

# WEE WISDOM

We are of God, little  
Children.  
Greater is He that is in you  
than he that is in the  
World."



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KANSAS CITY, MO.



THE PERFUME OF GOOD  
THOUGHTS.

By Blanche Sage.

[Suggested by Mrs. Fillmore's Sunday School lesson on the Fragrance  
and Beauty of Flowers.]

*Have you noticed in the stillness,  
When your thoughts were good and true,  
How the fragrance of the roses  
Gently to your nostrils blew?*

*Or when thoughts of love and healing  
In your heart you were a-feeling,  
How the fragrance of the violet  
Came softly to you stealing?*

*And you stopped just for a moment  
To relax and to inhale  
The sweet fragrance of thought-flowers  
You had launched upon the gale,*

*On the gale of human ailing,  
On the gale of pain and death,  
And you thought of mighty healing  
In that little flower's breath?*

*So let thoughts of peace and goodness  
Flow forever from each heart,  
Filling all the world with fragrance—  
Every atom, every part.*





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## THE STORY OF STELLA—A STAR.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE W.TT.

### CHAPTER I.

#### STELLA'S CHARGE.

**T**HEY called it a meadow, but it was really a garden; not a garden such as you and I have seen, for this was a slope of variegated hue—fairer and more beautiful than can be imagined. The lawn was covered with blossoms strewn in thick profusion, making starry mosaics amid the green. Here and there a bright patch of green peeped forth as if to say, "Behold, me! I am still here, not forgotten."

There was no fence, no enclosure, no sign to say, "Do not pick the flowers," no hand to push you ruthlessly forth, no harsh owner to drive you hence. The meadow was common property, as were all things in the land beyond the sun. There was one remarkable fact about this garden, and yet not strange at all, it was always filled with children; happy little creatures knowing the joys of untold moments. Not one cried or complained, not one knew anger or revenge, but all played gaily together, fluttering over the flowered turf like so many butterflies. Their little gowns were simple white, and their bared feet shown like pearls above the sunlit flowers as they ran or skipped, as children can. Boys and girls were costumed similarly, save that the



girls wore sashes or gay ribbons that fluttered from the waist or shoulders.

When the story opens they were forming a large circle near the center of the meadow, and shouting together, "Sing for love and sing for joy," when a radiant little creature, with sunny locks and brown shining eyes, bounded into their midst.

"It's Stella! Stella!" they cried in chorus.

Cheerily they greeted the little six-year-old girl. Evidently Stella was a leader among them.

Stella tossed back her blond curls, replying joyously, "We've brought a new little sister."

"Where is she? where is she?" the cry went up eagerly.

"Auntie Taysie has her."

"Where? when did she come?" they questioned.

"We brought her together, Auntie Taysie and I, and I have named her. She is my little girl!" exclaimed Stella, clasping her pretty hands ecstatically.

"Thy little girl? How funny," laughed one sweetly.

"What didst thou name her?" asked a boy, and at that they all unclasped hands to gather closer about Stella.

"Hyacinth! Is that not a sweet name? The name she wore before did not fit, so I call her for a flower. Oh, come! come! and we'll make her a wreath of flowers before Auntie brings her," and Stella caught the hand of the nearest child, and began dragging her along toward the further end of the meadow, where roses hung heavily on the stems that bore no thorns.

The little hands worked speedily, and the sparkling eyes spoke love, so that in no time they had a rose wreath and a garland as well, of fair fluffy pink and white blossoms.

"Will she stay with us?" asked a boy, eagerly.



"Thou knowest that our pretty Lolita went back into the sad country where they forget God."

"But Lolita wanted to go, dost thou not remember?" whispered Imalia.

"Yes, we remember," replied another gravely.

"I've taught my Hyacinth of the God," continued Stella, with a light in her sweet eyes, "She knoweth many things of love."

"What made her leave that other Star?" questioned a brown-eyed child—one they called Grace.

"Hush!" Stella laid a finger on her rosy lips. "Ask her not; help her forget for we must return some day, some day!"

"Stella hath been and visited there of late," whispered Eda.

"We are forgetting joy," murmured Bessie.

"The God is everywhere."

"Here is Hyacinth!" exclaimed Stella, holding out her hands, as a gentle timid little girl of four years or over, was brought into their midst.

The woman that led the child smiled upon the many children, and her smile was so wonderful that they clustered about her, some of them catching at her hand and kissing it, while each one welcomed and embraced the trembling little stranger.

"Come and swing! come and swing!" and Amiel flung the garland he had been carrying over her head, while Stella put an arm about her, and pressed the rose crown above the pale brow.

"Dear Hyacinth, come!" and they led her away.

The beautiful one who had brought the child was unlike anyone that you or I have ever seen—clothed in shimmering raiment that floated about her and streamed with gold and violet tints. Her gleaming hair was coiled about her head in rich full strands, and her blue eyes sparkled with a deep unutterable love as she looked upon her little charges—the children of this lighted land.

"Anastasia's blessing," she murmured, as she seated herself beneath a wide spreading tree, that sparkled with a glory unlike either sun or moon.

(To be continued.)



## WILLIE AND THE QUAKE.

A True Story.

BY MANZANITA.



