

# WEE WISDOM

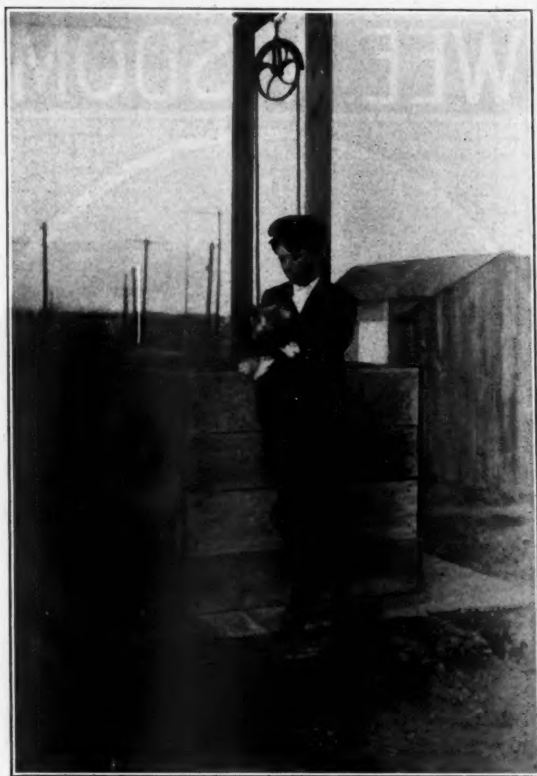
"Ye are of God, little  
Children.  
Greater is He that is in you  
than he that is in the  
World."



SEPTEMBER, 1908  
KANSAS CITY, MO.

## MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

For Twentieth Century Boys and Girls



### *DING, DONG BELL*

*Ding, dong bell, the kitty's in the well.  
Who put her in? No one. She just fell.  
Who pulled her out? Big John Stout.  
Isn't he a noble boy  
To always help where there are needs  
By loving thoughts and kindly deeds?*



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VOL. XIV.

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No. 2.

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## A Visit With De Editor

**C**OME right in, all of you dear Wisdoms, and we will have a little visit all by ourselves, before we renew our birthday festivities. I am so pleased to be with you again and to see all our old Wisdoms back for another year, as well as a goodly number of new faces you have brought with you.

You have a cordial welcome all of you to the WEE WISDOM family, and may be sure of a blessing every time WEE WISDOM visits your home. WEE WISDOM is a little seed-sower, and *your* mind and heart are the good soil into which her little truth-seeds shall fall and bring forth a wonderful growth of wise and loving thoughts and deeds. Why, do you know, it is for you, dear Wisdoms, to fill this whole big earth just full of joy and health, of peace and plenty blossoms? You are to do this through remembering always "the loving thing to do." Back of all the doing is the thinking.

The thoughts you think, the little words you say,  
Are the little seeds you scatter day by day.

Because we did not finish our birthday party last month, we are taking up the greater part of our room for it now and so it comes that "Lovie" and "The Fireplace," and Lucy Kellerhouse's "Teddy's Trust," must wait till the next time. We are sure you will all do your best the coming year to make WEE WISDOM and yourselves a power for filling the old world with blossom and perfume.

## Birthday Party==Extra

[These gifts were intended for the Birthday number of WEE WISDOM, but they came too late for the party, and so we are able to set another dainty table for the Wees.—ED.]



### My Trip to Yosemite Valley

BY RUTH MOEBUS

**L**AST month we started for a trip to the Yosemite Valley. We rode on the train as far as Merced, and then changed cars. We rode along and saw all the lovely views of the Merced River. It was very hot, but the scenery was so lovely that we didn't mind that much. It rushed along so quickly until at last we found ourselves at El Portell Station, and here we



GENERAL VIEW OF THE VALLEY

got off and walked up the path to the hotel. We were very dusty, so we had to wash, and then we



MARGUERITE AND HER MULE

the camp and were shown where our tents were, and sister and I had a tent to ourselves.

We liked the camp very much and could see the Yosemite Falls from our tent.

About the third day we were there we went to Glacier Point on mules. We liked the ride up there, and I will send you a picture of my sister and her mule.

When it came near lunch time we sat down near the

had dinner. The next morning after breakfast we took the stage and drove through the valley to Camp Yosemite. It was a lovely ride. We saw El Capatan and the Bridal Veil Falls. They call this the general view of the valley, and you can see it on the picture I am sending.

