# WEE WISDOM

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

Vol. XI. OCTOBER, 1906. No. 3 KANSAS CITY, MO. 

### A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

In the minister's morning sermon he told of the primal fall, And how, henceforth the wrath of God rested on each and all;

And how of His will and pleasure, all souls, save a chosen few,

Were doomed to eternal torture, and held in the way thereto.

Yet never, by Faith's unreason, a saintlier soul was tried, And never the harsh old lesson a tenderer heart belied.

And after the painful service on that pleasant, bright first day,

He walked with his little daughter thro' the apple bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadow sparrow and blackbird sung,

Above him its tinted petals the blossoming orchard hung.

Around on the Wonderful glory the minister looked and smiled:

"How good is the Lord who gives us these gifts from His hand, my child.

"Behold in the bloom of apples and the violets in the sward, A hint of the old lost beauty of the garden of the Lord."

Then up spake the little maiden, treading on snow and pink.

"O father! these pretty blossoms are very wicked I think.

"Had there been no Garden of Eden, there never had been a fall;

And if never a tree had blossomed, God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child," the father answered, "By His decree man fell:

His ways are in clouds and darkness, but He doeth all things well.

[Concluded on page 32.]



Vol. XI.

OCTOBER, 1906.

No. 3.

#### THE STORY OF STELLA-A STAR.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE W TT.

CHAPTER II. SOMETHING TO DO.

UNTIE Taysie plucked some bluebells that grew near by, and with deft fingers began twisting and turning them into the most marvelous creation that you can imagine.

First, you thought it a wreathe, then it seemed a garland, but, on looking again, you discovered it to be a pale shimmering drapery, similar to a piece of tapestry, for the flowers and green leaves were blended in such wise as to form a picture of a scene of merry children.

God surely gave lovely Anastasia her colors, for without God it would not have been possible to weave such a picture, for Anastasia's brushes were her fingers, with only blossoms and leaves to serve as canvas and colors.

Every now and then she lifted her head to glance down the starry glade, and let her eyes rest lovingly upon the children who swung the now happy Hyacinth. Their cheery voices came ringing out upon the sweet, still air. They had garlanded the seat and handles of the swing in hyacinth blooms, while the upper ropes were trailing coils of smilax and white lilies, their pure, sweet faces raised to the light.

Very soon Anastasia beheld Stella running toward her.

"Why, Stella, darling!" and she held out one fair hand to the child and drew her down beside her on the flowered turf, while with the other she brushed aside her blossoms and her work.

"Oh, how pretty!" Stella exclaimed, her eyes falling upon Anastasia's creation. "I have come to talk with thee, dear Auntie Taysie." She patted her pretty white skirt as she continued. "My little Hyacinth is happy now, and Stella is ready for another piece of work."

Stella spread out her little white hands to show their emptiness. "All ready now, Auntie," she repeated.

"Make wreathes for the babies, darling; that is a good work," and the wonderful lady drew the little ones into her arms lovingly.

"I do that always, Auntie, dear, and besides the other children can do that."

"What wouldst thou do, my sweet one?" and Anastasia plucked a bluebell and tucked it in between Stella's curls.

Stella swung a plump bare arm about in a circle. "I want to go there with thee, and help them all."

Anastasia looked at the eager countenance, and a smile passed swiftly across her features, then her hand closed tightly over the little fist, and she kissed the white brow saying quietly, "My darling, who called thee to this work?"

Stella looked up into the loving eyes as she replied, "The God did, Auntie Taysie. Oh, I can go, truly. Do take me, dear Auntie."

"So far away, precious, from thy beloved meadow?"

"Yes, Auntie, yes," and Stella threw both arms

about Anastasia's neck. I know what thou wouldst say. I've heard thee whisper it to some of the others—to the tall ones—that it is hard work, but I am ready. The dear God will make it easy for little Stella."

"Truly, my Stella, but dost thou know where thou wouldst go?"

"To the other Star," came the quick reply. "Auntie, dear, there I would go with thee, and help it to find its light."

"Who told thee this, my sweet?"

"The God told it me, while I lay beneath the violet-colored tree playing with the glinting leaves that fell all lovingly about me, cuddling me like little doves, then did the God whisper, 'Work for me, Stella, feed my lambs.' The children are not hungry here, and they know the God. Take me, dear Auntie," and Stella clung more closely to her heavenly mother. 'Take me to that other Star where the sad people forget Love and Beauty. We will help them to know the flowers and birds and angels, and, dearest Auntie, help them to know the God."

Stella paused, and lifting her head from Anastasia's breast looked pleadingly into the tender eyes, awaiting her answer.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG MOTHER HUBBARD.

Young Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her nice doggy some food.
When she got there,
She found plenty to spare
Of victuals and everything good.
Besides bread and cheese
There was cream, if you please,
And cookies and sweetmeats galore.
She could not but w n,
She found all within
By just simply opening the door.

-L. H. H.

#### JACK.

A True Story.

BY A TEACHER.

ACK had lived in this world for some eleven years, but they had not been very happy ones to him, especially since his school life had begun.

