

WEE WISDOM.



Copyrighted by E.A. Filteau, K.C. Mo. 1901.



JUST A WORD FOR SUNSHINE.

Just a word for Sunshine. Such a little thing,
But of holier mission angels cannot sing.
Neither myth nor fairy housed in heart of rose,
But Life's active factor, seeking as it goes.

Sunshine meets a brother weary of the day.
Quick a word of courage sets him on his way.

Sunshine finds one fallen 'neath a load of care.
Swift that human charity, Hood pronounces rare,
Shields the shrinking victim from the world's
scorn and frown.

Sunshine never tramples on the one that's down.

Sunshine sees heart-hunger 'neath a silken vest,
Stops to sup and cheer such with its priceless best;
For the keenest cravings wealth may not supply;
Things the heart holds dearest money cannot buy.

Sunshine's a diviner. Hidden wells and springs
Of good in human nature up to light it brings.
And a necromancer, too, we must allow,
Seeing the transitions it has wrought somehow.

Grum and grouchy people wearing pleasant air;
Gloomy sloughs of despond turned to gardens fair;
Trusty bridges spanning canyons of despair—
A new sense of gladness round us everywhere.

Then a word for Sunshine—tiny little leaven:
That its first inception came from heart of heaven.
Know we well who've watched it marveously
spread,

Coalescent interests earth and heaven to wed.
—Selected.

A STREAK OF SUNSHINE.

"Well, grandma," said a little boy,
resting his elbows on the old lady's
stuffed arm-chair. "what have you been
doing here at the window all day by
yourself?"

"All I could, answered grandma,
cheerily; "I have read a little and
praved a good deal, and then looked

out at the people. There's one little
girl, Arthur, that I have learned to
watch for. She has sunny brown hair,
her brown eyes have the same sunny
look in them, and I wonder every day
what makes her look so bright. Ah,
here she comes now."

"That girl with the brown apron
on?" he cried. "Why, I know that
girl. That's Susie Moore, and she has
a dreadful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "O little
boy, wouldn't you give anything to
know where she gets all that brightness
from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly,
and, to grandma's surprise, he raised
the window and called:

"Susie, O Susie, come up here a
minute; grandma wants to see you!"

The brown eyes opened wide in sur-
prise, but the little maid turned at
once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie
Moore," exclaimed the boy, "what
makes you look so bright all the time."

"Why, I have to," said Susie. "You
see, papa's been sick a long while, and
mamma is tired out with nursing, and
baby's cross with her teeth, and if I
didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old
grandma, putting her arms around this
little streak of sunshine. "That's God's
reason for things; they are because
somebody needs them. Shine on, little
sun; there couldn't be a better reason
for shining than because it is dark at
home." — *The Sunbeam.*



VOL. IX.

KANSAS CITY, MO., SEPTEMBER, 1904.

No. 2.

"MINISTERING ANGELS:" STORY OF TWO BOYS WHO TRIED IT.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER I.

THEY VISIT HENRY.

SCHOOL had closed for a week though it was not vacation time. The building needed repairs, and there was no temporary building in the valley for the children to use in the meantime.

Earl Tines was hanging over Arthur Snow's fence and waiting for him to appear.

As Arthur joined his friend his young lady sister, who stood in the grounds, tennis racket in hand waiting for a companion, called out:

"Where are you boys going?"

"Never mind, Gertrude," Arthur shouted back over his shoulder.

"You ought to tell me, Arthur."

"Well, we're going down the valley a little way, not very far."

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, please don't ask so many questions."

"Does mother know you're going?"

"Mother said I might go."

Gertrude asked no more questions,

and the two boys went over the meadowed hill into the valley below.

"What do you suppose we can do for Henry?" queried Earl. It's too bad he feels so ill. He hasn't been out for two weeks now."

"I wish I'd known it before," responded Arthur, "I'd have gone to see him long ago. He's such a jolly fellow! They say his mother's great on clubs and such things, and doesn't pay much attention to Henry. He has a maid to wait on him but doesn't see much of his mother. I heard my sister Gertrude talking about them—and Henry's ever so fond of her—his mother, I mean."

"Well, we might help them all," suggested Earl.

After ten or fifteen minutes of rapid walking the boys arrived at a very handsome place, filled with majestic trees, palms, flowering beds and green lawns. They walked up the carriage drive and rang the bell at the door of a rather pretentious looking green mansion.

A maid in white cap and apron opened the door and ushered the boys into a small reception hall. Here she left them, but soon returned with word that they might follow her upstairs. She showed them into a large bed-room where a pale, delicate looking boy lay, propped up with pillows, in a little gilt bedstead. He held out his hand eagerly as the boys entered.

