

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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EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I want to tell you of the little girl of whom I wrote you some time last winter. Her name is Betty Lephew. When I wrote before she could not move or talk, but now she can shrug her shoulders, and laugh, and she understands all that is said to her. She likes pretty, bright pictures, and dearly loves for anyone to read little stories to her from WEE WISDOM. Someone sent her a little jumping-jack negro, and she laughs aloud when anyone makes it jump for her. Now, little Wee Wisdoms, send her good strong thoughts along with bright pictures or paper-dolls or children's books or papers you may have on hand, and so you will pass the good along.

Her address is, Bettie A. Lephew, care of J. W. Lephew, R. F. D. No. 2, Warren, Ark. Yours in Truth,

JESSIE SAVAGE.

Here is some good work for our Sunshine Wisdoms to do. It seems a little thing to send a picture or toy, a book or doll to a little "shut-in" like this, but *you*

know how to send right along with your gift the Greatest Giant that ever was, who can outstrip the wind for swiftness; who can throw open Bettie's prison doors, and undo the cords that bind her little hands and feet from action; who can touch her heart with a great Love that shall set a-blossoming all the wonderful flowers of free and happy Life; who can make her *know* what Spirit and beauty and freedom are, and that she, her own dear self, is alive with the life of Spirit, strong with the strength of Spirit, and free with the freedom of Spirit, and she is made whole and free NOW.

We all are links in Love's Golden Chain;
By the ties of Love we are bound,
To relieve from distress, sorrow and pain
All creatures the wide world round.

—Selected.



Story About Pearl Drop.

BY M. ALICE SPRADLIN.

CHAPTER III.

THE WORM'S LESSON.

"GOOD morning, Miss Drop," said the worm, "I am glad to feel you. I now know there has been a shower above, and I must make haste to go up and enjoy the freshness," and he opened his mouth and swallowed the bit of earth which Pearl Drop was trickling through.

"Oh, my, what can it all mean," thought Pearl Drop, "when I have tried so hard to keep pure and clean, and wanted to stay up in the cloud-land for that reason; now to think I am inside of an ugly worm's body."

"Don't you like to help me do my work?" asked the worm, feeling her sadness within him; "you know this world is so bound together that we have to help each other; for instance, I must have moisture to lubricate my body in order to crawl through the earth and loosen up the soil so that when rain falls it may sink deep into the ground, and in turn furnish food for the plants. Now you have been sent to help me do

my work; you came by the trail I made yesterday, and why should you object? It is a work that only water drops can do, and some drops must do it. Why should it not be you as well as any other drop?" and the worm crawled on its way doing its lowly work happy and contented.

It was a new revelation to Pearl Drop. Here was a worm that was getting real enjoyment out of life in the darkness of the earth while she was so miserable. Why was it? What was the trouble? She asked herself over and over again, and finally she put aside her gloomy temper and asked the worm.

"I know," replied the worm, "that my work is considered, by some, to be very lowly, and I am almost at the foot of the ladder in animal experiences. I know little of the world above me, but this truth has come to me from somewhere, and I take much comfort in it, it is this: If the universe did not need earth worms I would not be here, and

if the work I do is needed to be done, it is as well for me to do it as any other earth worm. I have also learned that I can do it better if I am happy, and so it makes the ground I work in more buoyant and life-giving, too. Since it is better for both me and my work that I be happy and contented, why not be happy and contented?" and the worm seemed to glide through the earth more rapidly while he taught his philosophy.

"Don't think by this," the worm went on to say, "that I always intend to be an earth worm, though I can not tell for my life exactly what I will be, but I get glimpses of a higher, fuller and freer life sometimes, and I long to realize it. But as I was telling Creep Slow, the other shower, as we lay with our bodies in the fresh puddles of water, that I could now almost live in the warm sunshine. But I suppose my work is not finished below ground or I would be given work to do above ground, and I can wait. By waiting and working I will be better prepared to do the other work; don't you know," whispered the worm, "that at times I feel I can *see* things, and that in some way light enters my body. Of course, other worms laugh at me when I speak of this, for many of them don't believe in light, and think there is no such a thing. Whatever they cannot feel they will not believe, but to me it is very real," and the worm spoke as if speaking to himself.

"You mentioned about me helping you. What can I do?" inquired Pearl Drop. "Somehow I begin to feel like doing something."

"Would you really like to help me?" asked the worm, cheerily. "If you do, just let me push you out through these

little doors that I have in my skin, and you can make my body more moist, for this is a new road I am making, and this bit of earth seems very dry."

