WEE WISDOM.



Vol. 7. KANSAS CITY, MO., JULY, 1903. No. 12.



"Slightest actions often
Meet the sorest needs,
For the world wants daily
Little kindly deeds."

"Scatter sunshine all along your way
Cheer and bless and brighten
Every passing day."

So sings the beautiful Sunshine song, and while little folks are carrying forward into action the idea of blessing and helping, they must not forget "*there are others.*" As in her little Raindrop story, Lavernia has brought out this thought so beautifully in connection with the ministry of Little Raindrop, we thought it deserved a place in the Sunshine Corner, and so here it is. For the same reason we have given Ira's account of the kind cow a place here too.

THE RAINDROP.

LAVERNIA LEEMAN.

ONCE there was a little Raindrop and he lived in the great wide sea. The little fishes swam about in the sea and they liked Raindrop. One day the Raindrop asked the gentle Sun if he would take him up in the sky so he could do good when he fell in rain. So the Sun took him up in the sky, and after a day or two the rain fell and the little Raindrop crept through the ground and found his way to the root of a Violet and gave the Violet a drink and it sprang up with delight. Two or three days after that a little girl named Sweetheart and other little girls were out flower-hunting, and Sweetheart came upon the little Violet that the Raindrop had watered, and she cried out with delight, "O girls, just see this dear Violet I found." The Raindrop was very glad in hearing this, for the little Violet felt lonely in the dark woods, but now the Violet was filled with happiness. The little Raindrop crept on through the ground and came where a little Cowslip was trying to grow and give pleasure to others, so the Raindrop said, "I will help you to grow also," so after a while the little Cowslip began to grow, and it grew and grew till it was in blossom, and was picked by a little boy. You see, you can do good by desiring to and having good thoughts and smiling faces. So you must be kind if others are cross and make them happy and have love in their hearts.

THE STORY OF A CALF.

IRA BEST.

I want to tell you a true story about an orphan calf. When the calf was three days old, its owner thought it would have to be killed. But Dr. Ennis thought he would like to raise it. So he took it home with him, and gave it to one of his cows, but she would have nothing to do with it; then he tried another cow, she hooked it away. Meanwhile another cow was looking over the fence with a young calf of its own standing by its side. When the cow was let in it ran straight to the orphan, and began to lick it and let it nurse. Now that cow is the pet of the bunch for its kind deed.



VOL. VII. KANSAS CITY, MO., JULY, 1903. NO. 12.

What Changed Olga Neal's Life.

COUSIN JO.

"MAMMA, mamma, I have found five dollars, and what do you think I am going to do with it?" cried Olga Neal, as she burst open the door and rushed into her mother's room like a small cyclone.

"Oh, you dreadful child! Why do you not come through the door without opening it? I am disgusted with such want of manners! What have I done that I should be punished with such a tom-boy?"

A moment Olga stood amazed, looking indignantly at her mother, then the light faded out of her eyes; she hung her head and walked rapidly from the room. She went to her own room, flung herself into a low chair by the window, and thought, "It is always the same thing, 'Why do you do *this* or *that?* Why *don't* you behave like Annie Clay? *she* is a *little lady.*' A good deal she is! She is a clay image!

"Frank Snow said the other day that Annie had no more life than a rag doll. Annie Clay has been brought up to me till I am sick to death of her. Wish I could never hear her name again!

"O mamma, I do not believe you care one little bit about me! Of course she don't; she never even asked me what I was going to do with the five dollars I found.

"O papa, dear papa, when will you come home from Europe, and love me and talk to me? I am so lonesome without you.

"There's Rose Irwin with the most loving mamma and the dearest papa, and she tears around the house worse than I do, and they laugh, and say, 'Oh, the spirits of that girl! When she gets into the High School the boys will have to look out for the Royal Scholarship Prize. She is a smart one. She will make her mark in life.' But I never have a word of praise, and I know I am as smart as she.

