WEE WISDOM

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

> JULY, 1908 KANSAS CITY, MO.



THE WASHER WOMAN'S SONG

Good Auntie comes to our house

To wash the clothes each week:

She works so hard from morn till night,

She scarcely stops to speak.

One day last week she came along,

The rain was fouring down:

"Why, you can't wash today," says ma.

"The sky is all a-frown."

"Yes, hones, it' years like, I know, The sun's already risen: And if I does my part I's shuah The good Lord tends to his'n."

She worken away and sung her song,
About the silver lining,
And when the washing all was done,
"Sho 'nough," the sun was shining.



VOL. XII.

JULY, 1908

No. 12

THE STORY OF LOVIE:

OR. ESTABLISHING IDEALS.

MYRTLE FILLMORE

CHAPTER XI.

A LEAF FROM MAMA TRIXEY'S OLD DIARY*

Lovie was a regular wood nymph. The little stream told her wonderful stories. The grass and trees, the birds and skies, all had a language for her, and so when the rainy days came and shut her in the pretty bungalow, Mama Trixey taxed her ingenuity to take the place of the out-door companionship. And so it came about that when the rain made a whole week's visit to the little forest, and Lovie wanted to know about "when you'se a little girl, mama," that Trixey brought out a queer old bundle of soiled and vellow papers, and to Lovie's delight, told her that these were some of mama's stories when she was a little girl, which she had told to the paper instead of the birds and trees. And so Lovie never tired of listening about what mama and Grace and Aunt Joy and all of 'em did, when mama was a little girl. It was the story of Tom Sams and Janie Smith that interested her most, because Tom and Janie were members of their household, and this is what the story said, and just like her mama was a little girl and telling it:

W E'VE HAD some funny things happen to us, Ned and I, 'cause some way, after saying the words Aunt Joy gave us last week, we don't seem to think like we used to.

Papa got after Ned for being seen on the street with Tom Sams, 'cause he's called the baddest

^{*} The above forms Chapter Three of "Wee Wisdom's Way," the story which introduces the characters in "Lovie," as children, of which "The Story of Lovie" is the sequel.

boy in town. And papa seemed cross to me, too, 'cause he saw Janie Smith here the other day, and he told me if I couldn't find a more 'spectable girl to entertain than her, I couldn't have company.

Aunt Joy asked papa to read Luke vi. chapter for the morning lesson, and told us to be sure and

listen very carefully.

So papa read it. I remember most it said, you must love folks that didn't love you, and be good to 'em and give 'em everything they asked for, and then you'd be called the children of the Highest, 'cause He's kind to the unthankful and evil, and we must be that way, just like our Father is.

Then papa prayed that we might heed and practice this lesson.

When he was through, Ned went up and put his arms 'round papa's neck and asked him if he didn't want us to be children of the Highest.

Papa said: "Certainly, I do."

"Then," Ned said, "didn't you read, 'He is kind to the evil?" Now, papa, that's just what I was trying to be to Tom Sams. I was going along the street when he yelled out, as he always does, 'Hello, three legs, where's your third foot?' But I've been saying for a week, 'I can have no unkind thoughts, for my Father is Love;' so I didn't feel a bit cross at him, but just turned and said: 'Now you've taken the trouble to ask, I'll tell you. My third leg grew on a tree and I didn't get the foot.' Then he laughed and called me 'jolly,' and said it was too bad I had to wear a crutch.

"He kept walking along with me and told me he hoped I wouldn't mind the way he'd talked to

me, for he'd got to doin' them things 'cause folks was down on him so, and called him mean, even when he tried to be good.

"He told me lots of things he'd done, real brave things, but 'cause 'twas him, they said he meant mischief.

"Then I just told him I didn't mind anything he'd ever said to me, 'cause now I knew him I knew he was good, and I loved him. He asked what kind of taffy I was feedin' him. I told him 'twas the kind our Father feeds us all on—love. Then I told him how happy I was now, that I loved everybody.

"He said, 'I believe you; but say, ain't you afraid you're gettin' so good you'll die?"

"Then I laughed, it was so funny, the way he said it, and looked. That was just as you passed, papa, in the carriage with Deacon Jones. I told him folks didn't die of good. And then I couldn't help but tell him all about our lesson of the seed and flower Aunt Joy gave us.