Just then there was a great upheaval, and a spade lifted them up in a clod, and turned them over in the air. Pearl Drop came rushing out through all the little cell-doors, and stood in a slimy mass over the kind worm's body as he wriggled and tried to escape through the dirt, but could not, for a boy's hand was quicker and stronger than he, and he was caught up and placed in a small tin can where there was a whole mass of wriggling worms.

"What does it mean?" whispered Pearl Drop.

"I don't know yet," replied the worm, placidly, "but it feels as if we were caught for bait."

"For bait! What do you mean by that?"

"It means that we are to be fed to fishes," spoke up a gruff looking worm, who was trying to scale the slick walls of the can, "and I am going to get out of here if possible."

"You mean that our bodies will be eaten by the fishes," said Pearl Drop's friend, "for there is something in me which tells me that no created thing, however great or powerful—not even this boy who carries us all so easily in one hand—can hurt me or make me a part of themselves; though they may destroy this body, I feel I shall always have a body of my own to live in, and if this is destroyed I can build another, even as I have this one. And who knows but what I can build a more beautiful one; one more suited to all that I feel and long to realize," and the

worm lay quiet, as if communing with himself.

"How different it is with me," said Pearl Drop. "Now it seems I can be a part of the body of anything. Here I am a part of your body, and yet I am not you. You speak of leaving your body, and yet I will have to stay with it for aught I know, for something holds me fast."

Before the worm could reply the tin can was whirled around in the sand to make its own foundation, and the boy took him out, with Pearl Drop clinging close. The boy put a sharp hook in the worm's mouth, and stretched part of its poor writhing body over the cruel barb, and then with the remainder of the body he made loops piercing the body through with each loop, and finishing with the point of the hook carefully covered.

"It is finished; my work as an earth worm is done," gasped the worm. "Good-by, dear old body, you have served me well," and Pearl Drop felt a quiver and a relaxation, and the body of the worm hung limp and lifeless as it was swung out over the water, and dropped with a thud into the middle of a small stream.

[To be continued.]

"When God made the lovely things—
The fairest and completest,
He made them little, don't you know,
For little things are sweetest.

"Little flowers, little birds,
Little diamonds, little pearls;
But the dearest things on earth
Are little boys and girls."

—Exchange.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S WAY OF HEALING NAUGHTINESS.

Dear Wee Wisdoms:

Hearing the other day such a charming incident about the way a great and good man did with his children, I just felt as if I must tell somebody about it, and who could I better tell it to than the little folks who read WEE WISDOM?

You see it was this way, I belong to a little Emerson Club, and at our last meeting, who should be present but a niece of Mr. Emerson's. So this lady was asked to tell the Club something of what she personally remembered of this great man, who saw into the very soul of things as they *are*, and not as they *seem*; and wrote many books which tell people how they too may know what he knew, and how to live the best kind of life. As you grow older you will hear much of this man, and of his great influence, and you will read the beautiful thoughts he has written in his books.

But you will begin to think that I have forgotten what I was to tell about if I don't soon begin. Well, this lady said that Mr. Emerson loved children; in fact, he loved everything and everybody, and every Sunday afternoon he used to take the children out for a walk, and his niece said that those walks were the most delightful remembrances of her uncle, for he saw the beauty in everything; knew all about trees, plants, flowers, birds; in fact, he was a great Nature lover, and he would tell the children about these beautiful things in their walk.

Whenever it happened that a child

did not do as it should, Mr. Emerson never reprimanded or scolded him, but would immediately think of something to send the child out of doors for. Sometimes it was to see if the red rose on the bush by the gate had blossomed, or if the apples were turning red, or how the young birds were getting along in a nest in a certain tree in the yard, which they knew about, or if the spider at the corner of the house had built a new web; and you may be sure that being sent on such important errands that the child came back to report with great eagerness, and never knew why he was sent out of doors, only that Mr. Emerson wanted to have this particular information, and it was the child's pleasure to find it out for him. Don't you think that was a beautiful way to treat children? I do.

Yours for Love and Truth,

— N. A. E.

WHO PUT THE BABY TO SLEEP?

A True Story.

BY N. D. H.

BEFORE I tell you the story I wish to ask you a question. *You, I mean you.* Do you ever stop to think when you are busy amusing yourself at play that you may be either greatly helping or greatly hindering the happiness of others? Well, you are often, very often, doing one or the other of these, in some way or another.

