

Vol. 9.

KANSAS CITY, MO., OCTOBER, 1904.

No. 3.

Harriet Rix at Unity Headquarters.

Dear Children:

Here I am right in the home of WEE WISDOM; just where the dear child was born, and where she gets all her pretty dresses made. Perhaps you would not think her dressmaking shop very pretty, because it looks rather black and very inky, and long before you see her spotless black and white dotted dress so sweet and dainty, she goes through many changes. I saw today her October dress, all spots, and scratches, and scribbles; and I thought of the pure white lily that begins, as you all know, in the slime and black mud, but ends in such wondrous beauty. This is what looking always to the sunshine does for flowers and hearts and everything. If we look down, we are always apt to see dirt and blackness, while one glance upward is as though a magic fairy wand had touched all things. I think WEE WISDOM must look up all the time, don't you?

As some of you know, I am a native daughter of the Golden West, and have never been off the Pacific Coast, so I am enjoying many things quite new to me, as, for instance, thunder and lightning. Of course, I have heard and seen it in baby form in California, but never with such a thundering, clashing noise, and such narrow sharp lines of lightning as I saw and heard from the grand dome of the State Capitol at Denver. Just think, children, of an old maid (never mind how old, for there is no age, you know,) who never yet saw snow fall.

Oh, yes, I must tell you about the Garden of the Gods, of Colorado. Now, one might suppose by the high-sounding name that it is a beautiful garden full of

splendid gods and goddesses, who never had to work by the sweat of their brow, but I'll tell you it's all nonsense: for there is a washerwoman who never has finished a single washing or lifted her back from her tub in a thousand years, and there is a preacher with wide-open mouth who has never closed it since time began. I don't believe we would care to hear him finish that sermon so long ago started - it would be out of date, and not New Thought at all. There is a Trilby who was turned into stone long before New York was New York, and, in fact, all of the hearts of these gods are as hard as rock, and they never once beat in love, as yours does every moment. We like warm, loving, living hearts, don't we? hearts that can serve and bless and bring sunshine into expression. Well, I saw in the Garden of the Gods two hearts just like that, only they were not called gods, but just donkeys; one was a mother and the other her baby two weeks old. If ever there was a bit of light and sunshine in the world for any one, that baby held it for that mother. She loved it just as much as your mother loves you, and knew just as well how to say so, too, only her love-pats were rough nosing of her child that nearly knocked him over, and her call to him when he would get out of sight was partly done with her long ears, for expression, I suppose, but mostly with one long harsh note sounded from her throat that frightened everybody but the baby.

Now, I must close this love-letter to you, but will try and write you again, maybe from St. Louis where the great Fair is.

Loving you always,

HARRIET H. RIX.



VOL. IX.

KANSAS CITY, MO., OCTOBER, 1904.

No. 3.

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

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER II.

HENRY'S MOTHER.

When the boys arrived at Henry's the following, day they were left in the reception room as formerly.

Instead of the reappearance of the maid, the beautiful Mrs. Miles came trailing down the broad staircase attired in a soft violet tea-gown. She greeted them with a sad note in her voice.

"Boys, I'm sorry I can't let you see Henry today, but he's very ill. The doctor says he may not get well." She caught her breath.

"Oh, Mrs. Miles!" cried Earl impetuously, "it can't be. Do you know, Henry loves you so much and longs to have you with him. That will cure him—seeing you, I mean. If only you knew how much good it does a fellow to have his mother around when he is ill."

"Is that the way they feel?" Mrs. Miles murmured to herself, but she lifted her eyebrows a slight bit as she looked at Earl. "Henry was telling me a little of something Arthur said about its being easy to get well—and I was wondering! He wasn't very clear

about telling me. What was it, Arthur?" asked Mrs. Miles in her sweet encouraging voice.

"Well, you see," explained Arthur, "a person needn't stay sick, that is, if he thinks right; for instance, you are all feeling sad about Henry, and he has been in bed so long it makes it hard for him to get stronger."

"What should we do?" asked Mrs. Miles interestedly.

"Of course, what I'll say you already know, Mrs. Miles; it's just this: Everyone is born perfect in the beginning, like God, I mean. And Henry is that way, only it has been forgotten, and the thing to do is to remember it, and—well, if you don't mind my talking religion—why, God is Love, and lots of love would cure Henry."

A peculiar expression flitted across Mrs. Miles' features.

"Is it that you boys think I don't love my son enough?"

