

WEE WISDOM

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



OCTOBER, 1908
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Little Miss Bright Eyes



*Once Little Miss Bright Eyes with Grandma and Tray
Went off for a walk on a bright summer day.
Laughing and talking and finding sweet flowers,
Never were spent any happier hours.*

*"Who sends the sunshine, the blossoms and trees?"
Bright Eyes asked Grandmama, "Tell me now, please,"
And Grandmama answered, her voice pure and sweet,
"Such blessings all come from the Father, complete."*

*"I never have seen him," Miss Bright Eyes said then
"I've looked for him everywhere, time and again."
Then she looked up at Grandma, and saw with surprise
The Father's good angel in Grandmama's eyes.*

—L. H. H.



VOL. XIV.

OCTOBER, 1908

No. 3.

THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

I.

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER

THIS is the way it happened: Robert Wilson and Willie Monk were up in the tree throwing apples down to Archie Smith, who gathered them up in a pile. The girls sat under the big prune tree at the other side of the orchard, and, after the manner of girls, waited for the boys to bring them the apples.

Margaret Gray was holding a copy of *WEE WISDOM* in her hand, and was saying, "We have read everything in here, now what shall we do?"

"I'm afraid we won't have any more good long afternoons like this to play together; school begins next week," sighed Mildred Monk.

"I'm glad it does," said Nellie Nelson, "and yet we have had such good times this summer; we can't have half as good times in the winter, can we?"

"Let's have a club this winter," said Sallie Pettinger. "We could have no end of fun, and we could have a president and secretary and a name, and we could wear a badge, and oh, girls! we could have so much fun; let's do it."

Then the boys brought the apples and the girls told them about the club, and the boys thought it a fine plan, and — well that is how it happened.

Of course there were lots of things that had to be done before it was a regular club, but the five girls and three boys soon got to work, and when it was time to go home the new club adjourned in the proper parliamentary manner.

Margaret Gray was elected president, Sallie Pettinger was secretary, and Robert Wilson (men understand money matters better) was treasurer.

The name was what caused the greatest amount of thought. "Sweet Brier," "The Boys and Girls' Club," "The Bee Hive," and several other names were discarded, however, when Lois Pettinger said, "Let's call it 'Wee Wisdom Club,' 'cause we made up the club when we went over in the orchard to read the magazine; and then it would seem kind of 'propriate as we are going to read stories from WEE WISDOM in our club."

It was really a good idea, and the more they talked about it the better it seemed, so at last "Wee Wisdom" became the name, and all were satisfied with it.

Of course they must have badges, and in spite of the fact that Nellie wanted red, because red was the color of life, and she had heard her mother say that "there was nothing deader than a dead club," yet they decided upon pink and blue, because Archie liked pink the best of any color and Willie liked blue the best.

Then they all ran home and the afternoon shadows crept across the orchard grass where Sallie, Lois and Archie lingered to talk over the plans for their new club—what they would do and how they would do it; then they went into the honse where Sallie, as the newly elected secretary, wrote out the following minutes:

OUR TOWN, SEPTEMBER 5, 1908.

The Wee Wisdom Club held its first meeting under the biggest prune tree. The members are Margaret Gray, Robert Wilson, Mildred and Willie Monk, Archie Smith, who is visiting us, Lois and me. We had Margaret for president, Robert for treasurer, and me for secretary. We are going to have great big badges of blue and pink ribbon tied in a bow. We are to meet every Friday evening after school, because school gets out at half past two on Friday. We are going to read WEE WISDOM and write stories and do lots of other things all winter. Margaret thinks that we had better make some Christmas presents for the orphans that live across the river, but Robert Wilson wants to make some for our fathers and mothers. We didn't decide yet what to do. It's getting late now, so I must close for this time.

Very truly yours,

SALLIE PETTINGER.

Sallie showed the minutes to her mother. "Are they all right, mother?" asked the little girl, anxiously.

"They are very complete and clear, which is the important thing always," she was told, "but we do not end the minutes of a meeting as if they were a letter; and in speaking of one's self, we do not use the personal pronoun, 'me,' 'my,' or 'I.' You should say in speaking of yourself, 'the secretary' or use your name just as if you were speaking of someone else."

"Don't you think we will have a jo dandy club, mother?" asked Lois.

"Yes, I think you will, if one of your endeavors is to eliminate slang," was the reply.

"What does *eliminate* mean?" inquired Lois.

"Cast out, or leave out," answered mother.

"Cast out slang, leave out slang," repeated Lois, wondering. "Oh, yes I know what you mean about slang, you want us to 'cut it out'—all right, we will."

After dinner the children went to bed, but not directly to sleep; for they talked a long time about their club, and even when the sandman did at last catch them, he sent them off to a land of clubs and badges and motions, and they were called to order only by the breakfast bell the next morning.

