

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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Faye visited you last month and told you all about the Sunshine Barrel and the Joyful Circle, and Mrs. Alden was so pleased with it that she has invited Faye (in her picture) to come to New York City and tell it all over again in *The Sunshine Bulletin*. We are glad, for we know everybody will enjoy hearing what she has to say.

We've just started a Sunshine Barrel off to Oregon to our tame Bears up there. You remember Leslie's letter in May *WEE WISDOM* telling how we would hear the Bears singing in the pine woods, and find them snug in their little cabin-den, if we should happen up there some time. Well, since then word has come that the little cabin with all the books and belongings of these good Bears has been destroyed by fire, but the fire could not destroy their courage and faith, and, so, though the song books burned, the songs are still ringing through the pine woods, and though their Bible is a crisp they are still repeating, "The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want," and they are *proving* it, too, right up there in the pines. And this is why our Sunshine Barrel is on its way to Oregon.

If you want to help them prove a still greater abundance of Good send whatever you wish them to have to the address of Geo. Bear, Mosier, Oregon.

There's a joy in *giving* which is more lasting than the pleasure felt in *receiving*, for in giving out we make room for more, and like a sweet guest, Love comes in and stops with us, and so gives royal flavor to our otherwise tasteless feast. Love increases by giving. Good multiplies itself through bestowal.

"Give and it shall be given unto you again, full measure, pressed down and running over." - The stream would soon grow foul and stagnant if it did not keep passing its waters on to bless and brighten the growing things along its way. So we bless ourselves with every blessing we send out to others. We are learning not to put away or hoard up that which we have no further need of, but send it on, and so keep the currents of joy flowing through our hearts and watering the good we would keep growing in our lives.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."



Story About Pearl Drop.

BY M. ALICE SPRADLIN.

CHAPTER I.

PEARL DROP'S PARENTAGE.

DEAR Mother Ocean," said Father Sun, as he kissed her upturned face, and sent light and warmth into the depths of her soul, "come, let us create myriads of tiny drops like unto yourself, and send them forth to build up and make beautiful the barren lands."

"But how shall we keep count of so many children, and how shall they know who their father and mother are?" asked the great Ocean, as she lifted her white arms and lovingly played with the golden sunbeams.

For a while the Sun remained in thoughtful silence, then he whispered, "We will instil into each drop that knowledge, or instinct, which will, in time, make them feel their oneness with us, though they may be called by various names; and then we will place them in the care and keeping of the great universal laws, which will guide them in their work, and ever tend to draw them to us again."

"Good," said Mother Ocean, "Then let your will be done, for your will is

my will," and she lay with joyous, laughing upturned face and watched the warm sunbeams transform her very body into beautiful white airy atoms that went floating off into the great dome-like sky above. Very like the steam that comes from mother's wash boiler or teakettle.

"We speak words of blessing for you, our children," were Father Sun's and Mother Ocean's parting benediction to the little white atoms as they rose high in the air. "Go forth and be used to create untold blessings to the earth. This one thing always remember: that you are loved, and that your mother waits to receive you lovingly back to her bosom again, while your father will ever keep a watchful eye upon you, and stand ready to help you, when you turn to him in love."

And the little white-robed figures rose higher and higher into the air where they could no longer hear the voice of their mother, and where, as the wind blew them farther over the land, they could not even see her face. They were so tiny and new they could not then

understand the language of the strange voices about them. Neither could they fathom the depths of their mother's great heart, nor conceive of the boundaries of her far-reaching shores; nor did they comprehend the radiant brightness that shot from their father's countenance, but one little fact they carried away with them. It was this: that they were in their nature pure, clear, crystal water; that sometime, somehow, somewhere they would know their parentage in all its fullness of beauty and power. So innate and precious was this knowledge that no outer association could take it from them you will see as you follow Pearl Drop through her experiences and wanderings.

It was many centuries after this that Pearl Drop was born, and floated off in the air. The world knew her by many names, but we will always call her Pearl Drop. She was only one of millions and millions of the Drop family. For, strange as it may seem, every drop of liquid in all the world is akin to Mother Ocean. It matters not what their names may be: Water Drop, Dew Drop, Milk Drop, Snow Drop, Molasses Drop, Vinegar Drop, Mud Drop or even Black Tar Drop; the very fact that they *can drop* proclaims them children of the Great Ocean, each one on its way back to its mother. Dropping is one way they have of going home. We call it obeying the law of gravitation. So obedient are they to this law that they never lose one opportunity, but are ever on the alert to find the least tiny hole through which they can creep, and drip, drop, drip, drop, may be heard so long as there is one bit of water in a leaky bucket. But this is not all, they think it jolly fun to run

out pell-mell onto mamma's clean table cloth when Mable turns over her cup of milk. They act just like boys and girls act when school is out, so glad are they to get free, and so desirous are they to get back to their mother.

