

WEE WISDOM

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



NOVEMBER, 1908
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Mother Goose Rhymes

For Twentieth Century Boys and Girls



IONE

*When Ione went one day to walk,
She met a lady and stopped to talk;
The lady said, "Come here, my dear,
And see the lily I found just here,
Growing and blooming right at my feet,
So pure and fragrant, so white and sweet.
How glad and happy we all should be
When such a world of beauty we see.*

—L. H. H.



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THE STORY OF LOVIE; OR. ESTABLISHING IDEALS.

MYRTLE FILLMORE

CHAPTER XII.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

EVEN summers have garnered their golden sunlight; seven autumns lighted their torches of flame; seven winters hung with pearl and ermine the little forest, and seven springtimes pitched green tents there, since the coming of Lovie.

It is the first of June, and Lovie is seven times one today. The soul of the little wood is all aglow with expectancy, for there are to be a hundred little guests at Lovie's birthday party.

The big oak and the creature-folk have talked it all over with Lovie, for she has told them again and again the story of these "sunless children," that the little girl in the park related to her, and she feels the great loving sympathy of all the wood respond to her deep compassion for these little ones who have never had trees, nor flowers, nor birds, nor grass in all their lives, nor sunshine in their dark homes way, way down in the big, big city. The little girl said so, and the little girl knew, because she lived down there herself.

Of course, everything will help make this the very

happiest day that ever dawned. Lovie is sure of that, for her own little heart is so full of it. In the whispering of the big oak she hears the promise: "I will make of my branches loving arms of protection for these dear children." And in the chirp of the red-bibbed robin, the assurance—"I will sing, cheer, cheer to them all the day long." And the chatter of the cunning squirrel to her is the merry declaration: "I will whisk and frisk and wave my bushy tail to make them happy."

And even the fragrant grass seemed promising: "I will make it cool and soft for their tiny feet."

And so all things are Lovie's happy confederates.

The contagion of her supreme desire to make happiness for these little guests has spread over the city, so that there is no end to offers of automobiles and other conveyances for the transportation of these tenement children to Wiseman's Wildwood. But Lovie is not aware of all this, nor the transformation that has taken place in her little guests since the boys found them in the dirty street.

Never was more thorough scrubbing, combing and clipping done to any youngsters, than these received at kindly hands of motherly women, who offered their services to help along. And, Oh! the delight of these children when put into new and pretty garments provided through the loving thought of Lovie's grandfather. You never would have guessed from this how displeased he was when Jack and Trixey first told him of Lovie's desire to have these children come to her birthday party. Why! the old proud spirit fairly blazed in him at the thought of his darling entertaining the slums; but we'll omit the record of those things, for *only the good is true*, and we want the true only. Jack and Trixey were silent, for they knew he

would see it altogether different when Lovie presented the subject to him, and it was so. A little later Lovie, with one hand on her grandfather's shoulder, and with face pressed close to his, was telling him about these little sunless children, 'way, ever-so-far down in the big city, and how more than anything else in all the world she wanted them to come to her pretty wood, where the sun could shine upon them through the cool green leaves and the trees could whisper to them and the grass and flowers kiss their dear feet and make their hearts so happy they'd never, never forget it in all their lives.

There was something irresistible in Lovie's manner of putting the case. The child's soul had conceived a truth that had something more in it than a day of pleasure for these sunless, loveless children — there was a demand in it that plowed deep into the heart of her proud grandfather, and turned up fertile soil there. The seeds of a new consciousness sprang up within him. It was as if he were given to see what this child had conceived, *the kinship of all humanity*; as if his great love for her must include love for all children. The accident of birth seemed a vain trifle to him now. Children were children, whatever their environment, and demanded love and care to bring out the divine in them. But we are not going to spy into the new intentions; we will be content with watching the outcome. Of course Lovie was promised all she had asked, and more too. And as she put her little arms about her grandfather's willing neck and kissed him over and over, she assured him he was the very dearest fadder-grand that any little girl could have. It was Lovie's own sweet way of always addressing him as fadder-grand, with accent on the *grand*, and a very appropriate title it seemed for that stately gentleman.

When Lovie led her transformed grandfather into Trixey's pretty boudoir, and joyously announced to her father and mother what she and "fadder-grand" were going to do, there was a merry twinkle in Jack's eyes, but he only said, "A little child shall lead them."

"Yes," answered his sire with face aglow, "A little child has more power than a king on his throne, for within the last half hour this one has wrought a miracle in me, I know not how, but I am as one delivered from a great darkness. I think I must be ready for your new humanity. Jack and Trixey expressed their delight, but Lovie apparently oblivious of all else, stood surveying her grandfather with that look that takes no account of flesh and blood. Then a radiance came into her face, and she exclaimed, "Oh, fadder-grand, it's gone, it's gone, it's light, it's light all over, there used to be a place that didn't shine, but now, fadder-grand, it shines," and the child rushed into his arms and buried her face in his bosom. It was the habit of Lovie to describe people as light and dark. There was no good and bad to her; it was all light and darkness, according as the spirit shone out or was obscured.