It was hard work getting baby quieted down that hot July day. Mamma hurried about the work all morning, and was not as quiet in her own mind

as she should have been. Baby felt her unrest, no doubt, as well as his own little wide-awake ideas, which would not stop coming, even when he and mamma tried to listen to what the rocking chair said, as it creaked, creaked, as back and forth they rocked. Three little girls across the street sat talking to each other, and that tended to keep baby wider awake than ever. Finally the talking ceased, and the little voices sang out in joyful singing. Baby settled back to listen. "Will there be any stars in my crown?" the sweet little voices sang over and over. Mamma felt the peace sent out in their song as well as baby. Baby fell fast asleep thinking and wondering about the "stars," and mamma said aloud, "Bless their dear hearts, I guess they have 'placed one star in their crown' this afternoon by putting the baby to sleep."

Do you ever sing that beautiful song, "Will there be any stars in my crown"? Well, whether you sing it or not, you can be sure of stars being there (in your crown) if you will sing nice sweet songs or speak loving, sweet words to others. Kind words are songs, and are music of themselves, although big children and little children often forget it. See what you can do today by song or word.

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet!

—Banner of Light.

An Early Fall.

BY EMILIE.

"Look at me," said Mr. Thistle, proudly rearing his blossoming head,

"Hear my dangerous pricklers rustle, see my crown of lovely red;
Autumn's the time for me to blow,
And scatter my seedlings far and wide



Their pretty heads
lifted, the wild flowers

wonder,

Well-knowing that each must its mission fulfill.

How any could boast is a puzzle they ponder
Its none of our work, but Love's marvellous
skill,



But an end to their musing, just then fell the shadow
Of Neddy, the donkey, en route for the meadow,
Who swallowed the thistle with seedlings and all,
And left but a stalk to tell pride had a fall.

For another crop next
year, you know,"

And he puffed and swelled with power and
pride.



Illustrations by J. K.



Youth's Department.

CONDUCTED BY THE JOYFUL CIRCLE.

The Editor of Youth's Department to his contemporaries:

Young folks of this New Thought, this is the first issue of the young folk's column, and we are sure you will enjoy it. We want you to write about what interests you, and send it in to, "Editor of Youth's Department, WEE WISDOM, 913 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo." We want stories and articles that will interest you all. So write them for this column just like the ones that interest you the most.

The Joyful Circle is going to contribute to this column some of the expression of its talent. This Circle has proven a great success in getting together the young people of Kansas City, and helping them get acquainted with each other, and develop the talents each one has. We have literary programs and debates, and about once a month a party or an open session. We gave a musical and literary entertainment for the benefit of the Building Fund, in August, and raised over twenty dollars. On the evening of September 23d we celebrated our first anniversary with a patriotic program, and decorated with flags. One of our members gave a little history of our Circle, which was very interesting. We still have our Sunshine Barrel. We are sure you will all be interested in the musical sketches contributed to the Department by Harriet Ayer Seymour.

Dear Youths and Maidens:—Music will surely have a corner in your Joy Department, and the more you think of it the more convinced you will be that every one of you ought to help to make the world's harmony known through this means. Learn to sing or to play—not necessarily to become a public player—but to give pleasure to your loved ones and to make your home a center of attraction to all. Music has a drawing power. Once a friend of mine, one of the world's Masters, was visiting a primitive country town; he sat down and played on the old *tinny* piano, played what is known as "heavy" music. After a little he looked up and saw a number of dusty workmen standing in a state of transfixed delight.

"Do you like music?" asked the Master.

One rugged old man answered: "Sir, we can't understand it, but we feel it, we *feel* it."

If you play, think of the *music*, how beautiful it is and how you love to play it, and forget your little self. Then, there must not be any fear to cloy your fingers and keep out the feeling. Liszt was once asked to play at a concert, and he was only a little boy at the time, but he jumped up and ran to the piano eager to commence. He loved it so much that the idea of listeners never even entered his head. This is the spirit we want.

In the next WEE WISDOM I shall tell you of one of the great composers, and if you are inclined to this art, get a scrap-book and commence making a *musical* scrap-book. The Perry pictures are lovely, and can be had for very little. Paste the picture of *Bach* on your front page and wait for the story about him, which I will send next month.

—HARRIET AYER SEYMOUR.

BARKER—A HISTORY OF OUR TOWN.

BY JOSEPHINE K. LILLY. (12 years).



N 1879 Barker was located by Mr. Buck Barker. It is a beautiful little mining camp surrounded by mountains which are covered with evergreens. Barker used to be quite a large camp. There were about 760 votes cast at one time, but now it has but a very few people in it, and but one mine working, "The White and Edwards." The smelter was built in 1881. It was run chiefly from the ore of the "White and Edwards" and the "Silver Bell" mines. They made a great deal of bullion, "White" was shipped with ox teams to Fort Benton and Billings, Montana. At this time there were but two stores; one was run by Mr. Mike Folie, up at Hughesville. Hughesville was named after Mr. Patrick Hughes, one of the discoverers. It is one mile from Barker. The other store was run by Mr. Reed down at Clendennin, who also had the postoffice. Clendennin was named after Colonel Clendennin, another discoverer. Clendennin is one-fourth mile from Barker. The postoffice is in Barker. For over fifteen years my papa and mamma have lived in Barker.