"He seemed to understand it, too, for he said if folks 'ud just quit tramping on 'im, he believed the good would sprout in him, too."

Papa kissed Ned.

Then I told papa why Janie Smith had been here, and how I'd always disliked her at school, 'cause she looked dirty, and how she'd always make faces at me and called me "stuck up," and I'd thought her real mean and told teacher on her. But after I'd said, "God my Father is good, and I am good," some way, I couldn't feel ugly to her any more, but just put out my hand and said, "Janie, let's be friends." She stood and looked at me till I said, "Janie, can't you

like me?" and then she just cried and said she always wanted to like me, but I wouldn't let her 'cause she's poor and dirty. Then she told me her mother was always sick, and she did ever'thing herse'f, and couldn't fix up nice and clean, but she'd like to. So I had her come home with me, and Aunt Joy fixed her up in some of my clothes and she looked so nice and happy and good, I wondered how I could ever think she was mean.

Papa looked like tears; he put his face in his hands and sat awhile, then he said: "I have just read, 'Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?" Joy, I stand rebuked by these children. How have you gotten this gospel into such perfect action with them?"

Aunt Joy said, "Except ye become as one of them, ye cannot know. Now, children, give your papa the lesson that has taught you these truths."

So we told papa all about the seed and flower, and the words we have said this week. But papa couldn't understand how saying these words could make us do them.

Aunt Joy said, "I told you, brother, 'except ye become as a little child, ye cannot understand these mysteries.'"

Then papa said, "Grace, how can I get little?" Grace laughed and said: "Oh, papa, you can't make your legs little, or your head little; you des make your finks little."

"But you don't help me one bit, baby, for how am I to make my 'thinks' little?"

"Let go all the big finks, and keep one little fink. like the little f'owers do."

"Well, what think is that?"

"Little seed always 'members about the fower."

"Well, baby, what is my flower, and how can I remember, too?"

"Oh, God's your f'ower, His little know is in you."

"Joy, what is this child trying to get at?" asked papa.

"That everything bringeth forth seed of its kind," said Aunt Joy. "'One is your father, even God. Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin; for His seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.' 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.'"

"But, Joy, do you mean to teach these children that they can become like God?"

"If we accept Jesus Christ's doctrine, what else can we teach? Spirit is ever the Father of Spirit; Spirit is ever the Son of Spirit. God is Spirit. 'He that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father which sent him; for the Father loveth the Son, and showeth him all things that Himself doeth.' 'I and the Father are one,' said Christ. And we are told, 'Let this mind be in you, which was in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God.'"

"But you must remember the same authority says, 'He took upon himself the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and became obedient unto death.'"

"Yes, God created man in His own image, and pronounced him good. 'The Word was made flesh,' and the Father said, 'This is my beloved

Son, in whom I am well pleased,"—manifest man, working as the Father worketh. 'As the Father hath life in Himself, so hath He given the Son life in Himself.' To prove the truth of this, Jesus Christ laid down His manifest life, and took it up again, and declared to all, 'He that hath the Son hath life.'"

"What do you understand that to mean?"

"The same as 'the light that lighteth'—Being—what Grace calls the 'know.' 'No man cometh unto the Father but by me (the Son).' 'Because I live, ye shall live also; at that day ye shall know that I am in my Father and ye in me and I in you.' 'That day' always means the time of realization."

"Trixey," said papa, "do you understand what Aunt Joy means by 'having the mind that was in Christ Jesus'?"

"Yes," I said, "I have the mind that was in Christ Jesus; because Christ Jesus was my Father's obedient child, and I am His obedient child."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause He's good and I'm good; He loves, and I love."

"What makes you think you're good?"

"'Cause I think everybody's good, and I'm one of 'em."

"What! when they do bad things?"

"Well, we thought Tom and Janie were mean and bad till we knew 'em, and I guess it would be just the same with everybody, when we come to know 'em."

Aunt Joy said, "He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil, shall dwell on high."

Papa said, "Joy, the results of your teaching are beautiful. Still, I can't help fearing these children are getting loose ideas of Christ and God."