After leaving Lovie, Mr. Wiseman, who was now thoroughly alive to the spirit of the occasion, summoned to his aid the three boys whom we first knew, as Pinkey, Pigeontoe and Crutches; but after as Philip, Henry and Richard, grown now into youths of industry and promise.

Small wonder these boys were only too familiar with the districts from which Lovie's birthday guests were to be gathered, and that they should enter heartily into the plan for securing for these desolate children a happy holiday.

It was with reluctance that they consented to let

Mr. Wiseman accompany them on this expedition into the slums of the city; they wanted to spare him. But Lovie's grandfather was not to be spared anything. A desire had been born in him to know the bare facts concerning these uncanny districts, and for reasons of his own he was determined to do so.

Philip naturally took the lead and designated "Kid's Row," as a starter. "For," as he explained, "there used to be more kids to the square inch here than you could shake a stick at." Women who couldn't get about, used to keep 'em while their mothers worked or wandered. I was one of them myself once. Nights we's packed so thick on the floor you couldn't step." And then as these past recollections rushed over him, Philip's voice took on eloquent pathos as he continued, "And, Oh, Mr. Wiseman, none but those who have felt it can know what it means to be poor in a big city. If it hadn't been for that little woods and Mr. Jack and Mrs. Wiseman, I suppose we'd been slumming it yet, and Richard a cripple."

What volumes were contained in Philip's simple statement! There were thoughts set going in this multi-millionaire's mind that boded much, for surely if a little wholesome association and training could raise these three boys out of the slums into useful manhood, it were far better to provide for such, than to punish for crimes that need never be.

So while the boys were piloting Mr. Wiseman through scenes we have no desire to transcribe, he beheld in the dirty, ragged, haggard children that were to be Lovie's birthday guests, the innocent victims of such environment; and almost instantaneously, with the thought of helping them, came the tormenting remembrance that one of his

agents had told him of a foreclosure "on some rotten property" somewhere in this locality. What if this should be it, and he should prove to be the legal landlord of these awful tenements? The thought was sickening, and he hid his face in his hands, unable to gaze upon what might be the product of his own avarice. The boys, taking note of this strange action, thought the unwholesome air had affected him, and urged him to return to his waiting machine. But no, Lovie's grandfather, more than ever, determined to face it out. Some day it will be different here. *Some day*; but we'll leave that for him to work out.

But 'tis Lovie's birthday, and loving, motherly hands have cleansed these little ones and gowned them in pretty new dresses, provided by "an unknown friend," and wonderful wagons without horses came and whirled them away into the sunshine and out into a world of beauty. They live in that short ride a life-time of enjoyment. Children of the sunlight can never know what this delicious whirl through sunshine and fresh air meant to those children of the tenements.

And then to be put down in such a wonder-world as Wiseman's Wildwood! Some of the children who had heard of heaven thought they were there, and others who had in some way learned of fairyland were sure this was it. And when they discovered Lovie in her bower of roses under the big oak waiting for them, some thought "angel" and some "fairy." But one little girl, unable to restrain her feelings, cried out, "Oh her's a fairy, her's a fairy, for I've seen 'em in picturs." When the boys brought them close to Lovie you could feel the children hold their breath in admiration and wonder, for Lovie put out her hands and welcomed them in a way they had never known before. And something grew light with-

in them, and this radiant little girl made them feel that they were like her, and she told them of the trees and birds and flowers. And they sat down on the soft green grass and listened, and the trees whispered to them and the birds sang to them and the sun shone for them, and all the day long there was joy and gladness everywhere in that little wood for these happy visiting children.

And O, the feast and the flowers! It would take volumes to tell all that day had in it for Lovie and her little guests. And when the wonderful day came to a close and the children were whirled away home again, every one was laden with sweets and flowers, and, better still, in each little heart shone a light Lovie had kindled there, that could never, never be extinguished.

(To be continued.)

Kinship

Dear little flower with the golden head,
Growing so tall in my garden bed,
Sweeter than any other;
The same sun shines on you and me,
The same stars burn for us both to see,
And I'm as sure, as sure as I can be,
That I am your little brother.

O little bird, just learning to fly,
I've seen you flutter your wings and try
To follow your pretty mother;
I love to watch you there in the tree,
And I know you never afraid would be,
For my heart has whispered it all to me,
That I am your little brother.

The heavenly father bends o'er your nest,
And he bids the weary blossoms rest
Nor whisper to one another;
And he leans close over my bed to hear
The prayer that I whisper for his ear.
We are all his little children dear,
So, of course, I'm your little brother.

—Kate Whiting Patch in *The Youth's Companion*.

MY TRIP TO YOSEMITE VALLEY
III.

BY RUTH MOEBUS



RUTH PICKING CHERRIES

This time I am going to tell you about different things, and one of them is the Yosemite Falls. These are very beautiful and there are three of them which are called by one name, the Yosemite Falls. They are higher up than the other falls, but very beautiful. I can see them very plainly from our camp and there is a trail which I went up to get nearer to them and I got a lovely picture of them. The water from them

makes a little stream of fresh cool water, which runs through our camp.