Did you ever listen to the joyous song of water drops when they have joined together in a mountain stream and come gurgling and rollicking and laughing down into the valley to tumble into larger streams and still larger, and on and on until Mother Ocean folds them to her bosom once more? Ah, they seem to be bubbling over with joy, and glad to be free to join each other in their rollicking journey to their mother. Full of life and joy they breathe out freshness to the air, not forgetful to bathe the little rootlets with loving care as they toss with frolic and laugh for companionship the leaf that flutters down. It seems such fun for them to play hide-and-seek, and flow and eddy around the stones and boulders in their way. Ah, these are joyous days for the Water Drops.

[To be continued.]

BRIGHT HOURS.

A lesson in itself sublime,
 A lesson worth enshrining,
 Is this: "I take no heed of time,
 Save when the sun is shining;"
 Those motto-words a dial bore;
 And wisdom never preaches
 To human hearts a better lore
 Than this short sentence teaches
 As life seems sometimes bright and fair
 And sometimes dark and lonely,
 Let us forget the toil and care,
 And note the bright hours only

— Selected

THE GRATEFUL MONKEY'S GIFT. THE STORY OF THE SLEEPING

A fable from the Chinese.

[I send you this little story which was told me by my pupil, a most interesting little Chinese lady, who is preparing for Banard College. I think the story has never been told before in English.—ADELINE BARTLETT ALLYN.]

Once-upon-a-time a very learned Chinese doctor was journeying through a vast forest in the Middle Kingdom in China. He was going to a distant city to see some sick people who needed his care, and he hoped to reach there by nightfall. As he traveled on his attention was caught by a monkey, who watched him eagerly, and ran before him, then returned and looked again.

At length the doctor felt that the monkey meant something by this, and followed him. The animal showed signs of joy; running before, leaping and chattering, while the doctor followed. Soon they came to a hole, or cave, in the rocks, and the doctor, entering after his guide, found an old sick monkey lying on a bed of leaves suffering from a broken leg, and in a high fever. The doctor bound up the broken limb, and gave some simple medicine to the animal, who drank it like a docile child.

As he left the cave the doctor noticed the well monkey put into his pocket a red stone. This was somewhat heavy, and the doctor took it out. Three times the monkey persisted in putting the stone back into the doctor's pocket, until the latter finally accepted the gift as his fee, and went on his way.

Since he had lost so much time in this visit, he was forced to pass the night in the forest, and lay down under a tree. On awakening he saw a huge and poisonous snake above him, where it could easily have bitten and killed him. He was protected by the stone, which is of such a nature that no snake can approach it. The doctor did not know of this before, but the grateful monkey's wise instinct taught him how to reward the kindness of the one who had healed his sick friend.

BOY.

(Told to Jean Mills by her papa.)



ONCE, when papa was a little boy, he had been playing out in the road until he grew so tired he could n't tell what to do. He climbed up on the fence, and looked up the road where the trees came clear down to the roadside, and where there were ripe red raspberries waiting for him to come for them. He looked over the way where the swift, clear mountain stream was running by, and calling him to come closer to it and listen to its music. He looked down to the bridge and over to the barn, and finally he climbed down into the meadow and lay down in the grass to rest. He had hardly straightened out on the soft ground when he was fast asleep.

Then the tall stalks of grass bent over him and said, "Let us stand beside this little boy all the while he is asleep."

The clover blossoms bent over him and kissed his face, and said, "Let us stand by this little boy and breathe our sweet breath upon him all the while he is asleep."

The great tree which stood up so tall in the midst of the meadow said, "Let us hold our leafy branches over this little boy and keep the sun from shining in his face all the while he is asleep."

The little baby birds came along, and seeing papa flew away with a great buzz-whirr, for they had never seen a little boy sleeping in the grass. The mamma bird called to them to come back again, saying, "This is just a baby boy; he wouldn't hurt the little baby birds. Let us sit here in the branches and sing

softly to him all the while he is asleep."