"Christ told you to judge of a tree by its fruits," said Aunt Joy. "Here you say the fruits are figs, but you fear the tree is a thistle. 'Do men gather figs of thistles?' Come, what is the fruit of your thinking? Suspicious of your own children, even when they are fulfilling the only law Christ recognized—Love. Fearing to claim kinship with the beloved Son, when it is declared 'He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son.' Also, 'We are in him that is true, even in His Son, Jesus Christ.' This is the true God, and eternal life."

"Grace," said papa, "who is the true God and Jesus Christ?"

"Oh," said Grace, pointing, "He's here and ever'where, and He lives in the happy little spot right in here, and nuffin', nuffin' can get the happy out or hurt Grace, 'cause the little know sees Him all the time. The little know is Jesus the Son—des like the seed's know."

No sooner did the sunshiny weather crown the little wood again than Lovie was out telling to all the creature-folk the wonderful stories her "little-girl-mother telled on paper."

The old oak and the listening birds heard it over and over, and could have told you all about Grace and Ned, Tom and Janie, Aunt Joy and the Day family.

The little brook laughed and gurgled, and, Lovie said, "Clapped its hands, because it was so glad about the lovely stories little mama telled, and because the Great Love put it into the heart of Tom Sams to make a place for it here where Mama Trixey and God lives."



SERIES XII

THE FOREST FIRE

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER

It was the Fourth of July, and Sallie and Lois, tired of celebrating, sat down to rest upon the porch steps and enjoy the shade and gentle breeze. Lois mopped her damp face and fanned herself with her torn straw hat. "Go way, Max; it's too hot to play in the sun. Go lie down."

Max obeyed, and for a few minutes the children gazed up the river, darkly sparkling in the blazing sun; small craft of every kind was out for the holiday, the snow-white wings of the sail, the diamond sparkling canoeman's paddle, and the swift gliding motor boats with their vibrating and re-vibrating "chug, chug, chug." High above all towered the mountains with their jagged peaks sharply cutting the sky line.

"Father, why is it we can see the mountain range so clearly today, while yesterday we couldn't see it at all?" inquired Sallie as she looked away at the purple blue in the distance. "There was a heavy rain last night and today the wind has changed," was the answer.

Sallie was thoughtful for a moment and then repeated — "I asked why we could see the mountains so plainly today."

"And I gave you the reason," replied her father.

"But I don't see - " began Sallie.

"It was the smoke that hid them from view;" said father, "the rain last night put out many of the forest fires, cleared the atmosphere of most of the smoke and the wind is driving the rest in a different direction, so that is why we see the mountains today."

"How are the forest fires started? asked Lois.

"Oh, in lots of ways; but it is mostly through carelessness. Farmers clear their land of brush and undergrowth and lose control of the fire they have started; strong winds come up sometimes when they are not expected and carry live cinders away into the dry moss and wood, but most of the fires start through the criminal carelessness of campers, who break camp without putting out their camp fires. They leave a few live coals near an old log or stump, and the first thing you know the forest is on fire."

"What is 'criminal carelessness,' father?" asked Sallie.

"When we break a law of our country it is called crime, and if we break it through carelessness we are open to punishment just the same as if we broke it on purpose, it is called 'criminal carelessness,' because we should have been careful."

"I should think campers would be afraid they'd be put in jail," said Lois, her eyes big at the horror of the thought.

"A good citizen will keep the laws of his country without the fear of punishment," answered father. "We are celebrating our country's birthday today, and we must remember that the most priceless thing we can give her is the gift of good citizenship; that unless we make her a present of this we have no right to be proud and glad that we are a great and noble nation. We may sing our songs to her; we may wave our flags and our bands may play, we may have our

army and navy, our soldiers and our sailors, but unless good citizenship is back of it all, our nation, beautiful as it is, will pass away and be forgotten.

They were silent for quite a while; the band on one of the river boats was playing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and the summer breeze caught the folds of "That dear old flag, whose faintest flutter flies a thrill of rapture through each patriot's breast," as it hung from the upper veranda.

"Were you ever in a forest fire, father?" at last asked Sallie.

"Yes, one summer three of us camped up at the head waters of the Clackamas, not far from Mt. Hood. One morning the old man who was in our party said to us, 'Boys, it smells like fire to me, suppose we pull out of here today.'