Besides these falls I will tell you about the Half

Dome. It is not so very far from our camp, and it stands out in very plain sight from our camp. There are not any trails built on this, so you can't go up it.



YOSEMITE FALLS

Another thing that I went to see was the Sentinel Dome. This is very erect and quite high. It is a little way from the Sentinel Hotel. The hotel got its name from it because it stands under it.



HALF DOME

Before I end my story I will tell you about a thunder storm we had in the valley. It was not expected,

as it came so suddenly. First, it rained and then hailed and then it began to thunder. It was not so



SENTINEL DOME

bad at first, but when it began to thunder and the lightning flashed it made a terrible noise. As we looked over at the Half Dome the sky was all black and lightning struck the Dome. It seemed a long time before it was over and the next day we heard that several damages had been done on Glacier Point. Lots of people went home that afternoon, but I was glad I wasn't one.

Before I stop I will tell you something about the camp. There are

lots of tents and there is a house which is the dining room and another little one which is the office. There are lots of pretty views from the camp and trails. We have the little river from the Yosemite Falls running through our camp. Every night we have a bonfire and it is lovely. They have large logs piled up and they light the pile at about eight and everybody sits around it. We can see the people throwing down burning logs from Glacier Point every night. It looks very pretty, as the sparks fly around and sometimes they throw fire works down. It does not catch fire to anything as all the way down is solid rock.

I will now close my letter and I hope you all will have a chance to visit this lovely valley, and enjoy it as much as I have. I did not want to leave when it was time for me to go home, because it is so lovely there.

THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

II.

THE DOLL HOUSE

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER

The November sky was overcast with gray floating clouds and little gusts of warm rain left pools of water on road and sidewalk.

Jack Frost had already nipped trees and bushes until the leaves hung red and yellow or lay in damp masses of color over lawn and fence corners. A few birds still lingered to take a last long feast of the rose pips before leaving on their southward flight. The rose bushes still continued a brave show, but the signs of the times told that the Oregon winter was almost here.

The cuckoo bird threw open its window on the clock and announed with nodding head that it was three o'clock, and then a scurry of feet on the side porch told the same fact, as the Wee Wisdom Club rushed in pell mell, cheeks aglow, hair flying and voices loud; hats and caps were tossed in disorder upon the dining room table, books upon chairs, and ere the visitor in the front room realized that this tornado was but the children just home from school, the club was well on its way up the back stairs toward the play room.

An hour later a "tap-tap" upon the door was answered by Mildred Monk, while voices from within shouted, "Come in mother, come in and see what we are doing. We are having the dandiest time; just look."

Mother entered and what she saw was a group of six very busy children working and talking as fast as tongues and fingers could go. "Why, I declare," said she, "I thought I was calling upon a literary

club, and now what have we here? Surely no organized club."

"O yes, it's a working club today," answered Margaret Gray, the president. "We are making something for Christmas."

"It's a doll house," shouted Lois, determined to be heard above all others, "and we are making it for the Sloan girls, 'cause their mother died. Margaret's mother told us just how to make it and it's going to have two rooms, and just you wait until it's done and then you'll see something fine."

"Not so loud, Lois, do remember that I have a good pair of ears," reminded mother, who was examining the long, narrow box which in its uncompleted stage even then had assumed the air of a domicile. "How nicely you have fitted in the flooring that divides the upstairs from the down. Did you do that, Robert?"

"No, we boys got an orange box from the store and stood it on end, and there she is! upstairs and down stairs, all ready to move into."

"We had the wall paper left from our house," said Nellie. "We girls are cutting the pieces the right size and the boys are pasting it on the walls. I wanted mother to give me the paper with the pretty big roses on it, but she said the tiny fine pattern would make the small rooms more like a real house."

"We had to get twelve shingles for the roof, six shingles for each side, the three top shingles lap over the three lower ones this way," explained Willie Monk, and it's a good thing Robert had a tool chest, 'cause I had to saw off the corners of a board to get these three-cornered pieces for the peak of the house. We tacked one in front and one on the back and they give us something to fasten the shingles to, besides making it look like a regular roof.

"I put on the narrow strip at the top, where the shingles come together. It's called a ridge board," said Robert with pride at his own knowledge.

"And very nice it looks, too," said mother with admiration.

"Who grooved the sides of the box so evenly? It looks just like the weather boarding on the outside of a real house."

"Margaret did that with a little chisel, but I helped her," said Sallie, adding, "I'm going to ask father for some of his white enamel paint for the outside and some brown stain for the roof."

"This little strip of roses I have cut out is to go around the top of the rooms for a border," said Mildred, as she carefully handled the dainty paper flowers.

"Next week, we girls will begin to make the furniture while the boys paint the outside; but it's time to adjourn now, 'cause it's four o'clock," said the president as she carefully laid her scissors on the floor and scattered bits of paper in every direction. The others followed her example and were ready for home.