And, finally, papa heard the baby birds so softly singing, and awoke. He listened to the birds; saw the tall tree holding out its branches; saw the tall stalks of the meadow grass bending over him; felt the touch of the clover blossoms on his cheek and brow, and papa lay still for the longest time pressing his little hands together, because he was so glad, and saying over and over, "Good! good! good!" just loud enough so that the clover, the tall grass, the great tree, the baby birds, and even the sweet breath of the meadow, all could hear, but not loud enough to frighten any of them; not even the little baby birds.—*The Socialist Teacher.*

WINNIE WEAVER'S WORK.



WINNIE Weaver's home was a large, sunny farmhouse. She never saw her mother, and knew nothing of any other home than this one where she suddenly waked up one morning not long ago. She had plenty of company, but they all seemed busy, very busy all of the time. Little Winnie could hear the soft rustling of their work, but that was all, for nobody talked here in this busy home. How quiet it all was! How she wished that she, too, might have such beautiful work to do.

Pretty soon Miss Mary came and put Winnie into a snug little room trimmed with dainty green leaves.

"Now," thought Winnie, "I shall learn how to weave like the rest of them."

But she was too small and weak, and she did n't know how to go to work.

"Never mind," she said, "I'll grow."

So she grew and grew, and wished very much that she could weave.

Miss Mary gave her fresh leaves for her room every morning, and some of the busy workers round her finished their tasks and went to rest.

"I'm getting ready," thought Winnie, as she felt herself growing stronger every day, "I'm getting ready. I'll wait."

One day she noticed the neatest little spinning frame in her room.

"I believe I'll try," said she; "who knows but that I am ready now to spin? I've tried my best to get ready."

So up she climbed into the spinning frame. She began to fasten wonderfully fine silky threads around the frame as far as she could reach. Oh, what fun it was to peep out between them, and to think she was doing something worth while at last!

She was too busy even to eat, and Winnie had been very fond of eating.

A fly came buzzing along and stopped to rest.

"What an ugly thing that weaver is," he said, "I wonder if she knows that she will bury herself in that fine work of hers some day, and that will be the end of her." But Winnie did not care. She was busy.

Soon it grew dark, but still she worked on. By-and-by she grew weak and sleepy. She curled herself up in the middle of her beautiful work, so tired, and wondered whether the fly were right, after all, and if this would be the last of her. She slept a long time. When she awoke she had forgotten all about her work, and so she pushed her way out of the middle of it in a great hurry.

"Why," said the fly, as he buzzed about the room. "can this be the same ugly weaver that was working so hard just a little while ago?"

But Winnie did not hear him; she could fly now. Her work was done. And Miss Mary came and carried off the beautiful cocoon that little Winnie Weaver had made.

—ANNA PATERSON, in *Mind*.

Betty Blue Eyes.

Little Betty Blue Eyes lay watching her sheep
Jump over the high garden-wall;
On her fat little fingers she counted each one,
As over they went, big and small.
"There goes number one," she merrily cried,
"Number two — oh, what a big jump!
And three — poor dear little lambkin — I'm
sure
He must have come down with a thump.

"Now, four — I wish they would hurry up
more —
Five, six. How slowly they come!
Seven, eight, nine, ten (the next is eleven —
I'll begin again with my thumb).
Seven, eight, nine, ten! Oh, they are so slow!
O sheep, won't you jump over fast?
I can't see the wall, and in the gray sky
The daylight is over and past.

"Leven, ten — O dear! what was it I said?
A star's peeping down from the sky —
No! No! It's a sheep, and he's looking at me;
Little star-sheep, I spy! I spy!
Eight — ten — nine — one — little star-sheep,
I'll come,
From the meadows I hear you call.
I'm tired of counting and watching my sheep
Jump over the high garden-wall."

So Betty Blue Eyes sailed away to dream skies,
Where the star-sheep frolic and play,
But found all her flock by the high garden-wall
When she came back again next day,
For the wall was the rail of her little white bed,
Her sheep, make-believe ones — that's all;
But the sheep in the sky, each evening they
come
And to all sleepy children they call.

LILLA THOMAS ELDER, in *Mind*.

Our Young Authors' Department.

WHY I LOVE TO LIVE.

BY BLANCHE DUDLEY.

(11 years old.)



LOVE to live just now because the world is green, and I think it looks so pretty. I love to smell the sweet blossoms in the fields and woods. I love to play with my dolly and my little brother. I love to go to Sunday School and learn about the Truth. I love to read *WEE WISDOM*, and learn from it how to be happy. I love to see the apple trees full of growing apples, and the pretty birds among the branches singing their lovely songs. I love to draw pictures of girls and boys, birds and flowers. I love to build a playhouse under the green trees in the yard. I love to live so I can help mamma work, and feed the little chickens; and oh, so many things that it would take too long to name them all. I love to live because my papa and mamma and little brother loves me, and I love them, and love to be with them.