He was a peculiar child; somehow he couldn't get hold of things as the other children did, and his teachers were not loving and patient with him.

They could not seem to see that all he needed was a little praise and confidence in himself. So they slighted him and passed him on; usually because they were glad to get rid of him, and not because he knew his work or was really fit for promotion.

He had now progressed as far as the Fifth grade, and had entered Miss Lathrop's room. He was idle and apathetic as ever when he drifted in.

Now Miss Lathrop was a wide-awake woman, who was interested in every pupil, no matter how dull, or lazy, or naughty he was. She knew that hidden underneath such exteriors, there were minds and hearts that would bud and blossom, and yield precious fruit, if they could be but reached; and she realized it was her business to reach them.

She soon noticed Jack and his idle, "don't-care" manner, and she began to study him. She tried in many ways to arouse an interest in him, but he said he didn't care, and he would not try. He was the laggard of the class, and when he recited, his mates would laugh at his mistakes, but he didn't care even for that.

Many an hour did Miss Lathrop spend in the study of Jack, and finally concluded she must enlist

the help and sympathy of his mother and classmates. She sent for his mother, who frankly admitted that she had never understood her boy, and that he was a failure as far as she was concerned. Miss Lathrop sent home a few searching questions, and then said, "So you say that you have failed with Jack, and as yet I have not been able to reach him. Do you believe in prayer?" She admitted that she did. "Do you believe in the promise that where two are agreed as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done unto them?" "Yes," answered the mother. "Well, then, we two will agree to take your boy in prayer, each day for the next month;" so they parted.

The next day Jack was excused from the room on some errand, and Miss Lathrop said, "Now, children, Jack is not here, let us have a little talk about him. Do you think any one of you would like to be in his place?" All were silent, but there were some vigorous shakes of the head in the negative. Do you think if you were made fun of, you could do any better?" As there was no response, she said, "Let us repeat the Golden Rule," which they did, slowly. Then she said, "What would you think if I treated Jack so?"

A little girl raised her hand and said, "Why, Miss Lathrop, you 're the first teacher that was ever good to Jack and tried to help him learn."

"Well then, children, isn't it more necessary than ever that you help me to help him?"

They all assented, and then she said, "I will tell you how you can help him. Every time Jack gets up to recite, let us all feel kindly toward him, and wish to help him, so that he may recite well. When he works a problem, don't think, 'Well, it's only Jack; he can't get that; but that he can and will do

it.' We will all help him with our kind thoughts, and I know that he can and will learn."

The children seemed pleased with the idea that they all could, and were going to help Jack.

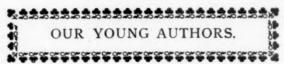
When he returned, he met a very different atmosphere from that which he had left. When he went to recite, instead of the fun that had been made of him, or the indifference, every child seemed interested that he should do well, and wished to help him. His recitation was much better than usual; his teacher praised him, and he felt pleased with himself

When he went to his seat he began to study as never before. He improved steadily, and the pupils, as well as the teacher, showed an untiring interest in him. He entirely lost his "don't-care" manner, for he did care.

As soon as he began to study, he had no time to annoy his teacher, or the pupils, and at the end of the term, from being by far the poorest, he led his class and passed with the highest grades.

A few days later, his mother came to see Miss Lathrop. She said, "We are going away, but I felt I must come and tell you what a wonderful change you have wrought in my boy," and with tears in her eyes, said, "I cannot thank you enough."

Miss Lathrop replied, "Do not give the credit to me, but where it belongs. God always blesses our efforts and gives us the results when we are willing to be guided by Him. Your boy is no exception to the rule. I am sorry you are going to leave, for I cannot watch his progress; but now that he is started in the right direction, see that you keep him there. Good-bye!" And so they parted. — N. M. S.



#### ALICE'S FAITH

BY LORENE KITCH.

LICE Murphy lived in a small town on the eastern border of Indiana. She was about ten years old and was rather small for her age. She had dark brown hair which hung in numerous ringlets all over her head. The christmas before she had received a gift which she treasured very much. It was a subscription to Wee Wisdom for one year. No one understood what this ment to Alice, for it opened a new life to her. It was given by her Sunday School teacher who gave it to her with a helpful thought and loving heart.

Many an hour had Alice spent in her own room reading and re-reading the stories and letters written by the children. The Sunday School lessons and the articles written by the Editor atso received her undivided attention.

Alice had a little girl companion, Elvina, of about her own age, living next door. They played many an afternoon with dolls or being grown-up ladies and making clothes for their babies who never uttered a sound but lay peacefully in their little beds. One day Elvina took sick with typhoid fever and her mother feared she would never be well and strong again. But Alice went to her little paper for comfort and in looking it over she found this thought: "Health, Happiness and Plenty are for you now." She said this thought over several times and continued saying it during the day. When in the afternoon she learned that the doctor had said that Elvina

must be removed to a hospital she was still undaunted, and this brave girl went home quickly and to her room. "Health, Happiness and Plenty are or you now, Elvina, you are well, strong, happy and wise because you are like God who made you," she repeated and then added, "Now, Elvina, you are

not going to the hospital."

