WEE WISDOM



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WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.
"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that beholdeth Good always.
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

The joy and gladness that are fullness of life and health.
"In Thy presence is fullness of joy. .....
.....Thou wilt show me the path of life."

The truth that frees from the clutches of race heredity.
"One is your Father, even God."

The knowledge that *Jesus Christ* is the subjective spirit of every child.
"The kingdom of God is within you."

The understanding that our word is the builder of our environment.
"For without the Word was not anything made that was made."

Be ye therefore perfect, :: :: :: ::
Even as your Father in heaven is perfect.
—JESUS.

"Little Children Love One Another." "Wisdom is Justified of her Children"

WEE WISDOM

Volume 2. October-November, 1894. Number 3.

Dr. Charlie's Thanksgiving.

You know Dr. Charlie, children? He cured his grandma's ankle, you remember? At least grandma said so, but Charlie, in his thinking attitude with his hands behind him, very soberly considered the question, and finally announced that he hadn't anything to do about it but just to remember that God knew enough to tend to his own business. His mama asked,

"What business, Charlie?"

"Grandma," Charlie answered.

"Do you mean that grandma is God's business."

"That's zackly what I mean," replied the small doctor.

Charlie's mind had caught the biggest idea that ever was conceived. Can you guess what it was, children?

Grandma invited Charlie to come to Newton and help her prepare for Thanksgiving Day. All the rest were invited on that day to dinner, but Charlie was to help grandma a whole week. There was snow on the ground in Newton, and a long hill, and a sled in the woodshed, and a boy by the name of Tommy to play with. When Charlie got there and surveyed his field of opportunities he said to his grandma:

"It seems to me I've got lots to be thankful for 'thout waitin' for Thanksgiving Day." So Charlie and Tommy slid down hill in the day time and cracked nuts in the evening with sometimes a story or talk from grandma.

Thursday is always the day set for Thanksgiving, you know, and on Wednesday morning while Charlie was sliding, as she thought, grandma told Sam the hired man to kill the biggest turkey of the flock. Soon after she heard the most apalling shrieks in the barn yard. Getting out there as fast as her feet could take her, she saw Charlie with the turkey in his arms and the tears of indignant distress pouring down his crimson cheeks, while little Tom was crying with all his might because Charlie did. Sam was trying to get the turkey to wring its neck and that was what Charlie was yelling about. Dr. Charlie was a vigorous little chap if he was only six years old, and Sam couldn't manage to separate the boy from the turkey, who gobbled his approval of Charlie and his disapproval of Sam.

Said grandma, "What in the world are you doing, Charlie?"

"He just sha'n't do it, grandma," sobbed the boy, while Sam grinned rather foolishly.

"Shant do what?"

"He sha'n't kill the turkey."

"But Charlie, the turkey is for our Thanksgiving dinner," said grandma.

"Grandma," said Charlie, straightening himself, "do you want the turkey killed?"

Grandma never felt quite so mean in all her life as she answered, "Yes, Charlie, I told Sam to wring its neck."

It was enough to make anyone cry to see Charlie then; he couldn't speak, he hadn't a word to say; but just put his head down on old gobble's head and sobbed in such a heart-sick way that Grandma motioned to Sam to go away and she went into the house with a very troubled look in her eyes, leaving Tom with his arms around Charlie's neck to comfort him.

"I wouldn't cry, Charlie; everybody kills turkeys."

"Tommy," said Charlie indignantly, "would you like to have your neck wringged?"

"Why, no, but then I aint a turkey."

"Aint you alive?"

"Yes, course I am."

"Aint you got the same life in you tha the turkey has?"

"Why—why—I spose I have; 'cept I'm a boy and he's a turkey."

"Tommy," said Charlie solemnly, "The life in the turkey is God."

"Oh my!" said Tom, catching his breath, "is that so?"

"It's zackly the same as your life."

"O-o-o-o, I never thinked of such a thing."

"It's a fac'," emphasized Charlie.

"Then I spose it's jes the same with birds, 'n toads, 'n flies, 'n snakes."

"Jes the same," answered Charlie.

"Who told you 'bout it, Charlie?"

"Why, don't you 'member in the Bible it says, 'Thou shalt not kill?'"

"Yes, but I didn't s'pose it meant anything but folks."

"It means anything that has life in it," said Charlie, as he let gobble go and walked toward the house.

Tommy went home and Charlie walked soberly into the house. He sat down upon his stool before the fire-place and was very quiet. Grandma felt uneasy; she glanced sidewise at the little figure but did not speak. At last with a profound sigh he arose and going up to her he said, "I guess I'll go home, grandma."