The first Barker school house was built in the year 1882. The first teacher was Miss Bender. Mr. T. W. Thompson and papa established a printing office in 1890. The paper was called, "*The Belt Mountain Miner*." It was afterward bought by Mr. Harry Michel. George W. Brown started a bank in 1890 or 1891, but it was unsuccessful.

The camp shut down in 1886, and for a long time mamma was the only lady in Barker. After that the camp started up again. Until the present time, mamma and our teacher, Miss Ida Williams, are the only ladies, papa the only man, except two at Hughesville, and my five brothers and I are the only children.

The railroad was taken out last spring, and the postoffice discontinued. The closest station is Monarch, twelve miles from here. Barker is a very pretty place summer and winter. How pretty it is in the winter to see such a clean white sheet which Nature spreads over the earth to keep the plants warm. The pretty evergreens all sparkle in the sunshine like beautiful Christmas trees covered with sparkling presents, but in the summer it is still more pleasant to climb the hills and mountains, and be under the shade of some wide-spreading trees and to hear the birds singing and see them hopping from branch to branch, and then onto the ground looking for a worm or something to take home to their young. You can hear the squirrels scolding and throwing cones to pack away for the winter. It is pleasant to pick berries. There are quite a few berries growing in Barker: strawberries, huckleberries, raspberries, gooseberries, wild currants, sarphosberries, and many more. It is pleasant to pick the wild flowers that grow in the woods, along the creeks and in the parks.

Here are the names of some of the creeks of Barker: Gold Run, Dry Fork, Lilly Creek, Minnow Creek and Gelena. The names of some of the hills, parks and mountains are: First, Park Leaches, Park Finlander, Park Gaybanus, Park Pride of the West, Fuller's Point, Giant Park, Negro Baldy, and Gold Run Baldre.

TWO HAPPY GIRLIES.

BY AUNT MARY.

In a certain pretty town in the West live two dear little girls, one three years of age and the other five. Wilma, or "Happy," as she is sometimes called, because of her happy, sunshiny disposition, is the baby, and Bessie, a fair-



BESSIE AND WILMA.

Bessie has taught her dolly to say the Truth prayer beginning, "God is my help in every need," and Wilma knows how to sing "God is Love" to Rover when she squeezes and loves him too hard, so that he does not mind it so much.

The little girls go with big sister and brother to the Home of Truth Sunday School in Alameda. Both of these are in Aunt Mary's class. On a rainy day Richard, the big brother, carries Happy over the very wet places in the sidewalk, while big sister Etta takes Bessie's hand, and away they go to Sunday School, throwing kisses to mamma in the doorway, and shutting the gate tightly so that Rover may not follow them.



WILMA AND ROVER.

"I will look out for the comfort of birds, dog, cats and all animals I see. I want them to know I am their friend."



MONARCH, MONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am coming to your birthday party with a story of the town in which I live. I hope you enjoyed it. I could have written more, but when I wrote it I wrote it for a school composition and our time was up. I was twelve years old when I wrote it, that was two years ago. Barker is even prettier than I described it to be. At the time that I wrote the story I did not know how to appreciate its beauty, but since I have been where there are no trees or mountains I have found out the value of its beauty. Barker is a forest reserve now. Every mountain is covered with trees, mostly pines and firs. Dear WEE WISDOM, I am coming a little late, but I have been delayed a great deal and I could not go started. I was away about sixty miles from home making my first communion and being confirmed, but I hope you will welcome me anyway. It will be a year in September since I first wrote to you. I will close for this time. Your loving friend,

JOSEPHINE K. LILLY.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I want to tell you how much I enjoy your visits, and wish they came every week instead of month. I am eight years young next Friday, and hope to receive the September paper on my birthday. I just came home last Tuesday (the 29th) from a three weeks trip on Lake Michigan. We stopped at Petoskey first, then Mackinack Island, St. Ignace, Sheboygan, Topinabee, and then back to Petoskey. I am well and weigh seventy pounds. I shall ask eight little girls to come and eat ice cream and cake with me on my birthday, then we will play in the park until night. With love to all the little Wees,

LOIS HEARN.