Arthur was silent, but Earl broke in. "On, Mrs. Miles, we wouldn't say that, but I've heard how very busy you

are, and, well, and —a fellow that's sick wants his mother the whole blessed time."

"Oh, I see!" Mrs. Miles smiled now. "Well, boys, I don't resent anything you've said, for you're both kind-hearted manly young fellows, and I appreciate your good intentions. Now I'm going to prove if your advice is good, so I shall spend all of today with my son, and tomorrow also."

"Oh, I know it would make him so happy," broke in Earl in his impetuous way.

Mrs. Miles continued, "I'm also going to study into your mother's philosophy, Arthur. She once tried to tell me of it, but I wouldn't let her then. Now I want it. The doctors can do nothing."

"Well, God can, Mrs. Miles," said Arthurgently. "Just know that Henry is manifesting health as fast as he can."

When the boys left Mrs. Miles whispered to herself, "Good well-meaning boys," and with new hope in her heart she mounted the stairs to Henry's room.

The boy stretched out a trembling hand to her as she drew a chair to his bedside, and seeing the tender look in her eyes burst into sobs.

"Oh, mother, I've wanted you for so long. You're prettier than any boy's mother, and I do want to see you more."

"Hush, Henry dear, don't excite yourself. Mother's going to stay with you now, and you're going to be well in no time."

"Yes, I know it; I feel it. God is my health — Arthur said so — and Love heals me."

That evening after supper was over at the Snow's, Arthur took his mother aside and told her of the talk with Mrs. Miles. Mrs. Snow looked a little surprised.

"I, one day, expressed a few of my convictions in Mrs. Miles' presence, but she would not listen, and made light of it." Here Mrs. Snow absently pushed a book back on the library table.

"Oh, but she's going to study your philosophy—she said so!" exclaimed Arthur quickly.

"You boys must have advanced wonderfully in her good graces, then," replied Mrs. Snow.

"Indeed, she was ever so good to us," observed Arthur, "and isn't she beautiful? I don't wonder Henry likes to have her around."

Mrs. Snow laughed, then added seriously, "I'm delighted with your success, and expect you must have remembered my advice about letting Love speak through you. Otherwise Mrs. Miles never would have listened."

Gertrade popped her head in the doorway at this moment.

"Mother, you and Arthur do come out of there. Father wants us to join him in a game of whist."

[To be continued.]

"Papa, don't fishes have legs?"
"They do not," answered papa.

"Why don't they, papa?"

"Because fishes swim and don't require legs."

The small boy was silent for a few minutes, and papa forgot about the question. Then he said, "Papa, ducks have legs, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't fishes have legs if ducks do? Or why don't ducks not have legs if fishes don't?"

Papa gave it up. - Sunday Afternoon.



Tom Stories

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

CHAPTER II.

PATIENCE TREES.

One morning Leo got up late, and as Peace was dressed and gone before he awoke, he did not remember to think his usual Truth thoughts and so dressed himself in a hurry and ran down stairs to breakfast. He ate his breakfast and then asked his mamma where his sister Peace was. His mamma said, "She has gone out for a walk. It is such a lovely day, Leo, you had better put on your hat and go and find her. She went down by the river."

Leo started off on a run, for he always loved to be with Peace. She was such a sweet, lovely girl, and was always very good to him. And, besides, she was so old and knew so much, Leo thought she knew everything, and she could tell him the nicest stories, too. He soon found her, and he said, "Peace, let's climb up to the top of a tree; you know I have never been clear to the top, and I do want to see what is up there." In that country the girls, as well as the boys, climbed trees, and the trees were funny ones, for they had steps which made climbing very easy.

"We cannot go without asking papa and mamma, you know," said Peace. "But if they will let us I should like to go, for it is a delightful trip and I want you to see the beautiful birds that live up in the tree-tops, and the beautiful world that we can see up there. And the air feels so much fresher and smells so much sweeter up there. Oh, I do want you to go. But you know, dear, that it is a long journey, and it takes work and patience to get there."

"Oh, but I do want to go so bad, and I am a big boy, and can work, you know. Why, I am five years old." And as Leo spoke he stood up very straight and looked quite tall and strong. Peace smiled at him and then sat down and asked her mamma if they could go; and how do you suppose she asked her? She shut her eyes and fixed her thoughts upon her mamma, and asked her silently, without speaking a word out loud, but her mamma heard her, and answered in the same way. She said, "Yes, Leo can try it, for it will be good for him to try to make the trip, whether he succeeds or not."