WILLIE Strong awoke the morning of the 18th of April in the city of San Francisco by something shaking him very queerly and violently, then it shook him out of bed, and the floor came up and tumbled him over again. Willie was a courageous New Thought boy, only six years, and he had no fear of anything. He did not cry out, but kept just as still as he could with things all moving around him. Then the door opened, and mamma's sweet voice called, "Willie, where are you?" Willie scrambled to his feet, and there was mamma with Baby Ruth in her arms, and Nora the nurse clinging to her skirts, crying, "Glory be! Mrs. Strong, what is the matter?"

"It looks very much like an earthquake, Nora," said Mrs. Strong, "but it is over now, I trust, and we have been quite safe in our cottage."

"Glory be!" cried Nora, "are you not afraid?"

"Why should we be?" said Willie, "God is our help in every need."

"God, bless and save us! Listen to the child's speech. I am dazed with the terrible shock," cried Nora.

But Mamma Strong was cool and calm and told Willie to dress, and Nora to prepare breakfast on the gas stove as the chimneys might be shaken down. But Nora thought the chimneys were terra cotta and would not fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Strong were Truth students, and demonstrated health, happiness and God as a present help, so Willie knew nothing but Truth teaching. Mr. Strong was a mining engineer, and was away in the mines at this time. After their early breakfast,



Willie sat by the crib of Baby Ruth, reading *WEE WISDOM*, when he heard mamma say, "Nora, do you think you could find Pat?"

"I do be thinking, Mrs. Strong, that Pat will be after coming to see if I am alive," said Nora, and sure enough, there was Pat driving up in his express wagon, his cheerful face looking quite serious.

"Pat," said Mrs. Strong, "there seems to be a fire off toward the Mission."

"Oh, ma'am," said Pat, "the city is burning all together."

"Then, Pat, you and Willie must go out to the Mission and bring Grandmother Strong here. She lives in the line of the fire."

"Glory be!" said Nora, "that fine mansion to be burned?"

Grandma Strong was Papa Strong's mother, and Willie once heard Nora say to Pat that Grandma Strong was a deep-water Baptist, and had all kinds of money which she liked to save, and that she had no use for Truth students. Willie never repeated this, for mamma did not like gossip, but he thought of it, driving along with Pat to grandmother's fine home. When they reached it, there was his grandma sitting outside in her arm chair. Two soldiers were saying, "We have orders, ma'am, to blow up your house to save the neighborhood."

Willie jumped down and said, "Dear grandma, we have come for you."

And in less time than it takes to write it the soldiers were tumbling the luggage into the wagon, and grandmother in her arm chair was driven away. Then they heard something like another earthquake, and grandmother covered her face with both hands and groaned—the home of her pride was gone. They were driving toward the Park, everyone was



going in that direction; men, women, children, dragging all kinds of household goods after them. In the Park there were children rolling about on the turf, and no one shouting, "Keep off the grass!" and in the play-ground they were riding on the donkey and in the goat-carts, on the merry-go-round, and not a dime to be paid. It was so splendid that Willie looked around, and called grandma's attention to the happy scene, but she did not look up "Whist," said Pat, "she has deep trouble now, she do be a deep-water Baptist, and sinks in the deep waves of sorrow."

Willie said, "God is all there is, Pat." When they had reached their home beyond the Park, there was mamma and Nora to help grandma. Nora brought a tray of good things to tempt grandma, but she shook her head. Then Willie brought Baby Ruth, and said, "Here is your name-sake, she looks like you; the same blue eyes. Sometimes we call her *Wee Wisdom*, she looks so wise. She likes people to smile on her, grandma," and for the first time that day grandma smiled and drank her tea and kissed Baby Ruth.

Soon Nora came running in crying, "Oh, Mr. Strong is coming," and sure enough there was big papa home again. Mamma and Willie said, "O papa," grandma said "My son," Nora said, "Glory be!" and papa said, "I must greet my dear ones, and then away to the Park to help homeless refugees." Then grandma said, "Willie, bring my bag from my room."

Willie tugging with both hands brought the heavy satchel.

Grandma said, "Here, son, take it, use it for the hungry sufferers. I will trust in the All-Encircling Good now and forever."



"Yes, grandma, we live in the Great Forever," said Willie.

"All right, mother," said Papa Strong, "it will be needed. Your home is here now."

"Yes," said grandma, "mine has gone, but I have reached a heavenly home, I think."

Then Willie said, "You will be very happy with Baby Ruth and all of us in this cottage. We call it 'Rest Cottage,' it is so peaceful. Mamma says '*God and love and truth are here.*'"

And grandma murmured, "Out of the mouth of babes God has perfected praise."

"Glory be!" said Nora, and vanished into the kitchen to tell Pat Grandma Strong was all right.

### ONE LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.

BY LLEWELLYN WITHERS.



want to tell the readers of WEE WISDOM a true story about my little nephew, Clarence Lee Flowers, who is just ten years old, and lives in Washington, D. C.

A few months ago several children in the neighborhood where he lives had diphtheria. One day this boy grew ill. His throat was so swollen he could hardly swallow, and his fever was very high. His mother and father wanted to send for a doctor, but Clarence said he did not want a doctor, and would not take any medicine from one. Then his mother wanted to give him medicine herself, but he said, "No, mother, I won't take any medicine from any one."

"How would you like me to go for Mrs. Adams?" his aunt asked.

"I want her to come," he said.

In a little while Mrs. Adams came in and sat down on the boy's bed, and read and talked to him about how God heals people. Then he went to sleep. In two hours the fever was all gone, and there was no swelling of the throat. Is there not a great lesson for us all in this little boy's faith in God?