"Why, I was No 1. for three months in my class, and when I bounded up the steps at the end of the third month, and called out, 'Mamma, I am at the head of my class yet!' she shivered and said, 'What a voice! Why do you bellow so?' Then last Saturday when I washed the dishes and blackened the stove (how I hate to blacken stoves, the blacking flies up your nose and in your hair so), and ran out and picked the peas in the hot sun, and shelled them (such slow, tiresome work), and then walked two miles to carry a cake to old Auntie Simmons; after all that work she never said one word. She did not say that stove looks finely, although it shone like black enamel paper, and I was an hour doing it.

"Two weeks ago we had a 'spelling down' at school, and I beat everyone in

school, and there are some fine spellers, too. Tom Sawyer ran ahead of me to tell mamma. She said, 'Well, why should n't she do it? That is what she goes to school for — to get her lessons.' Tom looked at me so pityingly I felt like creeping out of sight. Who wants a boy to pity one, because her mamma is not like his? I went to the woods and cried until my eyes were mere slits, and my nose so big, and Jim Barnes met me and hollered, 'What a scarecrow!' and he pulled me around, looked under my hat, clapped his hands and said, 'I'll paint your picture and hang it on the school house door.' I was so afraid he would I asked mamma to compel him not to do it; she said, 'If you had behaved like a little lady, he never would have thought of it. Annie Clay never behaves like that.'"

The bell rang for dinner. She rose, stamped her foot, and said aloud, "I won't go down. Clear off the table yourself. I will not try to be good. There's nothing in it."

About an hour afterwards the door opened, and a sweet voice said, "My dear little girl, may I come in?"

A burst of sobs shook the little frame, as she gazed upon Mrs. Gray, her mother's friend, who was visiting them. Mrs. Gray took Olga in her arms, sat down and stroked her hair, saying not a word. The crying went on intensely for some time, when Olga said, "Oh, my heart aches so! Did your mamma love you when you were young, and tried so hard to please her?"

"Yes, dearie, she loved me, just as your mother loves you."

Another burst of sobs, and an exclamation, "Oh, you don't understand."

"Yes, I do, and God loves you, too. Now I want you to promise me to say these words over and over, as you go to school and while you wash the dishes and bring in the wood. Listen now, 'God loves me and is pleased with what I am doing.'"

"Oh, what good will that do? I want my mamma to love me, and when I do dirty work to save her trouble, I want her to say, 'You have done well, Olga.'"

"Why, you looked pleased when mamma said that hat you trimmed looked as if a first-class milliner had done the work. Mamma's eyes grew bright when you said to her, 'How kind of you to take old Auntie Simmons to ride when you wanted to finish that interesting book.'"

"Olga, your mother is going to hold a statement."

"A statement? What's that?"

"You know you say over and over the words you are going to spell until they make a picture in your brain cells, when you spell you see this mental picture, it has become a part of you."

The little girl sat up interested in a minute, for she dearly loved to learn.

"Why, that is what Mose Dalton said they did at the Home of Truth, and he told Miss Knowles it was awful tiresome."

"Olga, you will not find it tiresome, for you will go at this work with a will, as you do everything else, and you will get splendid results. Will you try this for two weeks, girlie?"

Standing facing Mrs. Gray, with head erect and quivering nostrils, she laid her hand in hers, nodding her head, and left the room.

A week passed. Often the brows were pulled into a pucker, the eyes looked far away. In her earnestness she said aloud, "God loves me, and is pleased with what I am doing." On the second week she would return from school simply saying, "Excused." So they knew deportment and lessons were perfect.

The face began to brighten, she moved more softly about the house, opened the doors gently, did her work at home so quickly, that she found time to go to her room for ten minutes three times a day to repeat her statement.

Her clothes were hung up in her closet, her hat was on the hat-rack, the comb and brush were placed on the tray on her bureau, and you would have liked to have seen her dainty bed, so well made.