THE SMILE THAT CAME BACK

Mary Brewerton de Witt

MY pet, I see you've lost your smile,
Why, can't you find it, dear?
Could it have melted in the rain?
Now, that is very queer!

We'll hunt about among the chairs,
And on the floor we'll look,
And in the grass amidst the flowers,
And down beside the brook.

Quick, take my hand and run with me,
For we must find that smile.
Why, bless my heart! what's this I see?
'Twas here this live long while!

And so you thought you'd try a cry,
To see how it would feel;
But to a loving girl like you,
The smiles will surely steal,

And play about my darling's mouth,
And make a cheery day;
Now run away, you sobs and sighs,
Love's smile has come to stay!

MY TRIP TO YOSEMITE

II.

MIRROR LAKE AND HAPPY ISLES

BY RUTH MOEBUS

THIS time I am going to tell you about the trip to Mirror Lake and the Happy Isles. We started out early in the morning at about six o'clock in the

stage and went to Mirror Lake and got out of the wagon just in time to see the glorious sun come peeking up over the first peak. After you have watched it come up you go a little farther and see it come over again, and so on until you have seen it nine times. You can see it in the water, as it is so clear. You see how clearly it reflects the mountain in the picture I am sending you.



MIRROR LAKE

After we had stayed at the lake for awhile we got in the stage and rode to Happy Isles. We left the stage when we reached the foot of the trail and started to walk

to the Happy Isles. There are many different views of the Isles, but I will send you only one, as I am afraid the Editor couldn't print them all, there are so many. I hope you will get an idea of how beautiful they are, but you never will know until you have seen them yourself.

We had our lunch along, so we spent our whole day there. There are lots of little squirrels who run out on the trails sometimes, and they are very cunning. I

would like to have taken a picture of one little fellow who sat eating a nut, but they are too frisky.

We now started to go back to the camp, but before we had gone far we saw an artist with his outfit painting a picture of the Happy Isles. It was very beautiful and interesting to watch, but it was getting late so we started back to the camp once more. It is a very pleasant walk, and we met some campers who were making dinner by the road, and it made us hungry, so we hurried on to get ours.

We reached the camp just as the sun was going down, so we saw a sunrise and a sunset that day.



VIEW OF THE HAPPY ISLES

I see that I will have a little more room so I will tell you something about the Indians of Yosemite Valley.

We went to the camp where the few Indians still remain, and saw them all but the man. There are



A SQUAW AT WORK

three women and a little boy and the baby. The oldest squaw's name is Lucy, and she is very funny in some ways. She wouldn't let me take her picture so I will tell you about her. She has short gray hair and looks very old, and she can hardly walk. She has very small feet and wraps them up in cloth.

The little baby is a girl and her name is Alice, and her mama's name is Rosie. Her

mother makes baskets and beads and sells them to the people. The little boy is very shy and won't talk.

The other squaw let me take her picture, so I will send you one. I must tell you that they still eat acorns and make bread of them. They put them in an acorn house and dry them, then shell them and take large stones and grind them into acorn flour and make bread.

I would like to tell you more, but I guess I will wait till next time to finish my story.

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TEDDY'S TRUST COMPANY

LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE

THE Mayberrys thought they had troubles. Papa Mayberry had gone away the year before on a long journey. He would never return; but they were to go to meet him, one by one, when word came. That might be many, many years hence; in the meantime Mama Mayberry and the two children tried to do what papa had done — keep the fire burning and the pot boiling.

The first thing that Mama Mayberry did was to keep boarders. After a year of this she sat down and counted up the two columns of "credit" and "debit," and found that the bountiful table which she had spread and her moderate charge had left her in debt. Hilda was going to high school, after which she hoped to teach. Teddy went to school and sold papers.

"I cannot help feeling discouraged," said Mama Mayberry. "I do not see how Hilda can keep on at school. She will have to go into a store."

Hilda sighed as she looked at her school books. "Don't cry, mama," she said bravely. "I will help all I can."

"I will try dressmaking next," said Mama Mayberry, "but I don't believe I'll succeed."

Teddy looked up from counting of pennies.

"Of course you won't, mama," he said gravely.

"I don't see why I shouldn't," she said with some energy.

"Mama, I've changed my mind; you will succeed. I just thought you wouldn't because you said you knew you wouldn't, that's all."

He went on with his little pile of coin. "It's this

way, mama," he said, sitting back on his feet like a little Turk, and looking up at her, "if you don't think you're going to come out all right, why you won't. It's settled right there. You're thinking of the *outside* things that are going to happen; and not of the *inside*, real, true part that makes all come out right.

"Mama," he added, "I'm the man of the family now. I'm little, I'm only eleven, and I can't do so awfully much; but I feel I've got to take care of you and Hilda. I have a plan, and when I've got it all clear in my mind, I'll tell you all about it."