"Glad to see you, Earl and Arthur;" — "Hortense" to the maid — "please put the chairs up close to me. Sit down, boys. I've been so lonely, it's good to see some one. I'm just about tired out with trying to amuse myself with games."

"I didn't know you were sick till today," said Arthur, "or I'd have come before."

"I wish I were well," replied Henry fretfully. "I've had enough of lying in bed."

"Oh, cheer up, old fellow!" cried Earl, "you'll be out soon."

"I don't know, for the doctor says my heart's affected and I must keep still; but if only I could see my mother I think I'd feel better."

Arthur leaned forward and spoke timidly: "Henry, did you ever think of how easy it is to be well?"

"You're well and think so, maybe, but it isn't so easy for me lying here," responded Henry.

"Well," continued Arthur, "everything about us out doors is well and happy, and we ought to be so, too. I believe the great Spirit of Good made all those things as well as mankind, so according to that we are well."

"I don't quite understand that, but I'll think about what you've said,"

replied Henry; then turning abruptly, "Do you believe that, Earl?"

"Yes, I think as Arthur does, that God is the health of His people. If seeing your mother would make you feel better, Henry, why, we might tell her," suggested Earl.

"Oh, don't," cried Henry excitedly.

"There, don't worry, we won't talk of it any more. Say, Henry, we missed you terribly at the last baseball game, but we knew you'd be glad to hear that our side won."

"Good enough! Of course I'm glad — Hush!" Henry raised a finger — "Is that my mother coming?"

"Some one wearing a silk dress," whispered Earl.

"Mother!" called Henry.

"My dear boy, don't detain me now," and following the words a lovely fair-haired woman appeared in the doorway. "Oh, I see you have friends. How do you do, boys? — I must go; there's a tea at Mrs. Smith's in an hour."

"Oh, mother, please." Henry's face crimsoned, and glancing toward his friends said no more.

"I'll send Hortense in to you, you're exciting yourself," remonstrated Mrs. Miles.

"Will you come back?" pleaded Henry.

"Not today — some other time."

The mother departed, the sound of the rustle of skirts dying away at the end of the hall.

"We must go," said Arthur upon the appearance of Hortense at the door.

Henry looked up wistfully.

"I wish you could stay longer."

"We'll come again," said Earl.

"Come tomorrow," called Henry after them.

"If only Henry knew that God is his health," whispered Arthur as the door closed behind them.

"I believe if his mother sat with him and read stories he could get right up from that bed. That's the way my mother does," said Earl, "and then she gives me treatments now-a-days just as your mother does. I'm so glad that she met your mother and learned about the ever-present Good and Truth from her. If we do live in a small cottage we're as happy as can be."

"Gertrude doesn't practice it yet," said Arthur. "I think it's because her friends laugh at her for having a mother who believes in the power of thought."

"She may change," suggested Earl.

[To be continued.]

ALMOST AFRAID.

The boy was all right notwithstanding his girly curls and a fond mother who was afraid he was going to become coarse and vulgar, and in other respects masculine.

"Well, my boy," we said, after some time, "what are you going to do when you grow up?"

The boy studied the question a moment.

"Really," he replied at last, "I don't know. I suppose I ought to be a man, but from the way mamma is handling me, I'm almost afraid I'm going to be a lady."—*Trained Motherhood.*

Every wish for a man's good is a gain.

—OWEN MEREDITH.

HELPING MOTHER.

We like to help our mother when she's working all the day;

My little sister dear and I can help in many a way;

For when she sweeps we help to dust the tables and the chairs,

We get her everything she wants down cellar or upstairs;

We carry water for the plants, and pick the opened flowers,

And then she puts them in a vase, and calls them her's and ours.

We put our toys up in their trunk when we are through with play,

And say, "We've worked so *very* hard, it's been the shortest day,

And time for any other work we never could have found!"

But she says what helps her quite the most is having us around!

—MARGARET GOSS DAY, in *Little Folks.*

THE ACORNS.

BY ELIZABETH GEORGE.



EMMA was out under the great oak tree gathering acorns when Johnnie, the little boy across the way, saw her and ran over to help.

"Halloo, Emma; what are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm picking up a few oak trees to carry into mamma," answered Emma, with an important air.

"Oak trees? Them ain't trees."

"You should n't say 'them ain't,' Johnnie," corrected Emma, who was just at the entrance of the School of Language, a mansion built of words, phrases and sentences, carved into every conceivable form, and as she was a very practical little girl she made prompt application of her first lessons. "You should say, 'Those are not trees.'"