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I haven't written for a long time but I hope to be forgiven. I am living at Mrs. Galigher's "Home of Truth" in Denver, so I am in the very midst of Truth and peace. Our Sunday School is beautifully conducted by Miss Nona L. Brooks, who is also our pastor. We were given two symbols of the lesson a month which we fasten on blue ribbon. We have kept up our Sunday School all summer in one large class, and different people have told us beautiful stories. I am president of the Semper Fidelis, a small club of about thirty little Truth

workers. We have lovely times, and try to help our brothers and sisters who are not as fortunate as we are. Our motto is, "What is the loving thing to do?" I wish very much I could see all the little Wee Wisdoms and dear Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore who work so hard to bring us together in thought, as we cannot literally be together in body. I send every one of the Wee Wisdoms my love and best wishes. From your little sister,
KATHARINE OMMANEY.

ST. LOUIS MO.

DEAR LITTLE WEES—I did not write to you for a long time. I select a verse for you. Here it is:

SOUL KNOWING.

It is well to trust where we do not know,
But better to know wherein we trust;
'Tis well to pray when hope runs low,
But better to know that God is just;
'Tis well to feel when the sight is dim,
But better to see through the clouds above;
'Tis well to lean with faith on Him,
But better to know that God is Love.

Goodby to all the Wees. Yours truly,
IDA SCHELLHARDT.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have not written to you for so long, I thought I would write. I like to read the letters the children write and the interesting stories that are in you. I will tell you about a Bible Lesson I learned in Sunday School. The Golden Text was, "*Be sure your sin will find you out.*" How do you think your parents will find your sins out? If your mamma tells you to wash the dishes or do any kind of work, this is the way your sins will find you out—you will make a face or slam the dishes and break something, etc. Now to prevent this, think good thoughts and so drive the bad thoughts away. The word *sin* means wrong thinking and doing. Now, I will tell you about the Life-giving Stream. Water means Life. So when you see water flowing along you can think of Life. Water is always in action in the ocean and everywhere when it is free. So is Life. To keep Life in action we must keep it free. Here is what I think: "God is Life and that Life is everywhere present. God is Love and that Love is everywhere present." So no one is better than another. No matter how well you dress or how you look, the Spirit is always the same. If you or I wear a silk dress and another girl wears a lawn one, her spirit is just the same as ours. No one is better than another. I will tell you about some of the things at home. I have a pet dog. His name is Prince, and he is so loving and kind that you think he never was with other dogs. I will close. Lovingly yours. Kisses to all.

HULDA SCHELLHARDT.

TOWNSEND, MONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I want to take WEE WISDOM for a year, starting with the August number. Have enclosed a money order for 50 cents. I am 10 years old. I think WEE WISDOM is such a dear little magazine. I have three cats—a tabby named Daisy, a yellow kitten named Buttercup, a black cat named Topsy. Now I must close. Your loving friend, AUGUSTA BERG.

[You have written a fine business letter, Augusta.—Ed.]



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a few lines. We are perfectly well, and I trust you are the same. I have a verse for you:

"And what care I how rich you be,
I love you if your thoughts are pure;
What signifies your poverty,
If you are brave and can endure.
'Tis not the birds that make the spring,
'Tis not the crown that makes the king;
If you are wise and good and just.
You've riches better than all other
Give me your hand—you shall, *you must*,
I love you as a brother."—and sister, too.

"Yours truly, BERTHA SCHELLHARDT.

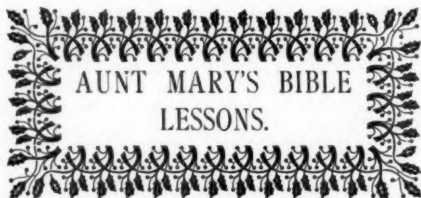


CLARENCE, IOWA.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—Enclose find \$1.00 for which please send WEE WISDOM another year and the first and second volumes of "Wee Wisdom's Library." My brothers and I enjoy WEE WISDOM very much, and am glad you sent me a reminder to invite WEE WISDOM again. We are all well and happy, and we get such sweet letters from grandma and Aunt Lena; they live in Long Beach, California. Now I will close with love to all little Wees.

VIOLA RUTHER.

[Another good business letter.—Ed.]



AUNT MARY'S BIBLE LESSONS.

LESSON I. OCTOBER I.

Daniel and Belshazzar.—Dan. 5:17-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The face of the Lord is against them that do evil.*—Psalm 34:16

Daniel was a man who understood God and God's ways. He loved God; he loved to please Him. Daniel worshipped God alone and not

idols, as so many of the people did in those days away back before Christ's coming.

Belshazzar was king at that time, and had sent for Daniel to read and translate the hand writing on the wall. Daniel reminded Belshazzar how his father, King Nebuchadnezzar, had done wrong before him—how he had been proud and haughty, and how such pride caused him to lose his kingdom; for we put away our own good from us if we are proud. We do this ourselves, no one else does it to us. God does not take from us our good, but we thrust that good from us by our own hateful ways.

