

CHILDREN'S NUMBER.

WEE WISDOM.



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A SUNSHINE STORY.

The Happy Birthday.

BY BOTHILDA CURTZ.

(Age 12)



"FELLOW can't have any fun," sighed Frank Woldron, as he threw himself under the pleasant shade of an apple-tree. Frank's parents were rich people, and they had come to their country home to spend the summer.

Now I don't think Frank really meant what he said, for he had everything that money could buy. He had a bicycle, a pony and cart, a sled, games and all kinds of mechanical toys.

Suddenly Frank thought he would go and get his sisters to play with him, for they always did have such fine times playing together.

Frank was ten years old. His sister Bertha was twelve, and his sister Mary was eight. Frank also had a little baby brother named Arthur. He was very sweet as he lay smiling in his cradle when Frank and his sisters played with him.

When Frank entered the house he found his sisters busily playing with their dolls.

"Let's play something," said Frank.

"I don't want to play anything just now," replied Mary.

"Just like a girl!" said Frank rather harshly. "Girls always want to play with old—"

"Frank!" came a voice from the yard.

Frank went out and found his little friend Johnny Burns waiting for him. Johnny was also a boy who had come to stay in the country.

"I've got something to tell you," he said.

"Do you know Tommy Jones?"

"Yes," replied Frank.

"Well, he has to work very hard to help his mother earn a living, for his papa is away hunting for work. I met Tommy on the road yesterday. I was on my wheel, and he was looking wistfully at it, so I gave him a ride, and he was the happiest boy I ever saw. He said his birthday would be the 6th of August, but he doubted if he would get any presents.

Now, Frank, what I want you to do is to get your sisters to help us, and we will make a surprise party on Tommy."

* * * *

August the 6th found Frank, Bertha, Mary, Johnny and Mrs. Woldron comfortably seated in Mr. Woldron's new automobile.

They brought a large cake and two gallons of ice cream. They also brought some bundles of clothing for Tommy and his sister Lizzie and their mother.

When they arrived at Tommy's house his mother, himself and Lizzie were out picking berries for their dinner, so they did not see them come. They drove the auto behind the barn and went into the plain little house.

When the Jones family came back they were the most surprised people you ever saw when Mr. Woldron and the children jumped from behind the door screaming, "Surprise!" with all their might.

There wasn't a happier lot of people than the Jones family.

Mrs. Jones told Mr. Woldron she

[Concluded on page 10.]



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NO. 2.

Story About Pearl Drop.

BY M. ALICE SPRADLIN.

CHAPTER II.

FROM CLOUD-LAND TO EARTH.

(Continued from July Wee Wisdom.)

BUT where did we leave little Pearl Drop? Dear little Pearl Drop has much to learn, much to do, and many experiences to go through before she comes to the mountain stream. And it is well she has, for she could not be the same blessing to the world neither could she enter into the full joy of the stream-life without them. I believe we left her a tiny white-robed figure floating off into the blue ether of the sky.

How strange this new life was! She did not know the name of one thing, not even her own. She was held up by the air, kissed by the Sun, sent hither and thither by the Wind to help make the white fleecy cloud which hung soft and feathery along the crest of the Sierra Nevada mountains. But it was not long until she began to get acquainted with her companions, and understand something of the cloud-world surrounding her.

How tender, soft and loving were those first days of her new life! How new and beautiful the world seemed! How patiently did Father Sun watch over her to keep her warm, and whisper to her messages about the future.

"My child," he one day said, "you have begun a life of individual service. Remember, therefore, that the universe needs you, and that you are a part of it, as I am a part of it, as your mother is a part of it or as your mountain is a part of it.

I could tell you more but you cannot understand it now, but this much remember, that I *love* you, that your mother loves you. In order to comprehend our love, in order to live it out in your *own life*, and to be of the greatest service to the universe, you must be your *own individual self*, partaking of both our natures, yet not like either of us. Since individuality can only be developed through service to others and through receiving of them in return, you must pass through myriads

of experiences in order that you may have the fullest opportunity to serve and to grow."

"But, Father, can I not always remain with you and help form this fleecy cloud that you are now tinting with gold? And see," Pearl Drop continued, clapping her hands with glee and looking down at her gold-tinted robes with pride, "see those men and women with upturned faces admiring us. Surely I can always remain *here* with you."

"Pearl Drop, listen," and the Sun with serious, earnest eyes looked into her very soul. "Do you know that there would be no men and women on the earth to admire you if you and all of your companions would stay where you are? There would be no trees, nor green hills, nor grass, nor flowers. You would even shut out my rays; and the earth, your mother's home, would become cold and dark and barren. No, Pearl, you must go back to the earth and do your part in making it beautiful and good. It was for this mission that you were born—to help your mother and I do a work that neither of us can do alone. Surely you will not fail us!"