Alice rose early in the morning, and just as she was clearing away the dreakfast table, for she was an industrious child, the carriage came to take Elvina away. What think you my young reader, would you have had the faith Alice did? for instead of sobbing or crying she only smiled, for she knew the heavenly Father, a Father of love, would not suffer this to come to pass.

"Alice, are you not going over to say goodby to your friend? you may never see her again," said Mrs. Murphy weeping. But Alice only looked happy

"Why, mamma, why do you cry when Elvina is well", she replied. But Mrs. Murphy only looked her astonishment, and soon hastened over to the saddened home. Soon the men went in the house to help carry Elvina to rhe carriage, but ere they had gotten up to the room a scream was uttered. Alice then went over to the house and found Elvina standing upon her feet dressed. She had got up while her mother was down stairs and dressed and her mother coming upstairs screamed at finding her up and dressed, but Elvina with her pain all gone, protested that she was well, and would not go back to bed and Alice with face radiant told about her wonderful faith cure.

#### ON A PICNIC.

BY MYRTLE LAURA SHACKELFORD.

66 H OW would you children like to go on a picnic today? 'asked Mrs. Clemings one pretty day.

"Oh, lovely!" exclaimed all the girls in one breath.
"If we go you must all bring old clothes, and plenty to eat, because we will start early and stay until after supper."

"Where will we go?" asked Mabel,

"Well, if we went we would go a good ways out. We could go to Dingleton, out in the country, and have a jolly good time."

"Good," said Mary, looking at the rest.

"We'll meet at the depot at 8:00 A. M.," added

Mrs. Clemings.

When the time drew near you never saw a bunch of happier faces, as they stood in an affectionate bunch waiting anxiously for the car.

"Get your baskets ready, there comes the car,"

cried Anna.

In another minute they were speeding through the country like wind.

"Dingleton!" shouted the conductor.

"There is the wagon after us," said Mrs. Clemings. "Get in, but don't get hurt, and sit still, for this is a tipsy old wagon."

"O Mrs. Clemings, you are the best lady ever was," said Ethel, looking at the nice clear creek.

They waded all the way around the creek, having large rocks in different places to rest on.

"I tell you that feels good," said Mabel.

"Come on out now, girls, for you have been in the water long enough, and, Hazel, you can spread the table while I cook the corn," said Mrs. Clemings, as she piled sticks upon a little camp fire.

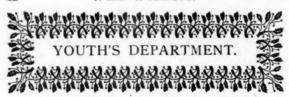
But to their great distress they saw clouds gathering in the West, and heard loud clashes of thundering and lightening. It kept getting worse and worse until it looked just like it would pour

down at any minute.

"Get your baskets and things and we will move on," said Mrs. Clemings, full of disappointment. Her aunt lived a mile from there, and they ran to the house, When they got there the storm had passed over; so they spread their lunch on the lawn and ate heartily. In the afternoon they went back to where they were and spent the afternoon in reading and playing games, until they heard a wagon coming.

"Oh, do we have to go home now?" asked Ruth.

"Yes, dear, the sun is going down, and it is past seven," said Mrs. Clemings.



#### A MYTH.

BY LOWELL FILLMORE.

HIS might be called a fairy tale, but many of us are past reading such things, so we have decided to call it a myth, for even the very wisest and most learned people study mythology.

The story begins, "Once-upon-a-time." Nobody knows whether it was in the past or in the future, there was a man who preached for a living. He told many good things, and the people liked to hear him, but he noticed that they did not practice what he taught them. He wondered why, and to solve the problem. turned his attention upon himself. Upon investigation, he found to his surprise that he did not practice what he preached himself. He tried harder after making this discovery, and found that when he followed his own teachings, his actions often contradicted each other. This caused him to think as be had never thought before, and he knew that in many cases he had been giving two opposite views in one matter. This meant that he was not always telling the truth. He wondered what the Truth really was. He had taken his instructor's word for all things, and had never thought what the Truth was for himself. The more he thought about it, the more he desired to know what the Truth really was.

After thinking about it for some time, he decided

to spend all he had in building a temple dedicated to the Truth. In this way he hoped to find the Truth.

The temple was built by skilled laborers, and all the while stone was being laid upon stone, he prayed continuously that only words of Truth could be spoken in it, and that of all which was taught in the temple, only that part which was Truth could be heard or understood, and all else would be as nothing.

When the beautiful building was complete, it was indeed wonderful. In one part was a large auditorium with a dome-shaped roof, finished perfectly plain, but of a sensitive material, without decoration. It was left to be beautified by the words spoken within its walls. He invited teachers from all sects and creeds to speak without any constraint, and all were welcome to enter in and listen. He, himself, was the most attentive listener of all.

A very popular minister came in first and stood a long time on the rostrum, waving his hands and shaking his head violently, but only a few words were heard now and then; but whenever these were uttered, a small, bright spot appeared upon the vaulted roof overhead and remained there in quiet beauty. Other ministers from different creeds tried, with the result that each caused a flower design to be seen. Teachers from other lands came, and, strange to say, some of the beauties caused by their words were larger and brighter than the ones made by the home preachers. This was certainly strange, and some thought it all a fake.