Then Teddy went on stacking up his pennies, for that was the business before him just then. Mama Mayberry, having caught his spirit, said that she would buy a new sewing machine and pay off monthly for it, and Hilda must continue at school.

Teddy put away his pennies in the family pocket-book. Then he sat down and wrote, in a large, plain round hand the following words upon a large bit of cardboard:

Teddy's Trust Company

"It's this way, mama," he explained, "whenever you or Hilda or I want anything, we must go to the Trust Company for it. We are really the Trust Company ourselves. Now, say you want a new sewing machine; if you trust real hard and true you'll get it. How do I know? Why, didn't you read to us these very words, 'Ask and receive that your joy may be full.'"

It's God's way of doing things, and we must do this way. He is the big stockholder of the company and supplies everything. The capital is awful big. It just has no end. When we think of outside things, we forget all about the inside capital, which we can all draw on and keep drawing on. We just give our note, which reads like this:

PLEASE pay to the undersigned whatever he wants.

(Signed in faith)

TEDDY MAYBERRY.

Hilda was smiling, "I need a new dress," she said.

"Then open up an account with the Trust Company," said Teddy promptly; "only instead of putting in, you draw out. You just put in *trust*. You might just as well have a new dress as 'the lilies of the field.'"

Mama Mayberry had clasped her hands and they lay folded in her lap. Very softly she repeated:

"Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If God so clothe the grass of the field, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

This is a practical age, believing in material things; yet the spring of pure water breaks through the mountain side, and lives from age to age, the same spring

of truth to quench the soul's thirst. Teddy had found a spring of clear water.

"Now that papa's gone away, we just have God," he said. "He knows how things ought to be, and he's going to take care of us. We musn't stop to worry, but just go ahead. Things come to us 'cording as we are ready to receive them, so if we just fix ourselves right we needn't mind the rest."

Mama Mayberry knew this was true, and she used to think she believed it was true when papa was alive and all was well. Now, however, she made up her mind to *know* it was true, so she cheerfully took stock in Teddy's Trust Company, paying in faith and receiving in supply.

How did the Company prosper? What a question! Water seeks its level and faith finds fulfillment, so if you think you have trouble, start a Trust Company of your own, and you will find that you never can overdraw on the capital stock. When you throw a ball up it obeys the law of gravitation and comes down; and when you *trust*, you receive, for your faith obeys another law, and God's laws never fail.

So, of course, Mama Mayberry got her sewing machine; and then she drew largely upon the Trust Company and got plenty of custom. Hilda went to school, and had two little pupils after school; and as for Teddy, he sold papers to his heart's content; and though this isn't a fairy tale, but one that can happen any day, "they lived happy forever after."

"Do your best when in the schoolroom ;

Do your best at work or play ;

Do your best whate'er befall you —

Do it bravely day by day."

THE SUNBEAM'S STORY

BELLE BURT



T was the early morning time, at the beginning of a June day, bright with promises. The East was all rosy and golden with the coming of myriads of beautiful sunbeams that were rapidly descending upon the earth and all its living creatures.

I was up and out betimes, that I might enjoy the awakening of all things to a newness of life. I had seated myself upon a little knoll, listening to the greeting that seemed to come from all sides to meet the new day. It seemed like one grand pæan of thanksgiving going up from all things to the great Father for his care and protection during the hours of rest and slumber, and the thought welled up from within me, oh the joy of just living and being one of his living creatures!

The earth was now all flooded with an army of sunbeams, their golden armor glinting in the sweet, fresh air of the morning.

As I sat entranced with the scene so indescribably beautiful before me, a band from this shining, glistening army came and clustered around me. They nestled in my hair, ran little races over my forehead, head, kissed my eyelids and went dancing down over my cheeks, chased each other as in hide and seek, around my lips and ran down about my throat.

"Oh, shining ones, in your raiments of light," I said, "I pray you rest awhile your merry dancing feet, just cuddle down here with me for a time and tell me the story of your lives."

"With that they all seemed to join hands and their tiny, flying feet went faster than ever, and the

music of their song and laughter rippled everywhere in the morning breeze.

At last, at a signal from their leader, they settled down in tiny rows in every spot that gave them welcome.

"Now, tell me," I said, "about your little lives, that seem so beautiful. Where did you come from? How did you get here? Why did you come here? Why are you so happy, and are you always so full of life and joy? Was your home most beautiful that you came from? Did you want to come here, or did they make you come?"

One little sunbeam held up his hands for me to stop, and in a voice in which was mingled consternation and surprise, he asked, "Do you expect such tiny, little creatures as we to answer questions so much bigger than we are?"