"Why?" asked philosophical Johnnie.

"Because, because—oh, I don't know why. But, Johnnie, for honest, these acorns will be trees some day if planted. Mamma says each one holds enough life to make an oak as large as this, if it is planted in good soil, watered and well cared for."

Johnnie was silent before this wisdom, and commenced picking up the little brown balls, dropping them into Emma's lap.

"Let's go in the house now, and show them to mamma," said Emma.

"All right. I'll hold one side of your apron," said Johnnie, gallantly.

They trudged along to the house, and all went well until they reached the porch, when Johnnie, who was rather stout and chubby, and very awkward, fell, letting go of his side of the apron, sending the acorns all over the porch.

"Just like a boy," sputtered Emma. "I should think ——" then seeing the tears in Johnnie's deep blue eyes, and a big scratch on his poor little nose, she said, "Oh, well, never mind; we can pick 'em up again in just a little while."

They worked patiently until they had picked up every one of the acorns. They did not know that Emma's mamma was watching them from the window. She was pleased that Emma had controlled her temper when the acorns were spilled. Emma was trying very hard to say, "Peace, be still," every time she felt the little fits of anger coming on, and was gradually winning the day, but then, too, she sometimes forgot, and out would come some impatient word that would make them both feel bad. The children again gathered the apron around the acorns, and went into the house.

"Say, Mrs. Jackson, Emma says them—I mean *those* are oak trees. Are they?"

"Well, Johnnie," smiling, "they are not oak trees now; they are just little acorns, closed cradles containing the germ that is to make a big oak tree, just as you contain the possibilities of a big strong man in your little body. Acorns have to be planted, though, and live in the warm earth until they burst, and a little shoot is sent up to get air. This little shoot is the beginning of a tree, and it thrives and grows strong on sunlight and air."

"You said Johnnie was like an acorn. Can't a girl be like something, too?" asked Emma, with just the suggestion of a pout.

"Yes, dearie. You have the possibilities of a perfect woman in you, and Johnnie possesses all that goes to make a manly man. God has planted both of you on the earth in an environment of love and care. You must remember, though, that oaks are hardy trees—not weak hot-house plants. They are strong enough to live in the heat of summer or cold of winter, and they thrive on the overcoming of obstacles. So you see, my children of oak-like characters must know that God is Strength, and that storms of adversity and the blight of temptation can have no power over them; that they can never turn them from the right."

"I guess I can remember that and live in that way for one day, anyhow," said Johnnie.

"We can live but one day at a time, Johnnie," said mamma.

"I can do anything you can do, Johnnie Stratton," said Emma. "Say,

mamma, will you help us plant some acorns now?"

"Yes, we can plant them right away. We will plant one in front of your window, and one in front of Johnnie's. I think by another summer you will see a little sprout coming up from each of these little acorns. Then you and the oaks will grow up together."

"Had we better begin our oak-like characters today?" asked Emma.

Mamma's answer was a big hug and kiss for each one of the children, and a promise to help them in their great resolve.

"You must remember, too," continued mamma, "that an oak is never sickly nor delicate. It does not take cold in the fresh air and rain, and is not afraid of thunder storms." (Emma was very timid in a thunder storm, and always sought her mamma's lap.) "And little boys who have characters of oak need never be afraid of bringing in wood for their mamma when it is raining—it makes them grow."

Emma and Johnnie winced a little at these severe terms, but were so anxious to be strong as oaks that they did not complain. They started out with their little spades and shovels, and with mamma's help planted the acorns. They did their work so well that little green sprouts finally marked the resting place of the acorns, and were a constant reminder of the character the children were trying to cultivate.

"Love and kindness we may measure
By this simple rule alone:
Do we mind our neighbor's pleasure
Just as if it were our own?"

JESSIE'S HEART-GARDEN.

BY BOTHILDA E. CURTZ.

12 years old.

"WHAT are you doing?" asked Arabella Sherman of her friend Jessie Brown, who was vainly trying to pull up a large weed that was growing in the middle of her garden.

"Oh, I'm trying to pull out this big weed. It's been growing here so long, and it's been spreading over my whole graden," said Jessie, crossly.

Now, Jessie's heart was just like her garden. She had kept on being mischievous, hateful and spiteful, till her heart garden was so full of weeds that there was n't any room for love's roses and other beautiful flower-thoughts to creep in.

Jessie's Aunt Martha took care of her and baby brother. One day Aunt Martha said to Jessie, "Why don't you try to root up all those ugly weeds that are growing way down in your heart-garden?"