With these words the Sun kissed her good-night and sank below the western horizon. Pearl Drop hung her head. Her pride was wounded. The marked preference she had volunteered to show her father had been met, with what seemed to her, a rebuff. But her great love of admiration soon tempted her to peek one eye to look at the men and women below. They were gone, and looking down at her robes she found these no longer tinted with gold. Now she was indeed angry, and throwing herself into the wind, she sailed around among her companions complaining to them of her father's treatment, and prompting them to bitter, angry thoughts.

Soon Pearl Drop attracted to herself so much discontented mist that they formed a dark, angry cloud hanging low on the mountain side. For all this time their sad, gloomy thoughts were carrying them down lower and lower in the atmosphere-world, but they knew it not. Then the Wind, encouraged by their discontented spirit, began to blow a gale, and they were whirled across the valley at such a speed that they became charged with electricity, and when they struck another current of air there was a vivid flash of lightning and they were thrown violently apart in every direction. Then they rushed together again with muttering tones of thunder and went madly on. Overtaking a wave of cold air Pearl Drop and her companions began to draw their mantle of mist closer and closer about them until they were formed into round drops of rain, and while in this form they were sent headlong to the earth by the torrent.

Pearl Drop was among the first to touch the ground. She fell by the side of a much-traveled road and made haste to hide her head in the dust. This had been a terrible experience for her. She had not expected all this when she allowed the little seed-thought of discontent and anger to creep in and grow while she was yet in the cloud-land of sunshine. But now she lay, forced by the law of gravitation, in the most common of dust.

"To think," said Pearl Drop, "that Gravitation would be so unkind and unjust to me! I have been told that this law would lead me back to my mother, and here it is holding me down to make common mud in a barren road. Life must be all a mistake, and neither my father nor my mother loves me," and she sank lower down in the mud and tried to forget it all. The more she thought of all her woes the lower she sank, until she came to the house of an earth-worm.

[To be continued.]

Dan.

BY HOWARD ORR.

10 years old.

Dan is a bull-tarrier pup, and he came here on this earth December 17, 1904, and my papa brought him to me when he was a tiny baby pup only six weeks old. We had to hold him most of the time when he was a baby or he would feel so lonesome. He he had to have a two weeks and now at all because he wont sleep on it at on the top shelf on

We have taught up, speak, hold a shake hands, jump and we are trying to stand on his smart and so full he sees me he cant wiggles all over down.

going to have a going to perform really one of our six of us counting boy had a dog as dont really believe one quite so nice took our pictures back yard and you

looking dog he is, and he is even finer than he looks. Everybody loves him I guess it is because he loves everyone so much. He had a cold and we treated him and now he is well. Sometime I will tell you about my cat. I most forgot to tell you, Dan has a new collar.



HOWARD AND DAN.

grew so fast that new bed once every he can't have a bed chews it all up and all he likes to sleep the back porch.

him to sit up, stand stick in his paws, through a hoop now to teach him head. He is very of love that when stand still but just and dances up and

We boys are show and Dan is with us. He is crowd, there are Dan. I wish every nice as Dan, but I there is, another any place. Papa together in our can see what a fine

TO BE SUCCESSFUL.

Be gracious, upright, kind,
Be honest, fearless, true,
And ever you will find
That folks believe in you.

Be cheerful, smiling, gay,
And wear a happy face,
And you have found a way
To win a victor's place.

—Stacy E. Baker, (Selected).

THE MEADOW LILIES.*

BY DOROTHY P. LATHROP.



HEY grew in a large sunny meadow in such numbers that the field seemed almost ablaze with their colors. Hear they lived free from all thoughts of what might be going on in the world outside, until one day a little maiden hardly taller than the lilies themselves, came tripping gayly along, stooping now and then to lift the drooping heads of the lilies, and look into the speckled centers and get her dear little pug nose all yellow with pollen, as she tried vainly to get perfume from the odorless yellow bells.

As she stooped to pick one of the tall lilies, an angry bee buzzed up and stung her fat little hand.

"Oo!" she said in a tone of surprise as she drew back and watched the bee fly away, muttering his disapproval of people who disturb her feasts. Then she turned her attention to the sting, and said out loud in her earnestness all the truths she could think of.

The lilies listened, wondering, and each took a motto and sang it and sang it after she was gone.

She went very quickly and just as joyously as before, wholly unconscious of the good she was to do by those few simple words.

Next to come, was a maiden in the later part of her teens, wearing a troubled look. Her mother lay sick in a little cottage near by, with no money to meet the bills of the doctors who had done her no good. That was why she looked troubled and walked slowly

with bent head. As she sat down in a sunny part of the meadow she was dimly conscious of feeling comforted, she knew not why. Then, the lilies about her began to nod in the wind and sing the truth the little girl had taught them.

"Faith," sang some, and "Hope," sang others.

"Health," sang many, and others following their example, sang each their message, comforting the girl who felt rather than heard them.

"We haven't tried Truth, as they call it, yet," she said.