Another little fellow doubled himself up while the golden ripples of laughter came from his tiny throat, when he could control himself he said, "Why you have asked questions that you people with all your wonderful brains could not answer about yourselves."

"Oh," he said, "this is too funny for anything," away he went again into another fit of giggles.

At last order was restored and they conferred for a little time together, to see who should answer my many questions. Some seemed to think the leader should be chief spokesman.

At last it was decided, that in view of the fact that there were so many questions and they covered so much ground, that the work should be divided amongst a number, and still others should be appointed as monitors, so that if anything of importance was likely to be left out the speaker could be prompted a little.

The leader assigned the first question to one very bright sunbeam, known to the others by the name of Golden Beam.

He rose in his place in his tiny golden sandals that forever seemed to be on the move, and he said, "Say, pretty lady, could you answer this question yourself?"

I had to confess that while I might answer it in a general way, I could give nothing very definite about it.

"Well," continued Golden Beam, "It is recorded in our little hearts, that the elements that go to make up our little lives come from the Father, a Being who is so wise, so strong, so good, so loving, that we need never have one fear about anything. He never for one moment forgets us, never for one instant refuses us life, light and sustenance. We know that he is our Father and will be forevermore. In our journey this morning, we came from a most beautiful home, the great golden sun that has just now climbed the eastern hills and sends his loving light to you. I wish I could tell you all about this glorious place, but there are some secrets about it that we must not tell to any one yet. The time will come when we shall find a brain that can receive it all, and then we shall whisper the secret to that one, and then by and by the whole world will know it. But, say, it is too funny for anything, the ideas that people have about this great beautiful sun home, to think that some should say that it is one great mass of fire whose tongues of flame lap out for thousands of miles into space." At this, knowing little smiles went around the whole assembly of sunbeams. "Well," he went on, "the world will be a great deal wiser some day and a great deal happier too."

"I came from this sun home all resplendent with glorious light, millions of others are constantly com-

ing, whilst others are being ushered in there to take our places. I shall leave it to some other beam to tell why we are here.

With a most gracious bow and smile, he took his place in a little row of sunbeams.

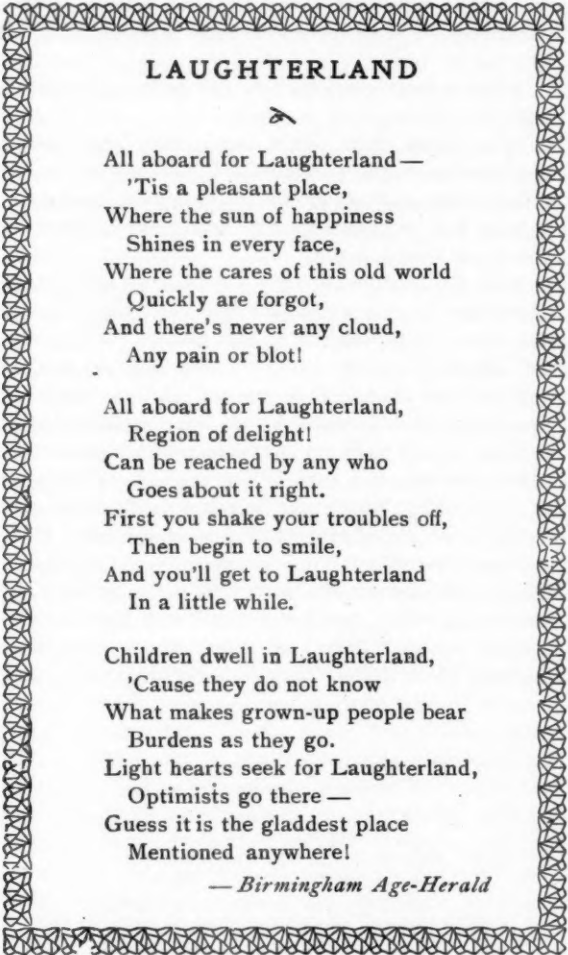
The leader then called out a tiny ray, known amongst his mates as Tiny Eyes, because he was so small, "You may answer the next question Tiny Eyes, because it is your first trip out from home and you enjoyed your ride so much."

At that, a little one with his eyes all abrim with merry light stood up and said in a voice that sounded like the musical tinkling of tiny bells. "Oh, it was the jolliest that ever was; Oh, we came so fast, so much faster than I ever can tell on tiny waves of ether, they said it was. A very wise teacher told us all about it and said it was everywhere throughout all space, that the great good Father made it, not only for us to travel on, but so that he could send anything he wanted to to any of his creatures on any planet. Then we heard the voice of the Father in our little hearts, saying, 'Be not afraid, launch out into the deep, go earthward, return not hence until you have accomplished the work whereunto I send you.' And away we came full of delight to do his holy bidding."

(To be continued.)