"Why Charlie, do you want to leave grandma?"

"It isn't that, grandma, it's 'cause I feel bad right in here," pressing his hand over his heart.

His eyes were full of tears, but he wasn't crying. They just rolled down his cheeks without any fuss or noise.

Grandma tried not to see them, but she was very much disturbed.

"Charlie," said she, "what makes you feel so about having the turkey killed?"

"Cause it's taking life grandma."

"It's only a turkey's life, Charlie."

"It's God's life in the turkey, grandma."

Grandma wanted to say, "what nonsense" but something in her own mind would not let her say it.

"I can't stay if the turkey has to be killed, grandma; I wouldn't eat—him—" he choked and did not finish his sentence.

Grandma loved her Charlie boy very much, and she hadn't such a thought as letting him go home even if she had to have a dinner without turkey; besides, she was thinking that Charlie might be right, after all; so she took him into her loving arms and said, "My Charlie boy, your loving heart need not ache any longer, for old gobble shall not be killed; you may tell Sam that I want to speak to him."

You should have seen Charlie's face brighten and felt the rousing hug he gave grandma before he ran to call Sam.

Now that the vexed question was settled Charlie and grandma put their heads together to see what should take the place of turkey at Thanksgiving dinner.

"We can have eggs fried in butter, Charlie."

"And cabbage cooked in cream," said Charlie.

"And parsnips fried in butter," said grandma.

"And onions cooked in cream," said Charlie.

"And sweet potatoes with butter," said grandma.

"And baked apples and cream," said Charlie.

"And pumpkin pies, and a great big cake," said grandma.

"And bananas and cream," said Charlie. "And then grandma, nuts are meat, you know, and once my mamma cut a cocoa nut in long, pointed leaves and stood them up in the middle of a plate and around them were piles of walnut meats, then sugared almonds and around the edge just piles of taffy shavings. I can tell you how to fix it, grandma."

"All right, dear, you shall do just as you like."

When the company came the next day Grandma had an explanation to make in private which made them all feel very bright and happy when they came to sit around the table to eat their Thanksgiving dinner. There was nothing said but every one had a great big new thought as they glanced at Charlie's happy blue eyes, and how they praised and enjoyed the great beautiful plate of nut meats that Charlie had thought of and arranged.

Just before bedtime, Charlie crept into his mamma's arms for a quiet *think*. This he did every night when he was at home. "It was a good dinner wasn't it mamma?" he roused himself to ask.

"Yes, dear, very good; and we are thankful for all good on all days, aren't we my boy?"

"Yes mamma, and for life everywhere,

and in everything. Let's sing about 'Life' mamma." And they sang

"Life in all things, great and small,
Life abundant, free to all;
Perfect Life where'er we go,
Murmurs on in ceaseless flow."

"Good night Charlie boy; another lesson you have taught us."—*S. E. G.*

Robin's Thanksgiving.

Hush! I hear a Robin;
What do you think it said?
Something about Thanksgiving,
I couldn't hear every word.

But Robin and I *think* just the same.
Do you wonder how that can be?
It is this way, children, the same sweet Life
Is in Robin the same as in me.

Now I have a way of hearing things,
Whether in word or in song,
And I'm perfectly certain that Robin sings
Thanksgiving all the day long.

For Children, let me tell you,
My heart sings that way too,
So all my days are thanksgiving days;
And is it not so with you?

It must be, for Robin, and you and I,
Are the same sweet Life, you know;
And through *all* the days as they glide along,
The *same* wondrous Life doth flow.

—*S. E. G.*

Dolly's Lullaby.

Dear little three-year-old Wisdoms, I send you a verse to sing to your dollies when you put them to bed, just as mama does when she rocks you to sleep at night. See if you can learn it.

Sleep, sleep, beautiful sleep
'Fold my dear dolly till morning stars peep.
Love's blessed angels their vigils do keep
While my dear dolly woos beautiful sleep.

If you sit in mama's rocking chair holding your dear baby closely and sing this song five times over I just know it will lie perfectly still and the room will be full of love, and that you and Dolly will both be very happy.

Maybe mama, too, will be glad that you sat still so long, for you know you are such a little busy body all day. You have so much to do, growing and all, that mama loves te see you sit still and sing.

I know a little girlie named Norma who had a dolly given her and before her mama could get it dressed, Norma's little pug, Dodo, nearly ate it up; he pulled off its hair and chewed its beautiful face. Norma shook her head and said "no, no, Dodo!" Poor little fellow, he did not know he was doing mischief. It was his way of playing with dolly.