"Of course we didn't want to go, we were having a tiptop time where we were, but the old man was pulling up tent pegs and packing the horses all the time

we were trying to persuade him to stay.

"We were soon on the march and somewhat sullen over what we considered our companion's foolish obstinacy. But he plodded away silently and we boys followed.

"Before long we too began to feel a dryness in the air, an ominous feeling of impending danger; the wild creatures of the forest scurried by us as if pursued by an invisible foe. From time to time our guide seemed to listen to something we could not hear, yet he never paused even while looking back.

"" Unpack your horses, boys, and keep only your grub sacks; we can't make the open, but we may reach the stream in time to save ourselves." We did as we were told and were once more running at full speed along the trail, leaving our tent and blankets and cook-

ing kit behind."

"We had hardly reached the stream, and turned the horses loose to save themselves if they could, when a sheet of flame swept down the mountain side with the roar of an explosion.

"The red monster paused not for the stream, but leaped across it, igniting the forest beyond.

"We had taken shelter beneath a shelving rock in the stream and when the heat was at its worst we stood in the water and held our faces close to the surface where we were able to get just breath enough to keep our lungs supplied. It was all we could do to dodge the falling timber and protect ourselves from the terrible heat.

"A doe and her baby stood in a deep hole not far from us and seemed to want to be near us; she was so frightened by the fire. All sorts of wild animals came around us seeming to have lost all fear of us in the tragedy of the fire.

"The flames about us raged all night, but by morning the worst was over, the underbrush had been consumed, but the forest giants burned for weeks afterward.

"It was nearly a week later that we reached home after a very narrow escape. Several people lost their lives in that fire and many thousands of feet of splendid timber were destroyed.

"From this you may see what a dreadful thing a little carelessness may do."

"Did you ever find your horses?" asked Lois.

"We found two of them farther down the stream, but we never knew what became of the third one," answered father.

Then the girls climbed the cherry tree in search of the luscious fruit, and father fell to musing over the adventures of that camping trip.

THE MUSIC LOVER

Wilhelmine Smith

"Pll build a ladder to the sky,"
Said little Tom, the singer;
"And every rung shall be a note
As sweet as from the skylark's throat.
If Fairy Music lives up there,
Among the clouds or in the air,
To earth I'll coax or bring her."

And so he built in cheery song
A far, far-reaching ladder,
Up which he traveled day by day
To meet and woo the minstrel fay,
Who learned to know his lightest tone,
And willingly became his own,
To make the glad earth gladder.

"Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do!" *

The loving signal given;

The birds and bees were hushed and stilled,

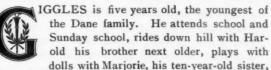
And every list'ning ear was thrilled.

"Do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do!"*
Now shrill and high, then soft and low.
Twas now the fairy's turn to woo,
And upward she her lover drew,
Till where he sang was heaven.

[* In a recitation these lines can be sung, and they sound very effective when given so by a little girl.]

GIGGLES, A STORY FROM MOTHER'S BOOK.

N. DIX ONHAHN



and helps Rose make the beds and wipe the dishes, reads to mama and papa, and speaks pieces for his big brother. So you will see he is very important in the Dane family. Harold, aged eight, is chiefly the one that makes Giggles giggle, and it is not because he does such funny things either; it is just because Giggles wants to giggle. Harold stares blankly at Giggles, and away he goes "tee he, tee he," "Lawrence!" papa says, for that is really Giggle's name, "Lawrence, stop that giggling." Lawrence gives a side glance at Harold, who scarcely moves, and goes off in another fit of giggling. Then he is sent into the kitchen, and in telling mama about the games at school, while she prepares the supper, he forgets for a while to giggle. But when the family are seated at a meal, and he is in this frame of mind, a look at Harold will start the "Tee, he, he's" again, but just let mama say, "Lawrence, do you want to return thanks?" and he will look sober instantly and bowing his head on his little hands say, "Our Fader in heaven, help us to be good, bless this food to our use, take care of de absent ones, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Then a different spirit seems to take possession of him, and he acts and talks like the sensible little boy that he really means to be.