*Oh! the world is full of playmates
Wheresoever we may go —
Playmates, merry playmates, happy
Friends who love us so.
Peep within, then, little people,
At the pretty picture's smile,
And be like the world around you,
Happy playmates all the while.*

— Sent in by GEORGIA WORLEY.



LAUGHTERLAND



All aboard for Laughterland —
'Tis a pleasant place,
Where the sun of happiness
Shines in every face,
Where the cares of this old world
Quickly are forgot,
And there's never any cloud,
Any pain or blot!

All aboard for Laughterland,
Region of delight!
Can be reached by any who
Goes about it right.
First you shake your troubles off,
Then begin to smile,
And you'll get to Laughterland
In a little while.

Children dwell in Laughterland,
'Cause they do not know
What makes grown-up people bear
Burdens as they go.
Light hearts seek for Laughterland,
Optimists go there —
Guess it is the gladdest place
Mentioned anywhere!

— *Birmingham Age-Herald*

Child-Gardening

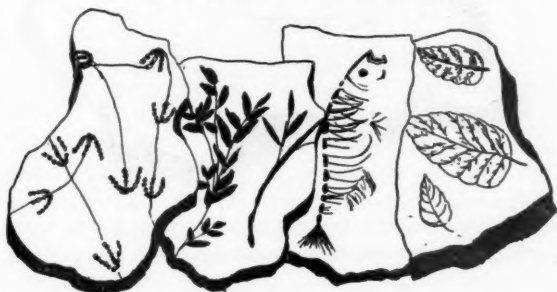
CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY

THE LAW OF EXPRESSION

SERIES VIII.

GOD'S STORIES IN THE ROCKS



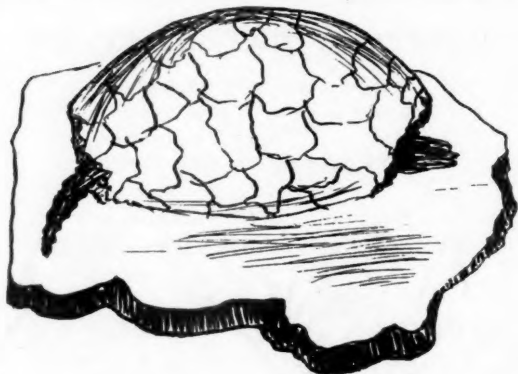
The time in which the coal beds were formed and in which fossils were locked up in rocks, was called the Paleozoic (Pay-lee-oz-ic) time.

In this lesson we shall not study the rocks, except as treasure-houses for animals, plants, shells, etc., which lived long, long ago. This study is called by a long name, Paleontology, and means just simply the study of fossils or things that have lived in other days and have been preserved by Nature in the rocks.

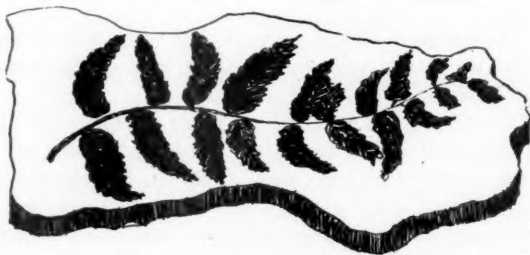
Recently three of our own WEE WISDOM Band made several trips to the Kansas State House, as well

as to Washburn College, for no other purpose than to study the fossils and make little sketches of them for this lesson.

They found preserved, perfectly, in the solid rock, a large turtle, fish, worms, ferns, leaves of all kinds,



shells, rain marks and many other things which enjoyed this beautiful earth-home ages and ages ago.



This beautiful fern nodded in the breezes and drank in the dews and sunbeams long, long ago.



Many thousand of years ago this impression was made by an animal unlike any that lives in the world today.

Are these not marvelous sermons which we read in the stones, and should we not be very thankful for them? Why, if every book in the world

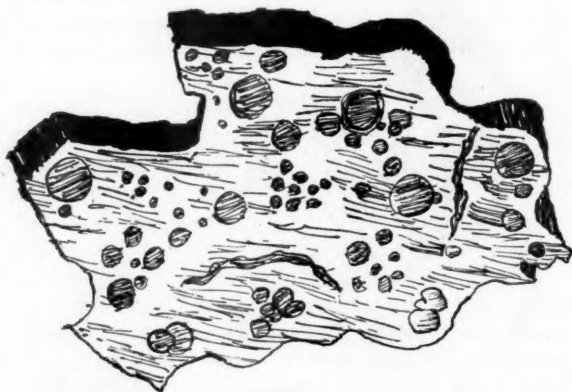
should be destroyed, we could even then read correctly and accurately from the rocks the complete history of the world from its beginning to the present time.