We were finally let down from the stage into



NEVADA FALLS

river. We then went with our guide to a railing where we looked down and saw the Vernal Falls. We then got on our donkeys, or mules, and went on until we came to the Nevada Falls, and here I got a picture which I send you. We traveled on until about 3 o'clock, and then reached Glacier Point, and the first thing I did was to look over the railing. It was a beautiful view of the valley, and we could see some of the camps and meadows. We went to bed early, as we were going to walk down the short trail in the morning. The next morning we started out about eight to descend the trail. We reached the bottom about eleven o'clock, and from here we rode back to the camp.

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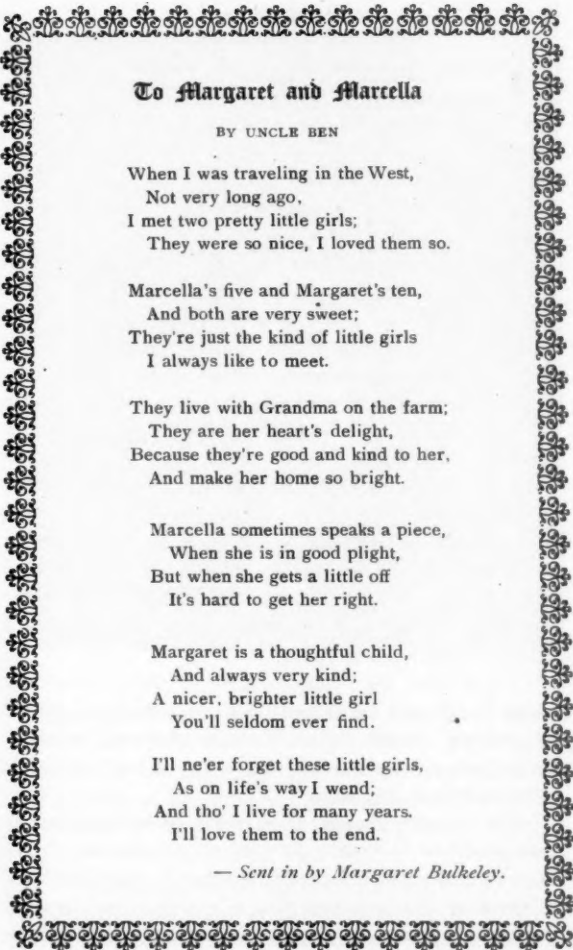
### A Demonstration

BY HILDEGARDE VAN BRUNT

(11 years old)

**T**HERE were three girls walking home from school. I was one of them. School had just let out and the sidewalk and streets were filled with children going home. Suddenly we heard the sound of a motor-cycle behind us. We looked up and saw one in the gutter heading right for us. I was so surprised that I couldn't move. The next thing that I knew was that the motor-cycle had knocked me down.

I just said, "Oh," when the cycle came down on me. The man riding it landed in the lap of another girl, while the third girl escaped without any hurt. I attend the Home of Truth, but my companion did not go there. When we got home we found we had black and blue marks all over our legs and arms. We were surprised to know that they did not hurt us. My companion has often wondered why it did not hurt her more, but I know why and all the little Wees do, too.



### To Margaret and Marcella

BY UNCLE BEN

When I was traveling in the West,  
Not very long ago,  
I met two pretty little girls;  
They were so nice, I loved them so.

Marcella's five and Margaret's ten,  
And both are very sweet;  
They're just the kind of little girls  
I always like to meet.

They live with Grandma on the farm;  
They are her heart's delight,  
Because they're good and kind to her,  
And make her home so bright.

Marcella sometimes speaks a piece,  
When she is in good plight,  
But when she gets a little off  
It's hard to get her right.

Margaret is a thoughtful child,  
And always very kind;  
A nicer, brighter little girl  
You'll seldom ever find.

I'll ne'er forget these little girls,  
As on life's way I wend;  
And tho' I live for many years,  
I'll love them to the end.

— Sent in by Margaret Bulkeley.

### "Georgie"

ON the other page is the picture of a dear little boy named George Fitzroy Tytler. You would not have to know him long before knowing that he is all love. His arms are full, he likes to have them so, and he says they are "long enough to hug all the babies in the world;" but he means that his heart is big enough to love them all.

Many a time when in town has he slipped off the seat in the street car and gone up to pet and admire some little child. Once he went up to a tired mother and said, "You have a very sweet little baby." The way her face lit up showed the pleasure he had given. Georgie loves all the animals, too, and does not think it right to kill them. Last summer a young man working for Georgie's father made a practice of shooting birds and squirrels — any animals, in fact, just to see if he could hit them. One day he shot a nice little chipmunk that had come up to eat scraps from his lunch. Georgie quickly picked up a stone and threw it hard, hitting Mr. K.; so his father said quite sharply, "Why, Georgie, what did you do that for? Mr. K. wasn't doing you any harm."