Giggles (or Lawrence) thinks that Harold, besides being the very funniest boy on earth, is also the very wisest; and when Harold reads aloud to Lawrence and his mother, when they lie down to rest, Lawrence listens with almost breathless interest, asking to see the page where something very interesting indeed occurs in the story.

Their mother is trying to help the boys to grow up into good strong-minded men. And frequently tells them stories that, as Giggles says, "seem 'most like us."

One story that he particularly likes to hear is about "The white and black fairies, who wait around the bed at night, trying to see which ones, the black or the white, will keep watch over them at night. Giggles will poke his brother in the side under the cover and giggle, then Harold will say, "stop it," and sometimes, sad to say, it looks more like a real fuss than like play. Then mama will say, "Oh, boys, remember the black and white fairies!" and they will both say, "Tell it, mama, won't you?" meaning the story, and mama says:

"Two little boys were lying in their cozy bed, tucked up for the night, mama had kissed them goodnight after hearing their prayers, and was about to leave the room, when the little boys began to pull the clothes, and push and, Oh dear! begin to cry. Their mother turned to the bed, and lifting her forefinger warningly, said, "Listen, you are getting the white fairies into trouble, Oh, they are leaving, smile, my children; smile, quick, or they'll go too far away to come back. Do you not see they are grieved? They seem to say, 'Oh boys, we want to watch over you, we are good thoughts, full of love. The black fairies are ugly disagreeable thoughts, and will make you dream bad dreams. We can't come near, though, unless you wish us to. Smile, little boys, do, please,

for the black fairies are crowding us away. When you are cross they come so near you, Oh, smile, little boys, do smile!' "

Then the little boys smiled through their tears, kissing each other and the black fairies fell away in a great hurry, while the rustle of the sweet-faced white fairies' wings could almost be heard, and the mother kissing each little boy good night again, said, "Now I leave you to sleep in peace, while the white fairies keep watch above you, as you dream of the better land, and waken with the morning light, to make another day joyful for all with whom you meet." Then Giggles' arm steals around Harold's neck and two little boys kiss each other just like the boys in the story, and mama, pressing a kiss on each little forehead, says, "Good thoughts bring the good angels, always."

SUMMER vacation is now in full swing.

We don't have to study, or do a thing,

But just what we want to, like swimmin' en such.

The girls they play dolls, but boys don't like that much.

We all have a good time in one way er 'nother,

En we're awful glad school's out; but, say, is mother?

_B.

Did yoa ever think when you laugh aloud It can carry joy to that snowy cloud? Or maybe'twill skip across the sea, And bring happy thoughts over here to me.

THREE HAPPY FRIENDS

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT

Redest roses, sweetest posies,
Sunshine peeping o'er the wall;
Happy Nannie,
Cheerful Annie,
Playing with a pretty ball.

There goes Polly with her dolly; Now she looks across the way. Hat so shady; Like a lady,

Calls to both her friends, "Good day!"

"Oh, dear Polly, bring your dolly, Come and have some tea, we pray!"
Answers Polly,
Oh, so jolly,
"I'll ask mother if I may!"

Oh, the fleetest and the sweetest,
Back returning, Polly hies;
Happy Annie,
Winsome Nannie,
Greet their friend with laughing eyes.

Child-Gardening

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY

THE LAW OF EXPRESSION

SERIES VI.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE ROCKS

Life sleeps in the rocks, dreams in the plants, moves in the animals and wakes in God's children. Life, then, begins in the rocks.

In these Nature lessons our study begins with the Mineral Kingdom, because there is where we find life on the lowest plane.

Only a few years ago people called the Mineral Kingdom, the dead kingdom, but now all thinking people know that there is nothing dead in the whole universe; because God is everywhere, and God is Life.

Everything in all Nature is alive with God's life.

The rocks and stones do the work that God has given them to do, only on their own plane, the Mineral Kingdom knowing nothing of any other kingdom.

The Vegetable Kingdom, the next above the Mineral, is free to feed upon the Mineral, while it knows nothing of any higher Kingdom. Next comes the Animal Kingdom, which uses both the Mineral and Vegetable, but, like those below it, it has no understanding of any higher kingdom.

The next higher Kingdom is called the Kingdom of the Intellect and belongs only to man. Knowing things on this plane, comes through the conscience.