FLOSS.

BY JOSEPHINE LILLY.

(14 years young.)



H! I do wish I could get this old chain off of my neck," cried little Floss.

Floss was a little dog owned by Margaret Worden. Margaret lived on a large farm with her mother and father. She had many pets, but she loved Floss best.

Floss had to be tied up because she was always into mischief. She would pull the coals out of the huge fireplace when the fire was out, and drag them all over the carpet. She carried Margaret's doll away and broke it, she carried off two of papa's hats, mamma's gloves, the dust-broom, and I can't think of all else. The cook scolded her very often for taking bits out of her breakfast onto the kitchen floor to eat them.

Margaret would tie Floss in a different place each morning after she brought her in from her frolic, but on this day Margaret was sick and could not go out. Flossie was tied by her little house. She wanted her frolic, and kept pulling at her chain until it came loose. You can imagine the good time she had chasing the kitty, the chickens and ducks, but when she came to the turkeys they spread their wings and tails and started after her. She left the chicken yard at once and

Wee Wisdom

went into the pasture, and Nellie, Margaret's favorite cow, shook her head at her. Floss didn't like that, so she kept going on chasing birds or anything that couldn't chase her.

Margaret was just thinking of Floss, when John, the hired-man, brought her her mail.

"Where are you going now, John?" called Margaret after him.

"I'm going after the cows now, Margaret," he replied.

Margaret opened a little paper. It was WEE WISDOM. Her aunt had sent it to her for a birthday present. Best of all she was going to get it two years.

After she had read it she looked thoughtful for a little while and then repeated the following verse:

"God is my health, I can't be sick,
God is my strength, unfailing quick."

Then she got up and went to her mother's room and gave her WEE WISDOM to read, saying that Truth had healed her. She danced off to give Floss her frolic. Before she reached Floss' house she saw John coming up the path leading Floss.

"Oh! did you take Floss with you after the cattle, John?"

"No, I found her in the pasture caught to a tree. She must have gone away and the chain got tangled in the brush and tree while chasing birds."

"I thank you ever so much, John, for bringing her home to me," said Margaret.

Margaret has never been known to be sick since, and Floss don't need to be tied up any more.

WHY THE KIND MAN LOVED TO LIVE.

BY VIOLET RUTH MOEBUS.

(10 years old.)



ONCE there was a man who was good to everybody. He always did good to everybody, and even to the animals. He did it just as if he were their parents. There was a large tree in the front of his house under which many tired ones rested, and this, of course, made them happy again.

One day, when this man was lying under the tree, some birds flew down to him and said, "You have done many good things for everybody and everything. You must have a reward."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the man, "I have done good to everything, have I?"

"Yes, indeed, you have," said the birds.

In the morning what do you think was on his bed? There were pearls, rubies and diamonds, and many other beautiful things.

"Ha," he said, "what is this?"

The birds said to him, "This is for you."

He said, "Everything that is mine is yours; all I want is love."

And he lived forever with a happy heart, because he loved to live to do good.

WEE.

A True Story.

BY AUNT ALLIE.

“**C**OME, Buff and Spot and Wee, into the barn to get your breakfast of nice warm milk,” said Mamma cat to her three little baby kittens.

Now Buff was a good, steady, dignified kitten and would keep her fur coat soft and shiney. Spot liked to play jokes but she *would* mind when Mamma Cat lifted her paw commandingly, but poor little Wee was always in trouble. She was so pretty that everybody passed Buff and Spot by, and would say, “Isn’t she too cunning,” and would run to get her a nice bit of meat or some dainty, and so Wee thought she knew it all, and was a spoiled, selfish kitty.

“No,” said Wee to herself, “I am not going to that old barn to have the leavings of the dairy. I am going to have a better breakfast than that.” So Wee played with the butterflies, all the time sniffing the broiling chicken from the kitchen wondering how she could get some. It was just what she liked better than anything else.

Wee was so happy chasing the butterflies through the yard and across the road that she almost forgot her breakfast. Up went her nose. What was that she sniffed so much like salmon? A few steps, and it *was* some salmon which had been left in an old can. “There,” said Wee, “I always get just what I like. No use minding cats just ‘cause they’re big, even if they are your mamma.”