"Nor was the little chipmunk doing him any harm!" Georgie exclaimed, and he never let up until he entirely stopped Mr. K. from shooting animals. So you see even a wee boy can teach valuable lessons to thoughtless, big men.

But the very biggest love in his great big heart is that which he cherishes for his "little mother." He says so many sweet things to her that it would be hard to think of which to tell you. And he is so eager to get anything she asks him to, that half the time he runs away to fetch it before he learns what it is.





GEORGIE

Georgie is not "too good to be true," and has no idea of growing a pair of wings. He is every inch a willful, boyish boy, and has a great deal to learn; but so long as his heart is crammed full of love, there will never be room for anything less pure.

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*See the bird on the chimney top,  
Singing away without a stop?  
His song is always full of cheer,  
For he knows that all is good, my dear. —B.*

**What God Can Do**

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY WINNIE ROWLEY

One beautiful day  
When the leaves were brown,  
And the sun looked down  
On the little town,  
I happened to see  
In my wanderings there,  
A sweet little girl  
With golden hair.



And this little girl,  
Looked so pretty and bright,  
I loved her at once  
With all my might.  
Said I, "Little girl,  
What is your name?"  
And she said, "Sir,  
I'm Sallie Paine.

"And you see,  
I am very, very lame.  
I have no plaything,  
No doll or toy,  
And so I sit out here  
The sun to enjoy."

I went home by a winding way,  
Thinking and thinking  
Of the long, long day,  
And the many children I had seen  
Playing and romping on the green,  
With dolls a-plenty  
And toys galore,  
And of this little girl so lonely and poor.

As I neared my pleasant home,  
I saw sweet Alice and little Tom  
Playing and romping in childish glee,  
But as they called aloud to me,  
Tom said, "Oh, papa, do come quick,  
And see our new auto,  
She is a brick."

"Where shall I take you?"  
Said Tom to me,  
"For I am learning a chauffeur to be."  
"Take me to that little house,  
But stop when you get there  
As still as a mouse."


He obeyed me, and I alighted there  
And saw the girl with golden hair.  
Said I, "Little girl, do come with me  
And you shall be cured, as you will see."  
I took her home in the automobile,  
And she lived with us  
And soon she was healed.

One day she was playing  
With my boy and girl,  
With eyes a-sparkle  
And hair a-curl.  
She looked up and laughingly asked,  
"What healed me?"  
I had not thought of it in the past.

Said I, "My dear little girl,  
I am glad you have thought  
Of God at last.  
It was God that cured you  
Though silent was he,  
But he did it all through  
The mind of me."

## RUPERT, WILLIE AND DENIS

BY ROSE EVELYN FOLEY

HE sun was shining very brightly; there was hardly a cloud to be seen; the waves lapped lazily on the sand and the green fields and woods stretched beyond the bluffs, for it was an ideal day on the coast of Victoria. Many children were playing about very happily, but one boy about fifteen years of age, lay under a spreading Banksia or native honeysuckle tree.

He had no companions but his own thoughts and they seemed to be rather moody companions, for there was a slight frown on the lad's brow, and his merry gray eyes were clouded, and his determined mouth was set in a purposeful line. His name was Rupert. He intended trying for a competitive examination, which, if he passed, would entitle him to a scholarship in college, but lately his work was falling behind; his opponent, Willie by name, always excelled in his exercises. Rupert made up his mind to do better work; but just then a whistle, peculiar, sharp, interrupted his thoughts. He answered it, for it was a signal between him and his chum, Denis. Just then Denis himself appeared, and called out merrily, "Hullo, Rupert, old chum! But what's wrong? You look glum!"

"Everything's wrong," answered Rupert, gloomily.

"Don't say that, Rupert," said Denis, "You know things appear wrong only as long as we see them so. But won't you tell me all about it, Rupert?"

Rupert did so and Denis said, "Well, cheer up; come for a row in yonder boat now, and when we return we shall study Greek and Euclid (your weak subjects). But trust in God and banish such words

as 'fail' and you will be successful, you know, Rupert."

Denis was a bright boy, always ready to see the silver lining to the dark clouds.

Rupert's face cleared, for he was fond of all outdoor sports, especially boating and cricket, and he began to whistle a merry tune as they walked to where the boat was. They spent a pleasant hour or so. When they returned they went to Rupert's home, and up to his own "den," where they studied for an hour and a half, then Denis remembered he had promised his mother to be home early.