## DOROTHY'S AND CYRIL'S HOLIDAYS.

BY ROSE EVELYN FOLEY. (Aged 13).

*(Continued from August number.)*

Next morning Cyril and Dorothy arose early, and so had time for a romp with their cousins. "Breakfast is ready. There goes the bell," shouted the youngest cousin.

When breakfast was over Uncle George took the

children to his garden, where burst upon their vision the most magnificent view conceivable, real sylvan beauty. They were spell-bound. Cyril when writing to his mother said, "Words fail to convey vividly enough its wonderful beauty."

"Oh, Uncle! What a delightful garden, a real Paradise," said Cyril delightedly. "Is



ROSE EVELYN.

it not beautiful?" asked Uncle.

"Yes, indeed, Uncle," they both exclaimed, and Dorrie added, "Will you tell us how you did it, Uncle, please." For it was indeed beautiful with



the flowers that were so beautifully laid out together with shrubs, palms, ferns, etc., and a lovely fountain and birds and a maze.

"By patience, doing little by little, my child," said Uncle gravely. "Yes," he went on, "The most beautiful result can only be obtained by persistence, doing little by little, working patiently and studiously. And now," he went on, leading them to another part of the garden, "look here."

He indicated a small expanse of ground, where lovely flowers grew but now were almost killed by the flourishing weeds.

"See," Uncle said, "what neglect has done, The flowers that I planted here were pansies, but, you see, the weeds have done their work. If I had pulled up the first weed that I saw here this would be a beauty spot. So it is with your heart. Think good thoughts, utter cheering words, do kind deeds, and you are planting flower seeds. Understand?"

"Yes, thank you, Uncle," they both said together, and Dorothy added, "If you think wicked thoughts, act spitefully, you are sowing weeds. Is that right, Uncle?"

"Just so," said Uncle approvingly, "and the weeds kill the flowers, and there will be no room for God in your hearts, and Mammon or other passion will rule. But it is dinner time! Hear the bell?"

"Thank you very much, dear Uncle George, for that lovely lesson, and I am sure we will both try harder than ever to fill our hearts with godly thoughts," said Cyril and Dorothy.

They did try hard and succeeded very well, and every one loved them, for in disposition they were gentle, in manners kind, in speech soft, in their heart pure, and were ardent lovers of God and that which is godly.

Small beginnings have big endings (very often), for that lesson led to several others, and another family was shown the blessed example.

[The end.]





# YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

It would never do to leave out the Joyful Circle's part in the Week of Festivities that has just taken place in the dedication of our new Unity Building to all that is good and true and useful.

You will see from the program there was great variety in their entertainment as well as originality, and we doubt if better talent could be found anywhere. We would like to make personal mention of each, but space forbids. The musical numbers were all inspiring, and were all enjoyed. We would speak especially of Mr. Hoagland's violin solo. This young artist has spent much time in practise, because he loves the music, and we feel sure that it will not be long before his fame will be more than local. The moment that he draws the bow across the violin one feels that a master is there.

Mr. Blake caused his audience to believe that he was truly a mind reader. The recitations all showed the talent and ability of the New Thought young folks. The log cabin scene brought out wit and humor combined with song in a very pleasing and natural way. The envious audience sat and watched the performers eat a large ripe watermelon under a huge sunflower plant. Following is a copy of the program:

PIANO SOLO— <i>Staccato Caprice</i>	MISS CORA GREEN
THE JOYFUL CIRCLE - - -	MR. LOWELL FILLMORE
VIOLIN SOLO - - -	MR. ROBERT HOAGLAND
RECITATION— <i>An Imaginary Invalid</i>	
	MISS GENEVIEVE PARKER
PIANO SOLO - - -	MISS MAY HOAGLAND
RECITATION— <i>The Ship of Faith</i>	MISS ERMA WALTNER
PARLOR MAGIC - - -	MR. GLEN BLAKE
RECITATION— <i>The Pink Pill Episode</i>	MISS BLANCHE SAGE
PIANO SOLO— <i>Dance of the Sparrows</i>	MISS RUBY HOMBS



## PART II.

## THE LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN IN THE LANE.

(CAST OF CHARACTERS.)

OLD BLACK JOE	- - -	MR. LOWELL FILLMORE
MAMMY	- - -	MR. ROYAL FILLMORE
GEORGE WASHINGTON WHITE	- - -	MR. GLEN BLAKE
SAMBO	- - -	MR. CHARLES HASELTINE
EPHRIAM	- - -	MR. HARRY BARNHOUSE
RASTUS	- - -	MR. ROBERT HOAGLAND
ELIZA	- - -	MISS MABEL MILLER
MANDY	- - -	MISS HELEN BLAKE
SNOW BALL	- - -	MISS MAY HOAGLAND
PETE	- - -	THE MASCOT
DINAH GREEN	- - -	MISS CORA GREEN
CYNTHIA	- - -	MISS MAY FLOWERS
SONG— <i>Old Black Joe</i> - - - OLD BLACK JOE		
SONG— <i>Savane River</i> - - - CHORUS		
DIALOGUE— <i>The Stolen Watermelon</i>		
		{ MAMMY
		{ GEORGE WASHINGTON WHITE
SONG— <i>Go Down Moses</i> - - - CHORUS		
JIG	- - -	{ GEORGE WASHINGTON WHITE
		{ EPHRIAM
SONG— <i>Negro Melody</i> - - - MAMMY		
PETE— <i>Something Original</i> - - - THE MASCOT		
SONG— <i>Stay in Your Own Backyard</i> - - - MANDY		
SONG— <i>Back Sliding Brudder</i> - - - QUARTET		

## HISTORY OF THE JOYFUL CIRCLE.

BY LOWELL FILLMORE.