So the priests and great teachers of the whole universe came and added their mites to the decoration of the temple. When a truth which had already been uttered, was repeated, the corresponding spot grew brighter, but no new one appeared. After

many years of teaching, a large space still remained unadorned.

The most interesting part of it all was, that every teacher who came left the imprint of his words on the wall. No creed was without Truth, though that truth were but a grain. The owner realized in time that before the whole ceiling could be decorated, it would be necessary for all the people in the universe to make their contributions.

Some flowers grew so bright that they shone through the roof and made the surrounding country beautiful on dark nights.

Once a drunken tramp entered the place with curses on his lips, but as soon as he had crossed the doorstep his words were very few, being only those of the Deity, and the peace and harmony of the place was unmarred.

The temple still stands as a living monument of the Truth of all, growing brighter day by day. The minister learned his lesson. He is now content to see the good in all things, and does not let that which is not true, worry him; for his time is taken up with the things worth while.

Let us liken this man to the one who goes within his own silent inner-self, and hears the words of Truth which are there, and are growing brighter, and sending forth the light that helps others on their way.

#### LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Little Boy Blue, come, blow you horn,

The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.

This certainly looks like a sorry sight,

But trust the Good and it'll come out right. — L. H. F.

#### INTO THE MAGIC LAND.

IV

BY EMMA HARRINGTON TEEL.



MAMMA, we had such a lovely ride," cried Margaret as she and Roger came romping across the lawn to where Mrs. Warren sat reading. "I felt as if we were fairly flying through the air when

we got out into the country, we went so fast."

"And we saw the wind fairies having a dance and they circled 'round and 'round and they flew off in airships of autumn leaves" enthusiastically continued Roger as soon as Margie paused for breath.

"So you have made the acquaintance of the Life sprites, my dears," smiling said Mrs. Warren.

"Life sprites, how's that?" questioned Roger.
"We said wind fairies."

"Well, they are one and the same if you just stop to think about it. The first name for your wind fairies of which we have any record, was that given by the Hindoos. They listened to the soughing of the wind through the tree-tops and from this they got the Sanskrit word Aum, which to them meant divine breath. In another old, old book we are told 'the Lord breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul."

"Now, I see!" thoughtfully said Roger with shining eyes. "Then Life's all 'round us just like air, and we can have as much as we want."

"Yes, don't you remember, Roger how we read the other day how ether was everywhere? And ether is just the finer part of air, is n't it mamma?"

"That's right, dear. The every where-present ether is to air and wind as omnipresent Spirit is to soul and body. The raindrop fairy taught you that Love was every where, and now you have learned from the wind fairies that there is Life in all and through all."

"What's that our philosophy says 'Natur abhors a vacuum;' I think anybody or anything would abhor a place where there was n't any Life."

With a deep breath, Roger, meditatively remarked: "Well, if this is all so, folks are mighty lazy not to keep filled up on Life when they can have all the Divine breath they want just by breathing."

### SON'S PHONOGRAPH.

Say! what do you think, the other day.

Went over to Billie's house to play

And heard his box that can talk and sing,

Tell a story or—any thing.



I asked my papa to buy me one,

But he just laughed and said, "Why, Son,

Your mamma's a talking box, you know

That don't need winding to make her go."

He's just funnin' or I'd

To call my mamma a talkin' 'chine.

At story time 'fore goin' to bed

I told her 'bout what papa said.

With eyes part shut an' a half way smile,

She looked real thinky a little while;

A' 'en she said, "I believe that he is right.
When asked a story to tell or write
I just connect with Infinite Mind
And the record of all will unwind
An instructive tale or merry rhyme
Of 'right-now' or, 'Once-upon-a-time.'"

- Written and illustrated by AUNT EMMA.

# Epistles.

TYABB. VICTORIA. AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR EDITOR —I must tell you how wise a child WEE WISDOM is. It came last month on Rose's birthday, the 19th of June. I thought when I saw it coming into the school, that it came to wish her every success, and to get a piece of cake. Now I must tell you there is a nest of us coming to WEE WISDOM'S birthday, and we are coming as wise men came to the child Jesus in the manger with gifts of gold and silver. There are seven of us coming.

I remain your little Australian friend,

MARY ELSIE FOLEY.

(Ye Editor gives glad greeting to our little Wisdoms from Australia with their gifts for the young child—Wee Wisdom—and she is sure the Christ-child is being born right in the manger of their own sweet lives, and will do a mighty work for Australia. We thank the little Goldens and Foleys, and Wee Wisdom will take great pleasure in visiting them every month.— Ed.)

JE JE JE

ORONO, MAINE.

Dear Wee Wisdom — I like the letters very much. I live in the country, and my Uncle Eben has a very big flower garden. We have two horses, and I have a bird and a coon kitten. The kitten's name is Fluffy, and the other day Mary found her on the table all ready to spring on the bird cage. My grandma, who lives in New York, gave my cousin and myself Wee Wisdom.