No one loves a proud, disagreeable acting person. People love those who are gentle, kind and loving. Daniel showed Belshazzar how his father had learned his lesson of meekness, and then Daniel said, "And thou, Belshazzar, knewest all this and yet hast not humbled thine heart."

To do the will of God we must humble ourselves, that is, we must be willing to give up our way for God's way and obey Him. All that Daniel said unto Belshazzar came to pass that night. It is true that if we do not obey the law of righteousness that we open the door to slaying thoughts, such as sickness, sorrow, trouble and death. Let us all try to obey Love. Let us all try to be kind. Let us all be willing to do God's way, that is, to be loving and to do good deeds, for thus shall we draw good unto us.

God's face is never against or turned away from any one. We sometimes seem to turn our face away from God by not listening and obeying, so this is what the Golden Text means, that if we do evil we turn away from God. Turn your faces to the light, children, love God.

LESSON II. OCTOBER 8.

Daniel in the Lion's Den.—Dan. 6:10-23.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that love him, and delivereth them.*—Psalm 34:7.

God is with us wherever we go. He wants nothing to hurt His children, so he takes good care of us if we only will let Him. But when we attempt to push away Love's guiding hand then do we get into trouble. God does not send trouble, we bring it upon ourselves.

You all know the story of Daniel in the lion's den. You know how he prayed to God in his own way and thanked Him daily. You know that for this reason he was thrown by those men who did not love God into the den of lions. But did the lions hurt Daniel? One who is fearless and believes in God's love and protection can never be hurt. The lions did not hurt Daniel. They felt and knew that Daniel was one who loved them and would not treat them unkindly, therefore they did not even want to hurt him.

There was nothing ferocious or ugly in Daniel to make them want to attack him, so they let him alone. It says God closed their mouths. It was the God in Daniel, that spirit of trust and fearlessness, that closed the mouths of the lions. Daniel knew that his God was with him, he knew that nothing could possibly hurt him while he believed this.

You know that love and trust drives the evil away from anyone's heart and causes the good child to come forth and act. The good child is the one God has made, the real of you. God's love is everywhere. You will find it in the heart of each one, and in every animal as well. The animals love those that are kind to them. Those lions must have loved Daniel, therefore their mouths were closed.

Fear not at all, little children, but always remember that God is with you. God loves you and will not let anything hurt you. No harm can touch those who truly love God, that is, those who have entire faith in God, knowing that His presence keeps away all that is not good. Remember only the good is true. God is all there really is.

LESSON III. OCTOBER 15.

Returning From Captivity.—Ezra 1:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.*—Ps. 126:3.

God has indeed done great things for us, but sometimes we seem to forget His goodness and are not so grateful as we should be. God has given to us parents, home, friends, love, health, peace and harmony. He hath also given us true thoughts with which we are to create. With these thoughts of truth we build our house or temple, which is the abiding place of God. You all know that the house we speak of is our own body.

The foundation of that house must be strong, so we build it upon a rock, that is, faith. Next we lay the bricks above, and they are all of truth and knowledge. Our windows we make of light, or clear perception, that is, knowledge, understanding. Our fire-places are love.

Then we furnish our house. The beds and chairs are rest and peace. We have a piano and musical instruments for harmony. We have cupboards of good things, which stand as supply, for God wants His children to have plenty. We also have plants and flowers in pots for life, and every sort of ornament upon mantel and tables for beauty, and with all these to make glad our hearts we sing songs of joy and happiness. Thus should we build for the Lord and make our temple a perfect dwelling place for Him.

One day I went to see a lady, and as she offered me a chair in her parlor, she said, "Take a seat that's comfortable, there, have the rocker, that's the *love* chair. I am in *peace*, and that one across the room is *joy*, and the piano stool

is *harmony*. After these words she arose and turned her chair upside down to show me, and sure enough, there was the word *peace* written in big letters across the bottom of her chair, and on mine was *love*. So you see every one who sat down in that lady's parlor received a blessing.

This was a good reminder of God's loving kindness towards us, and made me feel thankful and happy. We must remember that the word of God is written upon the heart of each and all. There we will find peace and also love.

LESSON IV. OCTOBER 22.

Rebuilding the Temple.—Ezra 3:10 to 4:5.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.*—1. Cor. 3:17.

In all our thoughts and acts we should give praise to God and thank Him. We could do nothing without Him. God is love, and helps us in many and all ways. All we have to do is to know that God helps us, and obey His word. Let us always turn to Him for help and guidance.