[Read at the entertainment given by the Joyful Circle, during the Gala Week, Wednesday evening, August 22d.]

One Saturday evening in September two years ago, five young ladies and two young gentlemen met at the home of one of their number for the purpose of forming a club. They had talked among themselves after Sunday School, and had decided that a social club of some kind was necessary. They all loved one another so much that once a week, on Sunday, was not sufficient time to be together. They agreed that a club should be formed, but the purpose of it was not clear in the minds of the members, except that it was to bring the young folk of the New Thought in Kansas City and vicinity together in friendship.



After some thought and deliberation, one suggested that the society be a kind of choir. This seemed a good idea, and was an excuse for forming an organization. At the first meeting, which we have mentioned, a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer were elected, and plans for the future were discussed. A song was also practised, which was to be sung the following Sunday morning, and much interest was shown by the members.

"The Joyful Circle" was suggested as a name for the club, and unanimously agreed upon. The time of meeting was to be weekly, and for a number of months the circle met at the homes of its various members, practising songs and enjoying themselves generally. Later the meetings were held at Unity Headquarters, 1315 McGee Street. More and more young people came, and the Circle grew larger. The interest increased, as Halloween parties, Thanksgiving parties, socials and Christmas entertainments followed each other.

By-laws were then adopted, which are being out-grown as the Circle grows. "*Joy to the World*" was selected as our motto, and purple and white (power and purity) were selected as colors. Pins were decided upon, and are now worn by the members. In February, 1905, a Valentine social was given by the Circle, and those present were in gay costume. An interesting program was given during which Miss Anita Trueman, of New York, gave an interesting talk.

The next idea taken up by the Circle was debating, and such subjects as the following were discussed: "Resolved, That Truth is Stranger than Fiction;" "Environment Molds a Man's Character;" "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword;" "The Press is more Powerful than the Pulpit;" "The Doctor *Does* his Countryman more than the Lawyer."

The next thing taken up was the playing of literary games, also an old-fashioned Spelling Bee was given. A Joyful Barrel was inaugurated into which all clothing, books and toys that anyone had to give away were put. Those who desired anything



in this line went to the Barrel and helped themselves. This idea of "give and take" worked fine, until so many things found their way into the Barrel that it burst.

At one meeting a motion was adopted which provided that whenever six or less members were present at any meeting, the faithful were privileged to take money out of the treasury with which to buy ice cream and "goodies," using this thought for the silence, "*Blessed are the faithful, for they shall be fed.*" A thought is always held at the beginning of each business meeting. Among the thoughts previously used are: "We are guided by Divine Wisdom;" "Silence is the Temple of Divine Truth; "Christ is All;" "In Quietness and Peace we now Possess our Souls;" "We are not Afraid to Express Ourselves." This plan of treating the faithful is a good one, for the members do not like to have a few get the benefit of the money in the treasury.

A patriotic evening was given, at which only patriotic songs and recitations were rendered; next came a candy pull, and everybody was awfully "stuck up." A Mother Goose Valentine party was next given. All persons were requested to appear in Mother Goose costumes. Those who did not were fined. Heart-shaped stamps were sold at the post-office by the beautiful postmistresses, and all kinds of groceries were sold at the country store by the charming young lady and her assistants. The fortune tellers looked their wisest, and told some awful yarns. The popcorn and coffee and cocoa and cake served in the press room was delicious. The grab bag was a surprise and delight to all present. The proceeds were turned over to the building fund, and that night the members of the Joyful Circle slept peacefully, and with light hearts, for they knew that they had done well. So this history of mine could go on and on, and still there would be more to tell. We will let those present judge what the rest might be from their own experience with young folk at the funny age. So this story must close, but I assure you much more will happen within the next year.





This very touching little poem is sent us by Cynthia Westover Alden, President of the International Sunshine Society, and is a picture of humanity forgetful of God as the Source of its life and health and Supply.

" I DESS DEY FORDET. "

" Put ice on her head," said the doctor,  
 " Move quick, don't delay or she'll die;  
 Bring some milk at the same time, step lively;  
 I doubt we can save her — we'll try "

" You poor, puny, starved little baby,  
 No wonder the heat laid you low;  
 How you're living at all, in such weather,  
 The angels above only know. "

" No ice and no milk. " sobbed the mother,  
 " No money, no food in the house:  
 Don't tell me God cares for His loved ones;  
 What we have wouldn't feed e'en a mouse. "

" If there were a God, He'd send someone  
 To save you from starving, my pet. "

" Don't ky mamma, dear. " said the baby;  
 " He told 'em — I dess dey fordet! "

Apropos to this we would like the whole Sunshine World to Know *our* little Prayer and that "as sure as sure" God never forgets when *we* remember, and if we will remember:

God is my help in time of need,  
 God does my every hunger feed,  
 God walks beside me, guides my way  
 Through every moment of the day.



we will never know hunger or want, nor will we go wrong, for we feel the loving Father's presence always with us moving in our thoughts, and knowing through us —

I now am wise, I now am true,  
Patient, kind and loving too.  
All things I am, can do and be,  
Through Christ the Truth that is in me.