That was the way people in that country could talk to each other, no matter how far away they were, just by thinking hard. You know thoughts are just as easy to hear as talking, if people only get used to listening to them. Then, too, you have to learn how to think hard, and to send your thoughts

out to another. First, though, you have to learn how to think right thoughts all the time, and that was what those people did, that is, they nearly always did. So Peace and Leo started up a tree.

And now I will tell you something funny about the trees in that country: each had a name of its own. Peace studied the trees a while and decided to take. Leo up one named "Patience." Did you ever hear of a tree by that name? I wonder if we can find out what that word means. Patience means to be always sweet and happy, no matter what happens. If your shoestring gets tangled up when you are tying up your shoes, if you have Patience you don't cry about it but just laugh and work at it till you get it untangled, and everything else the same way. Now Peace knew that was Leo's only fault, that he did not have quite as much patience as he ought to have, though, of course, he was always pretty good or he couldn't have stayed in that country of Harmony.

Now as they started up the tree hand in hand, everything seemed very lovely. The birds were singing around them, and the great green branches of the tree stretched out for miles and were covered with beautiful flowers, like pure white roses, and oh, how sweet they smelled. Wouldn't you like to see a tree like that? But as they climbed up the steps, up and up, they found out why the tree was called Patience. It took lots of patience to climb it. For a while the steps were broad and smooth and they could get along so fast. Leo wanted to run, but Peace said, "Wait and go slow, for you mustn't get tired out at first. It will be harder work after a

while." Leo laughed at the idea of getting tired, but he said he supposed Peace must know best; so they walked along very happily, singing a pretty song as they went. The name of the song was, "It is Time to be Brave, It is Time to be True."

Suddenly they came to a great pile of—what do you suppose they found in that beautiful tree? A pile of cobs was right in the path, and they could not go on without picking them all up. Leo was so surprised he didn't know what to do, but there were two baskets right beside the cobs, and Peace said, "My dear, you have to fill one basket and I the other before we can go on." "All right," said Leo cheerfully, "that will be lots of fun."

So they set to work, but when they had gotten their baskets about half full Leo began to think it was not so much fun and he wanted to stop. Now he was not really tired, for the baskets were not very large, but he had gotten into the habit of not liking to finish things after he began doing them. "Can't you help me, Peace?" he said. "You know mamma always helps me whenever I want her to. No matter how busy she is, she always helps me fill the basket with cobs or chips or anything."

"But, Leo," said Peace, "do you think it is very good for you to let mamma always help you do your work, when you are getting to be such a big boy? Now, when we get these all picked up, the fairies will carry them right to our kitchen door, and mamma needs them right now to get dinner with, so let's hurry up and get them ready for her. I am sure you can do that much

for dear mamma, who always does so much for you." "But why can't you help me a little?" said Leo; "I think you might."

"I will tell you why," Peace answered. "This tree is formed on purpose to make people patient and willing to work, and nobody can do your work for you. I know this is not too hard work for you, or I wouldn't have brought you up this tree. Just see what a little basket that is. But you have to do your work alone on this tree, and if I should put just one cob in for you, you could not go up the tree. I could go on, but you would be left behind. I know, because I have been up this tree lots of times, and so, dear, the only way you can go on is to fill your basket alone. Oh, see that lovely bird up there, just above us. Listen to what it says."

Leo looked up and there was a large purple bird with white wings, about as large as a crow. And it said, "Oh, Leo, Leo, what a dear, sweet boy you would be if you would just learn patience and industry. Come, hurry up and finish your work, and then you can come up here into this beautiful garden. There are lots of little boys and girls waiting to play with you. They have all kinds of playthings, too, wonderful things that you never saw before. But no little boy can come into this garden until he learns to finish up whatever he begins doing, no matter what it is. For the name of this garden is 'Prosperity,' and it takes patience and industry to get into it."

Then Leo went to work quickly and soon had his basket full of cobs. Peace had filled hers before, so the cobs were now all gone and their path was open again. The fairies carried off the baskets and the children ran joyfully up until they came to the beautiful garden.

KEEP DOING RIGHT.

[Tune: "Walk In The Light."]

[One of Unity Sunday School's home-made songs]

There's a way to banish wrong, Do the right, do the right.
There's a way to make one strong, Do the right of God.
There's a way to deal with life, Do the right, do the right, That shall do away with strife, Do the right of God.