Every afternoon, Rupert and Denis studied together till the final examination.

On the night before the examination, when parting, Rupert said suddenly to Denis, "If I win, Denis, I shall owe it to you."

Denis smiled and answered, "Not to me, Rupert, but to God, in whose care we all are. But goodnight, Rupert, for mother will be anxious about my staying so late. That reminds me, she sent her best wishes for your success tomorrow."

"Thank her very much for me, Denis, and now goodnight."

As his friend went down the path, Rupert stood looking at him, thinking what a friend he was, but just then his mother called, "Come here, Rupert, boy, I want you to help me tonight, dear." He cheerfully did the work mother set him, and that night when she kissed him goodnight, and smoothed his curly brown hair, she felt very proud of her son, for it was an exceedingly hard examination he intended to try for tomorrow.

The class has just assembled in the spacious school room and in the interval before the examination has

begun, Rupert glanced at the severe looking inspector, and then at the teachers and scholars, who seemed very solemn.

He clasped Willie's hand, the boy against whom he was to compete, for these two boys so far excelled their mates that the scholarship was practically divided between them.

Rupert looked at Denis, who nodded and smiled cheerily. This brightened Rupert exceedingly, for the examination has just begun.

First came an easy paper of English, then a rather stiff Algebra, but the Greek and Euclid and Latin were so very difficult that Rupert had to leave some problems unsolved. He again looked at Denis for some encouragement. Denis smiled reassuringly, and Rupert continued with renewed energy and was much pleased to find one or two passages that they had done a day or so before.

By and by the Principal sent for him; and as he passed by, Willie clasped his hand and tried to speak, but could not; Rupert passed on to where the Principal was waiting. He placed his hand on the lad's shoulder and said, "My boy, I have much pleasure in awarding you the scholarship. You have won it well."

"But—but Willie? Has he failed?" asked Rupert.

The Principal answered, "Two scholarships are to be awarded, but I kept this a secret, as I did not intend to award them unless two competitors' papers were nearly equal. But come with me while I announce it to the school, for I know you will be anxious to tell your mother," and you may be sure mother was very proud and glad of Rupert's success.

Rupert was indeed very glad that his winning did not debar Willie from the scholarship.

Denis did not enter for the examination, for his father always intended him to attend a college.

Willie, Rupert and Denis became inseparable friends and were often spoken of as "Three Leaf Clover."

They together went to college, and afterwards became successful and clever men, leading noble and righteous lives.

# Child-Gardening

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY

## GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY

THE LAW OF EXPRESSION

SERIES VII.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE COAL



OSAGE CITY MINERS

The story of earth-building has been divided into four great divisions, known as times. These times

are again separated into other divisions known as ages. The first divisions were four in number and were given Latin names, meaning first, second, third and fourth.

The first division was the period in which dry land first appeared on the earth, and was the subject of our last lesson.

The fourth time was the period in which the plants, trees, animals and people were created.

The second and third time came in between these two.

In the last lesson we talked about the soil and the different kinds of rocks — boulders and stratified rocks.

Stratified rocks are separated again into two other divisions called fossiliferous and non-fossiliferous. Fossiliferous rocks are those in which we find the remains of shells, ferns, fishes, plants and even animals that have lived long, long ago.

The non-fossiliferous rocks are those which have no fossils in them.

Sometimes we find fossils in the coal that we burn. We children have just now returned from the coal house, where, with the aid of the microscope, we were enabled to discover many dainty little fern patterns, woody fiber and fragments of stems.

Often in the cold winter evenings as we sit by the warm grate fire, we look with wondering eyes at the big lumps of coal being changed into bright, cheery flames for our warmth and comfort.

These are the sunbeams of long ago, which were stored up in leaves and stems, and which now come as beautiful treasures, gladdening and cheering us at our own family firesides and shining out again their beautiful light in the same wonderful world in which they shone ages and ages ago. You are wanting to



know how coal is *made*, and how these plants and things came to be *buried* in the earth so long ago.

In the State of Virginia, near the city of Norfolk, there is a low watery piece of land about forty miles long and twenty-five miles wide. This place is just covered with trees, shrubs, vines, mosses, ferns and roots. Streams of water find their way in among this tangled mass—from which all the sand and dirt have been filtered out by the tangled roots and matted vines.

The water in this damp place is as black as the ink that you write with at school, and if you were to drop a shell or stone into it, it would sink, if it were not for a perfect mat of tangled mosses, vines and roots. Everything is so still and lonely that it has been named Dismal Swamp.