"Don't care 'bout my heart-garden, besides there ain't no such a thing," replied Jessie, spitefully, for she had gotten so that she could not control herself any more.

Now Jessie really did n't mean what she said, for after that she became more serious. She would go out and lay down on the grass and think of her aunt's words. She would say to herself, "What could auntie have meant when she talked of a heart-garden?"

One day Jessie thought she would ask auntie what she meant by a heart-garden, for she could n't for the world make it out herself. So that same evening, as

auntie was sitting in the sunny kitchen, looking at Jessie's small brother playing in the large box in which she had set him; Jessie came slowly into the room, still wearing that serious look on her face. Auntie glanced at her in surprise when Jessie said, "Auntie, may I ask you a question?"

"Yes, what is it?" asked auntie.

"It's just this—What did you mean when you spoke of a heart-garden, and what is it?" asked Jessie, eagerly.

"Well, dear, a heart-garden is just like this: When you think loving thoughts, you will have roses and other beautiful flower-thoughts in your heart-garden. When you think bad and hateful thoughts your heart-garden will be just as bad, and even worse than your garden out by the wall before you pulled the weeds out. But, first, before you expect love's roses to spring up in your heart garden you must root out the weeds of hate and spitefulness. Root them all out, big and small, for if you leave but one small weed it will grow big and drop thousands of seeds to spring up and make your heart-garden worse. There! run! Baby Brother is crying. Now you'll weed a whole pack of weeds out of your heart-garden, and perhaps a tiny love rose will spring up."

Jessie ran with all her might to get the baby. Pretty soon she came back with the baby cooing and gurgling at her. Uncle had been watching them for a while; when he saw Jessie coming back with the baby he took a snap-shot of them with his kodak. So after that Jessie tried her best to be kind and loving to everybody. When papa and mamma came back from Europe they

were truly surprised to find how kind and loving their little girl was.

One day as Jessie was walking around in the parlor she noticed a small photograph standing in a gilt frame on the bureau. She went over and looked at it. She was more than surprised to find that it was herself and Bobby, that was the baby's name. Jessie soon became so unselfish and kind and loving that she was a delight to everyone who knew her. Jessie is now fourteen years old, but she still remembers her experience of six years ago. Bobby is only seven, but he is quite a little Truth student.

HOW AN ANGEL LOOKS.

Robin, holding his mother's hand,
Says "good night" to the big folks all,
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,
Laughs with glee through the lighted hall,
Then in his own crib, warm and deep,
Rob is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother, with fond caress,
Slips her hand through his soft, brown hair,
Thinks of his fortune all unknown,
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer:
"Holy angels keep watch and ward!
God's good angels, my baby guard!"

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"
Asked the boy, in a wondering tone;
"How will they look if they come here,
Watching me while I'm all alone?"
Half with shrinking and fear spoke he—
Answered the mother tenderly:

"Prettiest faces ever were known,
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes."
Robin, waiting for nothing more,
Cried, and looked with a pleased surprise,
Love and trust in his eyes of blue,
"I know, mamma! They're just like you."

—Anon in *Philadelphia Ledger*.



Tom Stories

As told to
five-year-old Tom
by Aunt Myra

CHAPTER I.

HARMONY LAND.

Once-upon-a-time there was a beautiful country named Harmony, and it was ruled by a very good king and queen. It was the most beautiful country you ever saw, with the loveliest trees and grass and flowers. A funny thing about the trees was they grew clear up to the sky, and when the boys climbed to the tops they could look over the whole world and see all the cities and countries and oceans. Do you think you would like to climb that kind of a tree, Tom? The little boys who lived there liked to climb trees as well as you do, but it took about a week to climb clear to their tops. These trees were full of the most beautiful birds that you ever saw; birds of all colors—red, blue, purple, pink, yellow and white. Nobody ever hurt these birds, for everybody was very good, and loved everything. The grown people and the children were all so good they never quarreled, nor ever cried, nor ever were cross, but were perfectly happy all the time. Don't you think that would be a nice country to live in? Whenever anybody made a mistake, or forgot to be good and happy and loving and kind, they had to leave the beautiful country right away, and stay until they remembered to be happy again; then they could come back.

The king and queen had two children, one a little boy five years old (Tom's age) named Leo, and another a girl about ten years old named Peace. Don't you think those were pretty names? They were very good and happy children, of course, or they could not have lived in that country. They had the nicest kind of times together. Leo had a tricycle which he liked to ride, and the roads were so smooth all the time that he could ride a long way without getting tired. The king lived in a great big house on the top of a high hill. This house was made of pure gold trimmed with diamonds, and they shone and sparkled so in the sunlight that people who were unkind and unlovely could not have looked at them without hurting their eyes. But everybody in that country had strong, bright eyes, and nothing could hurt them.