She had been taught to be orderly, for if she did not keep her bureau drawers just so neatly, her mamma took the bureau away and gave her a box to keep her things in.

Her papa had said, "My little girl will be a fine housekeeper some of these days."

"Oh; dear, no; papa, I want to travel all the time," she replied. "My teacher says one learns so much traveling, and if she had boys they should all travel. I said to her, 'Why should not girls travel? I am going to travel all over the world, when I grow up.'"

The teacher told her to be quiet; she was too forward. So the child was constantly repressed.

Olga's mamma was holding this statement, "God gives me wisdom to teach my child." She had consented to do this after a long earnest talk with Mrs. Gray. She had been shown that to provide a fine home, good clothes, excellent teachers, to teach a child to work in an orderly manner, was well, but not all a mother's duty. She became very faithful to the silent hour, and many a grateful look and happy smile she gave Olga as she did her morning tasks.

At times a fervent "Well done, Olga," gave the girl such a quiet joy that she broke into a cheery song.

* * *

Three months passed.

"Mamma, what could Mose Dalton have meant when he said, 'Statements were tiresome'?" said Olga one Saturday morning as she contentedly blackened the stove.

"He had not proved them as you and I have, dearie."

"Oh, how happy they have made us! The Father sent Mrs. Gray to us at the right time," replied her mamma.

Olga said softly, "God loves me, and is pleased with what I am doing."

FOR THE CHILDREN.

The rose is praised for her beaming face,
The lily for saintly whiteness;
We love this bloom for its languid grace,
And that for its airy lightness.

We say of the oak, "How grand of girth!"
Of the willow we say, "How slender!"
And yet of the soft grass clothing the earth,
How slight is the praise we render!

But the grass knows well in her secret heart
How we love her cool, green raiment;
So she plays in silence her lovely part,
And cares not at all for payment.

And while she serves us, with goodness mute,
In return for such sweet dealings,
We tread her carelessly under foot —
Yet we never wound her feelings!

Here's a lesson that he who runs may read —
Though I fear but few have won it:
The best reward of a kindly deed
Is the knowledge of having done it.

— EDGAR FAWCETT, in *St. Nicholas*, 1877.

THE PUG.

Poor little Pug, what happened to you,
With tail all twisted like a screw?
Poor little dog, queer little thing!
You 'd think your tail was just a spring.

You funny Pug, with nose turned up,
You are the queerest looking pup!
You must have run against a snag,
Your nose turns up, your tail won't wag.

You 're one-half pig, one-half monkey,
With tail so curled and nose so chunky;
The queerest dog we ever met,
And yet you are the household pet.

— From *20th Century Boys and Girls*.

FIST OR HONEYCOMB.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

JACK Fisher declared that he was furious about his kite, and he really looked as if he were speaking the truth. His black eyes flashed, and there was something about the quick opening and shutting of his chubby right hand that suggested a desire for muscular expression. The lad had certainly a good reason to be vexed. Harry Blake had laid snares for his kites, and by some process known only to mischievous boys, had managed to bring down each graceful toy at the exact moment when it promised to soar above all the rest. This was not the only trick that Harry had played upon his neighbor, and now Jack's patience was completely exhausted, and he was ready for a game, as he expressed it, that two could play at.

"He may have to go to the dentist when I have finished with him," Jack muttered, and just at this point he stepped over the threshold into his mother's room. Only an hour before Jack had received a letter from his mother, who was in Southern California, in which she had suggested that in any moment of temptation or anger he should seek this apartment and try to think of what she would like to have him do. He had not intended to cross the threshold. Indeed, he had told himself in his wrath, that no woman could understand how a fellow felt under such circumstances, and Harry Blake was in for a good sound thrashing if he had strength enough to give it to him. But habit was stronger than temper, and as he stood amid his mother's belongings, the old, sweet influence stole over him, and a longing to see her brought the tears to his eyes and a big lump to his throat.