Norma is not so old as you and cannot learn verses or sing yet.

Do you know any little girl who never had a doll? If you do and will send me her name, I will see that she has one. Every child ought to have at least one, don't you think so?—*L. M. H.*

"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 to 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."

Wee Wisdom's Pillows.

"Aunt Emma"—was there ever such a loving, pains-taking Auntie?—has made and sent us this set of pillows for your dear heads to sleep on. There's one for every night in the week—that makes seven.

Seven pillows to be freshly filled every month with such wonderful, rest-giving down as can be plucked only from Angels' wings.

These are magical pillows, too, pain and fear, and troubled thoughts vanish right away when your head rests on one of these pillows. You can't tell where its gone, only its gone. Then too, whither your head is on the pillow or the pillow is in your head you can't tell, 'cause there is such a delightful sense of oneness about it all.

It seemed like a mighty undertaking for "Aunt Emma" to pillow so many heads every night, but she's equal to it: and every good child-loving angel will give her a picking of its soft peace-wings for these pillows.

Now every night of every week this month, it is to be hoped Wee Wisdoms everywhere will go to sleep repeating the healthful words found on these pillows.

Love, Truth, Kindness, Peace, Mercy, Gentleness and Purity will make each day blessed, and each night welcome, and every pillow a delightful rest. Won't it be nice to help others to do these things too, for it makes us happier to make others happy.

We must all bless and thank "Aunt Emma" for our beautiful pillows, and won't you tell us about some of the wonderful dreams they bring to you?

While we are speaking words of gratitude and blessings, we must remember the dear friend who is writing so many beautiful things about "Dr. Charlie" and such sweet little poems, and who has composed and sent us for next month a beautiful little song, music and all, for *our very own.* You know her only by the letters S. E. G. now, but I think we'll just join those letters together and put "Aunt" before them and then we'll be more sure that she's *sure enough* ours. That would be calling her "Aunt Seg." Let's call her that, and if she don't like our name we'll just tell her to give us a better one.

Then there's our lovely ,' Mother Goose." There never was such a Mother Goose before. If it wasn't for her "*golden eggs*" we couldn't have any pictures in WEE WISDOM. And let me tell you now, the very last beautiful thing she's done is to send Mrs. Coonie for a Christmas visit to us. You all remember "Coonie," don't you? Well, this beautiful little creature is his wife and she's going to tell you such nice things.

Now let us every night, when we put our heads on our pillows, remember to ask God's especial blessing on our "Mother Goose," "Aunt Seg" and "Aunt Emma."


MONDAY.
Loving Good,
Bring to me,
Peace and rest,
Glad and free,
Not a fear,
Not a tear,
Comes when
Loving Good is here.
TUESDAY.
Let the truth
Guide my way
Every day.
Then delight
Will crown the night.
All is good
I do or say.
WEDENSDAY.
Kind I've been
To every one.
Now I sleep,
The day is done.
Naught of harm
Or ill I'll fear,
Only good is
With me here.
THURSDAY.
Thoughts of peace
Shall not cease,
While I sleep.
Peace be mine—
Peace Divine.
Let joy be shed
On my head,
While I sleep.
FRIDAY.
Where I go
I will show
Mercy to
All things I know.
SATURDAY.
Kind and gentle
Will I be—
Always loving,
Always free,
Doing good
To all I see.
SUNDAY.
Day of rest,
Truly blest—
Thou to me
Shall ever be
Day of peace
And purity.

One of these Little Ones.

My name is Neelu Eastman Farnham, but they call me Florida, 'cause I was born in Florida. I can whistle, but not like big brother whistles. I whistles 'nother way. Folks say they like my whistle. I saved all my pennies in my bank 'till I had a lot of 'em and then I buyed me a velocipede. I 's only five years old then, now I'm half past five.



I don't wear dresses now like this *picture*-me does.

See my drum? Big brother gave it to me last Christmas.

One day when I 'as ridin' my velocipede in the house, baby ran right between me and the hot stove. I couldn't stop quick enough and when I tried to turn out, I tipped over and put my hand against the hot stove. (Here's a picture of it mama and I made for you.) It *felt* like it burned dreffully, and I screamed and cried as hard as ever I could. Mama said for me to ask God to cure it, but it hurt so's I couldn't, then. Mama put a rag 'round it, and it quitted pretty soon.