Leo liked very much to ride his tricycle down that hill, but he always thought he had to walk up it again. One day he rode down the hill, and was just going to walk back, when a beautiful fairy appeared to him. She had long golden hair and a purple crown on her head and her name was Power. She said, "Leo, why don't you ride up that hill?"

Leo said, "Oh, that would be too hard work."

But the fairy said, "If you will say, 'God is my Power, Power, Power,' and get on your tricycle it will go up all right."

So Leo tried it, and it did as the fairy said. Wasn't that nice? The children's mamma taught them that whenever they had bad feelings of any kind to sit right down and get real quiet, and say to themselves, "I am God's perfect child, and I cannot be sick; *I am well.*" When they did this a fairy called Health came and drove away all the bad feelings and made them well and happy again.

Every night before they went to bed they sat down together in their little chairs beside their mamma, and there was beautiful white silence all about them. Then they would say together, "*I am God's perfect child. I am well. I am happy. I am happy. I will sleep sweetly in peace and harmony.*" At night sometimes they learned the Pillow verses from WEE WISDOM and said them over and over in the silence. In the morning when they first woke they would say out loud together, "*I am God's perfect child. I will be happy and loving all this day long,*" and that kept them living in Harmony land all that day.

There are many kinds of love;
As many kinds of light,
And every kind of love
Makes a glory in the night.
There is love that stirs the heart,
And love that gives it rest;
But the love that leads life upward
Is the noblest and the best.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.



Class Word—I LOVE THE TRUE AND THE GOOD.

Jewel Word—I AM LOVING AND KIND.

Song Word—

I love to love the true,
I love the good to do.
I'm glad, so glad and happy, too,
That only good is true.

[To be memorized.]

WHAT THE TRUTH HOME SUNDAY SCHOOL IS DOING IN HOLTON, KANSAS.

REPORTED BY VIOLETTA LEEMAN.

LESSON III.

After we had talked about the subject and definitions, these were our statements:

Prayer Word: Love is the only presence, and I am full of love.

Lesson Statements: Good is the only power that lives in us. Good is all.

Life is invisible and everywhere present.

Real Light is Spirit in action and shines within us.

Truth is eternal and is of the Good only.

LESSON IV. ONENESS.

Prayer Word: I am the child of God.

Lesson Statements: I am made in the image and likeness of God.

God is Spirit; as God's child I am Spirit.

I am the expression of Love.

I am the expression of Wisdom.

As God's child I am powerful.



BEATRICE, NEB

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first time I have written to you. I am a little girl nine years young. I have three sisters and three brothers. I like the little paper very much. I have a big doll; her name is Helen. I like to play with her very much. As this is my first letter I will close.

From your little friend,

ANNIE KOCH.



VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write a letter to you, for I like to read you very much. I like to read the letters that the Wees write. I would like to write a story for WEE WISDOM, but I can not. My cousins Hulda and Ida Schellhardt were staying at our house a week. We had lots of fun that week. They say they like the dear little paper, too, and I wish it would come every week instead of every month. Now I will write a little verse.

If little things that God has made,
Are useful in our kind;
Oh, let us learn a single truth,
And bear it on our mind:
That every child can praise Him
However weak and small.
Let each with joy remember this:
That God has worked for all.

Lovingly yours,

ANNIE SCHELLHARDT.

[Just try to write that story you would like to send WEE WISDOM, and put the notion of "I can't" out of your way by a strong, vigorous "I can" and "I will," and you'll be surprised how easy some of your happy, bright thoughts will weave themselves into story form.—Ed.]



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR EDITOR—I will write you a letter, and a story too. It is the first story I have ever written for WEE WISDOM. We had a good time on the

Fourth of July. We have an organ, and my brother and I are taking music lessons. The wind was blowing very hard the other day; it blew one of the big trees on our place down. We play croquet on Sundays. We have found a good many birds' nests this year. My brother found a dove's nest. It had two little doves in it. I guess I will close now. Wishing WEE WISDOM much success, I am your loving friend,

BOTHILDA E. CURTZ.



WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Please send a sample copy of WEE WISDOM to each of these little friends. [Here follows a list of addresses.—Ed.] This is all the names I can think of, so I will write my letter. I am going to take a music lesson at 8:00 o'clock. Thank you for those pretty little cards you sent me. I wish WEE WISDOM came oftener. Three little girls and myself have lectures. We lecture on flowers, birds, insects, worms, and all of God's creatures. I will write some stories about them.