"I wish she would come home," he exclaimed. "It's horrid without her," and as he spoke he took up the Bible, which lay in its accustomed place on the table, and as he had often seen her do, opened it at random and placed his finger upon a verse. This is what he read:

"Pleasant words are as honeycomb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones."

This was quaint and odd and everything that was unusual, but it touched the heart and soul of the reader with an irresistable force. His mother's sweetest words could not have had a more potent influence upon him.

"By George," he exclaimed, as he shut the book, "it is either fist or honeycomb, and I guess it's honeycomb."

An hour later this is what he said to his enemy: "Say, Harry, there are not many boys that can snare kites as you can, but I wish you'd let up on it, because it's rough on a fellow after he has spent hours working on 'em. I wouldn't serve you such a trick for money. I have just made another royal one. Wouldn't you like to see it?"

The new kite was duly exhibited, and after this there never was the slightest inharmony between these lads.

Verily, "pleasant words are as a honeycomb."

THE CALLERS.

Here comes Worry,
Black old hag!
Hauntin' eyes an'
Feet that drag.

Close the door an'
Hush your din.
Jus' pertend that
We're not in.

Here comes Mis'ry,
How she creeps;
Never rests an'
Never sleeps.

Close the door an'
Hush your din
Jus' pertend that
We're not in.

Here comes Laughter,
Full of grace!
Springy step an'
Merry face.

Why, he allus
Makes us grin.
Here's the place, sir,
Step right in.

—*New York Evening Sun.*



Some More Raindrop Stories by Various Little Authors.

BY CLARA BEHLE.

IT WAS a beautiful morning in May, and the flowers were all ready to bloom, but they were drooping their heads because they needed some water. There was a little Raindrop in the sky, and it thought, "I will give the flowers all the water that I can." But one little Raindrop alone could not give them all the water they needed. It thought, "I will go and ask the other Raindrops to help me." The other little Raindrops were very glad to help do some good. So they let down all the water that they could. After the flowers had gotten all the water they needed, they lifted their heads as if they wanted to say, "Thank you."

BY ALBERT SHAFFER.

A RAINDROP is a large drop of water. It sometimes does a lot of good, and sometimes does a lot of harm. Once a cloud passed a dried-up country that had no water, and went to a sea and opened and let all the raindrops into the sea. Then it said to a mountain close by, "I let all my raindrops into the sea."

The mountain said, "You would have done more good by letting your raindrops upon that dried-up country, as the sea has plenty of water and does not need any more."

The cloud did not say anything, but was surprised at the remark of the mountain.

BY GEORGIA MAY MCCRONE.

WHERE does the little raindrop come from? It is formed in the atmosphere by the pressure of the air and falls to the earth from which it came. If it should fall on a flower that was thirsty for a drink, then new life is given the flower, and the raindrop has fulfilled its mission, and is blessed for having restored life to a dying plant, and some people may be made happy by seeing the beautiful flower who would not have noticed the little raindrop had it fallen on a stone or the hard earth. Under a microscope the crystals in the raindrop are beautiful, and you can also see life in the raindrop if you have a powerful glass.

BY IDA E. SCHANZ.

A RAINDROP is a drop of water. God made it as He made all things. God made all that live in the drop of rain-water. We must love God and thank Him daily for being so kind as to let it rain, for without the little raindrops we could not live, nor could any animal nor grass nor anything live. We would all die if we had no water. Therefore we must show our kindness to God by loving Him and obeying and doing all what is right.

BY ELISE BISCHOFF.

IT WAS on a very warm summer day, the plants were all dry and drooped their withering leaves toward the ground.