Love to all the Wees. Lovingly, PRUDENCE WEBSTER.

JE JE JE

TYABB, VICTORIA. AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM — I do hope I am in time for your birthday anniversary this year, for I have brought you as an offering a silver coin from the Golding children, Fllen, Elsie and I, also a crochet doiley with a damask center. We all wish your birthday to be a happy success and that you will have very many and prosperous ones, Just now we have had much rain, but

in the garden the jonquils are blooming. Do you not think jonquils are pretty? They seem so fresh and dainty, yet so strong and brave, blooming fearlessly, even though the skies are leaden. They seem to be an example of what we all should be. A few days ago I read in a book some pretty lines entitled, "Trust in God," They were:

"Do not look at life's long sorrow; See how small each moment's pain, God will help thee, for tomorrow Every day begins again."

But later on I ran across some which I do not rightly understand. They were:

"The moving finger writes,
And having writ moves on;
Nor all thy will or all thy piety
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,"

I think that perhaps this means that God takes note of all we do, and we may wish we had done something better, but though we be good and pious we cannot undo the past, so leave the past untroubled, as it is irrevocable. At least, this, to my idea is the literal meaning, but there may be a deeper spiritual meaning.

Again accept my sincerest greetings for your birthday.

Your very true friend, Rose E. Foley.

(Rose's letter had such a long journey to make it did not reach us in time for the Birthday party, but WEE WISDOM and all concerned return hearty thanks for the pretty little gift it contained, which we love to think is the work of her own skillful little hands. We thank the little Goldings and Foleys for their gift to the "young child."—ED.)

#### DE 36 36

I send you a little sketch from life, "Jack." I love Jack, but I love the teacher more; she is my dearest friend, and together we are trying to do the Lord's work in our schoolrooms—to bring out the real self of the child regardless of the unpromising exterior.

N. M. S.

#### NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — For several months last year I enjoyed you very much. I am sending you two subscriptions I am twelve yerrs old, and am very tall for my age. I was born in 1894, the same year as WEE WISDOM, but in May. New Westminster is a very pretty city situated on the southwest bank of

the Fraser River. There are lovely sunsets here. I have been spending most of the summer at the seashore, and have enjoyed the bathing very much. I would like to write to some of the Wees, if I had their address. Will Tessie Wallace, Wee Wissoom's twin, please write to me. With love to all the Wees and Ye Editor, I will close. Your loving friend,

VERA WINIFRED BELL.

(Will Tessie please take notice - ED.)

#### Jt Jt Jt

HIBBING, MINN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I have been real well since you have been treating me. I like Wer Wisdom very much. I think her new dress beautiful. I didn't know what "new dress" meant at first, but mamma told me. I am in the B Fifth grade now. I got three numbers this month, and am going to send one to my grandma, one to a little girl in Spring Valley, Minn., and one to my little cousin in Canada Mamma is going to send money so my little cousin can have a year's subscription to Wer Wisdom. I know four shut-ins: Mrs. Snyder, Mrs. Glidden, Mrs. Sherman, and little Clarabell Warren. I think those stories were fine, especially "Wee Wisdom's Way." I think I will write a story this month. We have nine little chickens and seven big ones. The mother hen left the baby ones when they were only three weeks old, but comes and pecks them and drives them to bed every night. Well I will close now. Lovingly,

FLORENCE PFREMMER.

#### JE JE JE

#### EXTRACT FROM AUNT EMMA'S LETTER.

Am much pleased with the new style of WEE WISDOM and increased number of pages. Bless the child how it does grow—bigger, better and more in its blessing bearing capacity as well as in subscription list. Joe's favorite story is is about the "Doings of the Days" and I have to read about Trixey and Uncle Ben as soon as it arrives. Of course all my stories are tried on my own little "tads" first. Today is Joe's sixth birthday and we celebrated it with a little extra dinner and the customary cake. Had no guests but the two farm hands and the colored girls. Joe took a great deal of pleasure in seeing the black girls have on their table some of everything we had on ours.

I am knowing that Wee Wisdom is going to reach and bless 5.000 homes this year. Yours in Truth, EMMA H. Teel.

#### AUNTIE BETH'S MESSAGE TO YOU.

At WEE WISDOM'S home, Wednesday, August 22d. in the midst of the Gala Week, our hearts were lifted up to God in song and prayer, as we witnessed the laying of the Corner Stone of Unity's beautiful temple, on which is inscribed, "Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone," and in this stone were sealed the names of 1,950 people whom



DEDICATION CEREMONIES.

God had moved to give about \$6,000, and UNITVS and WEE WISDOMS and "Wee Wisdom's Way," all records which will enlighten the world if ever the the stone is unsealed. How we wished that all of WEE WISDOM'S boys and girls could have been there and felt the thrilling vibrations that made us all conscious of God's loving, healing, comforting presence, and when we met with Mrs. Fillmore's

Wee Wisdom class, we felt that Wisdom was the very word for them. In a few minutes they learned to sing:

"Oh, the man with his troubles is coming down the road,
Bending so low under Lucifer's load;
He should stand up straight and step so free,
And say, 'The devil and his imps can never catch me.
Oh, no, dears, Oh, no; the Lord is with me wherever 1 go,
I'm a New Thought engine, don't you see,
And the devil and his imps can never catch me.'"