Your friend,

CECILIA BULLARD.

[We will be glad to hear those lectures. We thank Cecilia for introducing WEE WISDOM to her little friends, and hope they will all want its visits this year, so that she can send in their subscription next time.—Ed.]



FT. LEAVENWORTH, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little army girl, eleven years old. I have one brother and three sisters, and a pet dog. I like WEE WISDOM very much, and I am going to try to get some subscribers. I go out riding horseback with papa, and enjoy it very much. We all went to the World's Fair, and had a fine time. I go to school and am in the Sixth grade. I will close.

Lovingly,

DOROTHY REES.



ROULETTE, PA.

DEAR EDITOR—I am afraid you will think me very troublesome. My subscriptions come straggling along like Brown's cows, one by one. But I hope that you will be glad to get them even that way. I would wait and send in several at a time, but they come in so unexpectedly; I send one in, and another applicant appears, and they are so anxious to get it right away when they get the idea once, that I don't want to have them wait. Surely the leaven is working at last. I love the dear little book so much. Enclosed find 50 cents for WEE WISDOM for Miss Jean McNarney.

Yours lovingly,

HAZEL L. BAIRD.

P. S.—Since the foregoing I have procured another 50 cents for which please send WEE WISDOM to Edgar L. McKechnie.

[If everybody kept busy as Hazel looking up friends for WEE WISDOM she would soon have a-plenty of them.—Ed.]

Wee Wisdom

FAIRVIEW, KAN.

DEAR EDITOR AND WEES--I send you my photo* and one of sister Helen. I will tell you how I came to have it taken: I was playing around my papa's studio, and a young woman student wanted me to act as a subject for her to practice with in using the portrait camera; so I climbed up on a high stool, and she called my papa to see if she was using the camera right. He came and looked, and said we would put a plate in the



Helen Holt.

camera and make an exposure (that's the way they do when they take a picture), so he did not wait for me to comb my hair or change my clothes, and he said it was quite good for an "everyday costume," and he said, "Maybe the Wees would like one," so here I am. I was so interested telling you how I had my picture "took" that I forgot to say we all like WEE WISDOM very much. Mamma reads it to us, and papa says he thinks it is the most sensible paper for children he knows of. I am going to school this fall so that I will not have to ask help in writing my letters. With love,

KENNETH HOLT.

*See cover page.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR EDITOR—I want to thank you for your kind words in the Easter number of WEE WISDOM.

I did as you told me and it helped me very much both at school, at home, and everywhere else, and I know it pays to be good all the time, for: I am happier and everybody at home. I thank you for your beautiful words and the trouble you took to help me. I want always to do right, and I know now that I can do so if I ask God for help. I like WEE WISDOM very much; I wish it came every week instead of every month. I wish WEE WISDOM good luck. Thanking you again, dear Editor for your help and loving kindness,

I remain your friend,

CARROLL NICHOLSON.

P. S.—I have learned to use the typewriter, and I like to write my letters on it very much.

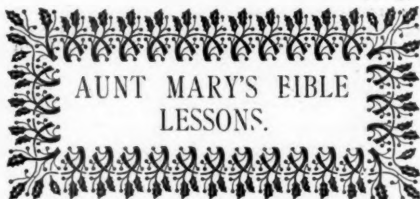
[And you have made a very neat job of it, too, Carroll dear, and we are so glad you have found out how good and true you are always.—Ed.]



MY SUMMER VACATION AT STRAWBERRY, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I love this little paper and all the Wee Wisdoms I read about, and I am going to tell them about the lovely time I had way up in the Sierra Mountains, 9,000 feet from where I live. I went fishing every day, and rode horse-back, and picked the prettiest wild flowers that you could imagine. Your loving little friend,

FLORENCE MILLER, (age 10 years.)



LESSON X. SEPTEMBER 4.

Elijah Encouraged. 1, Kings 19:9-18.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Fear thou not, for I am with thee.*—Isa 41:10.

Sometimes the naughty, or evil, that is, the troublous things of life, seem to rise up like a great storm of rain and hail, and come against us with such force that we are almost overcome and quite discouraged. This was Elijah's state of mind as shown in this lesson.

We must never be discouraged in well-doing, and never fear the naughty. Remember you are greater than naughtiness.

Our Golden Text says, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee." The "I" is God. The I AM of

self is the beautiful God-Spirit that can do all things well. This self is always with us.