"Just a moment," said mother, "that motion to adjourn has not been properly put yet, and I have come to see this club on business, Madam President, and I should like to be heard."

Now mother had come on matters of business to the club before; once it had been to present an invitation to the kitchen where a plate of hot cookies was awaiting the guests, once it had been buttered popcorn and once, alas, it had been to settle a quarrel.

So now the club awaited with mingled pleasure and apprehension for the "business."

"Ladies and gentlemen, will you please come to order; our visitor has the floor," said the president with much gravity.

Mother rose to her feet, and bowed to the president and members, "Madam President and ladies and gentlemen, I will state my business at once; I feel in duty bound to raise your rent. Taxes are high and times are hard and, in fact, I want more rent.

"Heretofore you have been paying once a week, in the 'coin of this realm,' which is 'no quarreling;' now I need 'order.' 'No quarreling' and 'order' are the only considerations I will accept as rent. You muss up my dining room with your wraps, you disturb my callers with your noise and you leave the play-room all cluttered up. So I must raise your rent to 'order.'"

The club looked discontented for a moment, but as no other hall in town was for rent, they felt they had better comply with these terms.

"All those in favor of paying the increase in rent say 'aye?'"

The six "ayes" sounded rather faint, although it was unanimous, and Robert Wilson whispered to Sallie, "Gee 'aint she getting strict."

"It must be a new leaf she is turning over," answered Sallie, "New leaves always sound just like that."

Margaret Gray, the president, was on her hands and knees picking up bits of paper. "Next time we'll make the furniture, and it's lot's more fun; mama told me just how to do it."

The club was homeward bound and the gray November day slowly turned to a night of warm, drenching rain, which sang the fairy tales to those who would listen.

"Gentle thoughts, acts and speech constitute the gentleman."

THE SUNBEAM'S STORY

BELLE BURT .

II

"We made the way so rosy and bright all down through the waves of ether. Oh it was just joy, joy all the way," and he clapped his tiny hands in the ecstasy of his young existence.

"Now, I think you understand, dear lady, how we came here, so I will give place to some brother to answer another question, with that he whisked back into his place as only a sunbeam can. After this one from the band called Joy Beams, was given the question, "Why are we here?" The leader said, "Now Joy Beam you know this means a great deal. We expect you to do the subject justice and make this lady understand the full import of our pilgrimage to Earthland."

A beautiful little fellow came forward, bowed low to the audience that was now getting very much interested in this really wonderful assembly.

"Child of Earth," he said, "we are not always the merry, dancing band we seem to you to be this morning. There is really much of seriousness in our lives, and we have a full realization of the work we are commissioned to do. "We are truly more happy in our work than we are in our merry glee and gay pastimes. We see much that would make us very sad did we not have the beautiful light from the Father shining in upon us, but then, too, we find much that is of the greatest delight as we pass to and fro over the face of the earth. You cannot know the joy of getting the little seeds started up into the light. We teach the little rootlets to go down into the soil for

strength and support, and the little leaf tendrils to come up into sweet light of day. "We give of our life and light to the flower buds and help them along into beautiful flowerhood. As with the little plants, so with the great trees, we nourish and give life to the roots, trunks, branches and leaves.

"The heart of the little bird beats with greater rapture, and he pours forth a richer volume of melody when he feels our breath about him. There are deeper notes in his hymn of praise as our life thrills him through and through. He seems almost unable to express the joy of his happy existence. Many times we enter the rooms where the children are conning their lessons. We put happy little thoughts into their busy brains and make the hard things seem easy. We often help the teacher, by putting loving little thoughts into hearts that do not want to be obedient. We cause the willful legions, with all their attendant frowns and pouts, to flee away, and then, what a relief it is to the teacher!

"Sometimes we steal silently into the room where sorrow and suffering are. We make bright little pictures to draw the attention away from the shadows. We plant bright blossoms of hope in the heart. We whisper softly, 'Open the shutters, let in the Father's light.' We tell them of his love, mighty power and tender care until the heart loses its shadows, the body its pain.

"We go into places that are not a delight to the eye. We cleanse, purify and beautify the unsightly places, until they become places of life and not of decay."

(To be continued)

Child-Gardening

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY

THE LAW OF EXPRESSION

SERIES IX.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE SEEDS



BILLIE BRIGHTEVES, THE LITTLE GARDENER

"And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth ; and it was so."

The first plants, then, that grew upon this earth—home of ours, in obedience to the command of the Great Creator, came right up out of the ground, with seeds in themselves. After that all plants grew from seeds which people planted in the ground, and, according to God's wonderful law, each seed from the beginning has produced after its kind.

Heretofore we have talked about the earth itself with the air that surrounds it. This is called the mineral kingdom. Now we are taking up the next higher, the vegetable kingdom; later we will study the third and fourth, the animal and spiritual kingdoms.