MUSHROOM ROCK

The conscience is the still small voice which tells man the truth about himself and all that God has made.

There is still another Kingdom which is the highest and best of all. This last and best is the Spiritual Kingdom, toward which all are unfolding. It is quite as impossible for one living in the Kingdom of the Intellect to know and understand the glorious things that are waiting for him in the Spiritual Kingdom, as it is for the mineral to know the vegetable. To know and conform to the laws which rule in this highest Kingdom, we must know God as All and in all, and know that we live, move and have our being, in him. Not read and talk about it, but really and truly believe and know it.

God is Spirit and all who live on this highest plane are Spiritu-al. Spiritual things are known only through the Spirit of God.

We are now going to take up the subject of earth building. This study is called Geology, and it means earth history. The earth was called Ge by the old Greeks and geology just means the story about the rocks and soil of our earth-home, together with the treasures that are hidden within them. The earth tells its own story. It is a continued story, written by God, the Great Creator of it all.

We have talked about God's gift of the earth, the air and the water. Now after God had gathered together the water unto one place, the dry land appeared, and God called the dry land earth, and God saw that it was good.

See, every step of the way was good! Is it not beautiful to study and learn of such a glorious way?

Come on now, let us put on our caps and sunbonnets and go out into the meadows and on the hillsides for a walk.

On the right and on the left we see many smooth stones. Of these we know neither their natures nor their names, and yet all over each one is written a language which we may learn to read for ourselves.

These stones are called bowlders.

Now use your two bright eyes! You see that nearly all of the stones are of different colors and of different sizes. Some are almost round, while others are oblong; some are brown; some pink; some white; some red. One rock is nearly all white, another nearly black; and still there are others on which are black scales.

Now all of these different colored formations are just so many different minerals.

Rocks are composed of minerals. Some rocks have three or four minerals some only two. The minerals in a rock give it its name.

Look at that hard flinty rock, almost white. See,



QUARTZ ROCK

a point of steel cannot scratch it. It is the very hardest of all minerals and is called quartz.

Now pick up that stone made up of shiny black scales. You can take up the scales with your knife blade. This is the kind of mineral that is used in our stove doors and is called mica.

Ask at the library for the books "Walks and Talks in the Geological Field," by Winchell, and "Town Geology" by Kingsley, and learn more about bowlders.

The rocks which cover a larger part of the earth's surface than any others are the stratified. These rocks are divided into separate layers or strata. The word stratum means a bed or everything spread over.

VEGETABLE SOIL SAND CLAY SANDSTONE LIMESTONE	
CHALK LIMESTONE	
COAL SHALE SHELL LIMESTONE	
RED SANDSTONE	

This little drawing will help you to understand the arrangement of stratified rocks. The layers are not always found just in this order, because all the layers are not always present. But no matter how many layers are present they are never found out of their regular order; that is, coal is never found above clay, nor chalk above sand.

Through vacation let us go out on many little walks and excursions and at such times let us think about our earth-building lesson.

Beautiful sermons in stones are waiting for us at our very doorstep right under our feet. We may find them, too, on all the hillsides and along the road paths.

Our good Froebel used to love to go out on such excursions with the children.

He says: The unifying Spirit unites stones and human beings in a common purpose — a common endeavor.

Let us hope that sometime we may go to the beautiful Kansas bluffs, Kansas ledges and Kansas rivers, and there patiently and intelligently read from the rocks for ourselves the sweet stories God has written there for us.



STRATIFIED ROCKS



DEAR WISDOMS — Where in the world are all our little letter writers this month? Busy finishing up school, perhaps — or maybe, getting a big grist ready for WEE WISDOM's birthday party. However that may be, the little column feels lonesome and neglected, and we trust it will never happen again. Why! WEE WISDOM is growing and becoming more interesting and beautiful every month and you are to help make it more so. Quite a number of stories are waiting to come out in August, and surely no one will stay away from the birthday party. Come, everyone of you, in letter, song or story. We would be glad of a photo visit, too. Just to think! WEE WISDOM will be thirteen years young in August. She will have to change her name to BIG WISDOM, don't you think?