CHORUS-

Keep doing right, keep doing right, In the might of God our Father. Keep doing right, keep doing right, In the might of God. There's a way to banish wrong, Do the right, do the right; There's a way to make one strong, Do the right of God.

2

Happiness and love shall bless,
Do the right, do the right,
Every heart with righteousness,
Do the right of God.
Joy and Peace on earth shall reign,
Do the right, do the right;
Health and plenty banish pain,
Do the right of God.

CHORUS -

-M. F.

The JOYFUL CIRCLE was organized to express the joy in song of the Unity Sunday School. The following officers were elected at a meeting held at the home of Mr. W. G. Haseltine on Saturday evening, September 24th:

President, Miss Grace Cotton; Vice-President, Royal Fillmore; Secretary, Lowell Fillmore; Treasurer, Miss Martha Haseltine. A full report will be given next month.

Wee Wisdom

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Please, Father — God, I want to pray, And thank You in the truest way For all the good things sent my way; For papa's love and mamma's care, For baby sister's cunning share Of love, and fun, and smiles so rare. And Father, help me grow real sweet, So I can run with willing feet To make our home with joy complete. I love the trees, and sky and flowers,

And want to fill the happy hours
With sunshine, that will fall in showers
Like golden rain on all I love,
And all You love below, above,
And everywhere.
This is my prayer,
Dear God — You hear
For You are near — Amen.

 Helen Van Anderson, in Magazine of Mysteries.

JIM'S LETTER.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am a little boy four years old. Grandma says I may write a letter like you do to put in the nice little paper.



Winston Tate and I taking a spin on our bikes.

Last Sunday my papa asked me what I learned in Sunday School. I told him that there were some people that had a god that was not really God, and Elijah told them to prove if their god was any account. So they prayed and hollered for their god to come, but he kept still; then Elijah just asked our God to come, and He came and burned up the

bullock, and the stones — even licked up the water. Was n't that great?

I went to the country with Miss McCroskey, and they had a big vacant lot with apples and peach trees, and they called it an orchard; and



fim. Winston.

My friend Winston and I telling each other which Sunday School is the best, while we are waiting for Grandma to make us a tea party.



I went with Miss McCrosky to the country.

another big vacant lot with little colts in, and they called that a pasture. And a horse that danced when I was on his back. Uncle Jim said he was doing a pace. Grandma says I must not take up too much space, and maybe I may write another letter some day.

JIM BOWES. (Grandma wrote this for me.)

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

They tell the story of a man
Who roamed the wide world over,
And spent his whole life trying
To find a four-leaved clover.

For this once found, would bring him peace
And happiness forever;
And so he roamed and sought in vain;
He found the treasure never.

Till coming home a tired old man, Discouraged and down-hearted. He threw himself upon the ground, But quick again upstarted;

For there before his own house-door, And spread the whole field over, Were growing fragrant bunches of The long sought four-leaved clover.

Dear heart, there comes the truest joy
To those who seek it never;
And happiness in duty's field
Rewards the doer ever.

- Exchange,



OPHIR, MONT.

DEAR EDITOR—Enclosed please find a subscription for Wee Wisdom for Mable Elvira Davis. She would like to start with January number. She has the April number that I gave her. Mable seemed quite pleased this morning when I asked her if she would like to take the little paper, and her papa said she could if she wished. This is the first I had seen her since I sent her the April number. I send you my babyhood story.

DEAR WEES - With all this nice weather it seems a pleasure for Aunt Phebe to give you a few lines about her very young childhood days, I was born April 6, 1833, in Athens County. Ohio, reventy-one years ago. I was not considered a very healthy child. I remmember first my Aunt Cynthia and mamma starting out for a visit, and we came to quite a deep hollow, and the horses got frightened and made quite a trouble. Mamma tossed my sister out into some brier bushes, and she never waked up. After we got stopped I climbed out of the wagon and went around behind it, and there lay Aunt Cynthia's baby with her neck right against the hind wheel of the wagon. I called mamma who soon got her out. If the team had backed she was in danger. We got straightened out, but I do not know what happened where we went, for the rest of the day is all lost to me - just little pictures come back to me. When I was sixteen told mamma what I remembered, and how our house and things were arranged. She said it was correct. "But, child, your were only three years old then." I remember, too, that father took me in a wheelbarrow for a ride. I can see myself sitting there with my hair curled all so nice. The next year we moved out West, and came down the Ohio River. Aunt Cynthia's all came with us. We stopped in Knox County, Ill., then in a few months came by wagon overland to Iowa. On the trip I got a doll, and I kept it for many years. After we were there awhile there came a minister who was going to have church. One day while we children were busy at play the folks thought they would slip off to church and leave us. They hid our little sunbonnets so we would not follow But when I found out I hunted up a night cap, made with a frill in front. and put it on, and away we went for the church, just around the corner. I went right in, and was standing in the middle of the floor when my cousin led me out. The other children staved outside When father got our house finished we went home. They gave me a little kitty to take. Sam liked to have been eaten up by a big dog on the Fourth. He is all well now.