Boys and girls, is it not wonderful that locked up



The plant baby presses its little feet down and reaches its little hands up.

safely within a tiny brown seed, there is a grand and beautiful tree? Is it not marvelous to watch a lovely lily plant, bearing fragrant blossoms, unfold day after day from within an old brown bulb? Within every seed there is a baby plant. The seed is the baby's cradle, where it may sleep for a short time, or for hundreds of years.

The baby plant knows when it is time to come out into the world, and when it comes it finds the earth, the air, the rain and the sunshine all ready and waiting to help it grow.

Just like your baby sister, the plant baby presses its little feet down, and reaches its little hands up. We call its foot the Radicle.

The root grows from the Radicle. Its hand is called the Plumule. The leaves, flowers, fruit and seeds come from it.



Within every seed there is a tiny baby plant.

In order to grow all babies must have food.

I must tell you the wonderful way in which the kind and loving Father provides food for his dear seed babies.

The wise plant mother knows that in the early springtime, her babies will be very hungry, and will need a great deal of food, so all through the summer, she is just as busy as busy can be, storing up food for her babies, that will come in the early springtime.



A lily mother

Here is the picture of the lily mother with the food for her babies all ready and waiting.

That big round ball is just full of seed baby food.

The crocus mother lays up food in the same way, so does the dahlia and the potato.

In our yard this summer some canna-plant mothers have been working very hard storing up starch and sugar and oils and all that their babies will need next spring.

In the hot countries where there is a long rainy season and then a long dry one, the plant mothers lay up food and drink in their leaves.

The cactus mother belongs to this class.

All flower mothers tuck their seed babies away safely until waking-up time. Many times there are such a lot of them, that in order to have plenty of room to grow, they must go on a journey, so for this purpose the kind Father has provided them with tiny silvery sails, with which they float away, away, over fields, over



CACTUS MOTHER

plains, until at last they settle down in exactly the spot the Father intends they should.

Almost any time you may see these little travellers for yourselves. The milk weed, the thistle, the golden-rod, and in the spring the maples the dandelion and many others.



Seed wings, I would be like you
 Borne on by the breezes of love,
 Ever scattering kindness,
 The beautiful seed from above.



Bean after
 Billie removed
 the outside
 skin.

Billie Brighteyes put some beans in warm water. The outside skin soon became loose, so he took it off and opened the two thick leaves, where he saw the tiny baby plant for himself. After this he could understand in a better way what happened to the beans that he planted in his garden.

Billie's mother had all her life lived close to the birds and flowers and stones and insects, and when he found anything that he could not understand he ran to her and always found her glad to study it with him.

In speaking of the baby bean Billie's mother said: "Yes, is it not a tiny thing?" Yet hidden within it is the perfect future plant."



He opened
 the two thick
 leaves and
 saw the tiny
 baby plant for
 himself.

The tiny thing which you see is called the embryo.

The beans that you planted in your garden remained quiet and still until the sunbeam fairies found their way down there and touched the life force, then followed the fairy rain drops calling: "Time to get up

Baby Bean, come! There's a work for you to do." When the baby plant heard this voice it woke right straight up, hungry as hungry could be. It found plenty of food though which the mother plant had stored up the summer before. And the hungry little thing just ate and ate and ate, and before it knew what had happened, it had tiny roots all ready to start down in the ground and beautiful little shiny leaves ready to reach up into the light.



"Yes, mother, but what makes it grow bigger?"

"All plants and animals are made up of tiny cells or bags. These you can plainly see for yourself in the orange. In trees and plants the juice is sticky and has little grains in it. It is called protoplasm or the first form of life

The baby bean plant was filled with these little cells, and as it is drank in the seed-food these cells would get so full that the protoplasm would divide making two cells of each one and forming a little wall between. In this way the little plant grows larger and larger until it uses up all the seed food and then it must work for itself as a separate plant, multiplying its leaves and branches, budding, blossoming and storing up food just as its mother before it had done."

You boys and girls, who are so busy with school and play, have no idea what a wonderfully important subject the seed is to people all over the world. In the present year book of the United States Department of Agriculture, Mr. James Wilson, the Secretary of Agriculture, says that there is no subject of greater

interest and importance to the people than the selection of good seed.

Seed selection is called an art, which young men go to college to learn about. Mr. Wilson tells about an organization called the Illinois Corn Breeders Association. This organization is made up of men who work hard all the time to find how they can make their corn bring better seed. Each year they meet to-

gether and bring their best seed to help each other by telling just how their corn plants were treated in order to bring forth the best seed.

Mrs. Van Marter calls the embryo, the life-germ. What these men want is a more perfect life-germ, for they know that the more perfect the life-germ, the more perfect the plants and corn will be, the more perfect



fect food the people will have. Mrs. Van Marter says, too, that in every word there is a life-germ, and that we must be just as careful in choosing our words as we are in choosing our seeds.

If we choose words which have in them the perfect life-germ, then we may be sure of the fruits of the spirit, which are love, joy, health and all good.

You have all heard of that good man living way out in Santa Rosa, California, Mr. Luther Burbank.