When Elijah was so unhappy, worrying because all the naughty thoughts had risen, as it were, in a great and powerful person to destroy him; then he felt very sad and weary, and went into the wilderness. Here Elijah sat under a tree and acted as a crying child sometimes does, and forgets he is God's child. But God's angels are ever near, and while Elijah slept one touched him, and said, "Eat." He awoke to find a nice little cake. This acted as a comforting thought from God.

Twice God gave Elijah food—spiritual food—so that he was made strong to go on his journey. Then was Elijah's heart filled with the idea of the presence of God, so that he felt conscious of strength. Next God showed Elijah how he could never feel the presence of the Divine while he was grieving, or making a noise by complainings; that God could only be heard in the still, small voice. The still, small voice is for us all to hear. It will lead and direct us if we let. This voice is in your heart, and in mine also.

Fear no one, fear nothing, for God is ever with you. No unkind or hurtful thought can come near you while you have faith in God.

LESSON XI. SEPTEMBER 11.

Elijah Taken up into Heaven. II. Kings 2:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—*He was not; for God took him.*—Gen. 5:24.

God (Good) is everywhere present. Sometimes our eyes are blinded to the good about us. Heaven is within man. There is only the heaven that we make for ourselves by right thinking. Through all ages people have looked to the future for their good, or heaven. Jesus said, "Heaven is within man," but this statement has been overlooked by many religious teachers, and they give their own idea instead of following the Savior's teachings.

Our work is to be good every day, to think good thoughts every day, and to love everybody everyday, and to do good acts continually. This makes heaven upon earth.

Elijah did not go through death. He left the earth without having his body decay, and so it is possible for those that serve God truly. But though one pass through death, and the flesh dies, the soul never dies. Thought continues and we live. Everyone has the Spirit of Christ in him. One is no greater than another. God loves all alike.

LESSON XII. SEPTEMBER 18.

Israel Reproved. Amos 5:4-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Seek the Lord, and ye shall live.*—Amos 5:6.

If we turn away from God we bring trouble

upon ourselves. God does not send the trouble but we make it ourselves by not obeying the law. You know when children disobey they are sure to meet with trouble. Suppose father says, "John, do not touch my knife; it is very sharp." A little later John takes up the knife to whittle, and cuts his finger and the blood spurts over his best clothes; then mother has to leave her company to attend to him, so John wishes that he had obeyed.

Think of God always—morning, noon and night. Believe in the Good that is all about you. Love Good. Give thanks to the Good. Be kind to your little playmates, play as they wish, be unselfish and thoughtful. Be generous with your books and toys. In doing good you will feel and know how close God is to you all the time.

LESSON XIII. SEPTEMBER 25.

Review.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Lord is merciful and gracious.*—Ps. 103:8.

We know well the truth of this Golden Text, for is not God all Love? Can Love be anything but merciful and gracious? No matter what we may do, no matter what we appear to be, God loves us. He created us. He is Father and Mother to His child, and can only love us. You are just as dear to Him as Jesus is. Every one is God's beloved Son in whom He is well pleased. We are brothers and sisters of one family.


I once heard a man who called a sweet little child a "stranger," speaking very unkindly of this child, and acting altogether as a jealous person would. This unfortunate man thought he was a Christian, but he surely did not know God. No one is a stranger to us. Every one is God's child, no matter what color his blood may be, and we should treat each one as such. As God loves us, so must we love His children; otherwise we cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. The gates of happiness are closed to those who are unkind to others, hurting their feelings and speaking unlovingly of them. Every one is your brother and sister just as much as those that are born so. If you treat others unkindly you are apt to be unkind to your own brother and sister.

Remember to name all as God's children, and be as gracious and merciful as He, for Jesus said, "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect."

"Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men,
Whatever you would not take again."



YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

ELCOME, all of you! I am glad to see so many new bright faces here, and I know you are here because Hazel and Alice and Agnes and Daisy and other Wisdoms have taken the pains to tell you what nice times we have together. Our Birthday Party was a success, the Wee Editors (?) did their part as host, very nicely, I think, but I can't understand why more of you did not take an active part in it. I thought surely Dorothy and Lucy and a few others, who have never failed us before, would have contributed something. Well, one thing is sure, we have some little workers that propose to see the Good pushed forward and WEE WISDOM's visiting list increased every month. "Blessing ye shall be blessed." Edith slipped her hand into mine as we were walking together the other day and told me how she had been lending WEE WISDOM to a little neighbor, and the mamma said she had read it over and over till she just *believed* what it said and she knew people could get well without medicine. Edith has been promised some new subscribers, too, and she expects to get "Elsie's Little Brother Tom" for her pains. It only takes two subscriptions to earn "Elsie's Little Brother Tom," and as he is in book form there'll be enough of him to go around, so you can all have the same chance Edith has.