Wee was a polite cat and she tried to get the salmon out in dainty bits with her paw. It was so soft that it would break all to pieces. “Well,” said Wee, “I guess I’ll have to put my head in, for I can’t get the salmon out.” She quickly thrust in her snowy head. “Wasn’t that salmon the very best! Wasn’t she glad she knew how to find

a good breakfast! How stupid Buff and Spot were! If they only had gumption they wouldn’t be lapping warm scum!”

Just then Wee heard her *one* enemy, Rover, the big dog. Rover did not see all these fine points about Wee that the others did. He thought she was a silly, vain cat, and loved to make her run away in fear. Wee thought this morning that Rover’s bark was particularly fierce. She thought he smelled the salmon and would like the fun of taking it away from her. All the time the “bow-wow” was coming nearer and nearer.

“My!” said Wee, “I must get my head out and skip for home!” Ah! that was where the trouble came. Poor Wee’s head was too big. The sharp edges of the can caught in her fur and she rolled over and over frantically kicking and scratching in her efforts to get out. Finally poor little Wee tumbled into a post-hole too exhausted to give even a faint cry.

The next morning Buff said, “Mother, where is Wee? I haven’t seen her since yesterday.” But Mamma Cat, thinking that Wee was trying to play some of her pranks, kept on blinking and purring without reply.

But Buff was not satisfied. She looked in the barn and the dairy and the yard, calling, “mew, mew,” but no Wee came.

The daisies in the meadow nodded so affable an invitation that Buff thought she would stroll down and enjoy their sunny faces. Presently she stopped. “What was that faint sound she heard? It was surely Wee’s cry but so muffled and queer.” The daisies beamed a sunny smile on Buff but she thought of nothing save poor lost Wee. “Where was Wee?” Just then she came to the post-hole and there lay pretty Wee with quivering muscles, her head fast in the salmon can. Buff tried to help Wee but only succeeded in hurting her badly until poor Wee would cry out in pain.

Buff was a thoughtful cat, but this was

too much. "What should she do?" She couldn't even get Wee out of the post-hole, let alone getting her head out of the can. She looked up at the big blue sky and out on the meadows trying to make a big thought come to her. At last she nodded to herself as if to say, "I know what I'll do." She purred reassuringly at Wee and ran back to the house.

Miss Louisa sat in the bay window cutting carpet rags. Buff pushed the screen door open, went in and began pulling at her dress.

"Go away, Buff, you'll snarl my rags. You are learning Wee's tricks. Now, Buff, you must be a good cat!"

Still Buff persisted in pulling her gown harder and harder until Miss Louisa knew there was something important. She patiently went with her, wondering what she could want. Buff caught the corner of her apron in her mouth, led her out into the yard, across the road, down the meadow. "Why, Buff, you can't get any dainties here. Why are you pulling me out in this meadow?"

Just then the tin can gave a bump which caused Miss Louisa to look down into the post-hole, and there lay poor little Wee. Miss Louisa tenderly lifted Wee out of the hole and tried to take the can off her head, but to no avail. Miss Louisa took her to the house, cut the cover out with a can opener and Wee was free.

After a nice dish of warm milk and a nap in her sunny corner Wee was much refreshed and a great deal wiser. This was such a good lesson to little Wee that she never after failed to mind her big Mamma cat, and she grew sweeter and prettier every day.

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"Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day;
Little boys and little girls,
That's the wisest way."



NEW YORK.

DEAR WEES AND YE EDITOR—I can hardly wait for the little paper of Truth to come. I enjoy reading the stories very much. I have a little sister four years old, and she is full of mischief. I am eight years old. I go to school and am in the second grade. I study about birds and flowers. I am going in the country next week and expect to have a very happy time. I thank you very much for writing this magazine, and giving me so much pleasure. I hope you will print my letter in Wee Wisdom next month. I send my love to you and the Wees.

JANET GEMMEL MACLAUGHLIN.



WARE HOUSE POINT, CONN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am six years old. My little sister is five years old. I like to go to school. This is my first letter. I like the WEE WISDOM. Your friend, ELEANOR A. WELLS.



FT. WORTH, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As I have not written for a long time, now, between practicing, I will write a few lines. I liked the story of "Ministering Angels," but I like the story in this month about the "Grumble Bag," also. I can write more often now as school is out and I have more time. There are two very cute kittens that stay around our house. We have a cat of our own named "Pagliacci" which is named after one of Leon Cavallo's operas. I am glad summer has begun, because everything looks so fresh and green. Well, I will close now. With love to the Wees.

ALMA AULT.

P. S. I will try to get some subscribers for WEE WISDOM for its birthday. A. A.

['Twill be ever so good of you, Alma, and we shall look for a story from you, too.—Ed.]