And don't you think! God's growed 'nother skin. I'd like to a watched Him doin' it. Mama says everything is made of atoms, and we can't see 'em they're so small. We can't see God puttin' 'em in their place either, 'cause God is Spirit, and Spirit is the *Think* of us. We can see the beautiful flowers and our bodies when He's got 'em into shape. I hope more of the little boys and girls will send their pictures and write nice stories for WEE WISDOM, 'cause it 's nice for us to know each other, and learn all about the Good and True. Good-bye.

Wee Davie's Good-Morning.

"Come on now, Pussy Purr, you's got to learn a book-lesson 'fore brekfus. I'll carry you down, Pussy Purr."

Kitty had just come upstairs to see her young master, and had found him dressed and ready for breakfast. Wee Davie, every one called him, because there was a big Uncle David who carried his small nephew on his strong shoulder as if the boy weighed no more than a feather.

"Come, puss," said Davie again, taking up the cat with one hand and seizing a book with the other. Davie went into the parlor first. To his astonishment he found some one there—a visitor who had come the night before, after the little boy had gone to bed. Papa's friend, Mr. Lane, had come down early because he could not sleep, because he was worried in his mind. Something had gone very wrong and he was vexed over it. He showed it in his face. If any of the grown-ups had come in he would have put on a pleasanter expression, but he did not mind the little boy—not a bit. He went on thinking his uncomfortable thoughts just the same. Wee Davie stood a minute in shy surprise, looking at the stranger. He did not believe he was very glad to see this visitor, whoever he was; but then, he must do as mama said, and give his morning greeting to every one he met, first thing; so, the little voice piped out, "Good-mornin'," with great emphasis on the "good." When there was a letter "g" on the end of a word, Davie just dropped it, without ever looking to see where it went.

Mr. Lane looked up, surprised, too. "Well, well!" he exclaimed; "but suppose I should say 'bad morning,' what then?"

The child's blue eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"I never heard of such a sing," he said, "and 'twouldn't be so, either. *Good*-mornin', 'tis always, 'course," and he ran to the window and looked out.

"Sun shinin'!" he exclaimed joyfully. "*I* think it's good mornin', anyway." Then he paid no more attention to Mr. Lane, but put Pussy Purr in a corner, and opened the book to give her a lesson. Pussy mewed, and Davie made believe that she repeated what he said. Still, the "book lesson" was not a very great success. But there was another scholar in the room, and he a grown-up man, who got a lesson without Davie's ever knowing it. Happy Davie to turn a man's thoughts from bad to good, by a cherry little word! Put a stone in a tiny brook, and the water will turn and go around it. A little hand, even, may do that, you know. So Wee Davie's happy morning-word, spoken because of the good habit mama had fixed, turned Mr. Lane's thoughts into the sunshine. How it would seem, to be sure, to say, "Bad morning!" Then why should he think it, or act as if it were? He began to look at the brightness outside and in. It *was* a good morning. Things were not so bad, after all.

Now, Davie did not ***make*** it "good," but he helped Mr. Lane to see that it *was* good. He never knew this, but no matter. His part was just to bid a cheery "Good-morning" to every one, first thing, as ma ma said.—*Julia H. Johnston, in The Weekly Welcome.*

Wee Wisdom's Reception Room.

Thanksgiving! Everybody is talking about Thanksgiving now days. It's lovely to be thankful 'cause when you 're thankful everything good hurries up and comes to you. Mother says a thankful heart is a continual feast and you don't have to sit down to a big dinner to enjoy it, nor wait for one day in the year to come 'round to give thanks. The more you thank the more you have.

Its real funny, isn't it, how *things* find out so quickly 'bout us? You're real careful not to let the looking glass see you when you're out of sorts 'cause you know it'll stand up and tell you what you look like. Now we're finding out that other things beside Madam Looking Glass reflect us. Why, you couldn't fool the stone in your back yard, so's to make it stub your toe when you are happy, or let it go unstubbed when you are cross and sour. It's a fact worth remembering that the world outside of you looks just like the world inside of you, and that's why when *Good* is King in there, heaven's everywhere.

The *Real* and *True* are always whispering to you about this King and Heaven. If you listen to them you are sure to grow glad and thankful for when King Good takes his seat in your heart, "your kingdom is made sure to you," for everything, from the looking glass to the stone, knows all about it, and are just lovely subjects of your.

Thanksgiving! To be sure! Let us give thanks all the time. Let us be thankful for everything.