By the roadside a lovely little violet was blooming. It always looked kindly on those passing by. The ground around it was very dry and the flower was very thirsty. The sun heard this and drew from the earth vapor, and the sky began to get cloudy, and then it began to rain. A drop of fresh clear water kissed the violet; quickly it raised its head full of thanks and love, and said to the drop of water, "How glad I am that you came and quenched my thirst. If you had not come I would have withered here alone, and could not have made any body happy again."

Then said the raindrop, "Do not thank me, but thank God the Father that He has sent me to fulfill your wish, and that you can make others happy by your beautiful looks and fine perfume."

BY HATTIE TOMPKINS.

ONCE upon a time there was a Raindrop. "Well," it said to its little brothers and sisters, "I guess I'll go to work and help the plants grow."

"Oh, Oh! going to work," exclaimed an aunt of his.

"Yes, going to work," said he. "Well, come on," said he to the rest, "let's go to work. Let's go over high mountains and steep hills."

On their way all but him said, "Oh, I am not going any further."

"All right, you may stay here, but I'll go on."

Then he came to a big ocean. "Now if they were here wouldn't they enjoy it, though?" Then he soon joined the other Raindrops, and was merry. He went to the farmer's field and enriched the soil, and that made him glad.

Now, dear little readers, do you want to know what became of this little Raindrop? I'll tell you. He went into the heart of WEE WISDOM, and made it glad.

BY MAMIE SHAFFER.

ONCE there was a big white cloud sailing so high in the sky, and it drank so much water and was so very heavy, when all of a sudden it fell in so many drops.

It filled the streams so that they began to overflow, and the farmer who was so down-hearted because he thought his wheat and grain were going to waste, began to feel happy again. But the people who lived near swollen streams were very sad because they thought all their property would be lost.

The children all knew that they would have lots of fun swimming in deep water. The next day the sun shone clear and bright and the clouds began to gather up more moisture for another day when it would let it fall.

BY RUTH DARR.

ONE time after a little shower I went out into the garden. After I went away I heard a voice saying, "Don't step on me, for I came all the way from the clouds to see the earth and now you're going to step on me already."

I turned around and saw a little Raindrop on a clover blossom. I asked it to tell me how it came down.

It said: "One time I was in a big cloud with lots of my sisters and brothers, and the clouds got so full of raindrops that part of us had to fall down. As we fell we saw many funny sights. We saw a little boy who had boots on come to a mud puddle. He got stuck in the mud and he couldn't get his boat out and he came home without it, and his father came back and got it. And I saw a a little girl with an umbrella. The wind was blowing very hard. Her umbrella

turned wrong side out. She met a man and he fixed it for her. She thanked him for it. Then we kept falling and falling and at last I lit on this clover. I think the earth looks very pretty with its carpet of green grass."

I think it does, too, little Raindrop. I thank you for telling me this story, but I must go inside for mamma is calling me.

BY VIOLETTA LEEMAN.

THIS little Raindrop's name is Silver Shine. One day he was in a little brook and the sun was so loving that Silver Shine told the sun that if he would take him with him he would do some good. So the sun took him.

Then he came down in rain and went into the earth and got in a well. He stayed there a long time, and after a a while a little girl pumped him up and put him in her little glass goblet with some other raindrops, but she did not take Silver Shine away but left him there. Then she put all the raindrops into a pitcher with some other raindrops and took them out to the south side of the house where her flowers grew and gave them a drink and the flowers drank them. This little raindrop was very good and it wanted to do good. This little girl who was so good to little Silver Shine was named Sunshine. She was a very good little girl and she did many kind deeds. The flowers that this little raindrop watered were Miss Pansy and Miss Sweet Pea and Lady-in-the-Green. I think that these little ladies will some day do some good for the raindrop. The sun helped make the flowers grow. Silver Shine does not ask the sun or the wind to do his part for they can only do their work. We can be good by doing good for others.

BY GRACE WAITMAN.