And then we will be very sure that our loving Father brings to us only that which is like Himself, and so we will always remember:

God is my HEALTH, I can't be sick,  
God is my STRENGTH, unfailing, quick,  
God is my ALL, I know no fear,  
Since God and Love and Truth are here.

Knowing this always, will bring only good into manifestation; we can wipe out the images of want and woe and pain by doing away with the description of them; and remembering that God the Good, is All in all and through all, and that we bring Good to us whenever we speak that which is true of God, and hide Him from sight whenever we speak that which is untrue of Him.

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ALWAYS BRING SUNSHINE.

When the day is cold and dark,  
Bring the sunshine with you;  
When somebody's out of sorts,  
Bring the sunshine with you.

Bring the sunshine every day,  
It will scatter frowns away;  
Don't forget in work or play  
To bring sunshine with you.

\* \* \* \*

Sunshine, always shine  
In our homes and hearts.  
Never let there be a place  
Where sunshine has no part.



WEE WISDOM.  
INTO THE MAGIC LAND.

## III.

BY EMMA HARRINGTON TEEL.



S Margaret and Roger hurried around the corner they heard the "chug, chug" of the motor car coming down the driveway.

"I'd most feel like being cross at you if it was n't for this lovely trip," playfully pouted Margie.

"What for?"

"Oh, 'cause you spoiled my talk with a new fairy I had just met," she answered, as Roger assisted her into the car, and she was greeted by his father.

"I'm sorry, for I'd like to hear about it."

"Oh, it was the cutest little thing — a raindrop fairy! It said water and everything was held together by love, as love is just another name for attraction."

"Sure! That is so," said Roger, "although I never thought of it in that way," meditatively.

"It said, too, that it carried the colors of the rainbow to the flowers.

"Look at the rain fairies on the leaves and grass, and they must have turned over their paint-pots, for just see the lovely colors.

"Mamma told me once that the ray of light in the raindrop was just like mind in me. It can show forth any color, violet (power) to rosy love and somber blue."

"Well, I s'pose that is true, for if there was n't any know-how in the rain and flowers they might make a mistake, and we'd have blue roses," laughed Roger.

"Yes, mamma says there is love and intelligence in everything.

"Oh, see the whirlwind!" cried Margaret, point-



ing to the leaves as they whirled around and around beside the road.

"That must be a dance of wind fairies," said Roger.

"It must be, and don't you hear them whispering to you. Let us see what they tell us."

Mr. Newton had been watching the young folks out of the corner of his eye, and listening to their merry talk, but his practical mind could hardly grasp some of their peculiar fancies, though he could not help laughing at their odd conceits. As he said when telling of it afterward, "I felt as if the wind fairies were having a dance in my brain."

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NOT OLD.

You ask, How old is grandpa?

Who said that he was old?

He tells the nicest stories,

That no one else has told.

His hair is white? That's nothing.

Dick's hair is white-- he's four;

He lets Dick beat him running,

Just for a joke, no more.

Of course, he has some wrinkles

Around his mouth and eyes

That mostly come from laughing,

Though some, of course, are wise.

For grandpa laughs so easy

We have all kinds of fun;

The other boys, they bother,

But grandpa's number one.

—*Magazine of Mysteries.*

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MOTHER GOOSE RHYME

FOR TWENTIETH CENTURY BOYS AND GIRLS.

There was a good woman who lived in a shoe,  
She had many children, yet knew what to do;  
She gave them sweet milk with plenty of bread,  
Then heard their prayers softly  
And tucked them in bed.

—L. H.





## Epistles.

HIBBING, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am a little girl nine years old, and am in the A fourth grade. I like WEE WISDOM very much, because it gives the Truth in simple words that even babes would understand. I live in Hibbing, Minnesota. The largest open pit iron mine in the world is here. I have a little prayer. Here it is:

" Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I know that God His child does keep;  
I know that God my life is nigh,  
I live in Him and cannot die.

God is my health, I can't be sick;  
God is my strength, unfailing, quick;  
God is my all, I know no fear,  
Since God, and Love and Truth are here."

Yours truly,

FLORENCE PFREMMER.



FERGUSON, MO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I enjoy reading WEE WISDOM very much. I like the story of "Doings of the Little Days." My aunt takes UNITY, and I like the Red Leaf very much. Here is a little verse:

" Kindly heaven smiles above,  
When there's love at home;  
All the earth is filled with love'  
When there's love at home;  
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,  
Brighter beams the azure sky,  
Oh, there's One who smiles on high!  
When there's love at home.  
In the cottage there is joy,  
When there's love at home;  
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,  
When there's love at home.  
Roses bloom beneath our feet,  
All the earth 's a garden sweet,  
Making life a bliss complete,  
When there's love at home."

Your loving friend,

ST. CLAIR SECOR.



MENA, ARK.

MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I hope Miss Lucy and I won't precipitate another flood with our raindrop fairies. I've tried to put in enough "sure enough" people and things so it won't be tiresome, but the plan has all been thought out so long ago that it is hard to change it altogether and still teach all the truths as in the original, and Miss Mary has been "shooing" fairies your way, too. We three must be in great harmony to catch ideas so similar. I am trying to make "Magic Land" old enough to interest our youths who have begun the study of elementary philosophy, etc., as well as Wees. We'll sort o' have to grow up with nothing readers of WEE WISDOM, don't you think?