Yours with lots of love, AUNT PHEBE. [In a later letter Aunt Phebe tells of a visit from Gladys and Mable Jackway, who were down spending their vacation near Ophir. they went out for a picnic together, and explored the quartz mine and secured some nice specimens to take home with them. They chose a pretty grove for their picnic grounds, and ate good things and drank lemonade, while the sweet breeze fanned and cooled them; happy in the joy of it all, they all went back to lie down in sweet refreshing sleep. Aunt Phebe thinks it was a fine treat-ment. She hopes she has enlisted the interest of Gladys and Mable in WEE WISDOM so they will want it to visit them at their home in Missoula, Montana, this year .-- Ep. 1

A & A

CUPERTINO, CAL.

Dear Editor — Having read Ruth's little paper for some time I have learned to love it dearly. It is so full of beautiful thoughts it makes me feel good after reading it. And as I love the Good and Truth, I'd like to have Wee Wisdom visit me. I am staying with Ruth Stevens at Hillside Orchard. Ruthie is a dear, happy little girl, and so both of us are always having a merry time Enclosed find 50 cents for Wee Wisdom. With my kindest wishes for the little Wees, I remain your loving friend,

[We give you a warm welcome, Clara, and

know when such girls as you and Ruth get together you make lots of good manifest.—Ed.]

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM -- Please send sample copy
of WEE WISDOM to my playmate Florence Dalton.

I will write a poem:

In the heart of a seed Buried deep, so deep, A dear little plant Lay fast asleep.

"Awake!" said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light."
"Awake!" said the voice
Of the rain drops bright.

The little plant heard, And awoke to see What the beautiful, wonderful World might be.

With love.

GRACE LEWIS.

* * *

GALVA, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I did not know when my subscription expired, and thought you would remind me as usual, but you did not; then I was

away from here this summer, and have not had a good chance to renew until now. I also wish to have you sent to my cousin whom I have never seen. I thought it would be nice to send you to her, because we enjoy you so much. How many new subscriptions did the winner of the dressed doll get? Enclosed find a money order for the two subscriptions. With love,

LOUISE T. KLINE.

P. S.--Has the little book been published containing the best stories written on subjects given monthly?

L. T. K.

[We expect to have the little book of little authors ready sometime this month, and Louise may be sure of one, as she has been one of our good faithful writers — Ed.]

* * *

CLARENCE, IA.

DEAR EDITOR — Enclosed find \$1.00 for which please send me Wee Wisdom for one year, and also to my cousin, Freda Peters. Her address is the same as mine. I have a little baby brother four months old. We call him Harold. Now I will close with love to all Wee Wisdoms. From, VIOLA RUTHER.

[Thank you, Viola; we are glad you have brought us another friend.—ED.]

A & &

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - For the first thing, the zoth of August is my birthday and yours is this month also, so I will write you a letter and hope that it will bring good luck and success. I had a pretty good time this year. We are all well, but it seems that mamma's eyes never got well with all the doctors and hospital care she had. Please send us some good thoughts for healing. Mamma cannot see very well. We will send for the Unity paper so I can read it for her. I like the WEE WISDOM very much. I get it from the Home of Truth Sunday School. I have been in San Jose, Alaman Rock and Napa, and had a good time. Please send me a Truth card if you can. With best I think I will close for this time. wishes to you all Yours truly.

EWMA AND ADOLPH HARTMAN.