Her religious training revolted at the idea, but her common sense prevailed, saying:

"It is the last chance."

She arose and walked away with a more buoyant step and lighter heart than before.

It was quite a few days before anyone came into the meadow, when an old man came. With him was a young man; both were talking so earnestly that they did not hear the lilies singing.

A few days more and there appeared a sign which said plainly:

"No trespassing on this property, under penalty of the law."

The children who used to bring their lunch there, and the young people who strolled there, and the old people who loved to pick the well known flowers, all were very sorry when they saw it.

One day the owner, the old man who walked there before, passed through the meadow. He was called by the people a miser, and never had he been known to help the poor or be kind to children.

* See cover.

Now today when he was slowly walking by the lilies, his heart softened and tears filled his eyes, where no tears had been for years.

"Must be getting childish," he muttered to himself, as he brushed the tears away and tried to dismiss the new feeling. But the lilies would not let him, and sang all the louder:

"Love, love, love."

Near that end of the meadow, hanging over the fence and with longing eyes gazing at the lilies, were two or three children

The old man suddenly began breaking off large sprays of the lilies. When he had an armful he went to where the children were standing and thrust them into the eager little hands. The smiles that they gave him in return were the first smile that he had had for years, and he felt almost happy as he went into the house and brought out a hammer and some nails and paint and went to the sign which forbade people trespassing, and knocked off the sign and painted it out. Then he put the painted side in and nailed it securely on, while he painted on the vacant side:

"Welcome, all."

Many, in the following week, wondered greatly at the new sign, and were almost afraid to go in, all excepting the little girl who had first told the lilies the Truth.

One day she entered and fearlessly went up to where the old man was sitting in the grass.

"How do you do?" she said politely. "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Indeed it is," he said. "A more beautiful day I never have seen."

"Oh, I have," she said brightly, "when the sun shines warm and the little breezes blow and the lilies all dance and the birds all sing! Oh, it is beautiful then!"

"But the sun shines and the birds sing now," he protested.

"Oh, but the lilies don't dance and there is no breeze and the sun keeps going under the clouds."

"I never paid any attention to the days before. I never knew a day could be so beautiful," and his eyes filled again with tears and a look of yearning came into his face. Instantly she became sympathetic.

"Is it because you haven't any little girls to comfort you, that makes you so sad?" she enquired. "Are you lonely?"

"Yes, I am lonely and nobody loves me," he answered.

"But I love you and God loves you and the lilies love you," she said throwing her arms around his neck.

"How do you know that God loves me?" he asked; "I haven't been good."

"Oh, because God is Love," she assured him.

"Would He love me more if I should give away some of my money to make other people happy?"

"Oh yes," she answered.

"Can you tell me how? I never did it before," he cried in perplexity.

"Oh, yes, yes," she cried, hopping up and down gleefully as she unfolded her plan. "You could tell some little poor girls and boys from the city to come here and live for a week or two, and they could pick all the flowers they wanted, couldn't they?"

"Yes," he said rising energetically, "we will do it. Why!" he said, "you must have driven the clouds away, little one, for they are all gone out of the sky just as they have gone out of my mind."

They stopped and looked, drawing in great breaths of the fragrant air. It was the perfect day she had described: the sun shone, the breezes blew, the lilies danced and the birds sang.

"It is beautiful," he said.

WHY I LIKE TO LIVE.

BY ERIE MOORE.

9 years young.

I like to live now because I like the cultivated flowers and the wild flowers. I like the grass and trees and all nature. I love my friends. I love one of my friends very much because through him I heard of WEE WISDOM. His name is Mr. Olroy. He is on his way back from Halifax. And in the next letter I will tell about his travels. I love my school and all the teachers that I have had. I go to the Edward Wyman School and in it there are very many statues given to us by the World's Fair people. One is a little Phillipeno public school. I like my mamma and my papa. I like my brother, too. I like Ye Editor and all the Wees. I will close.

HOW A SICK BOY WAS CURED.

BY CARL BURKHARDT.

14 years young.

Once my playmate said, "Elmer's sick." I said is that so?" and he said, "Yes, he is, no joking." I said, "The real child of God he is not sick." My friend laughed at me so I went to see Elmer. When I got there I said for him to hold this: "*Since God is Good and Health is Good, therefore God is health and Health is God.*"

Then I set in the silence with him and the little voice told him. When I opened my eyes he was asleep, and his mother said, "Why he hasent slept for 2 nights." Then I went home and sat down in the silence again and that night I did the same thing and the next day he was up and playing with the boys.

That little affirmation was taken out of Mrs. Militz book.

WHY JERRY CAME BACK.

BY LOUISE KLINE.



JERRY was feeling very indignant as he sat on the edge of his bed thinking before he climbed into bed. He never thought that Aunt Anne would do such a thing. But I must go back into the past.