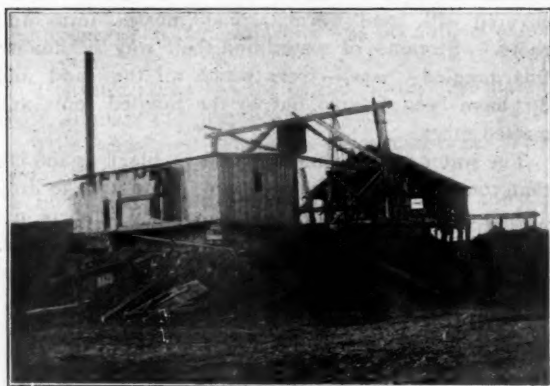
Men have dug way down ten or fifteen feet and have found nothing but peat, which burns like coal, and which, if pressed hard together, would be like coal. Now we can understand how coal is formed and how this swamp might be the beginning of a coal mine. When the leaves and trees fall, they are covered over by more trees that grow each year and finally, after thousands of years, many layers of trees have fallen, and are covered over and have been pressed so tightly together for such a long time that the woody fiber becomes hard like rock. Now it is ready for people to burn and we call it coal.

We can understand, too, how ferns and shells become buried between its layers.

The coal mines in the State of Kansas were once low, wet marshes, such as has just been described. Not long ago we children took our camera and went to pay a visit to the coal mines of Burlingame, Scranton and Osage City, Kansas.

We drove in a carriage from the hotel in Burlingame to a mine a mile or two out from the town.

First we saw what is called the shaft, which was built over a mine about ninety feet deep.



BURLINGAME MINE SHAFT

Here is a picture of it which we made for you.

In the shed at the left there is steam power machinery which raises or lowers a little coal car into the mine. When the little car is full of coal it is taken on a track through the shed at the right where it is loaded into railroad cars to be shipped away.

Way down in the mine, under the ground, men with their picks work all day long getting the coal out of the ground.

My, how dark it is down there! Not a ray of sunshine. The miners could not carry a lantern around with them, for they need their two hands to work with. So the only way they can do, is to wear little lamps fastened right in the front of their caps. Where-

ever the miner goes the little light from the lamp on his cap shines on ahead and shows the way.

We were at the mine when the men had finished their day's work.

They came out all covered with coal dust, but their faces were so honest, kind, sincere and true that they were beautiful to look upon. All of them were Italians and could not speak a word to us.

The gentleman who was with us made them understand that we wanted to take a picture of them. Then



MINERS.

the big man on the right told the others about it, and they waited just a minute to be photographed before they started home for their suppers.

One of the men has his pick with him.

See their dinner buckets, and the little lamps on their caps?

These men love the light just as much as we do, just as much as the flowers do; but they are willing to go way down into the black darkness of the mine in order to earn the bread and butter for the mama and the children. These papas love their children just as much as your papa loves you. And these papas are as glad as can be to do anything for the children's happiness and comfort.

We can hardly understand stronger or purer love than this, and still the good book tells us that the love of the dear heavenly Father is even more tender.



SOME MINER'S CHILDREN

Here are three little people who watched and waited for papa to come out of the big black hole,

and when he did, joyously they ran to him with kisses, many never minding nor seeing the coal-soiled face.

On our way to the carriage we walked with the third miner in the picture. We were with him as he neared his little cottage home and you should have seen how happy and glad the mama and baby Josephine were to welcome the papa home to a good warm supper.



MINER AT HOME

We found here a regular little settlement of Italian miners. And the one thing we noticed above all others was, that each was kind and thoughtful of the others.

The cottages were small and there were not many things in them, and yet the people were happy.

And so we find that the place in which we live has nothing to do with happiness.

We are shown that happiness is not found in the things that we call ours.

The Great Teacher, Jesus the Christ, makes everything so plain and simple. He tells us that happiness is in the heart.

Let us learn this so that we may say it in the dark or on the street car or anywhere:

God in my heart makes my happiness.

Let us begin to *live* in happiness, and let happiness live in *us* right *now*.

When we sit by our pleasant coal fire, let us send a kind and loving thought to the good miner who labors patiently and willingly in the darkness that we may be made warm and comfortable.

Let the miner's little light ever be a symbol of that beautiful divine light within each one of us, which shines on ahead and points the way through all that appears dark and unlovely into the shining path of love and joy and peace.