CUPERTINO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—One of my friends has been reading WEE WISDOM, and likes it very much. She will write a letter. I have started a story for WEE WISDOM, I thought the story Miss Rix wrote about "Edna's Mistake" was very good, and I wonder if Edna would rather take medicine now. I would rather take a treatment any time. Edna is a friend of mine Once in Alameda when I was not feeling very well, mamma had Mrs. Allen, a teacher in the Home, to come up and treat me, and in a half an hour or

A & &

so I got up and dressed. Mamma used to have to wear glasses; when she began to go to the Home of Truth she took them off. So you can see what faith does. I will close wishing Wer Wisdom much success. With love,

[It does one's heart good to read a letter so full of faith and good will as Ruth's. And we shall look for the story next month. We may be sure it will be a Truth story, too.—ED.]

A 36 38

ITHACA, NEW YORK.

RUTH B. STEVENS.

Dear Wee Wisdom — My cousin sends me Wee Wisdom and I like it very much. I am ten years old. I go to the East Hill School. My aunt has a cat, and her name is Polly. I had a turtle once and I lost it. I have a camera. I send you my picture. I like to read the letters from the other little children, and the pillow verses, too. I will be eleven years old next



March. I would like to have a moss card. I am going to write a story for Wee Wisdom. I live with my aunt, Mrs. J. McMahon. My father is here and my mother is in New York City. I remain your faithful reader. With best wishes, believe me, Cordially your friend, Dorothy Brown.

[The day of moss cards is passed, Dorothy. Whoever sends in a new subscription gets a card from Aunt Mary, and who sends two, gets a book.—Ep.]

LOCK, MONTANA. DEAR FRIEND - Will you please send me the WEE WISDOM for three months for sample copy? Wisdom is a nice paper to read. You must excuse my poor writing. I haven't a very good pen to write with. Yours truly,

JENNIE DUNLAP.

P. S. Please send it quick.

RAYMOND, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I have not written for a long time, and as I am a true friend to the WEE WISDOM I thought I would write. WEE WIS-DOM's and my birthday are in the same month. I was fourteen years young in August. Papa sold our place, and I don't know where we will move, but I will send you my address after we move. My papa was in Kansas City about a month ago;



Violet .

I gave him your address, and he said if he had time he would go and see you, but he had to come back on the next train. I will send my picture to the little Wees for them to look at. I will close with love and health to all.

VIOLET SMITH. From a friend, P. S .- I hope I am young enough to be counted as one of the children. Am I? I will get big soon enough without trying to.

[Yes, you are one of us, Violet; years don't count in Truth.— Ed.]

Don't forget to do something nice for WEE WISDOM'S Thanksgiving number. We want a royal dinner of loving thoughts and good-will for November.



LESSON I. OCTOBER 2.

Elisha Succeeds Elijah. II. Kings 2:12-22.

GOLDEN TEXT-Let a double fortion of thy spirit be upon me,- II. Kings 2:9.

Elisha did not know God as well as Elijah did, nor was he so great a man. Elijah had a greater faith, and though Elisha possessed faith, it was of a different kind. You will see from reading the whole of this chapter, and even more of the life of Elijah, that he believed in the eternity or everlasting life of God - the God within himself That is why Elijah never died, but was taken up in a chariot of fire away from the sight of the people.

Elisha means one to whom God is salvation. Elisha, instead of looking to God within his own soul for salvation, looked to another. He kept thinking, "How great is Elijah; I must be like him." That is why he asked for a double portion of Elijah's spirit. It is right for us to look into our own souls, and ask to know and feel the beautiful spirit of Christ that reigns there, Sometimes a person will admire some one else so much that he forgets his spirit is just as great. Elisha did this very thing, but yet his motive was good, and he asked for the best he knew; so it was given him; then he made the waters part with the mantle of Elijah.

The lesson for us in this is to do things through our own faith, and not through faith in another's powers. Yet faith in some good is better than no faith at all. In the smiting of the waters with Elijah's mantle, Elisha spoke words that showed he was still looking outside of himself for God. Nevertheless Elisha's faith in the power of the spirit of Elijah was so great that he was able to do wonderful things. Faith is necessary to all, but above all we must have the Spirit of Christ -Truth. So-called miracles may be performed today as in Elisha's time, but faith is necessary, and great faith.

LESSON II. OCTOBER 9.

The Widow's Oil Increased, II. Kings 4:1-7.

GOLDEN TEXT-Trust in the Lord and do good, so thou shall dwell in the land, and verily thou shall be fed .- Ps. 37:3.

This lesson is one of trust. The woman who came to Elisha for help to pay the debt she owed

was full of humility and respect. She recognized the Spirit of wisdom that Elisha possessed, Elisha was glad to help her, You can read all about it in the Bible.