Let us be thankful for Life, for it makes life glad all 'round us; for Health, because Health bounds and rejoices when we are thankful; for Joy and Love, because these dear heart children are so glad to be named by us. Let us be thankful for peace and plenty. Let us be thankful always. Let us— Why! what's this? A letter by special delivery. We 'll open it and see what it means:

HENOPOLIS, Nov. 1894.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—

We heard about you from Mrs. Speckle Top. She tells us you call us your little brothers and sisters and that you were sorry for her when she broke her leg and healed her, and that you cured Col. Bantam of cholera and are awful good to everything. All Henopolis was so glad to hear about you, that Major Plymouth called a public meeting in order to get up a petition to send in to you, begging you to see that *engagements made for us at your Thanksgiving dinners* be cancelled at once and that we be left this year to gather in unbroken families and give thanks to God in our own free and natural way. With all due respect to these national institutions, we would confidentially say to you that we do not enjoy the *warmth of our reception* at these reunions, nor do we like the manner of *dressing* required of us on these occasions. While we want to be loved and appreciated we do *not* like to be considered "*good enough to eat*," nor do we care to become so intimately related with the internal construction of our admirers.

Your loving hearts will at once see how much better it is to be loved with the *heart* than with the *stomach*.

We had a large and enthusiastic meeting. Gobbletown, Duckville and the whole Goose district were present, and all were unanimous in their desire to keep Thanksgiving at home with their own families this year.

Papa Gobble was chairman and I was secretary of the meeting.

Trusting you will be glad to do us this favor and in return accept the sincere thanks of all your feathered relations,

I am very truly your little *turkey-sister*,

PEEP-PEEP GOBBLE.

Well, well, it seems our little "relations" are extremely practical in their ideas of our application of goodness and mercy. What action shall we take upon this petition? How many can enjoy thanksgiving dinner without turkey? Hands up!

Mu 7.

The Ship and the Sea Gull.

The following lines were suggested by the sight of a hat worn by a young lady. It was composed almost entirely of the skin-dressed body of a seagull. "Do you know what you are wearing?" inquired a gentleman of his friend. "That poor bird, had it been allowed to live, would perhaps have saved a ship from being wrecked. In dark, stormy nights, and during thick fogs, the scream of the seagull has warned many a captain of the proximity of dangerous rocks."

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The brave old skipper walked the deck,
His daughter by his side,
As night came down with gloomy frown
Upon the waters wide.

And merrily the ship went on
Before the wind so free.
But the skipper knew that a storm was nigh
By the wash of the surging sea.

And the storm came out with a shriek and shout,
And the billows hissed and boiled,
As along their black and ridgy back
The good ship strained and toiled.

"Oh father dear," she cried, and clasped
The skipper's horny hand,
"I wish that we saw the lights on shore;
I wish we were near the land."

"Nay, nay, my child; when the storm is wild,
It is better far to be
Long leagues away from the shallow sands—
Away from the rocky lee."

There was no star in all the sky
To guide the lonely bark,
As on she drove before the storm,
So dreadful and so dark.

"Oh, is it a fancy, my father dear—
Do I wake or do I dream—
For in the lulling of the storm
I heard a strange, wild scream!"

The skipper grasped his daughter's arm
And leaned with list'ning ear—
Upon the blast again swept past
The scream, so strange and clear.

"Down with the helm!" he shouted loud;
"Down, or we drive on shore!
For I hear the screaming of the *gull*,
Above the tempest's roar."

Down went the helm, round went the ship,
With a heavy lurch and strain;
And away it sped from the shore so dread
To the open sea again.

"My daughter, let us join to thank
Our Father dear in heaven,
Who unto us so many things
Hath in his mercy given.

"He sent *that bird*, whose scream we heard
Amid the stormy roar,
To tell us danger was at hand,
And warn us from the shore.

"My daughter, there are thoughtless men,
And cruel ones as well,
Who slay the birds that on the shore
Of the wild ocean dwell.

"Ah, let them but remember, child,
That every bird they slay,
Might, had it lived, have saved some ship,
In some wild night or day.

"So let us thank our God, who sent
These wild sea-birds to be
The friends of everyone who sails
The wide and trackless sea."

—*S. S. Visitor.*



Love suffereth long, and is kind;
Love envieth not;
Love vaunteth not itself,
Is not puffed up;
Doth not behave itself unseemly;
Seeketh not its own,
Is not provoked,
Taketh no account of evil;
Rejoiceth not in iniquity,
But rejoiceth in the truth;
Beareth all things,
Believeth all things,
Hopeth all things,
Endureth all things.