There should always be rejoicing and thanksgiving to God when a good work is done. When you have a work to do begin it well, without complaining or fussing, then it will be well finished.

There are some persons who are always looking for flaws or mistakes. They will cry out, "This work was done much better last year, or year before, now-a-days nothing is done so well." Thus will they weep and bewail the past, when they should be happy and making every one else happy by cheerful works. The true spirit is to be glad in the present and to know that everything is growing better all the time.

Then give thanks to God and know that all is well. Sing and rejoice. Crying and sobbing over anything makes you weak and not able to do your work well. Try and keep happy. If one continues to mourn or grieve, then one opens the door to all kinds of enemies, which are the sneaking little thoughts of discontent, worry, temper and irritability. But if you determine to be cheerful, no matter how dark things may appear, then will you feel the presence of God, and the path will be smooth before you, the work will grow easier, and soon you will see it completed in beauty. Faith and love can conquer all things.

LESSON V. OCTOBER 29.

Power Through God's Spirit.—Zech. 4:1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.*—Zech. 4:6.

If you are true to God, having great faith and trust in Him, knowing that He leads you and cares for you, it will be easy for you to have

your spiritual ears open and hear the angel of God speak to you.

God has given to each one of us a guardian angel to watch over us and lead us in the right understanding. This angel speaks right within the heart, and if you are gentle and still you will be able to hear the words of the angel. These words have no sounds so one must be very still to hear.


Sometimes God speaks to us saying, "What seest thou?" That is to remind us that only that which is good can be seen by the spiritual eye, and then we remember that *only the good is true*. All the dark, ugly things we see are not the real things, for they have no part in God. As one says, "The eyes of the Lord are too pure to behold iniquity."

Zachariah saw a candlestick of gold. That should mean clear understanding or knowledge, for a candlestick is intended for the candle or lamp that gives light, and light always means knowledge, for the light comes to us clearly, and then we know our way and do the right thing.

Seven is a spiritual number and means completion, or that which is perfect. The oil flowed through the seven pipes of the lamps to cause the light to burn. Oil means love, so we see nothing can be done wisely or well without love. We must always love our work, then we will do it well, showing wisdom. The two olive trees stood as a happy promise of all that is good.

God is the creator and has created His Son, which is the Christ in every heart that beats, to show forth His work and thus to do His will. We are living to declare God in every act of our life, therefore let us work cheerfully and lovingly, remembering the Spirit of Christ within us.

YE EDITOR'S SANGTUM.

 HE healthiest thing to do is to be thankful and glad and ap-pre-ci-a-tive all the time. When one gets in the habit of always looking for the bright side of life, life is always full of sunshine for that one. It seems the outside world is so made that we find in it just what we are looking for. That's why people who are looking for trouble always find it, and that is

also why people who look for good will be sure to find it.

It is as if our eyes were colored with the thoughts and feelings back of them, or like putting on spectacles that correspond with the distorted or joyful state of our mind and looking out upon the world through them. Did you ever go into a "Laughing Gallery," and look at yourself in the various mirrors around the room? One will make you look as tall and thin as a rail, while another will round you into a regular ball shape; another will pull your head up and your face out till you are too ugly to look at. One will make your legs so long and your feet so big you can hardly see the rest of your body, and all kinds of queer antics your image will cut up reflected from these various distorting mirrors. Do you know, it's the best illustration we can find of the way the beautiful and harmonious image and *likeness* of the perfect *Us* is distorted by the untrue thoughts held in the mortal mind.

When we see anybody uncouth or miserable or ailing, we'll just know we're in the "laughing gallery" and it isn't them at all, for, seen truly, every one of us is beautiful and good and whole and true. And let us always see and talk of ourselves and others as the perfect mirror of Truth reflects us.

A little friend has sent us this sweet little message on a postal card: All of you think good thoughts. Be loving, kind and true. Sow good seeds, never sow bad seeds. Be happy all the day. From MELVIN HOPPEs, (6 years old.)

To the little Wees.



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Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings a year.

Published monthly by

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,
913 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

October, 1905.

FRECKLES AND TAN.

Say, what are these wee little freckles,
And what in the world is tan,
That color and sprinkle all over
The face of our dear little man?

The tan is a heavenly mixture
Of happiness, sunshine and joy,
That darkens the shade of the roses
That bloom in the cheeks of our boy.

The freckles are scars of the kisses
That angles in loving embrace
Have pressed with careless confusion,
All over our little boy's face.

So here's to the boy with the freckles,
The boy with the freckles and tan;
These glorious imprints of heaven
Have labeled him God's little man.

—BOWMAN.