AUNT EMMA.



TOPEKA, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I live with my grandma and mamma at Topeka, Kansas, and we had some fine chickens and one duck. Every night some wild animal came and took one or two of them. I began saying every night before I went to bed: "*Peace to our house and peace to our chickens and peace to our little duck,*" and since then that animal never came back again and nothing but good has come to us and ours. I send peace thoughts to WEE WISDOM for a birthday present.

PERRY REINIGER CHAPMAN.



AKRON, COLO.

DEAR EDITOR—I like WEE WISDOM, it is so nice. I would like to write every month. I stay with my Aunt Nettie. We buy all our milk and butter. My brother and my sister like to have me read you to them. I have three brothers and one sister. I have two pigeons, one black and white and one plain white. I like to read the letters the little Wees write. I will try to get more subscribers. I hope to see this in the September number. We live in the country. It is nice here. I will send 50 cents for one more year. I am nine years old. I will close with love to all the little Wees.

BESSIE HOWE.

[Whenever you get a new subscriber you are helping the good.—Ed.]



DEAR WEE WISDOM—Here I come to your birthday party. I enjoy WEE WISDOM very much. I enjoy the Wee's letters and the good stories. Our school will commence July 16th, and I will be glad. My teacher's name is Mr. Curtis. I am nine years young. I enjoy life so much. I am going to be good and kind to everyone, for that is so nice. I want to make a noble



man. I help mamma in the house. I sweep the floors, dry the dishes and draw the water, and I churn. With much love to Aunt Mary and the Wees, I am,

LUCIUS GRAVES.

[Lucius is a boy worth having! Of course he will make a good noble man, how could it be otherwise! But he forgets to let us know where he lives, so we can send him his extra paper. —ED.]



TOPEKA, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I think I will tell you about our family conference. Every Sunday papa calls us together in the parlor to talk over the week that has just passed, and if it has not been just what it ought to be we try and do better the next week. If we children need help in any way, we let mamma and papa know in what way. Papa does not allow one bit of fault-finding. Mamma's part of the conference is to help us children with the Sunday School lesson for the next Sunday. We have such a nice time at our conference that I thought others might like to have one. I wish many happy birthdays for WEE WISDOM.

LIDA M. HARDY.

[You're a little late for the birthday occasion, Lida, but we're all glad to hear about your conference.—ED.]



TABLE ROCK, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I milk a cow. I like all the stories in the WEE WISDOM. "O. D." and I are going to school this fall. I am seven years old and O. D. is five. I hunt the eggs every night. We have cut our oats, and expect to thrash in a few days. We have lots of summer apples. Enclosed find 50 cents for another year's subscription to WEE WISDOM.

THOMAS D. HOWE.

[Good for Tom! We are glad of his companionship for another yerr. He has written his letter all by himself, and it is good. Tom's mamma says, "Tom has written a letter to WEE WISDOM. He enjoys the little paper so much since he can read it himself. Tom reads to O. D. (little brother), and both are so delighted when it comes. We all think this little magazine *might* be improved, but we can't see how it could."—ED.]



SIoux FALLS, SOUTH DAK.

DEAR FRIEND WEE WISDOM—I am most 8 years old. I will send you my first letter today. I have a dog named Joe; he killed some chickens, and papa whipped him and tied him up. Joe did not like that. He was awful pleased when I let him loose. My papa has a foxy horse and a pussy cat and she has a little Tommy



cat. Sometimes he is naughty, and his mamma boxes his ears. My Mamma don't box my ears. I have three brothers and one sister, her name is Brownie. She sings in church. She won a silver medal in a speaking contest. She is 16 years old today. My brother Fred is 14. He has won a silver and a gold medal in speaking contests. This is all I will write today so good-by, little Wees.

EUGENE CASHMAN.

[Won't some of you tell Eugene how to make his dog loving and kind to chickens?—ED.]



TOPEKA, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I go to Central Congregational Sunday School. One Sunday my teacher told me that whenever I wanted anything it was just as though I held a receiver and telephoned way up to God. I told her it was n't like that, because God is right inside of us, and is so close to us there is n't any room for a telephone.

HARRY A. HARDY.



A LETTER TO OUR LITTLE INDIA WEE, SHRIMITI.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

MOST BLESSED DIVINE SHRIMITI—Beloved little daughter, you will be happy to again receive WEE WISDOM. I am now in the publishing and printing room of UNITY and WEE WISDOM, writing a little letter to thee, dear, although I feel that I am taking space in these precious columns that the Wees should have. Still I must greet thee and the whole household of thy father Babu Jyotis Swarup. Oh, the joy of living, to know that we are one with God, and that we are never lost to one another though our bodies are far apart. Dear one, write a letter to WEE WISDOM, tell the Wees about yourself, the Kamna Pathshalla (Girl's School) at Dehra. The Unity Society is sending you fifty rupees for the school. I have met many little Wees here all lovely and sweet, like God's flower gardens, and my mind ever went over the seas to our little Wees in beloved India.

Lovingly,

SURYANANDA (Eva A. Wellman).



SOUTH BEND, IND.