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I enclose 25 cents for the renewal of WEE WISDOM. We are going to Redland, California, next fall, and then I'll renew again. I am nine years young, and this is the second time I have written to you. I like to read the stories and letters which the Wees have written. I wish WEE WISDOM would come more often. I am yours with love, EDITH HANSON.

BARKER, MONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I wrote a story for you called Floss. I have lots of stories in my scrap-book, but I wanted to ask you if you would accept them, or if you only accept them when written by the little Wee Wisdoms. Ye Editor asked us to tell in our next story or letter, "Why I Like to Live." I like to live to do all the good I can to everyone, and to fulfill the mission for which God put me here. This is my favorite Pillow Verse:

"God goes with us all the way,
Like stars in the night,
And flowers in the day."

I will close with love to all the Wee Wisdoms.
Lovingly yours, JOSEPHINE K. LILLY.

[We want our Wisdoms to send us stories of their own writing. We want them good and wholesome, full of original and true thoughts. —ED.]



MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Enclose please find fifty cents for another year's subscription to WEE WISDOM. I like the paper very much. I am ten years old, and I have been a cripple almost three years. I started to school last September, and I am in the third grade now, and I walk to school about one-fourth of the time. I spelt the fourth grade down a few weeks ago. I am going to the country to visit my grandma and uncle this summer. We have got four kitties, two gray and two black ones; the two gray kitties' names are Tricky and White-Paw, the black kitties' names are Blacky and Peton. Lovingly yours,

MURRIEL FREEMAN.

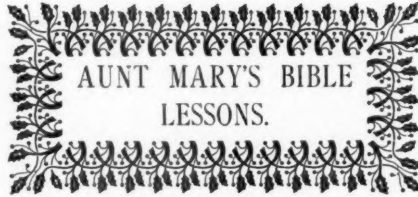


VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a letter to tell you that I like WEE WISDOM very much; my brothers like it, too, and so do mamma and papa, because it teaches us to be kind, honest and truthful. We love to read the letters and stories that the children write. I have four brothers and one sister. Their names are: Jacob, Oscar, Otto, Emil and Frieda. Emil is my smallest brother. He is so sweet, fat and playful. He plays all day with the little kitten. I sent my cousin Sophia a copy of WEE WISDOM, and one to my friend Lulu Schook. They say it is a nice little paper. If you have any papers to spare please send one to my aunt. I will close my letter now. Here is a verse:

"I am the sunshine fair and blythe,
I sow the seeds of love and life;
I fill the flowers with honey-dew,
The bee and butter-fly to woo

Lovingly yours, ANNIE SCHELLHARDT.



LESSON I. JULY 2

Sennacherib's Invasion.—II. Chron. 32:9-23.

GOLDEN TEXT—*With us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles.*—II. Chron. 32:8.

The only enemy we have is self. You know when you feel like having your own way instead of trying to please another that things are apt to go wrong. First, you grumble or fret; then, perhaps, you don't do as you have been asked, and a scolding or something worse occurs. This is the enemy of willfulness within your city gates, within yourself, that is, that has brought about all your troubles.

The willfulness is like Sennacherib, then follow his' doubting servants, "I don't want to," "I can't," or "selfishness," and the like, which says, "Please, self." Then comes along a still bigger naughtiness saying, "God can do nothing for me." This is disbelief or ignorance. This is all untrue.

But after a while the little boy, or girl, begins to think, and the true spirit of Hezekiah rises within you, and you pray to God to give you faith, and then how quickly you are helped! You know the little Christ-child dwells within your own heart, and when you know that, Sennacherib and all his host of unbelieving men are routed, and you run quickly with a strong feeling of love to do mother's bidding, or whatever has to be done by you.

LESSON II. JULY 9.

Hezekiah's Prayer.—Isa. 38:1-18.

GOLDEN TEXT—*God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.*—Ps. 46:1.

In those days long ago, prophecies were not always correct, any more than they are today in our time. Sometimes a prophet may be mistaken and not tell truly what is going to happen.

God never speaks of death, nor can he know death, for, God is Life, and in life there is no death. Even in what looks to be death there is no real death, so death is nothing. You may see something burned to ashes. Those ashes may be taken afterwards and placed at the root of a plant for its benefit, for its good. So you see there is life even in the ashes. The good of

them is drawn up into the root and branches of the living plant. How wonderful is life in every form!

Hezekiah felt very sad when Isaiah gave him this untrue idea that he must die. He began to think about it to discover if there were not some way of escape. See how he turned his mind to God, the only power, and prayed to remain on earth. Hezekiah was so moved that he wept. He must have felt God's near presence of love.