We trust our youths will give heed to
the call of the *Young Editor*.

We have not yet learned the address
of our contributor, M. Alice Spradlin.
Who can enlighten us?

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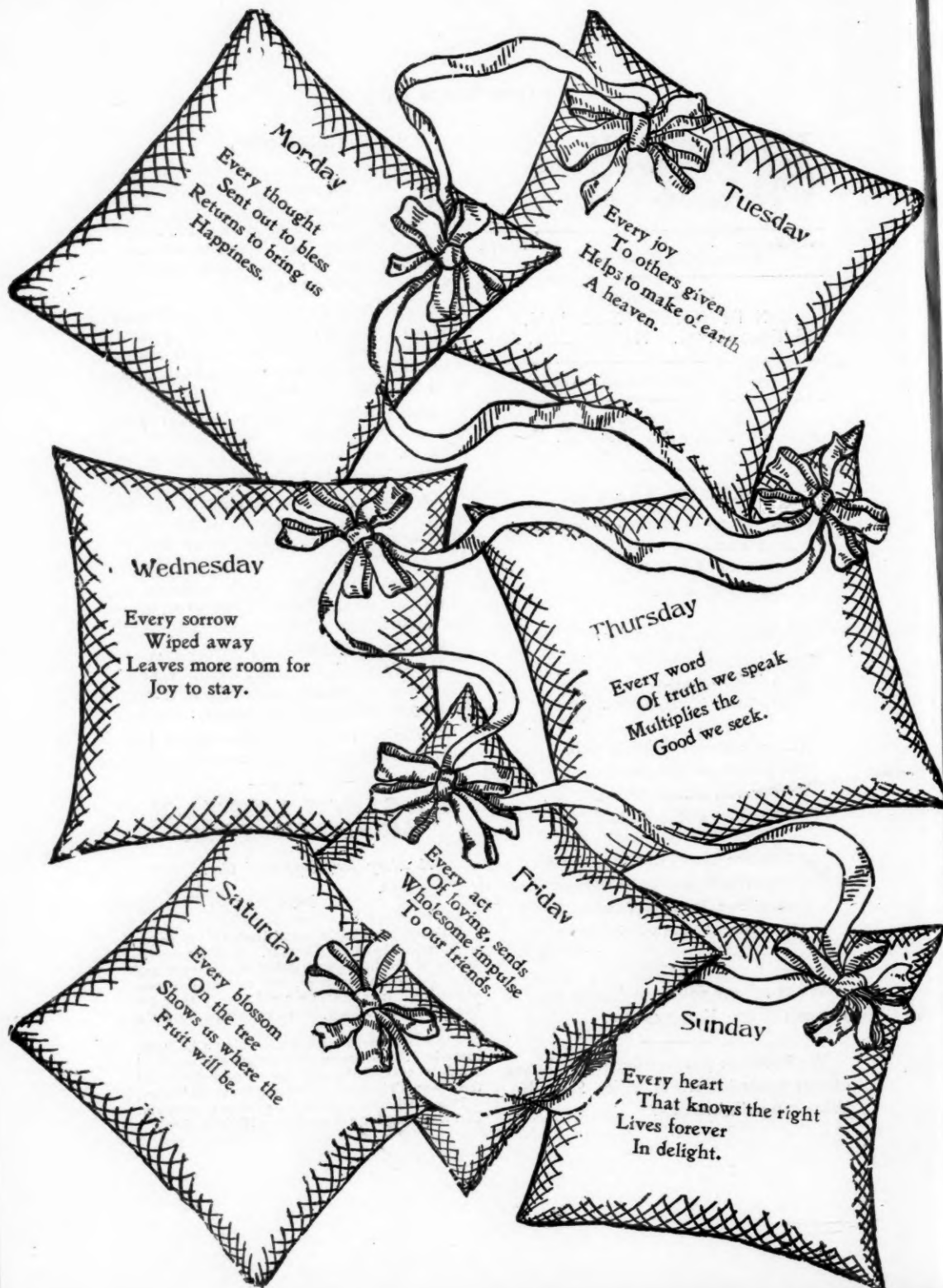
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Monday

Every thought
Sent out to bless
Returns to bring us
Happiness.

Tuesday

Every joy
To others given
Helps to make of earth
A heaven.

Wednesday

Every sorrow
Wiped away
Leaves more room for
Joy to stay.

Thursday

Every word
Of truth we speak
Multiplies the
Good we seek.

Friday

Every act
Of loving sends
Wholesome impulse
To our friends.

Saturday

Every blossom
On the tree
Shows us where the
Fruit will be.

Sunday

Every heart
That knows the right
Lives forever
In delight.