Blanche will have to entertain this birthday party, and ye Editor will leave with you and her the preparations, etc. Here is —

Knowing for you that Mother Wisdom will guide you into all wisdom and your birthday efforts will be crowned with success.

Always yours in love and truth. YE EDITOR.

st st st

PERU, ILL.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I am a little girl twelve years old. I can hardly wait from one day to another until the month is up. I got my Wee Wisdom today and it has been read and read over and over. Mama is a member of Silent Unity and takes Unity and Signs that Follow. I had a very bad cold Saturday evening. I held the class thought Saturday night and yesterday I felt

very well. I have been taking Wee Wisdom since November, and I do not see how I could get along without it. I like the story of "Lovie," "By the Big Fire Place," and "Blanche's Corner." I have eight birds and a little chicken for a pet. Well I must close. Love to all the Wees, from your little Wee,

ELIZABETH CLIMO.

P. S. I am sending in a drawing which I drew and painted.

[Elizabeth's drawing is very good, and if it had been in India ink we would have shown you what it was like. This is how it looks—a red sun rising between a gap in two green mountains, with a little glimpse of blue water in the foreground. Our little artists will please bear in mind, that the engraver who produces the pictures for Wee Wisdom, can only use pictures drawn in black India ink on white paper.—Ed.]



KANSAS CITY, MO.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I am back in Kansas City again, visiting Wee Wisdom's home. We have been down in New Mexico two years, and on our return we find quite a change in Wee Wisdom's surroundings. Many people are working here. And in the work room is a large press where her white pages are run through, coming out covered with beautiful thoughts and love-letters to travel all over the earth. Her Unity home has been transformed into a beautiful one, where people love to come and rest and go away blessing her and Unity. I am so glad to be here for awhile. With love,



EVENING PRAYER

DAYTON'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If danger should me here o'ertake,
I pray, dear Lord, I may awake,
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.
God bless papa, God bless mama,
God bless Wee Wee, God bless
All our friends, and God bless me,
And make me into a good boy. Amen.

Blanche's Bible Lessons

LESSON I. JULY 5.

Israel asks for a King - I. Sam. 8.

Golden Text—By me kings reign, and princes decree justice—Prov. 8:15.

These people of Israel, about whom we have read so much, we find intoday's lesson are in a state of unrest. The Great Spirit, or God, had been their Leader and King through all the years of trial, but they were not satisfied. They could not see Spirit, and they wanted a man as king.

Now this story of the Israelites wanting a king is what we call symbolical. That is a long word for little folks, but it means just this, that the story stands for something in us. Now how many of you Wees know what Spirit is? You will probably say it is God, but you can't see it, and you haven't avery clear idea of it. Well, that's exactly the way the Israelites felt. They wanted a visible king. But they made the very great mistake of looking outside of themselves for a leader. Who is our king? Spirit. of course, And where is the dwelling place of this Holy Spirit? Why, within you and within me, within every one of us. When we know this, we will learn so many wonderful things about this all-powerful Christ in us, that we won't look anywhere else for help. We will not cry, as the Israelites did, "Give us a king," for we will know that there is no place in all the world where our king is not, and that there is nothing which He cannot do.

LESSON 2. JULY 12.

Saul Chosen as King-I. Sam. 9-10

Golden Text — He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God.—2 Sam. 23;3.

In the last lesson, we read about the Israelites wanting a king. Now in this lesson we are told that they got just what they had been asking for. The new king was a tall, handsome man named Saul. The Israelites were delighted and they cheered and shouted, "Long live the king." But before long some of them began to wonder how this man was going to save them. So you see they were not yet satisfied.

There is a wonderful lesson in the story of the choosing of Saul. It is interesting, too; for it is about wishes. If we wish earnestly and are not afraid that our wish won't come true, we are pretty sure to get what we wished for. That all sounds very well, but the great trouble is this: We don't always really want what we wish for. Very often we long for something, which, after we get it, is nothing but a burden. The Israelites began to learn in a very short time that their king was not going to satisfy them. So the lesson we get from this story is that we must be very, very careful of our wishes; asking only for that which is highest and best.

LESSON 3. JULY 19.

Samuel Warns Saul and the People.—I. Samuel 12:13-25.

GOLDEN TEXT—Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart, for consider how great things He hath done for you.—I. Samuel 12:24.