THE Raindrop makes the grass grow and trees and plants, and puts water in the brooks so the horses can drink. It sparkles like diamonds. It helps to fill up wells. It puts water in the rivers for some animals to live in, for some animals could not live without living in the water. They give water to the cattle so they will not thirst. The raindrop is very useful to us for we could not live without it, for we would thirst without water.

BY GRACE CARNALL.

ONCE upon a time there was a little Raindrop whose great ambition was to reach the great blue sea. Yet this was not his greatest ambition. He desired above all else to do good. He had once heard some little girls who were playing by the brook talking about a little paper which they spoke of as WEE WISDOM. They were saying how much good it was doing, now they were reading, you should try to make others happy. When Raindrop heard this he caught onto a weed near the shore and listened, for he always liked to listen to Good. When he went on his way he was thinking very hard. How he did so want to go on and so reach the sea, and it would take him lots longer if he stopped to do all the good he could, but he decided to do so. So he went on and on until one day he was thinking he must be near to the sea, and could hardly wait until he got there to see the vast ocean and be a part of it. But just then he heard a weak velvety voice saying, "Oh, how thirsty I am. Oh, that some one would give me a drink."

Raindrop looked up and saw not far from the brook a sweet little violet drooping almost withered. He stopped and clung to the bank. One of the drops asked him what he had stopped for. Raindrop said he was going to give a violet a drink.

"But," said the Raindrop, "if you leave us you will be carried up by the sun and not reach the sea for many days, but if you stay with us you will soon be there."

"I know it," said Raindrop, "but think of the poor little violet."

"Yes, but some one else could do that."

"But they want to reach the sea as well as us, so good-by, I'm off." So he went and moistened the earth and was happier for it.



"Good-bye!
Old Fourth of July,"
Droned the sleepy little boy, with a sigh,
"Next year I'll try
More crackers to buy,
And blow everything sky-high."



SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — My mamma has bought this little Sunshine Barrel for me. I and my sister Emma seven years old. We like the stories very much. So we will help you a little by sending you 50 cents for the paper of the WEE WISDOM. We hope that we will get it in June. We go to the Henry Durant School. I am in the high second grade, and Emma in the first grade. I and mamma was in meeting Monday night, and we liked it very much. So I will try to go to the Home of Truth Sunday School. We do know some nice Sunday School songs. I am nine years young. I will close for this time.

Yours truly, ADOLPH HARTMAN.

CRYSTAL SPRINGS, ARK.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE— I will write to you. I have written a Raindrop story I will send. It is not written very good, but I never wrote one before. I am an adopted child. I was an orphan. I never went to school until I came here to live. Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins took me when I was five years old. I have such a nice home. There are martins, bluebirds, redbirds, wrens, blue jays; all have nested here this year. We had roses in our yard, but they have gone out of bloom. There is a wild flower, the golden rod, in our yard; they are budded now. There are many wild flowers in this country. Well, I guess this is all for this time, so I will close with worlds of love for the little paper. Good-by,

HATTIE TOMPKINS.

WOOSTER, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am nine years old. I like you very much. Please send me a Truth card. We had a Christmas tree at our school house Christmas Eve. I like to read the letters in the dear little paper. I liked the story of "Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose" very much.

Good-by, MABEL STEINMAN.

[Evidently Mabel hasn't kept up with WEE WISDOM's doings else she would have known the Truth card offer was withdrawn in May, but each little writer will still receive one extra paper with his or her letter.— ED.]

MEMPHIS, TENN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Seeing so many pretty little letters in the dear little paper I thought I would write one. I am eight years old. When I first started to school my picture was put in the paper for one of the best essay writers.