See what a great amount of oil came to her in her nouse, more than there were vessels in which to hold it. It was a rich thought that Elisha brought about in the woman's mind Her thought was poor before, and she believed herselt in poverty, and that she had a debt. She also began to tear that her sons would have to be slaves. She did what we call worry. She borrowed a great deal of trouble at first, then she remembered Elisha, and he made her turn her thoughts to riches and abundant supply. Elisha cheëred her up and made her happy.

Little children, you may cheer some one every day, and help that one, whoever it may be, to think of plenty and riches, instead of poverty; and happiness and good instead of crosses and troubles. See what true little sunshiners you may be, knowing the Spirit of Christ. God will show you how to do good. Just ask Him, and then follow His guidance. Say this to yourself many times, "I trust in God. I have faith in the God in me. I have faith in the God in all." "Faith is the substance of all things hoped for."

Read over your Golden Text, and remember how God feeds His children at all times. You can never be hungry when you feel and know this.

LESSON III. OCTOBER 16.

Elisha and the Shunammite, II. Kings 4:25-37.

GOLDEN TEXT — The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. — Rom. 6:23.

We have had many lessons on eternal life. Let us now meditate, or think, on the word, "life," Life is God Life is the spirit of anything, that which makes it breathe or do. If you will look all about you, you will find many things in nature that speaks to you of life. The wind that blows and whistles, and says, "oo-oo-ooo, speaks to you of life, for it is breezy, and "full of life." we say. It revives and freshens the flowers, it causes them to lift up their heads and live. The great ocean murmurs, "Life, life," You might perhaps hear it say, "My waters are filled with forms of life - fish, crabs, sea-weed, mollusks"-all these tell of life. Every blade of grass "is some happy creature's palace." Everywhere life, life. The grass, the leaves, the flowers, all tell of life. God's Life is in them all, and is the cause of their growing. Nothing can live or be without God, the eternal Life of all. There is no life apart from God, therefore Love is the cause of life, or the mother of life, for God is Love.

Jesus taught that we need not die; that we can rise above death. The woman's son lived when Elisha prayed over him. Still we know that even the appearance of death is not death,

for the soul, or spirit, lives forever. Nothing dies ave the false or unitue, that never really existed, so we may say that nothing dies. Life is. God is. "God is the same yesterday, today, and forever." God is Life.

LESSON IV. OCTOBER 23.

Elisha and Naaman, II, Kings 5:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT — Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved.— Jer. 17:14.

In this lesson you will see a little maid acted as the messenger of good news. She told her mistress of the wise man, Elisha, the prophet, who could heal. If she had not spoken the good word the message never would have reached Elisha, and Naaman would have remained a leper. Naaman was a great man with honors from the king. He was a captain.

When one stands in high favor with men it is often the case that that one is proud. It took an act of humility, the dipping into the river Jordan seven times, to heal Naaman of his pride. And with the healing of pride his leprosy left him, and his flesh became like that of a little child—pure and clean.

When you read the lesson, study it carefully and you will notice how every act and movement of Naaman's showed his great pride. He wished everything done with ceremony. He did not care to perform a little easy act. But fortunately, he listened to his servant - those wise thoughts and obeyed the voice of God. Naaman was grateful for his healing, and wished to give large presents in return. It is right to be grateful, One can never be grateful enough, If you are healed, always thank the healer, that one who speaks the word of Truth for you, and give or do something for her that will show your gratitude. By so doing you bless your healer and yourself also. No one can have something for nothing, Each one must do his or her part. Be unselfish. Be generous. Be grateful, and spread blessings everywhere.

LESSON V. OCTOBER 30.

Elisha and Dothan, II. Kings 6:8-23.

Golden Text—The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear (love) Him, and delivereth them.—Ps. 34:7.

There are two beautiful lessons to be learned in this chapter. In the 16th and 17th verses you will notice how Elisha was cared for and protected by the hosts of God. No matter who may be against us, God is greater than any enemy, and can sheild us so that nothing can happen. If we believe and femember continually that God protects us, nothing whatever can come our way to harm us. But if something seems to come they can have no power.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



O you know, these letters and stories that come fluttering into our Sanctum are so real that it is just as if we touched each other's hands and looked into each other's faces. I

can't tell the color of these eyes that look out from your letters, but the color of your thought is very clear. Why! every letter is so full of you, it just tells all about you. There's no use thinking we can hide ourselves, when everything

we touch or do tells on us.