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### The Story of Bethesda

HOW ALBERTA TOLD IT TO HER SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

Jesus Christ and his Word took the place of the water in those days. I think that God sent the angel once a year to trouble the water that anyone who was sick, if he could step into the water, he believed he would be made whole.

When Jesus saw the sick man he told him to take up his bed and walk, and the man believed what Jesus said and did what he told him to do, and he was made whole. He didn't say he was sick and couldn't take up his bed and walk, but he did it without questioning him. And I believe that everybody ought to obey God and ask no questions, and then everybody would get well and be well. That's what I think about it.

EPISTLES

CAMERON, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Many happy returns for you. I hope this will be the best birthday you ever had. I was ten years young my last birthday. You have been a regular visitor every year. I like you so well I could not do without you. My little sister, Marcella, is five years young. She loves to have me read the stories to her. Grandma is very much interested in "The Story of Lovie." My little cousin that lives in Kansas City has been visiting us. Grandma gave us a lawn party. We played croquet and all kinds of games. We had a fine time. Vacation days will soon be over and it will be time to start to school. I like to go very much. Every morning when I start to school I ask Divine Love and Infinite Wisdom to guide me. It helps me so much with my lessons. I am taking music lessons. I like my teacher so much. I will close for this time, with love to all the Wees and dear Auntie Fillmore. Your loving Wee,

MARGARET BULKELEY.



MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Elsie Foley asked me to write to you, which I am very pleased to do, I like WEE WISDOM very much; Rose lent me some copies. I live here at Collins Street. Melbourne, with my Auntie, who is the manager of the New Thought Club. We have a number of magazines, but we like UNITY as well as any. We have some of them also from Rose. I think Miss Hudson, who is the honorable secretary of the Club, is going to send for it, and some of the members are, too. We have beautiful rooms and very nice meetings. I am so glad that I know this beautiful Truth. With my love to all the Wees.

EVELYN IRENE HULETT.



ALAMEDA, CAL.

MY DEAR LITTLE WEE WISDOM — My first idea of the Home of Truth was one Sunday I called for our little Elizabeth, then four years old, and I waited in her class for her. While there I heard the teacher say, "Now, how do you build a house?" One said "love," another "truth," "health," "goodness," "kindness," "sweetness to all," "happiness," etc. Then it took me there. I wish to be a Truth child, so here I am. I am very fond of the way they teach the word of Christ, and I also enjoy your dear paper. If it was not for that one Sunday I would never have read about it. Now a word about the Home of Truth. I

think it a lovely place to go and pray to our God. They teach the feeble to be well and teach you more than I can take the time to write. But I am thankful that I am a Home of Truth girl. Hoping your little Wees will continue to do good work to all who are unable to be near a church and bring some nearer to Christ.

EMMA E. FISHER.



GRINNELL, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — It has been a year since I wrote to you last, so I think it is time I am writing, or WEE WISDOM would not continue her visits to me any longer, and I do not want her to miss me one month. I have three new pets, a mother cat and two kittens, and they are as cute as they can be. A friend who comes to see me every Sunday has a kodak, and she took my picture with my dolls yesterday, and if it proves good I will send you one. It was a very warm day yesterday so we decided to have our dinner out doors, and we chose the grape arbor. It was like a picnic. I spent two weeks of my vacation in Marshalltown, and had a very nice time, and I got my kitty there too. Enclosed you will find traveling money for a year, a poem and a post card to show I have not neglected my art studies. And I wish to thank you for the encouraging words you gave me in reply to my letter last year. In God's blessing I am your little Wee,

GERTRUDE LANGE.

Here is the poem:

Happy is the summer time,  
With all its joys and pleasures:  
And glorious is the autumn,  
When we feast on its rich treasures.



GERTRUDE'S POST CARD



CASPAR, CAL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I am up visiting Mrs. Hubbard. She is sick in bed and I come up to visit her very often. She said that you would remember her and she wished that you would make her well. I am taking WEE WISDOM and I read it to Mrs. Hubbard as soon as it arrives. I like to read "The Story of Lovie." I have been taking the paper since January and like it very much. Mrs. Hubbard has a nice little garden, with roses, carnations and a very nice collection of flowers. I also have a nice flower garden of my own. I have a dog named Prince and a cat named Snowball. She has a little kitten and she coaxes it off into the woods to play. They have a red and blue contest. The blues are ahead of us now. We have a very good minister. His name is Mr. Brown. He is going to Utah to preach. I am very sorry to have him go. I live up on Knot Hill. I brought a little friend up with me to visit Mrs. Hubbard. Well, as news is scarce, I will close for this time. With love,

BLANCHE CARGILE.