Dears, if you come here, Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore will teach you to love everybody and, then everybody will love you, and you can go home and build not only a beautiful temple like this, but in a few months you can rebuild the beautiful temple in which your own soul dwells, and leave out everything which is not good, and the loving Savior will be so manifest in your words and deeds, and your countenance will be so radiant from the Sun of Righteousness within that everybody can single out Wee Wisdom children from all the rest, because of the glory all about them, and if you can't come, just practice all the good things Wee Wisdom, so they can be beautiful too.

Your loving Auntie Beth, Truth Center, 2803 Dickson Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Build it well, whate'er you do;
Build it straight and strong and true;
Build it clean and high and broad;
Build it for the eye of God.
Keep pushing ever upward,
Work with smile and not with frown;
It takes live fish to go up a stream,
A dead one can float down.

-Thrift

#### CHILD-GARDENING

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CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY.

#### THE GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY.

LAW OF EXPRESSION.

My dear Wee Ones:

About six years ago, Mrs. Hardy planted in her own garden six baby peach trees, each having root, trunk and branches. She was careful to place them where the soil was good, and where they could take in all the fresh air and sunshine that they could use, and every day she would see that they had a nice drink of pure, cold water.

Through all the years they have been growing and growing; each year being larger and stronger and more beautiful. Last May-time, they made us very happy by coming out in the loveliest pink blossoms, the petals of which, in a few days, all fell off. leaving only tiny green balls all over the branches. These were the little baby peaches which went right to work taking in God's glorious sunshine and rain and fresh air; the roots finding plenty of good food in Mother Earth, which they sent up through trunk and branches. Every day they grew a little larger. and by and by they began to fill with sweet pulp and juice, and all the while a new baby seed was forming Finally, the merry sunshine kissed their cheeks a beautiful pink, and now they are so lovely and so delicious, that we just wish that we could share them with all the dear Wee Ones and with Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore, and with everybody. As the children gather them and enjoy them, they sing:

"Peaches, velvet peaches, tell me true, Peaches, lovely peaches, how you grew. "Out on the slender, leafy bough That fed my life, I know not how; The loving Father made me so:" Tell Him I love you."

We do love the peaches, too. That's why we planted and cared for them. We knew they 'd come. That's why they came. We were kind and loving to the baby peach trees and now they are kind and loving to us. This is the way God's heautiful Law works. We get by giving.

When we think of the many kinds of trees and the many and different kinds of fruit—we are filled with "thank-you's" to the loving Father for His goodness to His children.

"The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."
And "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." And "The Father and I are One." Just close your eyes and think these words over and over, and you will learn one of the sweetest lessons you ever had.

We have learned before that all that we see in this world is a symbol, or is just like what is in the world beautiful which we know of, but do not see.

We have learned through the peach lesson, God does not give us the fruit first. He gives us the seed first, that we watch and care for it. Our part, then, is to simply take care of it and give it what it needs to make it grow. God does the rest. In the same way, Heart Garden fruit is grown. God gives us the thought-seed first. It is our business to watch and care for it. Then we may be sure that God the Good will always do His part.

In the Heart Garden of each one of us is planted living seeds of Love, Joy, Peace and Health, and if we do our part (the Father's part is always done) they grow to be the "fruit of the Spirit"—the fruit

of Love, the fruit of Joy, the fruit of Peace, the fruit of Health.

The most beautiful fruit of all is Love fruit, and the sweetest and purest and best comes from the dear Mother Heart Garden. The sweet smiles and kind deeds which mothers are always giving to the children, are the Love flowers which help to make the Child Heart Garden seeds grow and blossom and bear fruit of their kind.

> "Our world is a lovely garden, God is our Mother Earth. Care for the seeds in the brown mold, Giving the flowers birth.

Then grow, little flower children, God careth more for you; Turn your bright faces upward, Up toward the sky so blue.

Our world is a great Child Garden; Glowing in shade and shine, Teeming with life and glory, Earthly and yet Divine.

Then grow, little flower children, The Gard'ner for you cares; 'Immortelles' never fading, Blooming through endless years."

#### CLAY MODELING.



In making models of clay we must notice every line or mark. Thus we acquire the habit of observation; so that clay modeling while being enjoyable, at the same time educates both the hand and eye, and strengthens the powers of mind. Through it we learn to concentrate or think to the point.

Send to Hoover Brothers, 418 East 9th Street, Kansas City, Mo., for kindergarten catalogue, and learn all about Clay Flower, modeling tools, etc. Send 25 cents to Hoover Brothers for Ellen

Hildreth's book, "Clay Modeling."

# Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons.

BY MARY BREWERION DE W.TT.

LESSON I. OCTOBER 7.

# The Two Great Commandments.—Mark 12:28-34;-38:44.

GOLDEN TEXT - Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart .- Mark 12:30.