One day about ten years before the time above, the manager of a large orphan asylum of Central United States was interviewed by a woman whose name was Mrs. Merrill. She wanted to know if she could have a strong boy of five to raise, and if the manager would fix a paper certifying that the boy should stay with her until he was at least fifteen, and longer if the boy wished. The manager complied with her wishes. This boy was Jerry, and Mrs. Merrill Aunt Anne.

Jerry had heard from outsiders how he was taken by Mrs. Merrill, because she lost a boy of that age, and she had thought so much of him. Jerry also had heard rumors about the paper drawn up, but he had never wished to speak of it to Mrs. Merrill.

Well, Jerry was sitting on the bed as was said before, thinking. The day before he had been hoeing the acre plot of corn. Towards evening he was so tired he was careless and had left a few weeds in the last three or four rows of corn, and had chopped not a few hills of corn down. Aunt Anne, coming to call him to supper, saw the weeds and vacant hills of corn. She gave Jerry such a scolding as he had not had for many a day. But he had forgiven her, and it would have been alright had she not brought it up again that morning

and renewed the scolding. All these things passed through his mind. He did not know that the day before was the anniversary of her little boy's death. Then his thoughts turned to how he came to be under Mrs. Merrill's care, and suddenly the paper, drawn up by the manager, came to his mind. Why, he was fifteen, and it was true that he could leave Aunt Anne, and he would not get any more scoldings. He did not know that in the world there were greater trials than scoldings to contend with. So he went to bed determining to write to the manager the next day, and question him about it. When noon came it found the letter hastening to its destination. The reply came a day later. It said Jerry was free to leave Mrs. Merrill's, but advised him to stay.

"Much he knows about it," muttered Jerry as he read this latter part. He determined to tell Mrs. Merrill the next day that he was going to leave her. She did not know that he had received the letter. The following morning Jerry told Mrs. Merrill all about it. She controlled her feelings and said, "I suppose I can't stop you as you are fifteen, so get your two suits, and put them in a bundle, and bring me a parcel which is in the left hand corner of the secretary drawer." He brought it to her, and opening it and taking a roll of bills amounting to fifty dollars said, "I always intended to give it to you when you decided to go away."

Jerry felt a lump in his throat as he turned away with a husky "Thank you, Aunt Anne," and walked toward the gate. The impulse of the moment was to run back and hug Aunt Anne and never go away again. But he stopped

himself, saying to himself, "I mustn't give way now I've got so far." And away he went down the road. Aunt Anne watched him until he was out of sight, then turned to the house with a sob.

Jerry had no idea where he was going, but at last decided to go to a large city about twenty miles from Aunt Anne's. He took his time and reached the outskirts of the city just as the sun was setting. He did not want to go in the city before morning so thought he would sleep in a clump of bushes near by. He watched the people go by until the moon came up, then he laid down and went to sleep. But it was not a refreshing sleep, for Jerry dreamt that he was home, and Aunt Anne showed him the cornfield without a single weed in it, and then pointed to a boy standing near and said, "He did that." Then Jerry woke, and the sun was quite a ways above the horizon. He suddenly thought of his dream and he could not stop thinking of it. Finally it came to him how much Aunt Anne had done for him, and he forgot about the scolding and going to the city, but turned around and started back. He reached home just as evening was falling. He first went to the cornfield to see if the dream was true, but only saw lots more new weeds and a few rows of corn weakly hoed. "Aunt Anne did those, I know," he said regretfully, then turned toward the house. He found Mrs. Merrill at the open window. "She looks so tired," he thought. He came near her, but she did not hear him. Then he kissed her forehead. She turned around quickly. "Jerry!" she said and that was all for she was crying.

Jerry didn't know what to do so he said, "Here's that money, Aunt Anne, I hope you won't give it to me for a long time."

"I do, too, Jerry," she said wiping her eyes. Then Jerry told her about his journey, and the dream, and how it made him come back. "But I'm glad it did," he added.

"You don't know how I missed you," said Aunt Anne. Then Jerry went to bed. Early the next morning Jerry was hoeing the cornfield, and you may be sure when it was done there was not a single weed. So, after all, Jerry's dream came true.

OUR DOG SHEP.

BY ANNIE SCHELLHARDT.

We have a shepherd dog, his name is Shep, whenever we speak one of the mules or cows names he runs and jumps upon the fence, and barks. If the gate is open and one of the mules come into the yard he runs at them and bites them in their tails and then he stands at the gate and watches them.

If it rains he is always lying in front of the door, he likes to run around in the water when it quits raining with my little brother Emil. He says, "Sicem Shep." And throws pieces of wood into the water and tells him to get it.

Shep is always running around and watching, he runs around the house and looks if any old tramps or wrong thing is there or runs out to the hog pen when we feed the hogs, he is always on his feet.

Do not say, "I will if I can," but say, "I can if I will."—*Lx.*

A Sunshine Story.

(Continued from page 2.)

didn't know where the money to buy clothes for her children was going to come from.