He has spent half of his lifetime living with and learning the ways of seeds and plants. Through his great faith, patience and hard work, Mr. Burbank brought out such a perfect life-germ in the potato, that the finest and best potato that ever came into the world was brought forth. It is called the Burbank potato. I have read somewhere that, that potato brought twenty millions of dollars into our country.

Jesus the Christ came into the world to scatter the seeds of truth. Through his beautiful stories he teaches that perfect peace, joy, health and happiness are planted by God himself in every living soul; that the same laws that govern earthly seed sowing, governs the sowing of his seeds of Truth.

Aren't we glad that we know nothing but good seeds are planted in your soul garden and in my soul garden! And aren't we glad, too, that we know just how to cultivate these precious seeds; that it is done through our power to think?

We know that just as every sweet pea seed will produce after its kind, so every thought seed will produce after its kind. And just as the sweet pea seed must be planted deep, watered well and given sunshine, so must our thought seed sink deep in consciousness, be watered well by thinking it over and over, and be given sunshine by believing and knowing that God's love enfolds us now.

Thanksgiving time is here again.

The turkeys are all scared.

They needn't be, if every one

The law of love declared.

— B.

"With Thanksgiving"

[A beautiful legend is told of how St. Peter sent two angels from heaven down to earth each with a basket. One was to gather up the petitions of men, the other the thanksgivings. The one who came for the petitions carried a small basket, and the one who was to gather the thanksgivings brought a very large one. When they returned to heaven, and St. Peter with his golden keys unlocked the doors, each appeared to be in trouble about his basket.]

The angel of petition bore a sack
Cram full, and bound uncouthly on his back;
Yet even then it seemed that he had lack
Of bag or basket.

The angel of thanksgiving blushed to feel
The empty lightness of his mighty creel;
"But three," he muttered, turning on his heel
To hide his basket.

Then spoke St. Peter; "When again you go
On a prayer-gathering, you will better know
That men's petitions in the world below
Fill a big basket;

But when you go to gather up their thanks
For prayers well answered, and forgiven pranks,
For health restored and disentangled hanks—
Your smallest basket."

EPISTLES

PORTLAND, ORE.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I have taken WEE WISDOM a year, and I cannot do without it. I like "The Story of Lovie" very much. I will send you some money for WEE WISDOM's traveling expenses for another year. With love to all the Wees,

HELEN JONES.

FAIRVILLE, PA.

DEAR EDITOR—Enclosed please find fifty cents for WEE WISDOM. My sister wants it to read to her children. She has two dear little girls. Their names are Elizabeth and Anna. Elizabeth will be six in December and Anna will be four in November. WEE WISDOM's birthday party was fine this year. I like WEE WISDOM more all the time. The stories about the "Gospel of

Nature Study," are lovely. I always thought miners were rough people, but WEE WISDOM sees only the good, and loves everybody and is teaching her Wisdoms the same. With love,

SHIRLEY T. SWAYNE.



DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I thought I would write a little letter to the Wees and tell how I enjoy WEE WISDOM. I think so much of WEE WISDOM, I look forward to its coming every month, and I am so interested in all the stories, especially "The Story of Lovie." I am in the fourth grade, and I am nine years old. I have two pet kittens, one is black with white spots and the other is white with black spots. With much love to all the little Wees, I am your loving little Wee

MILDRED NELSON

[Mildred forgot to give her address. If the little writers want an extra WEE WISDOM, they must always give their full address.—Ed.]



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have two pure white rabbits. I am a great hand at making things so I made them a pen and a nice little house. When I go in to feed them, they follow me around and I have to look out not to step on them. They are so tame that they will eat out of my hand. The things they like best to eat are, oats (rolled), nasturtium leaves and blossoms, sweet pea blossoms, cantaloupe rind, bread, alfalfa, dandelions, clover, and potatoes. They have dug in under the little house and they stay there most of the time. The other night two dogs tried to break into the pen but they couldn't. When I go near the pen they come to the wire begging for something to eat whether they are hungry or not. Every now and then we go out to Washington Park, a park near our house, and go what we call "explorivating"; that is, to go out and look at all the bushes and trees. And if we see anything extra or very pretty we make a little sketch of it. Once when we were out there I caught a little horned toad, and the gardener said it would make warts on my hand, but I knew it wouldn't, and I carried him all the way home, and I haven't had any warts after or before I caught him. We let him loose under some bricks, and we have not seen him since. I have eight fish; four of them are red carp. I have a cement pond for them; it is about four feet long, two feet wide and about a foot deep. I feed them fish food. It is manufactured out of dough. The red carp are almost as pretty as gold fish. The largest one is about eight inches long.

I enjoy Blanche's Corner so much that I wanted her picture in my room. I cut out her picture from WEE WISDOM, and mounted it on a cream mat, and it is awfully nice.

Mama thought of the Wees when she read these verses; so I send you a copy. From your little Wee,

JAMES A. KILTON, Jr. (Age 10).

