in her heart. So Nellie became a loving little girl ever after.

### IN THE LOVE GATES.

BY VIOLET MOEBUS.

9 years old.

Once-upon-a-time there were two little girls; one was Love and one Good Thought. One day when they were out for a walk they wanted to go to the Gates of Love. It was a long walk, but as they went the birds sang and the flowers bloomed.

"Oh," said Love, "look, look! Oh, see what I have found; a little bird that has fallen from its nest. I shall put it in again."

"Oh, thank you, Love, for a kind deed."

And they looked to see who it was, and they saw a little fairy, and they said, "O dear fairy, this must be the Gates of Love."

"Oh, yes, you are in it now, dears; go on," said the fairy.

So they went on; then after a little while, Good Thought saw a little butterfly who had broken its wing. "Oh, see," said Good Thought, "I will take it up," and they sat down, and in five minutes it was healed.

And this is the end of my story.

"Keep every thought alert and true,  
In harmony with God's own will;  
Success alone can come to you,  
The good can vanquish every ill."