Upon hearing this Mr. Woldron pulled a \$10 bill from his pocket and handed it to her. Her eyes were filled with tears of joy when she thanked Mr. Woldron most heartily for his kindness.

After resting a while they all got into the auto and drove far into the country to have a picnic with the ice cream and cake.

They found a cool spot to rest in. The children took a basket and went into the woods to look for wild plums. After a while the basket was well filled with choice wild plums of which there were plenty in the woods.

They saw a bird's nest in the grass, but the little birds had flown. They saw squirrels gathering nuts for their winter store, and magpies flying about the trees. They also saw great bunches of golden-rod, and many other kinds of flowers. Suddenly they heard a scamp-ering on the dead leaves behind them.

The children were as still as mice. Then Frank went to see what it was. What do you think he saw? It was a lot of little bunnies playing around their mother. At sight of Frank they all scurried into their hole.

When the children came back the cloth was spread on the grass under an oak tree, and Mr. Woldron had gone to a spring for water. Mrs. Jones cut the cake while the children washed the plums in the brook.

They had a fine time eating ice cream, cake and plums. Frank presented Tommy with a fine pocket knife, and Johnny gave him a little tool-chest.

When Frank got home that night he said, "Mamma, I never will say again, I can't have any fun."

Our Pigeons.

BY ORION.

Albert and I have some pigeons, and each one thinks it knows the most — just as some people do. We have a pair of fine old pouters; they are long and slim, with large crops which blow out to a great size whenever they wish. They are very proud, but not dignified. They have long slim legs with long feathers on them and they are exceedingly proud of their long legs and large crops. They strut around want to boss all the other pigeons and swell up and say bad things every time one of the others does not obey them. They lay great big eggs and get so swelled up about it and go around talking about it so much that they do not hatch any.



The fantails are very proud and dignified and will not have anything to do with the others and never play.

The magpies are very beautiful and peaceful and make good parents. They are black and white and are shaped like the magpie bird. They are very wild but we are making them tame. We have two little squabs we raised by hand that are very tame.

ORION, ALBERT AND THE PIGEONS.

The turbits are very quaint little pigeons, being white with a peak on the head and a frill on the breast. They have short beaks and look like little white parrots. They are cute, always attend to their own business make excellent fathers and mothers and are thoughtful and intelligent.

The tumblers are very rich colored and have large muffs on their legs. They are very tame and are always poking their beaks into other pigeons business and kicking up trouble.

We have some beautiful common pigeons among them one we call Blueie because he is blue. We trapped his mate and he stood by her refusing to desert and fought until we picked him up and put him in the coop with her. He is a good type of the Blue Rock Dove of Europe from which all pigeons are derived.

We love pigeons because they are strict vegetarians and never eat anything that has to be killed.

In the picture I am holding a pouter and Albert a fantail.

“‘I cannot do much,’ said a little star,
‘To make the dark world bright;
My silver beams cannot pierce far

Into the gloom of night.
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
And I will do the best I can.’”



TYABB, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—For some time I have been eagerly watching the American mail, expecting to find you among the many papers that arrive, and imagine my joy when on the 15th of June you put in an appearance. Just then my smallest sister Elsie came into the room and enquired if you had arrived. I replied, "Yes," so we were soon coursing your pages with zest, and found them exceedingly interesting. Elsie is eight years of age and is in the second class at State School, but as our inspector is coming tomorrow I think she will soon be in third class, while I am twelve and in the upper sixth, and am an assistant. There are three teachers in our school, and we learn sewing and knitting and fancy work. I am so happy to have made your acquaintance. I am sending you an original idea for your dress, and also a silver coin, as it is your birthday, and wish you many happy birthdays, together with every success. I will now close, and I wish I could receive many letters from little children who read WEE WISDOM. Lovingly yours, dear little Wees.

ROSE EVELYN FOLEY.

[This is a sweet, appreciative letter. Rose, and WEE WISDOM is made glad by it. The silver coin must have found other friends on the way, for it was not with your letter. The "original idea" is very good, and the letter excellent, but as it is not done in India ink the engraver can not reproduce it. We thank you ever so much.—Ed.]



VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have not written a letter for August, but now I will write a letter, and also a composition about, "Our Dog Shep." for the next month. I love to read WEE WISDOM very much, and love to read the letters and Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons. Our school will open on the first Monday in September. I will close with a blessing to all the little Wees.

ANNIE SCHELLHARDT.



FT. WORTH, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I forgot to write last month so thought I would write this month. My sister Lucy has gone to Germany to study music. She will probably be gone two years or at least one year. She was four years older than me, but she played with me, and we miss her an awful lot. She gave me violin lessons, so I

will have to study by myself until I can get another one. My cat, Paganini, had a fit, but we still have "Faust," a little kitten that came to us. I believe that every cat that we ever had but one, has been a stray kitten or cat. I read the birthday number of WEE WISDOM and enjoyed it ever so much. I would have written last month, only it slipped my mind in the excitement and hurry of getting Lucy off. School begins in September. I am sorry and yet I am rather glad, because then I will have more to do, and it will help to forget Lucy and then I won't miss her so much. Well, I think I have talked enough now so I will close. With love,

ALMA AULT.