In the rocks we find *truth*. We truly know this, because what we find are *more than pictures*; they are *impressions* of the things *themselves*, and even a *part* of the things themselves are left on the stone pages for us to see with our own eyes and touch with our hands. One day a teacher of natural science took his pupils out into the groves, on the hillsides and along the streams for observation study. Seated on an old log beside a beautiful stream, his eyes earnestly directed on a grand old boulder, he read by the aid of his microscope a most interesting story.

The rock had come many miles from the place where it then rested. The teacher even told the direction from whence it came. Every little mark or scratch was full of meaning and served as a link in the beautiful story.

From another rock, upon which were seen little indentations, the teacher read of a rain storm which fell

in large drops, ages and ages ago, about noon on a very hot day. He also read that the wind had quickly



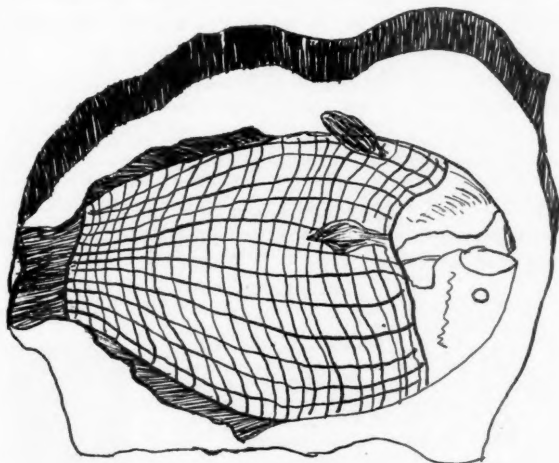
RAIN MARKS MADE BY RAINDROPS WHICH FELL TO THE EARTH AGES AGO

covered the raindrop impressions with a layer of loose sand.

It surprises us to know that through understanding and with the seeing eye, so much may be read from what appears to be a cold, dumb stone. The teacher knew that the day on which the storm occurred must be hot or the marks would not have dried so quickly. The sun would have to be very hot so he read that the drops fell about the middle of the day when the sun is the hottest. He knew that the impressions had been quickly covered with sand, for if they had not been they could not have been thus preserved. Later the sand and water were pressed closely together and the solid rock was formed.

Near Forest City, Dakota, in a country that was once inhabited only by Indians, and just across the Missouri River from what is now known as the Sioux

Indian Reservation, there is a large rock; large enough for a dozen people to sit on at one time. The Indians call it "Medicine Rock," and on it are many perfect impressions of hand and footprints. The Indians say that these are the hand and footprints of the



A FISH OF OTHER DAYS

Great Spirit, and those who are called "medicine men" often go to the rock to talk to the Great Spirit. We know that these hand and footprints were made just as the raindrop impressions were. And aren't we glad that we know that the Great Spirit is all and in all, within you and me and within everybody and everything, and that we need not go to any particular place to talk with our kind and loving Father. We can talk with him any time, for he is always with us.

And aren't we glad that the Indians and everybody are beginning to know this glorious truth. WEE

WISDOM's cover picture tells the beautiful story, where the children of all nations have found the Christ-child.

Little Grace of the Apaches will help her people. Her picture at the birthday party shows that she is shining out her light.

Just as we find the truth of the ages through the stone impressions, so do we every day find the truth of God's love. We see it in every little blossom, in every cloud and in every little spear of grass; we hear it in every wind harp and in every bird song; we see it more clearly shining from the soul windows and through the eyes of every child of God.

DEAR kind God, I thank you that I have the seeing eye and the hearing ear for all the beautiful gifts that are mine.

LITTLE ANNA

By Aunt Mary

LITTLE Anna
 Could play the piano,
 And sing in a loud, high key;
 And this little Anna
 Had a beautiful manner
 Of counting her one, two, three :
 "One for the Good,
 Two, do as you should;
 And three is for Love and me!"

"Talk happiness, not now and then,
 But every blessed day;
 And let your life reflect at least
 The half of what you say."

EPISTLES

[Here is a mislaid Birthday greeting. We can't tell how it ever run away and hid while WEE WISDOM was having her party. But we're glad it's found itself for October.—Ed.]

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am asked to write a letter. I go to the Home of Truth, Sunday School and my teacher is Mrs. Moebus. I have read your little books and think they are awfully nice. Mrs. Moebus told me that it was WEE WISDOM's birthday, and told me to write to you about the good I have done through going to the Home of Truth. One night I slept with my brother and he woke up with the appearance of a bad toothache. I treated him and said that God was his health, he could not be sick. When I looked at him he was asleep. I am eleven years old and I live at 1738 Alameda Ave. Well, I think I will have to say goodbye. I send my love. Your affectionate friend

ALICE LEVY.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR WEES AND EDITOR—I have received WEE WISDOM for a birthday gift for a year, but this is my first letter to you. My year is up now, so I won't get it at home any more, but at our Sunday School. It is our Sunday School paper. I go to the Home of Truth. I love my Sunday School teacher very much. Her name is Mrs. Annie Moore. I hope to see my letter in print when I get my WEE WISDOM at Sunday School. My papa gives me lessons on the cornet, my brother, Raymond on the piccolo, and a little girl named Myrtle Faust, that goes to our Sunday School, lessons on the violin. I was fourteen years old September 19th. Raymond was twelve September 5th. I will be in the B 7th class and Raymond in the A 5th. I will send you a nice little motto I learned in Sunday School last Sunday.