[We thank James and his good mother for the verses, "Kinship," and the Wisdoms will like them.—Ed.]

MT. LAUREL, VA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I want to subscribe to your little paper. We used to live in Richmond, Va., and they used your paper in the Sunday School there, at the Apostolic church. I like your paper very much and have missed it so much since we came away.

I like the beautiful truths you teach, and wish everyone obeyed them and received the blessings of health and strength. I trust God for all things, he is my health and strength. I am seven years old and expect to go to school this fall to learn to read so I can enjoy your paper better. I am yours sincerely,

FRANK EARLY BRAMMER, (Per mama).

P. S. I send names of some of my friends, please send them sample copies.

[We have done as requested, and trust Frank's friends will ask WEE WISDOM to visit them.—Ed.]



PLEASANTON, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like to read WEE WISDOM. I read the last one through. I like to go to school. I wanted to go without being absent, but I was sick a day. I did not want to be late. After this I mean to be like little Grace and not forget about God and then I will not be absent. Papa went to Wymore for a carload of apples. Your true friend,

ARTHUR HAYS.

[Remember:— God is my health, I can't be sick
God is my strength, unfailing, quick,
God is my all, I know no fear,
Since God and health and strength are here.—Ed.]



LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR EDITOR—I am writing the first letter to you. My sister Cora is getting the WEE WISDOM. I often read them. I like them very much. I go to Sunday School and very seldom miss. I am going to school now and am in the sixth B. I am getting along fine in school. I will close, goodbye. With love to all the Wees.

GEORGE KENDALL.



LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR WEES—This is my first letter to you. I have been receiving your kind and loving books since April. I think they are very nice books to read. I attend the South Main Street Methodist Church. I have a brother and a sister younger than myself. My brother's name is George, and sister's name is Lena.

As it is getting late I will close. Goodbye. With love to all the Wees and Blanche.

CORA KENDALL.

P. S. Inclosed you will find a verse which I hope to see in next month's WEE WISDOM.

Little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to heaven (harmony).



Blanche's Bible Lessons

LESSON 5. NOVEMBER I.

Absalom Rebels Against David.—II. Samuel 15.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*— Exodus 20:12.

In this lesson we hear of a man whom we have not met before in our story of King David. This man is David's son, and his name is Absalom.

We have been learning about David and the wonderful things he did, and what a good king he was. Now you would think Absalom would be proud of his father and respect him very much, wouldn't you? But Absalom was envious of his father's greatness. He wanted to be king and occupy his father's throne, so he planned to take the power away from David. He told the king he was going to Hebron, for a religious purpose, but this was not the truth. In reality he was gathering an army, and was going to announce himself king when he got to Hebron. He thought he had persuaded most of the people to help him, and that he could easily overcome his father's army. But Absalom could not command an army very well, because he had not learned to be obedient. We must first learn to obey before we can command. When the armies came together Absalom's men were beaten and fled, and Absalom himself was hanged. Wasn't that terrible?

This lesson of David and his son Absalom teaches us that selfishness and disrespect, or disobedience to our parents, always brings trouble. Learn the law of obedient, respectful love toward your parents and those who are trying to help you find the pleasant paths of life, and you will have no trouble.

LESSON 6. NOVEMBER 8.

David Grieves for Absalom.—II. Sam. 18.

GOLDEN TEXT—*A foolish son is a grief to his father.*—Prov. 17:25.

Now while the armies of David and Absalom were fighting, the king waited at the gates of the palace for news, and when he saw the messengers running toward him the first thing he asked was, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When he learned that his son was dead he wept bitterly and cried, "Oh my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, Oh Absalom, my son, my son." So you see even in that day fathers loved their children dearly no matter what they had done, just as our fathers and mothers love us today.

David, you know, means love, and love never faileth. No matter what we do or how far we stray from the law of love, it is always the same. Let us then never forget this law, but abide by it always, then our parents will have no cause to weep as Absalom's father did in the days when David reigned in the Holy City.

LESSON 7. NOVEMBER 15.

The Lord our Shepherd.—Psalm 23.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.*—Psalm 23:1.

I suppose a good many of you know the twenty-third Psalm; if you do not it might be a good thing to learn it. It is the song of the great King David, whom we have learned to know so well. It is a beautiful Psalm, and represents the Lord as a shepherd who loves and takes care of his sheep.

You have all seen pictures of a drove of sheep on a hillside, perhaps with the good shepherd leaning on his staff and watching them. In the days when David wrote this Psalm, there were many more shepherds than there are now-a-days, and they all loved their sheep very much, and had a name for each one. Whenever the weather was stormy, he led the sheep to shelter and if any were lost he would tramp over the hills for hours, sometimes all night long, until he found it. His staff had a crook on the end of it, so if any little lamb happened to fall into a crevice or ditch, the shepherd could easily lift it out. Then, too, the

shepherd always found nice green pastures, and clear running brooks for his sheep.

Now David in his wonderful song, has compared the shepherd tending his sheep to the Spirit within us, or the Lord, who will guide, protect and provide for us, if we will only listen to the still, small voice. If we always obey the laws of Truth that we learn every Sunday, we can say with David—

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever?"