[We hope Lucy will not forget how much we have enjoyed her stories, and will tell us about her stay in Germany.—Ed.]



LYONS, KANSAS.

DEAR FILLMORE—I write to tell you how pleased sister Pearl and I are to have WEE WISDOM with us once more, and we are so glad to see the names and pictures of some of our old friends. We have a pleasant home here in Kansas and we like it better than in the city. We have as pets a canary bird and a yellow rabbit. Both are so tame that we can handle them and turn them loose, and then we have our music to practice. We are taking lessons on the guitar. I will close with best wishes for WEE WISDOM and all its readers.



CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—It has been a long time since I wrote to you last, but I have a new pet to tell you about now. About two weeks ago I was visiting a friend. The eaves of her house were filled with sparrows' nests, and she was afraid the straw might catch on fire from a spark and burn the house down. She had some boys go up and tear all the nests out. There were a great many young birds, and the boys on the ground were drowning them as fast as they came down. When I heard what they were doing I rushed out and saved one of the sparrows and brought him home with me. He was too young to eat by himself so I fed him many times a day, and he opens his dear little mouth very wide every time he sees me. We have named him Gappy. Mamma says he is a WEE WISDOM, because he is always ready for any good thing that comes his way. When I come into the house he flies right at me and perches on my head or shoulder. He makes a darling little pet and everyone in the house loves him. "Mme Babine" has three snow white pusseys about three weeks old. I wish some of the little Wees would suggest some pretty names for them. Babine has had so many white kitties we have run out of pretty names. I send you my renewal for WEE WISDOM. Lovingly,

DAISY ROBERTSON. (Age 13 years)

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am so glad that I can read you. I like to read the wonderful true



FREDA AND MILDA.

WISDOM Editor, I am going to send you the picture of my sister and me.

With love to you,

FREDA PETERS.

CLARENCE, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am so glad that I can read you. I like to read the wonderful true stories in you. I don't go to Sunday School, but I read you the most on Sunday. I have only one sister and her name is Milda; she likes to read you, too. Sometimes my sister and I sit side by side in our little rocker and read you together. We have five little kittens. They play all day long. My sister and I watch them play sometimes. Dear WEE

come twice a month. I keep them all and put them together and make a book. I think it is so nice to have them to look over, and read the letters. When I get lonesome I think of all the happy children that take the dear Wee paper. I got a lovely picture from California, and many thanks for it. I wish the sender would write to me, as I would like to know her. I would like to live in Kansas City, Mo., and see our dear editor. I will send a few verses which I think are lovely. I play the song on my piano and think it is lovely. I, too, am one of God's children. I pray every night when I go to bed for God to bless all our little Wee Wisdom brothers and sisters, and I hope we can all sing "God is Love" together always. I love to write just as I feel, don't you? Will Violet Boon please write to me again? Good-bye. God bless you all. I would like to see you all and talk to you myself.

Your loving friend, MAUDIE WRITZ.



ALAMEDA, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I enjoy you very much. I am nine years old; my sister is eleven. This is the first letter that I ever wrote to you. I liked the story about the squirrels best, but still I like them all. We all in my home believe in the good. I will write to you again some time. Wishing you every success, I am,

Yours sincerely, LORENE E. REMMEL.



LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am six years old, and this is my first letter. I went to school last year and am going to start again next month. I have a sister four years old. She enjoys looking at WEE WISDOM with me. Her name is Bertha. We are going to the ocean tomorrow to spend the day and gather sea shells. Hoping to see my letter in next month's WEE WISDOM I will close with my best regards to WEE WISDOM's editor.

MARY M. BROWN.



HUFFMAN, IND.

KIND FRIEND—You remember some time ago a little crippled girl wrote a letter to WEE WISDOM, by the name of Maud Bailey, and the editor told the children to write to her. Well, she got letters from many of the Wees, which she appreciated so much, but she is gone. She left us on Decoration Day. Her limb had to be amputated and it was too great a shock. Please tell them this so the little Wees will know why she doesn't write. She was so brave and patient.

From MAUD'S MAMMA.

[Let us fold Maud's mamma around with "Infinite Love and Wisdom" that she may know and feel that Maudie has only moved out of her poor little house to live in the beautiful body that is always hers, and she is alive and well.—ED.]

SAMS, N. DAK.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—It has been a long time since I wrote you a letter. I have just gotten my WEE WISDOM, and I enjoy reading the lovely letters in it. I think the stories are all good. I love WEE WISDOM so much and wish it would

PERRY R. CHAPMAN.