Then our home was in St. Louis. This is my second year to school, and we now live in Memphis, Tenn. Today our teacher gave us 100 spelling words to spell and I was the only one in the room to make 100. Ever morning when we have gone to school my mamma treats my sister and I. She says we are successful in what we undertake; wisdom, knowledge and understanding are our own. We have a little white poodle dog; its name is Flash. He had a habit of eating pins, tacks and nails he would find lying on the floor. One day he swallowedt four pins, eight tacks, one small nail; we though he would die, but the Truth saved him and he is as well as ever. Yours in Truth,

HELEN AUFDERHEID.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — Give my love to the dear children. I am going to write a story for WEE WISDOM for the September or October number. I have not forgotten about them altogether. I was glad to see the pictures in the June WEE WISDOM of all those pretty children. God bless and keep them all!

Yours sincerely, WALTER S. WELLER.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I like your little papers very well. I am nine years young. I have a little sister. I will be in the third grade nex year. I will close for this time.

Your friend, EDITH LYTLE.

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIF.

MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — My sympathy and true thought has gone out to the people of Kansas City during these last days of flood, etc. I hope you and your people have realized safety, and that you have not suffered from any loss. I want to speak now of WEE WISDOM. The Raindrop stories are delightful. The children have proven themselves quite clever and original. I have been much pleased in reading in WEE WISDOM the little letters of appreciation of my last continued story. Before reading your editorial in the June number in regard to something more from "Aunt Mary," I had already begun a continued story for WEE WISDOM. It is all planned, and I have so far written two chapters. The story is laid in Pacific Grove, a place of great interest to children, as well as grown people. The motive of this story is faith in supply, and bringing that which is needed through faith and satisfaction. I have a kodak, and hope to illustrate the story throughout with small photographs, which will give it historical value. It interests me very much, and I hope it may prove a successful story, and do much good in many ways. This place is heavenly. I feel the nearness of God constantly which is a blessed state to be in. I am sitting on the sand, leaning against some rocks while I write. The water dashes up not far from my feet. People walk to and fro gathering shells, children wade, and in sight are the beautiful pine woods, where I walk nearly every day, and breathe their sweetness.

With love, MARY DE WITT.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I wish to become a subscriber to WEE WISDOM. I had a copy given me, and I liked it so much. Please find 50 cents. I am ten years old. My papa and two little brothers have gone to the better world, all in two years. Mamma and I are here alone. I am trying to make mamma happy by being a good boy. Will you please send me some good thoughts to help me along? Mamma works in a store. I wash the dishes and sweep.

Yours with love, LESLIE SAHS.

[We gladly send Leslie "good thoughts," and we will always know for him and his dear mamma that the great loving Father blesses and cares for them. But Leslie forgot to tell us where to send his paper. The postmark, Chicago, Ill., is on the envelope, and that is all the clue we have to Leslie's whereabouts, and he will wonder why his WEE WISDOMS do not come. If any of you who read this, know Leslie Sah's address please send it to us, or tell him about this. Our little writers should always be very careful to give full address every time they write. We have had cases like Leslie's before. — Ed.]

NARCOOSSEE, FLA.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I am sending a short true story, which I would like put in WEE WISDOM if you have room, and think it good enough. I like WEE WISDOM, and so do my sisters.

Your friend, IRA BEST.

WOOSTER, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. I am seven years young. I have two sisters and one brother. We have two cats and one dog. I am in the third grade at school. We are having fine weather here now. I like the story "Lily's Freckles." I will close.

Yours truly, CATIE STEINMAN.



BY A FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN.

INTRODUCTION.

Dear WEE WISDOM readers, from now until Christmas our Bible Lessons will be taken from the Old Testament. We shall study this older part of our Bible, which, besides much fine poetry and prose, contains the history of Israel, the old Hebrews, written from time to time by themselves. Before dealing with today's lesson, I shall give you a brief sketch of the Jewish history previous to the time of Samuel.

Once upon a time, very long ago, there lived in the country we now call Persia, a good man named Abraham. He lived among people who were worshipers of the sun, moon and stars. Now the Truth of the one omnipresent, invisible God came to Abraham, and he could no longer remain among these fire-worshipers. He was led to travel westward, and with a relative named Lot, prepared for their journey over mountain and valley, through desert and green pasture.