*I love everybody
And everybody loves me.*

Everybody's friend,

BELLE BARTLOW.

P. S. I will send you my picture which was taken four years ago. I resemble it, but do not wear curls any more.



BELLE BARTLOW
when 10 years old

CLAYPOOL, IND.

DEAR WEES—I thought I would write you a little letter. I will send you some verses. I think that WEE WISDOM is a nice

little book. It has such nice little stories in it. I think that the little Wees are doing fine in writing stories we all like to read. I will start to school the 14th of September, but I will write you if I do go to school. I will be in the fifth grade, and am ten years young. Truly your little Wee

GEORGIA WORLEY.

P. S. I thought I would send you a penny. G. W.

[WEE WISDOM thanks Georgie for the penny for it brings a big lot of love with it and means a Prosperity Seed.—Ed.]



DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—This is such an interesting letter from a little girl in South Africa, whose mother I knew in California some years ago, so I am sending it for the little paper. Lovingly,

MARY DEWITT.

GATOONA SIDING, GATOONA, RHODESIA, S. AFRICA.

DEAR AUNT MARY—I'm a little girl eight years old, living in Rhodesia, South Africa, in huts made by natives, of trees covered with mud and a grass roof. We live on buck, wild-hog and birds Capt. Carr shoots. We have a wild cat for a pet. We have to shut cows and chickens up tight, for there are lions and panthers out at night, although we haven't seen any. Brother and I have come here to spend six months with Mrs. Baker Carr, Kit, John and little D'Arcy. This is called Cantiglass Farm—3000 acres of virgin ground. The huts are called *kaia*s. There are eight of them. It took five days to come up by train from Cape Town. All our water has to be carried about a mile in buckets by natives. There are about twenty-two natives working on the farm, the cook also being one. This is the winter season although there is no rain, and it is quite warm. I am Edith Fraser, and as Mrs. Baker Carr is very busy, I am writing you about the farm. We can't get any vegetables or fruit for love or money. EDITH FRASER.

[We thank Aunt Mary ever so much for letting us read Edith's letter and will send her a WEE WISDOM containing it. Won't she be surprised to see it in print? What a long, long way off it is to South Africa! Hunt it up on your maps and see how far WEE WISDOM will have to go to find Edith. And we're glad she isn't afraid of the lions and wild creatures, for they don't want to hurt anybody, they just want something to eat. We wish she'd tell us about her wild cat and how it looks and acts and lots and lots of things that would interest us and we will tell her things in return that will interest her.—Ed.]



ALLIANCE, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my second letter. I will soon have to go to school again. I have a new wagon in which I haul my brother around. I expect to go out on a claim next spring, which I am very glad of. Well, I will close now hoping you and all the Wees are well. Yours truly,

CECIL SUGDEN.

[Cecil, which is the true way of doing it, to *hope* or to *know* that all are well?—Ed.]



Blanche's Bible Lessons

LESSON 1. OCTOBER 4.

David Brings The Ark to Jerusalem.—II. Sam. 6.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.*—Psalms 100: 4.

The ark spoken of in the title was a sort of box, and it contained the promise God made to man, "All that I have is thine." No wonder David wanted to bring it to Jerusalem. But on the way the king began to think of material things and left the ark in a house by the wayside. Later, however, David and his people returned and got it and carried it into Jerusalem with praise and thanksgiving.

This promise was for us, as well as for David, but sometimes we, too, forget it. Let us not forget God's agreement with us, that we are to share in every good thing. We are all to enter into the state where we have all good things, and we must enter with songs of praise and thanksgiving to the wonderful Spirit which teaches us the way.

LESSON 2. OCTOBER 11.

God's Promise to David.—I. Chron. 17.

GOLDEN TEXT—*There hath not failed one word of all his good promise.*—I. Kings 8:56.

This lesson says that God's promises to David did not fail. Now God has made promises to all of us. He has promised health, love, joy and all good things, if we but know how to claim them. Then, why is it that sometimes we don't seem to get all this good? It is because we do not claim it. We say, "Oh, I knew this or that," when we should say, "God is my intelligence;" or we say, "I would like to be strong," instead of saying, "I am strong in the Lord." All the good things which have been promised are ours for the taking, and this wonderful truth we are learning teaches us how to secure them.