An angel stood where Christ was born,
A star was shining bright,
And told the shepherds in the morn,
To come and see the child of Light.

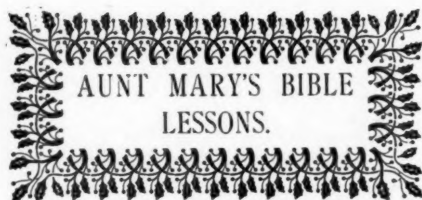
With love from

NELLIE BABE.

TOPEKA, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I love your paper very much and am always so glad when the postman brings it to me. I am a boy eleven years young. I wish I could go to a Divine Science Sunday School. I have never been because there is none in Topeka. I think we'll have one here before long. My mamma belongs to a science class. Grandma, mamma and I treat our friends and ourselves every night, then we all say, "Peace to this house." I think Mrs. Fillmore is such a kind lady to have a paper for the children. I have two cats, and a fish that I caught in a net in the creek. I say the same prayer that a little girl wrote in her letter. With love,

PERRY R. CHAPMAN.



LESSON X. SEPTEMBER 3.

The Captivity of Judah.—II. Chron. 36:11-21.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Be sure your sin will find you out.*—Numbers 32:23.

No one can afford to disobey the voice of God within. One is apt to get into trouble who does not listen to God. God does not send any trouble to His children, but the children make their own suffering through disobedience, and so bring about self punishment.

Suppose you are asked to wash the dishes and you do not feel like doing it. Perhaps you do it in a cross way, slamming the dishes down in a temper, then a cup breaks or a saucer. Then, how bad you feel, and you begin to cry, and mother is displeased with your carelessness.

Suppose a boy is asked to chop some kindling. He does not want to do it; he would rather spin his top or play with Charley next door, who owns a magic lantern. This boy goes to the wood-pile growling, and takes the hatchet and splits the wood in an angry way, striking the hatchet against the wood as if it were to blame. Pretty soon he gets his fingers in the way, and down comes the hatchet on his thumb. My! for a minute he is very uncomfortable. Then, if he is a wise boy, he will not only treat his thumb, but will try and get rid of that vicious temper by thanking God for His blessings and thinking of the good in himself.

Thus you see "your sin will find you out."

You now know what happens if you insist upon wrong doing. Wrong follows wrong action, and it is in this way that people seem to suffer. But if we do good, good follows us.

LESSON XI. SEPTEMBER 10.

The Life-Giving Stream.—Ezekiel 47:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*—Rev. 22:17.

The meaning of water is life. If you will notice next time you are near the ocean, it is ever restless or in action. So life is active. Water is life giving, that is, water is needed for us to drink, and it is also necessary to the plants, flowers and animals. Thus water expresses healing in this lesson.

When we understand fully the true life—the

life of the Spirit—we are not sick, we are well and whole. God heals and blesses us. God loves us. God gives us freely of the water of life. This life is ever within us, therefore, if we keep the law of righteousness perfectly we shall not die. But, no one today is keeping this law. Those that are really doing quite well are spoiling their chances by showing forth a pride in their own spirituality.

No one is better than another no matter how well he may do. The Spirit is ever the same. God within each is perfect, without a mistake. Remember always Jesus said, "I am in you."

The water of life is like a beautiful river flowing between green banks, where are tall strong trees. The banks make us think of prosperity and riches, for, no doubt, they bloom with beautiful flowers.

If we know our life is of God then will everything prosper and grow for us. We will be strong like the oak and healthy like the pine, and everything we do will prosper, or fruit, and thus bring its blessing. But to have things in this way, we must be unselfish, thinking of others first and doing all in our power of good for one another.

LESSON XII. SEPTEMBER 17.

Daniel In Babylon. Daniel 1:8-20.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.*—Dan. 1:8.

If you see a thing is right to do always do it, never mind what anyone else says.

Suppose mother's words have been, as you started off in the morning, your bag of books swung over your shoulder: "Come home, my son, directly after school." But suppose a boy joins you as you all file out in the afternoon, and says, "Oh, don't go home yet, Bob come with me down by the wharf. The fellows are all down there fishing, and we might as well have a chance to catch some fish, too." If you do what your soul tells you is right, you will reply "No" to the boy, and then go directly home as mother has said you should.

Daniel felt that he did not care to enter into the customs and ways of the king—he wished to keep himself and his people pure, and so he did, proving that the countenance (or face) becomes lighted and fair to look upon when the thoughts are temperate and holy. Daniel and the three men with him showed their wisdom before Nebuchadnezzar, the king, and the king was pleased as well as surprised to find their knowledge greater than any other person (or persons) in his realm.

If we think often of God and pray to Him in love and thanksgiving, we, too, will become wise, knowing secret, hidden things, that is, spiritual truths that will help us in our on-going in truth, that will help us to be Christ-like. It is possible to be Christ-like, for Christ dwells within the

soul and is the soul. He is the Master or Teacher within, and listening to that voice of the soul we can never go astray. We are never separated from our own divinity.