MY DEAR WEES—This is my first letter to you. You began to visit our home last December and I love you very much. I have sent you a story this month. I have a little brother, Donnell, eight years old. In last issue you said in the WEE WISDOM that you would like to have us send you names of little shut-ins who



need good thoughts. There is a little girl who lives near here who cannot walk. Please give me a thought that I can say that will help her. Her name is Helen Long.

Lovingly,

LORENE KITCH.



NATURITA, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— I like the new WEE WISDOM ever so much. I am going to get you as many subscribers as I can. My great aunt is very much interested in "THE DOINGS OF THE LITTLE DAYS." She seemed disappointed because it did not come last number. She used to live in Kansas City with her daughter. I am glad to say that there are no "shut-ins" around here that I know of. Ever and Ever Your Friend,

ELDA CHATFIELD

[Good for you, Elda, if you try you *will succeed* getting subscribers for WEE WISDOM—Ed.]



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write my first letter to the Wees. I am 9 years old and am attending Rev. H. Schroeder's Sunday School. I love to read the letters written by the boys and girls in WEE WISDOM. Last week my papa and mamma took me and my sister to Corandolet Park. I had a good time, my papa took me and sister for a boat ride on the beautiful lake. There is one of the statues from the World's Fair grounds mounted in the park. There are also in an inclosure four large deer and two small fawns; they look beautiful and are awful tame. With love to all your little Wees.

JULIUS P. MILLS.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR LITTLE WEES— This is the first letter I write to you. I sincerely hope and trust you will be glad to hear from me. I am eight years old and have been a scholar of Rev. H. H. Schroeder's Sunday school for almost a year. I am very much interested in WEE WISDOM. I will close for this time. With love to all Wees, I remain your little friend,

LOTTIE E. MILLER.



DADDEVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— I have not written to you for so long I thought I would write. I hope my letter will find the Wees well. School begins here in September. I have a little sister two months old. I will give the names of two shut-ins— Mrs. Kirby and Mrs. Dodron that is all. I will close. Your friend,

GRACE ORTLOFF.



## CHILD-GARDENING.

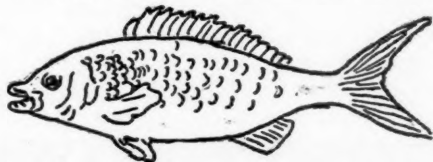
CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY.

## NATURE STUDY—GOD'S GIFT OF THE FISH.

*My dear Wee Ones:*

As I write, near me on the table is a large fish globe in which swim five beautiful gold fish. What is more refreshing to the eye than a sight of "the clear, pure water where little fishes swim?"

In the beginning God said, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly, the moving creature that hath life." God the Good created the little fish and big



fish, whales, turtles, frogs and all sorts and varieties, and after He had made them, He saw that it was good. These creatures are all just as wonderful *now* as they were in the beginning, when God blessed them and said, "Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas." God caused new fish to keep coming. This law is just the very same today. The mamma fish lays the eggs from which come the baby fish.

Let us examine the more common kind of fish and learn something of the wonderful way in which these "finny tribes" are created. You will notice that the fish has no neck, his head being joined directly to the body. Most fish have large eyes. The mouth is usually armed with sharp spinny teeth. Some fish have teeth in the throat and also on the tongue. Then there are fish that have no teeth at all. In the place of arms and legs the fish has fins. The fish breathes through gills. Some fish have both lungs and fins.



Every animal, whether on land or in the water, must have air. The fish takes the water in his mouth and sends it out through the opening of the gills, first holding back all the air that was in the water. The fish rises upward in the water by means of an air bladder inside of his body. Some fish live on seeds and plants, while others live on animal foods.

The mother fish usually lays her eggs in a hollow in the sand, which the father fish scoops out for this purpose. After the mother has laid the eggs the father fish watches over them with great care, and keeps constant watch over them as they go in search of food.

How interesting it is to learn about the wonderful creations of God! There is that within us which reaches out to everything that God has created. Everywhere there is harmony between the outside world and our inner nature, and how could it be otherwise, when the Spirit which fills both these worlds is One?



STORY TELLING WITH THE SCISSORS.

In free hand cutting, the object to be copied may first be marked with pencil, then cut out with scissors. After some practice in this way, simply look at the object and cut its front view. Then cut from memory. Story telling with the scissors makes us think to the point (grown-ups call this concentration). It makes us pay strict attention to what we are doing; gives us clear pictures in the mind, and concentrated thought. All this WISDOM stories.

is good. Let our scissors illustrate some of the beautiful WEE

Wisdom is the direct road to all good.



WEE WISDOM'S WAY OF  
HEALING.

"GOD IS MY HEALTH, I CAN'T BE SICK."

Who said, "I am the Health of my people?"  
*God.*

Is there any other source of health? *No.*

Why? *Because "we live, move and have our being" in God.*

What is God? *God is Spirit—Mind.*

How do we know God? *Through our mind and spirit.*

Why do we get sick? *Because we shut God out of our mind by thinking error.*

What is error? *To believe we are anything unlike or apart from God.*

How may we keep whole and well? *Through the Christ Spirit in us that always knows God.*

If we seem to be sick, how can we get well? *By being still, and KNOWING God is our Health, and pain and sickness are only places where we have not let God's life and health shine through us.*

Then take this true thought about yourself and God, and you will be healed:

GOD IS MY LIFE AND MY HEALTH.