CHICAGO, ILL., OCT. 1894.

DEAR ———:—Mr. B and myself are in hearty sympathy with the "small boy," and the "Day family and Aunt Joy." We agree with him that there must be "lots more to tell yet, and nobody can say it like Aunt Joy nor tell it like Trixy can." Aunt Joy has made many points clear to us and taught us a good lesson, and whether you shall consider it best to give us more of her teaching or not, we *thank* you for what has been given. That the Good Father will bless you *exceedingly abundant* more than you can *ask* or *even think*, is our earnest wish. E. M. B.

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BYRON, Oct. 15, 1894.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—Your bright shining face comes to us every month and makes us so glad. I'm only a little girl almost eight years old; my name is Ada, and mama reads WEE WISDOM to me most every night when she puts me to bed, and as I like to hear about other little folks, thought perhaps they might like to hear from me.

I live in Wisconsin in a great, big house, away out in the country on a farm. I have one sister, her name is Grace, but she is a big girl and has gone off to Denver to live with her auntie and go to school. She loves to read WEE WISDOM, too, and I know she will be sorry to have Aunt Joy leave us, 'cause we thought that one of the best stories we ever read.

Mamma says I must think good thoughts all the time if I want to be happy and well. All we have to do, she says, is to "*let* the good in all the time to keep us happy and *let* it go out to others all the time to make them happy, and so we won't get overloaded and tired."

I wish all knew how to *let* in the love and sunshine like Aunt Joy, how happy everybody would be. Love to all. Good-bye,

ADA NYE.

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HALLOWELL, KAN., OCT. 22, '94.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—I thought I would write to you again and let Wee Wisdom friends know how I am getting along. I am just as well as can be and have had such a nice time all summer. I have such a nice piece about "Summer Time." I put a tune to it and sing it so often. I will send it to you, and some time you can print it. And mama put a tune to those four verses in her UNITY paper, "Holy Spirit Come to me," and we sing it every day, we think it is so pretty.

Well, I do not see how I can do without hearing some more about Aunt Joy and the Day family. I do hope you will conclude to tell some more about them. That was the best story I ever read. Mamma bound the papers all together, and made me such a nice book. I am saving up all my pennies now, to send to you so you can go to some one else. I wish all the little girls and boys could have you come to them. I do hope it will not be so long before you come again. I get so anxious for you to get here I do not know what to do. I don't see why the little friends do not write. I love to read all the letters. If I could write as good as some of you can I would

write every time. Junie wrote such a nice letter. I have got a cousin Junie. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. Mama is my teacher, and she takes you with her and reads the best stories to the class after we get through with the lesson. Good bye, with love to all.

ZELLIE MAY LA MASTER.

"Sing a song for summer time
Happy, merry days:
When all nature seems to be
Running o'er with praise
To the Giver of all good.
All things fair and light
All things beautiful, that makes
Living a delight.

"Nothing in the meadow grows—
Be it e'er so wide,
Which can not our every thought
To the dear Lord guide.
Nothing blossoms, nothing blooms,
Be it large or small,
Which does not glory give
To the Lord of all.

"Every little running brook
Every lake and sea,
Sings, and tells the love of God
Given us so free.
Sun and shadow in the sky,
Come they as they may,
Yet but teach the loving care
Of our Lord each day.

"Happy, merry summer-time!
How it loves to show
All the dear Lord's gifts to man
On this earth below!
With the summer birds we sing
Willing songs of praise.
May our hearts for Jesus grow
With the summer days!"

The Story of Joseph.

Dear Children, do you know that the Bible tells a great many wonderful stories about people who lived in this world long ago? It is very interesting to know about those whom we never saw, but who performed many wonderful things in the world. You know that always the Holy Spirit has been at work in the hearts of the people just as it is now, and if they are willing and obedient it causes them to accomplish great works. I will tell you a true story about a boy whose name was Joseph. You like true stories, don't you?

Joseph's father was called Jacob. You have heard about him, I know. His mother was Rachel. They had ten children given them before Joseph came. Now these ten boys were almost men when the new baby came whose name was Joseph, so he was a great pet with his father and mother, just as a new baby always is. He was a good boy, too, and his brothers loved him, but when he began to grow older he had many dreams which he was fond of telling, and in these dreams there was something which made his brothers angry so that they wanted to put him quite out of their sight. I will tell you about the dreams.