LESSON XIII. SEPTEMBER 24.

Review.

GOLDEN TEXT — *The Lord is thy keeper* — Psa. 121:5.

It is God alone who takes care of us and keeps us from all harm. If we trust in Him then will we know that we are safe from accident and sickness, and also sorrows and trouble. But, to feel and know that we are safe we must express a great quantity of faith; we must know ourselves at-one with our Creator.

God is all-powerful to keep us safe, but many times we forget this and talk about what will hurt us. You know you have heard a person say, "Dear me, that window is open; I'm afraid that I'll take cold," or, "I can't bear to have you go on the cars, you might fall off and break a bone," or, "If I go on the steamer I'll surely be sea-sick."

We wonder where they thought God was all that time — where was their active faith? God is with each one to protect and care for us. God never leaves us nor forsakes us. Nothing can hurt you if you remember that God is near. God answers every prayer that is spiritual, for God is the divinity in each one.

There is no one lost to God. God dwells within the heart and He cannot lose His own. Sometimes we seem to lose ourselves from Him when we do not feel His presence with us, but it is impossible for God to lose us. Each soul dwells within the heart of God or Love. To know this we must give up our naughty ways of thinking and acting, and turn our thoughts to the Christ within.

God is all forgiveness and all love. He never has condemned nor has He scolded, and He never will condemn, so we need not beg Him to forgive us, but rather thank Him that we are forgiven. If we know this then are we a power to teach others of God's love.

The Word of God, that is, true words spoken from the heart, have power to help any soul, so let us use true words, happy, healthy, sunshiny words in order to cheer and bless wherever we may go.

"Work a little, sing a little,
Whistle and be gay;
Read a little, play a little,
Busy every day;
Talk a little, laugh a little,
Don't forget to pray;
Be a bit of merry sunshine
All the blessed way."

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



WEE WISDOM's birthday party was so large, August number of WEE WISDOM could not contain it. So here we are again filled to overflowing with a program quite as interesting as that of August. And all given by the Wees with the exception of Miss Spradlin's story and a few clippings. Why! it would seem we have a regular nest of young authors. Dorothy's lilies on the cover and her story about them, make us all feel so glad we have a Dorothy, but then we are just as glad for all our little helpers, and are rejoicing together because the Great Wisdom is expressing Itself so beautifully through the Wee centre. Ye Royal Editor promised a new department for the Youth this month, but as he has not returned from his northern trip, and we are full of younger guests, that will have to be provided for at some other time.

The Youth can send in their contributions whenever they like. We want to keep our growing-up Wees with us, and, of course, they must have room and space for their growing ideas.

Our good friends are interesting themselves in WEE WISDOM's well-being. A beautiful little story from the pen of Miss Kellerhouse, "Colt Tales" by Theresa Brown, "Everyday Fairies" by "Aunt Emma," and a couple of "True Stories" by Mrs. Hahn are among the waiting treats for our coming numbers. Ye Editor wanted to tell you how happy you have made her by your readiness to be on hand and make a great occasion of WEE WISDOM's entrance upon her tenth year.



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5 cents a copy.

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September, 1905.

GOD IS LOVE.

[Maudie's favorite song, with a few wholesome alterations. The words in *italic* denote the changes made.—Ed.]

Come, let us all unite and sing,

God is Love.

Let heaven and earth their praises bring;

God is Love.

Let every soul from error wake,

Each in his heart sweet music make,

And sweetly sing for *Life's dear* sake,

God is Love.

Oh! tell to earth's remotest bounds,

God is Love.

In Christ is *love and wholeness* found;

His *life* can cleanse our *fears* away,

His *truth* can turn our night to day,

And lead our soul with joy to say,

God is Love.

Then let us sing and sing again,

God is Love.

'Twill ever be our noblest strain,

God is Love.

At work or play we'll sing along,

In concert with the *happy* throng,

This still shall be our sweetest song,

God is Love.

We love, because God is Love.

We have not found out the address
of M. Alice Spradlin yet.

We want you to know that God has not taken Himself and His great love for us 'way off where we cannot find them, but heaven and its beautiful things are right *here and now*, and we are opening our minds to see this. That's why life is so wonderful and full of joy. Every moment is a moment with God, and every good thought is an angel of God. Let's have lots of angels and plenty of heaven *here and now*.

We are all going to unite in making it a year of growth and prosperity, not only for the little messenger of Truth, but for every home it enters. When your time is out you will receive a letter from WEE WISDOM with a blank for renewal.

We trust you will all ask her to come again, and give her the names of others who will be glad of her visits and so introduce her into new homes.

REMEMBER.

Remember that for three 50-cent subscriptions 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 subscription 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 WISDOM in, you are sowing the seeds of harmony, health, happiness.

Remember each little contributor to WEE WISDOM will get an extra copy containing the story or letter he or she has written.