Learn this little verse:

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



## ONE LITTLE SHUT-IN.

I have a story to tell you of a little shut-in whose name was sent in to *UNITY* by a friend in 1893 (long before some of you were born). This lady sent a clipping from an eastern paper which read:

"Merlena Underhill, Redding Center, Conn., has been sick from her birth with spinal disease, and is one of the small "burden bearers," being but twelve years of age. She has to lie flat on her back, with pillows placed under her lower limbs and none beneath her head. Let the little Sunshine Makers everywhere remember her."

And she asked that poor little Merlena be remembered by the Society of Silent Unity, and some reading matter be sent her. The Society took up the dear child's case, and sent her something to read, and what do you think! in about six weeks an account of her wonderful healing came out in an eastern paper, and this is what it said:

"Little Miss Underhill, daughter of Frank P. Underhill, of Redding Center, Conn., had a spinal disease and was practically paralyzed. A number of eminent physicians treated her without success, and pronounced her trouble incurable. One day Merlena read the story of an invalid being cured by prayer. She began to pray for health, strength and use of her limbs. She prayed almost continually, and began to mend at once. Color came to her cheeks, and one day she found she could move her legs at times. Merlena kept on praying and mending. One day she said, "I think I can get up." With the helping arms of her mother she got up. Next day she took a few steps in her bedroom. Next day she sat up all day. This week she walked about as well as anyone, and is almost well.

A great many religious people and physicians have been to see her, and all say that her recovery is a miracle. She is twelve years old, a bright and pretty child. Let us all join in an offering of thanks to the All-Father for His wondrous goodness."

Now little Wisdoms, what do you think of that? If Merlena was brought up out of her helpless con-



dition through knowing God as her health, do you not think other little shut-ins can do the same? Let us go right to work at Health-making. You can write to the names given and send them whatever you think will help them to trust God for their health. You can also declare for them daily: *God is your health.*

\* \* \*

Julia P. Hascall sends in the name of Hendry Nelson, of Titusville, Fla., of whom she says, "He is a little boy ten or twelve years old, when I first saw him a few years ago, he was sitting on the floor unable to move his feet; he was blind, his head was very large and heavy; since then his dear mamma, who so lovingly watched and cared for him, has gone from sight, and he is alone with his father and younger sister, but with it all is a happy little Christian." Let us see Hendry walking in God, perfect and free, and send him thoughts of freedom and wholeness.

Grace Ortloff, Dadeville, Mo., wants us to remember her baby sister, whom the doctor says has chalky bones, so that they seem to break. Let us know for the dear baby: *God is your health.*

Helen Long: *God is your health.*

Let us make health visible everywhere we go. We would like reports from those who are treated.

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#### MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

FOR TWENTIETH CENTURY BOYS AND GIRLS.

Little Jack Horner came out of his corner,  
And said with the plum in his pie,

"I never can bear it, unless I can share it,

For an up-to-date boy am I."

—L. H.



## Ye Editor's Sanctum.

The Birthday party is over, and the Gala week at Unity Headquarters is past. We would like to tell what a good time everybody had and what a nice program the Unity Wees gave, but none of them have written it up and so it goes untold. Shrimiti's "American lady" was present and told us a lot about India. She has written a letter to Shrimiti, which you can read.

We wish all the Wees and their parents could have heard Mrs. Hardy's talk on "The Child in the Midst." You enjoy her "Child-Gardening" in *WEE WISDOM*, but you ought to hear her talk — she talks with her soul and you feel it so. Another dear friend of the children present was Mrs. Carson, of St. Louis. She gave our Wees a delightful talk the night of their entertainment, and taught them a little song with movements. She has written a message for you, which must be left out this time, for lack of space. She calls herself our "Auntie Beth," and promises not to forget us.

So many good things are being left over. Lorne has written such a good story about "Alice's Faith," which we trust will be realized in the case of Helen Long.

Vera Brown has given us an excellent lesson in her story, "You Can if You Will."

Lucy C. Kellerhouse sends us a beautiful poem which makes us feel as if we were enjoying a holiday with her among the gray rocks and falls along the Potomac, where she wrote it. These and more are awaiting their turn to visit you with *WEE WISDOM*.



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MAMIE'S RHYME.

*I love you and you love me,  
And we're happy as happy can be.  
You love me, and I love you,  
And that's the way folks ought to do.*

*When everybody loves everybody,  
And everybody loves you,  
You feel as if you could n't help  
But love everybody, too.*

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Bless somebody by sending them WEE WISDOM.

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Don't forget to renew for WEE WISDOM; it brings  
Health and Harmony into every home.

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You can have back numbers of WEE WISDOM to  
give away, for the postage.

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Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons for some reason have  
not reached us this month. Her story shows she  
has not forgotten us, but we want her Bible Lessons  
just the same.



### WEE WISDOM'S LETTER TO YOU

DEAR WEES — You see I'm eleven years old now, unless you count the two years I was in Egypt, which would make me thirteen, and some of my friends thought I ought to have a new dress. Such a time as I have had in the hands of my dressmakers! Why, Ye Editor nearly cried because my birthday dress was such a misfit, and Aunt Mary was so ashamed of it she didn't enjoy my birthday party. They tried again, and got my dress too small, and so I've had to wait for another fit, and my visit is a little late on that account, but I hope I am in good shape now, and you will all be glad as ever to see me again.

Lovingly Yours,  
WEE WISDOM.