The first dream was this: Joseph dreamed that he and his brothers were binding sheaves of wheat in a field, and that all the other sheaves bowed down to Joseph's sheaf. When he told his dream they were very angry for they thought it meant that their young brother should rule over them. They did not quite like either to have their father Jacob, love Joseph better than he did them. That was envy and a very unhealthy feeling to keep in the heart.

Soon he dreamed another dream. He thought he saw the sun and moon and eleven stars bowing down to him.

He told this dream also, but even his father rebuked him this time because he saw that all these things were offending Joseph's brothers. Joseph couldn't help dreaming, you know, and he had no idea of making any one angry by telling his dreams. You will see as the story goes on that there was something in these dreams. We read that Jacob made Joseph a coat of many colors. Now we would think that a funny coat, wouldn't we? but there is a wonderful meaning to that coat of many colors which I will explain to you sometime.

Joseph's brothers were shepherds and tended their flocks of sheep. Now their flocks were a long way from home and Jacob wished to know how his sons were getting along, so he requested Joseph to go out to them, to see if it was well with them, and to bring him word. Joseph, with a loving and innocent heart, went as his father had requested, but when his brothers saw him coming, what *do* you think they said, children?

They said "There comes that dreamer, *let us kill him.*" Now Ruben, one of the brothers, did not agree to this, but advised that they cast the boy (he was seventeen years old now) into a pit or a hole, which was so deep that he could not climb out. You see, Ruben thought that if they would do this, he could come in the night and pull Joseph out and send him home to his father. So they cast Joseph into a pit.

There is a sweet, loving, innocent thought in your hearts, children, that does not seem quite so strong as ten big, wrong thoughts, and it seems to be cast into a pit or hidden; It doesn't stay there, but in the end conquers them all by its very sweetness and love, just as you will find that Joseph did.

After they had put their brother into the pit, a company of people came along called Ishmaelites, and Judah, one of the brothers, who did not want Joseph to die in the pit, and not knowing that Reuben had it in his heart to rescue him, proposed that the boy should be sold to the Ishmaelites. All the brothers agreed to this, and the lad was sold for twenty pieces of silver. They took his coat of many colors before they let him go, and when he was out of their sight, they killed a lamb and dipped the coat in its blood; this they took to their father, Jacob, and said "this we have found." The poor father's heart was almost broken, for he believed his loved son had been killed and his body eaten by some wild beast, and he would not be comforted.

Well, Joseph was carried into Egypt and fell into very kind hands. Potiphar, an officer of the king, took him into his house and it is said that the Lord prospered Joseph. You see, children, innocence cannot be harmed; it always comes out shining and pure, just as a beautiful diamond, and cannot be hurt by anything.

But Potiphar's wife got very angry with Joseph because he would not do something which he thought was not right and she told a lie to Potiphar about him, and so Joseph was put in prison. Now, we read, that the Lord was with him in prison, (that is, the Holy Spirit is the protector of innocence under all circumstances) and the keeper of the prison became his friend, putting all his affairs into Josephs' care, and everything was carefully and beautifully done, because the Spirit led him to do all things well. About this time Joseph began to dream again, and his dreams came true.

Now, the king himself dreamed a dream, which caused him great anxiety. You will find an account of that dream in Gen. 41. Pharaoh, the king, called all the wise men to interpret his dream, but they could not. Now it was told him of Joseph in prison, so he sent for him, and Joseph explained the dream. This so pleased the king that he put all the affairs of his whole kingdom into Josph's hands, for he said there were none so wise as Joseph. So you see, children, Innocence came out of the prison and became Wisdom, for Joseph ruled wisely and well.

Now I am going to tell you the nicest part of the story. The dream which Joseph interpreted for the king, told of seven years of plenty of food and everything, and after that seven more years of famine, or want of food. Now Joseph saved corn for bread for the people of Egypt in this way: Each year of the seven plentiful years he saved all he could, so that when the seven years of poor crops came, he had laid up enough corn for the wants of all his people, but the people in other countries were not so wise and now they began to be hungry.

Let us now go back to Joseph's father and brothers whom we have almost forgotten. They lived in Canaan and their corn had all been used. When Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, he said unto his sons: "Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt; get you down and buy us from thence; that we may live and not die."

I have not told you, my children, that Joseph had a brother younger than himself whose name was Benjamin. Jacob and Rachel had another dear baby sent them after Joseph was born, and he was sweet and good like Joseph. After Joseph's parents thought his body had been devoured by wild beasts they bestowed all their love upon little Benjamin.

Well, when the ten sons of Jacob went down into Egypt to buy corn, he refused to let Benjamin go with them lest something should happen to him. He needn't have feared, need he? God could take care of Benjamin. You and I know *that*, children.