Who is the Lord thy God? The Lord thy God is the everlasting Good which is everywhere present. It is ever with us, It is in the heart of each, for it is the Divine One, and this One we must love. Indeed we must love this good self so well that we shall give up every untrue thought that would keep us from knowing this self. Put away every cross unruly feeling—bar them all out. If we do this, then we will know how to "love our neighbor as ourself."

To be near the kingdom of God is to know the soul, and to feel conscious of God's presence. This makes joy, and joy is heaven. If we think often of God we will be neither proud nor haughty, but will be contented with whatever place is given us, and will thank God for our blessings.

It is always wise to be polite and thoughtful; for instance, if you, a big strong boy, are riding in a crowced street car, it is good for you to give up your seat to the lady with a baby or to the white-haired gentleman with the wistful look. If you are a little girl, and invited to a party, you will not run up before any of the others to be the first in a game, but you will take that small shy, little girl by the hand and will see that she has a chance to play. This is one way to love God.

If you are going to give some money to your Sunday School, or to help some person, you will not think of giving one cent you would never miss, but you will give the ten cents you were saving to buy candy with, and this will make you truly happy.

#### LESSON 2. OCTOBER 14.

#### The Ten Virgins .- Matt. 25:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT — Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh, — Matt, 25:13,

When one knows that a good thing is about to take place, one makes ready for it. If there is to be a party you and your mother make cake and candy for it, and you have all your candles all ready for lighting, and you have your lamps in place with oil in them, the wicks trimmed and ready for burning, so that everything may be festive and bright for the occasion.

The lamp stands to us as the body to hold the peaceful, happy, loving thoughts; the thought that is wise; the thought that brightens the way. Thus may you know the bridegroom when

he cometh - the Christ-idea within the soul.

The five foolish virgins had no light, for they rut no oil in their lamps therefore they were not ready to know the joy of heaven within the heart. We cannot leave our good deeds until the last minute; we must do good every day and all the year, remembering the Christ within the heart who ever waits to be recognized.

Heaven is here and now. It is a joyous state that comes from living a holy life, or a life of love for God and all His creatures. Heaven is not beyond the clouds, or "up in the sky," it is right here, as Jesus said, "Heaven is within man," and that means everyone.\* Our part is to always believe and think of the good, to expect the good and to look for the good, and to know that good is in each and all.

The coming of the Son of man is that time when we know and feel our oneness with God, the Father.

We are every day finding a chance to do some little act of kindness for some one. If we do this kindness, we are, as it were, putting oil in our lamp, but if we will not think of the happiness of others, then we lose our next chance, and some one more thoughtful takes our place, and does that love-act, and reaps the joy of giving. Thus is the door shut upon us when we refuse to do for God. Watch every chance, and do what you can for the Christ, thus will the door be open to your good, and the good will there enter.

#### LESEON 3. OCTOBER 21.

#### The Parable of the Talents .- Matt. 25:14-30.

Golden Text -A faithful man shall abound with blessings.—Prov. 28:20.

Suppose one came to you and said, "Here, my child, is a beautiful little rose slip—care for it until I come again." What would you do with that slip? If you were wise, you would plant

it and water it daily, but if you were unwise, like the man with the one talent, you would hide it away, and thus it would be of no service to anyone. Poor little rose slip, not to be able to fulfill its mission! Next door to you lives a boy who has two rose slips given him. He takes them into his front yard, and with his little spade digs two holes and plants them side by side in a pleasant spot.

After a year or two the friend who gave away the slips comes to your house. He turns to you and says, "Well, my boy, how is the plant growing? I expect you will give me some roses from the bush by now."

You hang your head and reply, ''Oh, it was n't much, so I put it down in the cellar in the dirt.''

Then the friend is surprised, and tells you to bring him that rose slip. You therewith get it for him. He turns it over in his hand, and says quietly, "There is life in it yet. I see it has sprouted. We will give this to the boy next door, whose slips have grown to be fine large bushes, and are covered with roses. He will know how to care for this."

So by not making the most of your God-qualities and opportunities, you seem, like the man with the one talent, to lose even that which you have. Use your qualities, my children, all gifts are yours. If you are learning music, practice diligently each day until you can produce heavenly harmonies. If it is reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic at school, keep at these things, do not shirk, and you will find when older that you are able to accomplish more than you thought for in the ways of life.

Be patient, be persevering: do not neglect your duties, but make them all acts of love, then they will be easy and pleasant, and will bring you your own reward.

An unprofitable servant means a thought that will not obey you. If this be the case, then you must cast that naughty thought away from you into darkness, and put in its place a good thought—one that will serve you truly.

#### LESSON 4. OCTOBER 28.

#### Jesus Anointed in Bethany .- Matt. 26:6-16.

GOLDEN TEXT - She hath wrought a good work upon me. - Matt. 26:10.