Today we find ourselves again learning about the Israelites We are beginning to feel well acquainted with them, aren't we? Dear old Samuel, who has helped them so many times, is again warning them not to forget the Lord. He told Saul, who was their king, you remember, that he also must still follow God.

Samuel was afraid that Saul, in his new glory, would become conceited and forget the All-Power behind him. All of you, I am sure, know people who, for one reason or another, think they are a little better than other folk. If they could only realize that the same Spirit is in all of us, and that there is nothing else in all the world, why that high-headedness would all drop away. Isn't it a beautiful plan? You are no better than your neighbor, and on the other hand he is no better than you are. We are all brothers and sisters. If we remember this and follow the Spirit within, we shall be blessed with every good thing. That is the lesson which Samuel was trying to teach Saul and the people of Israel. Remember it and use it.

LESSON 4. JULY 26.

Saul Rejected by the Lord. - I. Samuel 15:13-25.

GOLDEN TEXT — The Lord our God will we serve and His voice will we obey.— Joshua 24:24.

The downfall of King Saul is the topic of today's lesson. Saul has done just exactly what Samuel feared he would do. He has ignored his God. He had been told by the Lord to kill all the sheep of a certain tribe. He killed all the poor ones, but the fat, healthy ones he kept. For this disobedience he lost his throne.

There are many people who, like Saul, are so busy trying to become wealthy, that they forget to follow the Spirit, and they always come to grief. They, like this handsome king of the Israelites, lose their throne. Do you know what your throne is? Why it is the knowledge you have of this wonderful Spirit dwelling within you. If we were to become so interested in getting money or fame, that we never took time to listen to the still small voice within us, we would soon get so that we could not hear it. When we heard people talking about the Spirit, we would know perhaps that they were speaking the truth, but we would not be able to feel this same Spirit in us. Then we would have lost our throne. We truth-children listen to the voice of good and each day our thrones become more firm, so that we cannot lose them.

JUST BEING HAPPY

Just being happy is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side
Rather than the blue:
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy
Is brave work, and true.

Just being happy helps other souls along,
Their burdens may be heavy,
And they not strong;
And your own sky will lighten
If other skies you brighten
By just being happy
With a heart full of song.

Blanche's Corner.



Sniff, sniff, sniff! Say, do you smell smoke? It seems to me that I do. Oh, I know what it is. Fourth of July is coming. By the time this reaches you I suppose it will be here, and won't we have a glorious time? Of course all holidays make us feel joyous, but somehow on the Fourth every bit of energy in us takes fire, and we just want to make the biggest noise we can. It is said that the person who

makes the most noise is the one who has least behind it. That may be true generally, but I think every healthy human being — and we are all that in truth, you know — sometimes wants to shout and make a racket.

By the way, I call the Fourth my lucky day. Many beautiful things have happened to me on that day, and I always have a happy time. I remember telling a little neighbor, a boy about four years old, about my lucky day. After that every morning when I came out of the house, he would greet me from his porch, and whether the sun was shining or the raindrops were pattering down, his greeting was always the same, "Good morning, Miss Blanche, this is my lucky day." Then he would laugh just the merriest little laugh at what he called our secret. Dear little chap, I wonder if he knew that in his sweet unconscious way he was giving me the key to all good things.

Now Wees all, I want to pass my little neighbor's lesson on to you. It is very simple, but it is all-powerful. Get up every morning knowing, just simply knowing, that things will go all right, and at night go to bed with a heart full of praise and thankfulness that things have gone all right. Then every day will bring its share of pleasant duties, and everything will

fit into a perfect whole.



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July, 1908.

In the month of July,

We're right down lazy,

Except on the Fourth,

And then we're crazy.

We shoot off fireworks,

And jump and yell.

All the things that we do

I never could tell;

But on this one day

We do our best.

For the other days —

Well, we've earned a rest.

-BLANCHE.

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IF THERE IS A BLUE MARK at the end of this notice, it is because you have forgotten to invite WEE WISDOM to continue her visits to you. You must not miss her this year, for she has planned many new treats for her readers, great and small.

"I, Wisdom, cause those that love me to inherit substance and I will fill their treasuries."