The God within his own soul answered him, and he was reminded that he had been true and good, following his highest thought daily. Thus Hezekiah heard the Word of his God within him telling him of life. So Hezekiah continued to live, and had the promise of God's help with him.

We need no particular sign of God's presence, for we know that He is always with us, leading us daily. We cannot escape Him. Our part is to obey the voice of the Spirit. If you think of God, and try to do His will, then will you feel and know that he is right in you and with you. There is only God. God is Love and Life, therefore you are not separate from God.

When illness seems to appear, then is the time to turn to God and pray: "Dear Father, I know that I dwell in Thee and Thou in me, therefore I cannot be sick; I know only Thee, O God. I know only health. God is my health. I live, move and have my being in the Good—I am Health."

LESSON III. JULY 16.

The Saviour Within.—Isaiah 13:53-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Behold my servant shall deal prudently, he shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high.*—Isaiah 52:13.

The real and only Saviour is the Christ within each soul. Don't look to any outside person to heal sin, for Jesus himself said that heaven, happiness, and all that is good lies within man. Jesus pointed the way, showed us what to do; now we must follow him, obey his words, and reap the reward of a clear conscience, which is a contented mind.

Who is God's servant? Every one that will do His will gladly and cheerfully. Jesus said, "I call you no more servants, but friends."

When we are willing to serve then are we uplifted and given a greater work to do, and put in higher and more responsible places. This is God's way of doing. But first we must be willing to do the little tiny uninteresting thing in the name of Christ, that is, for the sake of the Christ within us. Then we hear God say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord." Then we know and feel God's nearness, and are satisfied and happy. We are at one with God. This is the highest state that can be reached, to know ourselves of God—God-like, perfect, made in His image and likeness.

LESSON IV. JULY 23.

The Gracious Invitation.—Isaiah 55:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.*—Isaiah 55:6.

God is ever waiting within our hearts for us to recognize and to claim Him. We do not have to go away from ourselves to any person to find God. He is right here loving and caring for us.

Sometimes we will grow very hungry in the heart. That is because we want to know more of God. He longs for God and wishes to feel that Divine presence within. This is the real self we must be conscious of to be at peace with ourselves.

Some persons spend much money for those things that do not bring an abiding happiness. They will run from one thing to another: art, literature, toys, clothing, anything, trying to find joy; but these do not satisfy without God back of them. The understanding of Love back of all and in all brings joy.

If we have this Love we are strong and possess great power, being able to command people and lead them as well as self in the right way. But nothing can be done without pure love. Love is of God and Love is God. In God is all power.

Love is a great attraction and will draw people to us. If we have knowledge of God, and a sweet unassuming way, people will flock about us to have that which we have, for that love is satisfying, giving food to all.

The word of God, the word of Love, is a great power. It can heal any disease or trouble, so remember to speak good, true, kind words, for they are lasting.

LESSON V. JULY 30.

Manasseh's Sin and Repentance.—II. Chron. 33:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.*—Prov. 14:34.

Sometimes a person will seem to wander away from God and forget Him and do all manner of wrong. This was the way it was with Manasseh. Manasseh was king at the early age of twelve years. Think of the chance he had to do good with the long reign before him. But Manasseh did not improve his opportunities. He turned aside from the good. He followed foolish thoughts and tried only to please himself. He practiced wrong, heathenish customs and had no thought for God.

Manasseh was a worshiper of idols. But a day came when Manasseh was so filled with torture and pain that he was glad to turn to the One God. Then was he meek after all those years of wrong doing, and he prayed to God. God sees and hears all good, and when we have faith enough to look to God, the good is brought about. God heard

Manasseh's prayer and good was established, or made real, once again in Manasseh's mind, so again Manasseh came into his kingdom, and this time he felt his power for good, and knew the One God within his own soul as reality.

We must every one find God within us. If we are righteous and do the will of God, then will we be lifted up and fulfill our mission in life. Our mission is to declare God—to manifest Him—to be so true and good in our actions that every one will know there is a God.

If we love, others will feel that love.

If we love, others will want to love also.

If we are kind, others will feel our kindness.

If we are cheerful, others will be cheered and comforted.

If we are calm and peaceful, others will feel soothed.

If we are harmonious, others will be rested.

If we are joyous, others will feel the sunshine of our smile.

If we do all this we will reign well, and *make heaven upon earth.*

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



JOY be unto you, my Wisdoms, this mid-summer month of splendor and patriotism.