Now, do you see what *must* happen?

These ten men were going down to Egypt to ask help from the very brother they had sold to a band of Ishmaelites so long ago.

Of course they did not know that the ruler of that country, next to the king, was their brother whom they had once hated so.

But Joseph *knew them.* He just pretended to be a stranger because he had a plan in view. So he pretended to be angry with them that he might have excuse to send them back again for his dear father and brother. He told them very sternly that they were spies, that is, that they were after mischief. They then explained to him all about their father and his great need, and also told him about the dear young brother.

This was just what Joseph wanted; so he told them they should prove their honesty by leaving one of their number while they returned home and brought back Benjamin. There was nothing else for them to do, so they obeyed and when they got home, and emptied each man his sack of corn, they found that Joseph had not taken any of their money, but had returned it all in their sacks of corn. But Jacob refused to let Benjamin go, and so after their corn was all used they were again hungry. Then they pressed Jacob, their father, to send them for corn, with Benjamin, but he answered "You have taken Joseph and Simion and will you take Benjamin also?

Then Reuben said (you remember Reuben was the one who wanted to save Joseph when they talked of killing him) to his father, "If I do not bring back to you my young brother Benjamin, you may slay (or kill) *my* two sons.

So he let them go with a great many presents to Joseph, whom of course he did not know, and of whom they were all very much afraid. You see Joseph all this time was acting a part. He wanted to to show his brothers how much he loved them and how freely he forgave them but he wanted to *try* them and see if they had become true, good men; and he took this way of seeing his young brother also.

Now when they saw Joseph they gave him the presents and *bowed themselves down before him,* (you remember what Joseph dreamed when he was a boy, that made them all so angry?) I told you that Innocence would conquer. Joseph asked them all about their father and we read that he could hardly speak his heart was so full of love and tenderness, and when he saw Benjamin, his younger brother, he just had to go out of the room and cry for joy. Well, he had not tried them quite enough yet. He made them a feast and filled their hungry stomachs with all the good things he could find.

The next day he filled all their sacks with corn and hid a silver cup in Benjamin's sack and sent them to their father Jacob. Then he ordered his steward to follow them and bring back the one in whose sack was found the silver cup. The steward did as he was commanded, and found the cup in Benjamin's sack. You can imagine how frightened and despairing those ten strong men were when they saw that they could not take Benjamin back to their father.

They just wept and prayed Joseph to take all they had but let them take the dear young brother to his aged father.

Joseph pretended to be angry and then Judah (that was the one who wanted Joseph to be sold instead of being killed) came forward and told Joseph how they had a brother Joseph whom their father loved so dearly and that he had been lost or killed, and that if this youngest one were not returned as they had promised, their father would surely die. This was more than Joseph's tender heart could bear and he just cried his great love out in these words, "I am Joseph, your brother whom ye sold into Egypt, but be not grieved or angry with yourselves, for God did send me before you to preserve your life. So now it was not you, but God who sent me here."

"And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and ye shall haste and bring my father hither." And he put his arms around his brother Benjamin and kissed him, and he kissed them all. So Joseph's father and brothers came to live in Egypt and Joseph provided for them all.

Now dear children, that beautiful, innocent, loving part of you, which is your true self, which is willingly, gladly led by the Holy Spirit, brings peace and plenty into your whole life. You may call its name Joseph.—*S. E. G.*

WEE WISDOM

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We want our little readers to take notice that the October and November numbers of WEE WISDOM are all one, and this is that one. Tell papa and mama about this, so they wont write that "WEE WISDOM for October failed to come to hand."

Universal Truth, published monthly at Chicago, has the following contents for October:

The At-one-ment, H. Louise Burpee; Healing Paragraphs, Fanny M. Harley; Personal Mention; The Invisible River, "Ion;" Righteous Willing, Anna W. Mills; Among the Mountains, Henry Wood; Editor's Department; Betty, Helen Augusta Fussell; Trust the Spirit, Mary E. Butters; The Sermon on the Mount, Annie Rix-Militz; International Bible Lessons. Ursula N. Gestefeld; Notices; Extracts from Letters; Books Sent us for Review; etc. $1 per year. *Universal Truth* and WEE WISDOM $1.25 per year.

The October number of UNITY contained the first lesson of a series of twelve by H. Emilie Cady, author of "Finding the Christ in Ourselves," etc. The second lesson, in the November number, is entitled "Thinking," and should be read by every student of metaphysics.

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