There were a lot of things I wanted to talk with you about today. Oh, yes, now I remember. One of them was about that promised book, which was to contain some of the best stories written by you for WEE WISDOM during the past year. Well, that book will be out in October, I think, and as there was never a book like it before every-

body will want it, and you who have taken the pains to be the authors of it will receive one free and will be glad to see it in the hands of all your friends. It will come in the form of Wee Wisdom's Library—though our special Artist says he will design a new cover for it. The price will be 25 cents. In looking over the stories chosen, Ye Editor finds there are not as many as would be needed to make a book of the size she would like, so to include other good writers and stories she has gone back of last year's numbers and selected some of "The Raindrop Stories," and a few others that will help out. Our book of Wee Authors is bound to be a success; and as some of you were not with us to try for a place in it last year, maybe we'd better try to have another book this year and give all our little writers a chance to compete for authorship in it again. How would *you* like to do that? You who want to do your best and try, let Ye Editor know, and it shall be according to your efforts—the best stories to be selected for such a book and each little author to receive one free. We would like all the stories to help teach the lessons of love and kindness, and you need never expect to see stories that describe sickness and poverty and unhappiness and death in WEE WISDOM. We are learning that it makes all the difference in the world what we think and talk about, and so *we* are wise enough to keep in mind and speak of only that which is good and beautiful, and makes joy and happiness for everybody. God has filled His whole universe with Life and Love, with Intelligence and Substance, and we are to make it up into beautiful living and loving; into knowing and plenty. Why should we see folks sick and poor and miserable when there's a world of joy and plenty for them to have?

Aunt Mary begins a new story in this number. Her boys are bound to do good wherever they go, and whatever they do.



50 cents per year.

5 cents per copy.

Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings per year.

Published monthly by

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY.

1315 McGee St.

Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

September, 1904.

Full of fruit and full of juices,

September is a month of uses.

Full of grapes and ripening grain,

September is a month of gain.

The hues of summer still remember

To glad and brighten dear September.

Let's love each month that's here the best,

And make it gladder than the rest,

The Present with its boundless store

Will yield its Nowness more and more.

It is Kenneth Holt's bright face looks at you from the cover of WEE WISDOM this month. He tells you in his letter, page 12, how he just came in with his play clothes on, not thinking of making us a visit, when they snapped him up with the camera. We like him this way with all the happy romp still in his face, and are so glad to see him and Helen. There are some more little visitors waiting to go the rounds next time. And the letters, too, are coming in.

Don't let your year's subscription run out or you will miss WEE WISDOM. We want to keep all and lose none of our little Wisdom readers.

You will like to listen to the *Tom* Stories as well as Tom himself does. Tom and Aunt Myrta are "Sure-enoughs," and you can all locate the Country of Harmony, and guess what the big high trees are like; and all the fairy-sounding language you will see describes something you find in your own kingdom when you are good enough to stay in there.

The pillows on the back page are warranted to bring sweet sleep and health to every little head that rests upon them.

Be sure to sleep on one, or rather, sleep with one in your head.

Don't forget to do your best at making WEE WISDOM grow more and more interesting and prosperous by writing and working for it. Every letter-writer gets an extra copy with her letter or story in it.

Two 50-cent subscriptions will entitle you to "Elsie's Little Brother Tom." Three 50-cent subscriptions will pay for your own WEE WISDOM for one year.

You will notice a change in WEE WISDOM's form — she has shortened her dress.

Elsie's Little Brother Tom. Price, 75 cents, or with WEE WISDOM one year 75 cents. Given free with three subscriptions to WEE WISDOM.

Wee Wisdom's Library, containing the four numbers, bound in one cloth volume. Price, \$1.00.



Monday

A pillow I find
Of the very best kind,
Is a loving heart,
And a peaceful mind.

Tuesday

A royal pillow
Of peace and rest,
Is the trust
Of a pure and loyal
breast.

Wednesday

A pillow that care
Can never find,
Is stuffed with tho'ts
Of a happy mind.

Thursday

The pillow that eases
The pain-tossed head,
Is soft with the down
Of sweet words said.

Friday

The pillow that blesses
Each head that presses,
Is fragrant with love
And sweet caresses.

Saturday

The pillow that saves
From pain and fear,
Is filled with God's
Own presence, my dear.

Sunday

The pillow of peace
From sun to sun,
You have filled
With your love for
every one.