Wherever the firecracker cracks there we know is a love for freedom and right that is broadening and growing up with all young firecracker patriots. And some day there will come into sight a full *grown-up* idea of freedom and right that shall make us a nation of free men, indeed. And our new declaration of Independence shall declare freedom from greed and selfishness, from impure thoughts and bad habits, and we'll all have a hand in it now, by exploding with our firecrackers the *beliefs* that have made us slaves to sin, sickness and death and want, and by rejoicing in the Truth that makes us free.

Begin right away to make preparations for WEE WISDOM's Birthday party. Make it the very best number of WEE WISDOM that was ever printed. To you, who are late among us, we would explain that it is our custom to give the August number of WEE WISDOM entirely over to our Wees, and this time Royal will have the editorship of it, and *you* are to write everything in it—poetry, songs, letters; whatever you think will be the nice thing for you to do to celebrate WEE WISDOM's 10th birthday. Come and make her a photo visit, and send in some pictures of your own handiwork. You will enjoy meeting each other in this way, and have a good time.

Royal says he is going to have Lowell's Sunday School class write the Bible Lessons, and very likely Blanche and Martha and Faye and Ruby will be the ones to do it, for they all belong to the Joyful Circle, and are always ready to help along. Don't forget, then, *your* part, and be sure and have it all in before the 15th of July. We shall expect the jolliest, happiest time that ever could be imagined. Eleanor Andrews and Helen Louise Knox are already here with good stories, and several letters are waiting. I wonder if Edna Hickok won't write up the Sunshine Department for August? Our little artists in Albany, too, Dorothy and Gertrude, we shall expect something from them. Oh! *all of you*, we can't leave any out. Every one of you are needed at the Birthday party to make it complete. Would n't it be nice if everyone could bring with you a new subscriber!

You are blessed in blessing others.



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July, 1905.

FIRECRACKER DAY.

*The jolly red crackers came and exploded
with mirth,*

*The cannon's great joy shook the heavens
and earth,*

*The rockets leaped high in the air with a
laugh,*

*And the whistling bombs burst and broke
into half.*

*"What's the racket about?" screeched the
sleepy old owl.*

*"What tickles you so?" squawked the fright-
ened fowl.*

*"Because it's the glorious Fourth of July,"
Sizzled the nigger-chaser, "that's the why."*

— ROYAL.

Who will write the Pillow Verses for
August?

"Love is gentle, Love is sweet,
Love has willing hands and feet."

The little stories this month bring us
right into loving sympathy with our tiny
brothers and sisters of insect and animal
world.

We had to curtail Aunt Mary's Bible
Lessons a little there was so much
matter on hand.

The "Pearl Drop" story gives us a
broader acquaintance with the Drop
family, and we appreciate them more
than ever before. M. Alice Spradlin,
the author, failed to give us her address,
which we would like to have very much.

Happy are the pure in thought, for
they shall see Good everywhere.

Happy are they who love everybody,
for they shall be loved in return.

Happy are you when you love to do
what is to be done, for then it becomes
easy to do.

REMEMBER.

Remember to watch the date on your
WEE WISDOM wrapper, and renew
promptly. Unless you notify us it will
be stopped at expiration of year.

Remember that for three 50-cent sub-
scriptions you can have *Elsie's Little
Brother Tom*; or *Wee Wisdom's Way*,
or *Drops From Wee Pens*, or *Summer
Stories*; or any one number of *Wee
Wisdom's Library*; or an extra subscrip-
tion to WEE WISDOM.

Remember WEE WISDOM always wants
her little Truth lovers to send in their
best and happiest thoughts, tell about
their demonstrations, and help others to
find the way to be well and happy.

Remember every new subscriber you
get and every home you put WEE WIS-
DOM in, you are sowing the seeds of
harmony, health, happiness.

Remember to always give your full
address in every letter you write us.

Remember WEE WISDOM's address is
1315 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo., and
always direct your letters good and plain.

Monday

Loving Father,
Thou doth bless
Little hearts
With tenderness.

Tuesday

If one little
Thought of wrong
Crept in today,
Loving Father,
Wipe it out to-night,
I pray.

Wednesday

All the night
And all the day
Let loving kindness
With me stay.

Thursday

The little thoughts
I think,
The little words I say
Are the little seeds
I scatter
Day by day.

Friday

Fear is darkness,
Love is light;
Love makes day,
And fear makes night.

Saturday

There's not place,
There's not a spot
In all the world
Where God is not.

Sunday

Like the stars,
God's love doth keep
Shining watch
While I'm asleep