CASEYVILLE, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Enclosed you will find fifty cents for the renewal of the WEE WISDOM. We all like the little magazine very much and think we could not do without it. There are many interesting stories in it. I think it is very lovely this month. This is my second letter to you. I will close with love to you and all of the Wees.

ANNIE STOLLE.



TYABB, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR WISDOM—Your visits to our home have been very enjoyable, more especially since 1908. I have been alone, for my only two sisters have gone to a ladies' college in Melbourne. I was so glad last Thursday when WEE WISDOM and all her brothers and sisters came into our school. I had to get some of my schoolmates to assist me to carry them home, and I have had a grand time reading you all. One day father was driving along when he heard a little cat mewling, so he got down and picked it up and brought it home to me; but the dear little kitten is blind. It knows my voice so well and I want all the WEES to help me to treat it. I am bringing a little girl with me this year and she encloses you a letter. Her name is Evelyn Irene Hulett. I am bringing her to WEE WISDOM's birthday party; and now, as it is the twenty-first, we shall have to run to reach it. I must now conclude. With love to all the Wees. Your loving friend,

MARY ELSIE FOLEY.



COOPER, MICH.

DEAR WEES—What made you so late this month? I could hardly wait till you came. My! but you had a big birthday party. I am sorry I cannot send anything but a letter for WEE WISDOM.

FAUN WILLIAMS.

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have decided to present you with a story about my trip to the Yosemite Valley this vacation for your birthday. I hope to see it in print. I am sure the Wees will like to hear about it if they haven't seen it, as it is so beautiful. Your loving Wee,

RUTH MOEBUS.

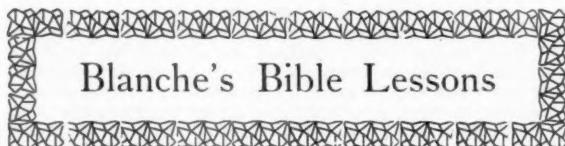


NUCLA, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am coming to the birthday party. bringing a poem that I made up and illustrated myself.\* I don't suppose you would call it a poem, but I hope to see it in print in the August WEE WISDOM. Well, I will close, wishing you many happy birthdays. I am your loving Wee.

WINNIE ROWLEY.

\* Winnie's poem and picture appear on pages 10 and 11 of this number.



## Blanche's Bible Lessons

LESSON 10. SEPTEMBER 6.

### Saul and Jonathan Slain in Battle — I. Samuel 31:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Prepare to meet thy God* — Amos. 4:12.

The golden text gives us the keynote of this story. The fighting between the Israelites and the Philistines and the death of Saul were to prepare the Philistines to meet their God. It had been a long time since they had remembered Jehovah. Since Saul had become king, the Israelites had not listened to the gentle voice within, which we know is the king over all things. They began to look without all the time, and gradually they forgot how to listen to the Spirit. When we continually look at material things, we begin to think they are very real. So it would seem that the Israelites or truth were being overcome by the Philistines or error. Of course this can never really happen, but to those who have forgotten the power of God, it sometimes looks that way.

Now in the battle, so the story goes, Saul dies. Things do look dismal for the Israelites. They have been defeated, and their homes have fallen into the hands of the enemy. What will they do? We know that everything is for the best, and don't you

suppose that now in their trouble, they will remember that wonderful power which has helped them many, many times, and which never failed to answer when they called? If they do that, then do you not think that the battle and all their seeming trouble was to prepare them to meet their God? We will hear more about this in the next lesson.

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LESSON 11. SEPTEMBER 13.

**David Made King Over Judah and Israel — II.  
Samuel 2:1-7; 5:1-5.**

GOLDEN TEXT — *David went on and grew great, and the Lord of hosts was with him.* — II. Samuel 5:10.

Here is another story about David. We all love this shepherd king of the Israelites and never tire of hearing of his love and gentle strength. Now you may think that the expression gentle strength sounds queer, but you must know that the strongest people are those mild, quiet souls who trust in the power of the Spirit within them, and work wonders; but they always do it quietly. Well, this David was just such a man. When things are in a turmoil, and he doesn't know exactly what to do, he asks Jehovah. David goes up to Hebron and is anointed King of Judah. So you see it is just as we said in the last lesson. The people of Israel have gone back to their old safe way of listening to the voice within. It is really the only way to learn the truth and keep in Divine order. Then, too, they have David, which means love and faith, as their leader. Keep love and faith in your hearts, and have the Spirit within as king in your Israel, and everything will go smoothly.

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LESSON 12. SEPTEMBER 20.