LESSON 3. OCTOBER 18.

David's Kindness to Jonathan's Son.—II. Sam. 9.

GOLDEN TEXT—*And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another.*—Eph. 4:32.

Do you remember the story of Jonathan and David, and how they were fast friends during the years when Saul was king? Well, now that David is king he remembers how he loved Jonathan, and wonders if any of his relations are living. After searching, he discovers that one of Jonathan's sons is alive, but he is poor and unknown, not at all like the grandson of a king. David sends for him and he comes full of fear. He is lame in both feet, which means that he lacks understanding. He doesn't know the wonderful law of love and truth, which makes men free and strong. But David was kind to him. He gives him all the land that once belonged to Saul, and says that the son of Jonathan shall eat at the table of the king.

David is love, you know, and love is ever kind and forgiving. We must all of us be full of love and kindness for everybody, even those who do not understand, and who seem not to love us. It will not be long until they begin to see the truth, and their hearts, too, will be filled with love.

LESSON 4. OCTOBER 25.

The Joy of Forgiveness.—Psalm 32.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.*—Ps. 32:1.

The text of this lesson is taken from a Psalm, supposed to have been written by David, and tells of the blessed joy we feel when we are forgiven. Do you know what forgiveness means? It means give for. That is, give for evil good; give for sickness health, etc.

We are talking about forgiveness. Who is to forgive us? Why, we must forgive ourselves. If we seem full of anger we must drive that out and give for it love, and if we do not feel exactly right just drive that away, and give for it life, health and strength. We can help our neighbors to forgive themselves, too. Then we will all be strong and happy. No wonder David spoke of the joys of forgiveness.

Blanche's Corner.



Just a year ago this month I occupied for the first time, my corner in *WEE WISDOM*. It's an anniversary all of my own, you see, and I am going to celebrate it by sending you even more love than usual. I always send you love, you know, but today — well, did you ever have your heart so full of love that it sort of overflowed in your eyes? That's

just exactly the way I feel now. I wonder if you have any idea how I love you all — the little magazine, its editor, and its wee readers scattered over the land. The Master said, "Little children, love one another." We are obeying that command, you and I, aren't we? We're learning between each rising of the sun, the wonderful lesson of love.

I feel very well acquainted with you and very near to you after talking to you so often during the past year. Distance cannot keep our hearts apart, you know. Some of you are in Australia and New Zealand, but that makes no difference. At Unity every Sunday morning we say these words, "The Lord watch between thee and me and make us to know that there is no separation in Spirit." I think that a mighty good thing to say, don't you? If there is no separation in Spirit, why, you are not separated from anybody, nor are you separated from any good thing. Well, then you just can't help being healthy, wealthy and wise, can you?

Don't forget that my anniversary gift to you is the greatest thing in the world — love. Pass it on.

With Ye Editor

You all know about the little game, "Pussie wants a corner?" Isn't it fortunate for us that Blanche found her corner all right? Who would have believed she has been in it a whole year? Doesn't seem like it, does it? But then she's made a lot of happy thoughts for herself and all of us since she found her corner. But, come to think, Blanche has always had a corner on WEE WISDOM and happiness. Way back the first time I met her, she was a *wee* herself, but just as enthusiastic over the little paper as she is now. It was born in her to love the good and true, and she can't help it. In her love message to you she did not tell you she was very busy with her studies, busy as busy can be, yet with always time to meet you in her corner. I would like to tell you, so's she couldn't hear; for she might not want me to say all I'd like to tell you about her. She is attending the School of Oratory, and, Oh, you just ought to hear her speak and read. Why! she can seem just like a wee bit of a tiny girl, or she can make her voice big and important like a great strong man's — or she can imitate such funny ways and voices. I tell you, our Blanche is great! But she won't like for me to say it. Some of these times you'll see. Blanche will astonish this old world and tell it some big truths in a wonderful way.



Isn't Ruth's "trip" fine, though? It's next to going one's self to Yosemite, and I've an idea she's taken all these views herself. Isn't she lovely to us? You must all be sure to show your friends what a nice visitor WEE WISDOM would be in their homes this year. She has a great future before her and you are fortunate to make her your guest. "Lovie" has been on a vacation; she'll be back in her place soon. With best love and blessings for all our Wisdoms, I am faithfully yours,

YE EDITOR.



"Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness,
and all her paths are peace."

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*Gold, gold everywhere,
Gold a-flying through the air.
Fill your pockets and fill your till;
October has plenty for giving, still.*

*Gold, gold soft and bright,
Gold a-bringing sweet delight,
Wealth and plenty your heart enfold
Buried from sight in October's gold.*

A Pillow

**All that's good
And all that's true
Comes to share
Sweet dreams with you.**

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