LESSON 8. NOVEMBER 22.

Solomon Anointed King.—I. King 1:1-2:12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart, and a willing mind.*—1. Chron. 28:9.

For some time we have been studying the life of David. We met him first when he was a little shepherd boy, and we have followed him all through the ups and downs of his life until now we see him an old white-haired king. We haven't heard much about David's children. We read about Absalom, who was the rebellious son, and we learned what happened to him. Now we are going to be introduced to another son of this great king; a far different man from Absalom. This son's name was Solomon, which means "wisdom." King David, as I have said, was growing old, and he felt that it was time to give up his kingship to one of his sons. Now as God had chosen him to be king, and had helped him all of his life, David naturally looked to God to choose which son should reign after him. Jehovah chose Solomon, then David ordered the ceremonies to begin immediately, and appointed Solomon king over Israel and Judah.

Some time ago when we had the lesson about David being appointed king, we decided that it meant that we must establish love in our hearts as king. Well, now there is something which always goes hand in hand with love, a sort of a sister to it, and that is wisdom. We have learned that Solomon means wisdom, so this lesson of Solomon being made king means this: We must establish wisdom in our hearts to rule in partnership with love. They never quarrel, but rule together beautifully. Then when we are guided by infinite love and wisdom, things just can't help but go right.

LESSON 9. NOVEMBER 29.

World's Temperance Lesson.—Isaiah 28:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*I keep my body and bring it into subjection.*—I. Cor. 9:27.

Another temperance lesson. How often we are reminded that the secret of success is to be temperate in all things.

The Golden Text is fine this week. It means I am master of my body. I presume you have known people who were not masters of their bodies. Why, some people can't sit still. They can't keep their hands and feet quiet, and sometimes even their tongues say things they don't want them to. Isn't that a dreadful state of affairs?

How can folks expect to keep well and happy all the time if they do not control their bodies? The very idea of being a slave to your body? Let us begin right away to teach our hands and feet and eyes and tongue,—that we are master, and they must obey us. When we have control of our bodies, we can control all the conditions in our lives. We can be healthy and happy all the time because we are masters of our circumstances.

"What makes you look so happy,"

A chipmunk asked a dove,

"When snow is lying on the ground,

And no blue sky above,

When all the children are indoors,

Pray, tell me, pretty dove?"

Her answer was three little words,

You know them, "God is Love."

—Veida Wood.

Singing's like Aladdin's lamp,

When it's dark, and cold and damp,

All you have to do is sing;

It helps more than anything.

—B.

Blanche's Corner.



With the cold weather so near one feels thankful for a nice, warm corner. Speaking of being thankful, it's getting mighty near Thanksgiving time, isn't it?

Thanksgiving Day you know, is set aside to remind us that we ought to be thankful all the time. Some people think that giving thanks on that one particular day is all that is necessary,

but they are missing a lot of good that really belongs to them. Do you know that being thankful for all the good that you have, brings you more blessings? It does.

I once heard of a little girl who came home feeling very sorrowful one day because Marion Gray had three kitties, and she had only one. Mama told her she had better be thankful for dear old Topsy, so that night in her prayers, our wee maiden said, "Dear God, I'm awfully thankful for Topsy, but I wish I had as many pussies as Marion has." Next morning the little girl's papa called to her to come down to the barn, and there in a box was, what do you think? Topsy and nine of the dearest little round, fuzzy kittens you can imagine. Wasn't that nice? Oh, I tell you it pays to be thankful. As we sing in Sunday School:

Count your blessings, name them one by one.
Count your many blessings, see what God hath done.

I tell you when you try to count them, you find out that there are many, many more than you thought there were.

By the way, we want lots of blessings to come in to WEE WISDOM next month, in the way of new subscribers and letters. The next is the Christmas number, you know, and we want to make it the finest ever. Send a new subscriber if you can, but by all means write a letter. Just make it as interesting as you know how, and be sure to send it soon, so that it will be in time.

A RECIPE

*Take energy and patience,
And mix them well together,
With plenty of good nature
That laughs in cloudy weathar.
Add earnestness of purpose
In every thing you plan,
And much determination
To do the best you can.
Do this with conscientious care,
And I think that you'll confess
You've never found a better rule
For making true success.*

(Selected) Anna M. Pratt.

*Let me be a sunbeam
Everywhere I go,
Making glad and happy
Everyone I know.
Be a little sunbeam,
Darting through the room;
Scattering all the darkness,
Lighting up the gloom.*

—HELEN.



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*Yes, November's kind of chilly,
An' I know you'll think I'm silly—
Just a foolish little boy.
But I'm counting every blessin';
There's so much, it keeps me guessin',
And I'm just plum full of joy.*

—B.

A PILLOW VERSE

*I love to love the true,
I love the good to do;
I'm glad, so glad and thankful, too,
That only Good is true.*

[Taken from an old WEE WISDOM.]

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