Some of these letters turn all the world into joy, and, really, I'm back in the little girl-realm again, where nothing was so real as the beautiful fancies with which the little girl - me - painted the big world all over. Folks said they weren't true, but I believe now they were truer true than all the ugly shapes that come through the hardening experiences of belief in time, toil and trouble. Sweeter than all else is the power to look through the unsoiled, undimmed windows of the soul and see all this wonder and beauty of the Living Spirit, which is real fairyland. And greater than all else is the power to know and do the will of this wonderful Living Spirit, before whom all this unshapely, unhappy, unreal world passes from sight - like a dream of the night.

You know how glad you are to wake up and find a bad dream is not true. Well, we are just beginning to wake up and find these old miserable conditions, called old age and disease and poverty and sorrow, are nothing but mortal dreams. The swift, living Spirit lifts us out of 'em all. The real mission of WEE WISDOM is to keep you dear children from falling asleep in error and dreaming all these ugly dreams over again. Just think of dreaming you

are old and wrinkled and helpless! Well, it you catch your grandma or anyone else dreaming such ugly dreams, you just wake them right up by telling

them, Spirit never grows old.

Maybe you will find somebody having a dreadful dream about sickness and pain sometime. Wake them right up with a good strong shaking like this: Stirit cannot suffer; Spirit is whole and well; God is Spirit: and you are awake in Spirit and Truth. The true word will always destroy the lie. "For the truth endureth forever." God never made evil and you must not. People who believe in the hobgoblins of evil are really dreaming. Don't believe it true whoever tells you, "I am sick," "I am blind," "I am helpless," "I am lame," "I am poor." Wake them right up by telling of the full, free presence of strong Eternal Life; of the Power that never fails; of the Sight that can never be lost; of the Swiftness of Spirit that is carrying them about.

Why, the universe is full of God!

Our poet Lowell says:

"It is only heaven that is given away, It is only God may be had for the asking."

Doesn't that mean every good thing is as freely ours as the air and the sunshine? The air is ours by breathing it, and some of us don't do a very thorough job of that. We must open our eyes to have the sunshine, and sometimes we

only half do that.

But we're going to get out of the old, untrue dreams of Life, and really and truly live and be alive all over. and help other people to wake up and live. The Scriptures says, "Awake, thou that sleepeth, and arise from the dead," and that means, the only deadness there is, is the sleep that has these untrue dreams in it. We will wake to life and all its fresh, new possibilities. That's what Wisdom teaches, and we are the children of Wisdom.



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Sing a song o' sixpence,
October's full of gold,
Flying all about us,
More than hands can hold.
Where the ground is covered,
There we love to play,
Heaping up the golden store
'Gainst "a rainy day."

Jennie Scoville has just sent in two more subscribers. Isn't she a worker?

Every WEE WISDOM and every WEE WISDOM's friend will be sure to want one of the books written by the Children themselves.

Every little letter writer gets an extra paper with the letter in. You can pass them on to your friends and so get new subscribers for WEE WISDOM.

We will try again, and see who can write stories good enough for another little book. All who want to try, just do your best, put into your stories all the bright, happy thoughts and beautiful fancies you can find in your head, heart and life.

Aunt Mary writes, "We are all delighted with the beautiful boy head on the cover of September Wee Wisdom. It is an ideal face, so easy and natural." Yes, and he is a sure-enough living boy. Isn't he, Kenneth? I wish we had as good a picture of Jim who has come visiting us on his bike and with his little friend. I tell you, what Jim believes he believes, and he puts it into practice, too. He belives in the power of Good, and demonstrates it where unbelief stands helpless

The promised book of WEE WISDOM'S little authors will be out sometime this month. I don't know whether we have the correct address of all who are entitled to one of these books free, or not. If any whose contributions are found in this book should fail to get one, then you may know we have lost your address, and you will help us out by sending it again.

Some of our subscribers are dropping off the list, because they have not kept watch of their time. I think WEE WISDOM will have to send round a little love letter of reminder at the end of your year so there'll be no forgetting on the part of our Wees.

WEE WISDOM'S bound to win. Do you know why? Tell us why you think everybody ought to read WEE WISDOM. Now there's Thanksgiving to write about. When you write letters, make them as bright and interesting as you can. Don't just tell how many brothers and sisters you have, but tell how good and sweet they are, etc.

Two subscriptions earns for the sender, "Elsie's Little Brother Tom." Three subscriptions gives you your WEE WISDOM free.