**Review**

GOLDEN TEXT — *And David perceived that the Lord had established him king over Israel, and that He had exalted his kingdom for His people Israel's sake.* — II. Samuel 5:12.

The lessons of this quarter begin with the story of the Israelites asking for a king, and carry us all through Saul's reign, when the people of Israel forgot the Spirit within, and end with the beginning of the reign of the shepherd king.

One lesson which I think should be impressed upon us is this: We must be very careful of our wishes. Because if we wish long enough, and in the right way, as I have said before, we will probably get what we wish for. But very often after we get it we discover that it is not at all what we want. Sometimes it gives us a great deal of trouble. So the best way is just to say, everything is in Divine order, and my own will come to me. Then all good will come to us, and we will never have anything to regret. In short, the whole quarter can be summed up in this: *Never forget to look to the Spirit for guidance in all your affairs.*

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LESSON 13. SEPTEMBER 27.

**Temperance Lesson — Isaiah 5:11-23.**

GOLDEN TEXT — *Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.*  
 Prov. 20:1.

And here is another temperance lesson. "Be temperate in all things." How very important that must be, because we have so many lessons about it. Why, if we could do that, just think how happy we would be. We'd never be angry, or sick, or unhappy. We'd never eat too much, play too much or think too much about dress or money, because all those things are intemperate. But we would always do the right thing at the right time. We'd always be happy and well and strong and free. Wouldn't that be glorious? It sounds so simple, too. Just be temperate.

This lesson is about strong drink. We know that drink makes people do what the Israelites did, forget their God, and we all know enough to be temperate in that respect, but what we do not all know so well is, how to be temperate in all things. It isn't hard, but you must keep at it all the time. Every time you find yourself getting angry, or unhappy, or doing anything that you know is intemperate, just shut your eyes and get real still, and say, "I am guided by the Spirit within me". Then all your anger, unhappiness or whatever it may be, will slip away, and you will feel so peaceful and full of joy that you will wonder why you never tried it before.

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*Gee! is that the school bell ringin'?*  
*Goodness! where's my books and hat?*  
*Doesn't hurt if I do miss singin'.*  
*Wonder where they can be at?*

—B.

## Blanche's Corner.



September again. My, it's school time. How fast vacation has slipped away, and now we are going back, healthy and happy. Are you glad? Well, I know that all of you, whether you are just starting in the first grade or have mounted a number of rungs on the ladder, will have a bright, pleasant and profitable school year.

It seems a long time since I placed a reluctant little hand in my mother's, and stumbled for the first time into the school room. I have stumbled in a good many first days since, and have always been a little nervous, but my fear never rose to such heights of positive terror as on that, my very first day. When I looked at row after row of clean sleek-haired, tragic looking little individuals, I was very much tempted to run. But I didn't. I remember slipping into the seat which had been assigned me, and sitting in the same position, looking at the same spot on the blackboard for what seemed to me hours. At last, however, I mustered courage to look about, and it was not long before I was whispering, giggling, writing notes and throwing paper wads in the regulation way. And I soon learned to love that little school room, with its blackboards, chalk, pointers and erasers; its scarred and battered desks, whose under sides were plastered with numerous quids of chewing gum, and

the little black-haired teacher who gave me such a wise and loving start on the road to knowledge. But there, it seems to me I am talking too much about a certain little red-haired girl. However, I must tell you one more thing. You know that sometimes things don't go smoothly. We don't seem to be able to learn the rules of grammar, or we have trouble in arithmetic. I know how it goes, because I have been there. But I never met a difficulty that I couldn't overcome. I knew a secret that always helped me. It was this: I learned that if I started out every morning saying, *God is my intelligence*, my lessons would come easy. Now suppose you try that. If things seem to be getting twisted, just stop and say that over a few times, and think about it. The first thing you know everything will straighten out beautifully. I have tried it and I know it is true.

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THE SMILES

*If there were smiles for sale  
At some fair market where  
The rich, the poor, the low, the high,  
Might hurry with their change to buy,  
What crowds would gather there!*

*Yet there are smiles enough,  
And each might have his share,  
If every one would do or say  
One — just one — kind thing every day,  
To lift some other's care.*

— S. E. KISER, in *Chicago Record-Herald*.



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## September, 1908



*Then the cool breeze of September ;*

*Tells us that the fall is here ;*

*There's a hurry and a bustle*

*In the very atmosphere.*

*Where does all that laughter come from?*

*Why, the school yard over there.*

*Bless your heart, if it's not school time !*

*So that's what is in the air.*

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