You all know how pleasant a perfume is to smell, and how you love to have mother give you a drop on your handkerchief, from that pretty bottle she keeps on her dressing table. This sweet smelling ointment that the woman poured on Jesus' head was the very sweetest and best that could be bought in those days, and cost much money It came in a white alabaster cruse, shaped like a bottle, and was very precious; so you see, Mary gave of the very best she had. The disciples could not understand her love, and, that what is given in love brings its blessings to all, so they complained; but Jesus understood, and told them that the woman had done well When one's heart prompts one to make a gift to another, one should follow that leading. Do not wait to find some poor person to give to, but bless when the heart says, "Bless."

Give to the Christ in rich and poor alike. Jesus was not poor. He had all he needed, yet the gift of Mary brought to him a joy, and it is true that the ointment made sweet all the atmosphere of the room where he sat at meat in Simon's house.

It was at this time that Judas, one of the twelve, went astray from his tender thoughts for the Master. He forgot love, and allowed greed of gain to lead him. Poor Judas! Do not condemn him, rather pity him. It was his mistaken way of seeing things. We never know why people do wrong, and often they themselves do not know why, and soon after a foolish act, repent and regret their wrong-doing. We must all be merciful as we would have others merciful to us, remembering that deep in the heart is the divine spark "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

"Forgive your enemies," said Jesus.

The commandments are, apparently, the cause of much childish bewilderment. Mr. Burn includes in his collection the story of a little girl who, while her mother was shopping, gazed longingly at a basket of oranges. Presently she picked one out, but, stung by her conscience, replaced it. Again she yielded to her greediness, and again she replaced the orange. Just then her mother called her, and she ran sobbing to tell the story of temptation.

"But you did not steal, dear; you did not break the commandment?" said her mother.

"No," replied the child, "I did not break the commandment, but I'm sure I cracked it."—Ex.

# WEE WISDOM'S WAY OF HEALING.

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

Believe in Health, Talk Health, Practice Health,

And then you will be healthy, wealthy and wise.

# THE TONGUE OF THE WISE IS HEALTH.

Be wise and talk of that on y which is good.

It is unwise to describe sickness or disease, for every word we speak is like a seed planted in the ground and must bring forth something like itself. So it is wise to speak words that shall blossom into health and beauty—words that shall bring happiness and good to all who hear them, and joy to ourselves. Let us speak this word for Clarabel Warren now:

YOU ARE GOD'S CHILD, CLARABEL, YOU ARE FULL OF STRONG, FREE, BEAUTIFUL LIFE AND HEALTH.

Let all our Wee Wisdoms remember to send the name of some little child who needs to know Gcd is health, for we want everybody in God's beautiful world to be as God made them — whole and well.

## Ye Editor's Sanctum.



LESSINGS upon all our Wisdoms! Surely all your tongues are health-giving. And since "Death and Life are in the power of the tongue," let us always use the power of our tongues for the making of "life more

abundant" in our world.



The little Days are coming on all right, but Trixy has been so busy getting Uncle Ben straight, she got in a little too late for this number. You'll all be glad to know that she's gotten back home and taken Uncle Ben with her, and he's doing fine under Aunt Joy's ministry. They'll all be on hand for Thanksgiving. What are we to have extra for Thanksgiving? Put your mind to it, and let's have a real feast of good letters and real Thanks-giving stories.



WEE WISDOM is making a big growth this year. You are all affirming success and good for her, and helping her visit other children and places.



The names of the "grown ups" that Florence sent in, we handed over to the Society of Silent Unity, to remember. Wee Wisdom's healing column is especially for the children's benefit. All our little Wisdom's are expected to hold the healing thought for those who ask.

In the children's room, Sunday morning, all the Unity Wees hold thoughts of love and healing for those whose names are sent in.



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#### MAMIE'S OCTOBER RHYME.

October is the time of year
We boys and girls all like;
The trees put on their pretty clothes
And pumpkin pies are ripe.

The woods are full of treasures, too, For roaming boys and girls; All kinds of nuts fall from the trees For kidlets and for squirrels.

I like the walnut and pecan,
The chestnut, too, and—but—
The one that "always takes the cake"
Is Mother's sweet dough-nut.

And so October has its charms, And every month its joys; It takes them all to make a year That suits us girls and boys.

How many subscribers have you gotten for WEE WISDOM, this month?

### A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

(Conclued from page 2.)

"And whether by His ordaining to us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow, we must fear and love
him still."

"Oh, I fear Him," said the daughter, "and I try to love Him, too

But I wish He were kiud and gentle - kind and loving as you."

The minister grouned in spirit, as the tremulous lips of pain

And wide, wet eyes uplifted questioned his own in vaiv.

Bowing his head, he pondered the words of his little one.

Had he erred in his life-long teachings? and wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol had he lent the holiests name?

Did his own heart, loving and human, the God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness, from the tender skies above,

And the face of his little daughter, he read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror of Sinai's mount of law, But as Christ in Syrian lilies the vision of God he saw.

And as when in the clefts of Horeb, of old was his presence known,

The dread, ineffable glory was infinite goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted in his prayers a tenderer strain,

And never the message of hatred burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful, and the blinded eyes found sight,

And hearts as flint aforetime, grew soft in his warmth and light.

- JOHN G. WHITTIER.