Have you ever read of the Arabian caravans traveling here and there with their flocks, and pitching their tents where there was water and food for goats and sheep? Then you have a somewhat true picture of the company that wended its way toward old Caanan, there to lay the foundations of the Hebrew nation. Do you know the modern name of that country?

These nomadic people lived upon the beautiful hills of that land, so like our California, for many years. Here they grew into twelve tribes. The Bible gives us many interesting and many beautiful stories about those early days, about Abraham, called "the friend of God," about Lot and his wife, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Esau, and many others. Most interesting to you children is the one of Joseph, who from a slave in Egypt grew to be next to the king. There was a terrible

famine in southwestern Asia, and many wandered to Egypt where the granaries were full. Among these were Jacob's sons, the brothers of Joseph, who had sold him into slavery. They there received of his bounty. The fertile valley of the Nile attracted these agricultural people, and, as the Bible puts it, "Israel abode in Egypt." They settled in the pasture land of Goshen, east of the delta of the great river. Here they remained and grew so numerous that the kings of Egypt feared these shepherd folk, and made slaves of them.

After many years of bondage, Moses appeared as their deliverer. Do you remember the stories of the plagues of Egypt and the escape of the Israelites across the Red Sea? Once out of Egypt, their one desire was to get to Canaan, the land flowing with milk and honey. The way Moses led them lay over desert and mountain and through the wilderness, and had to be made mostly on foot. Because of disobedience they were forty long years on this journey. But through Moses, their leader, God was teaching this peculiar people the very lessons you and I must learn, dear readers. In all their experience this was impressed upon them that when they obeyed God all went well; when they disobeyed, evil befell them.

In these days of long ago war seemed to be one of the principle occupations of the nations of the earth. Nation after nation arose to destroy or conquer other nations, and today the peace of Christ is not known all over the earth. When it is, there will be no more war. All through the Old Testament God is written about as a God of war and one who could become angry and in his anger punish his children. According to what we hold in our hearts of the good, the true, and the beautiful, do we understand God's nature.

The Israelites conquered first eastern and then western Palestine, and many interesting stories have been written about these times. Joshua had been their military leader. When the land was largely conquered he gave to each of the twelve tribes a portion of this land of promise.

After Joshua, the Israelites were ruled by judges who were deliverers in times of war, and advisers in times of peace. With all their ups and downs these people were held together by their faith in Jehovah, the one true invisible God. For a long time Eli was their high priest, and the child Samuel, grew up in the temple with him. After Eli's death, Samuel took his place and was the last of the Judges. This brings us to the lesson of today.

LESSON I. JULY 5.

Israel Asking for a King.—I. Samuel 8:1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Prepare your hearts unto the Lord and serve him only.*—I. Sam. 7:3.

Dear readers, you all remember the beautiful story of Samuel's boyhood, how his mother gave him to God when he was still a little child, and how every year she brought a new gown for him to wear. And do you remember how one night three times he thought he heard Eli call him, and he rose and went to him each time? Then the old prophet knew that the child had heard the voice of God. I hear you ask, dear readers, "Was it a real voice?" It may and it may not have been, but this is certain, the child Samuel heard with his spiritual ears, not his bodily ears.

At the time of our lesson Samuel was an old man. No razor had ever been put to his head, and his long gray locks hung about his shoulders. He had been the head of his people for many years, their adviser in war and peace. The people revered him much, and as he traveled from place to place they sought him to consult with him in things great and small. During the reign of the Judges here and there in Palestine, the people lost more or less of their faith in the one true God, and worshiped idols in imitation of their neighbors. And there began to grow a strong desire for a king like the visible ruler of other nations. The elders or representatives of the Israelites came to Samuel. Their coming to him shows how much they looked to him for guidance. And what did they want, dear readers? Read verse 5. Before answering them he prayed about the matter. The dear old prophet looked upon it as ingratitude to and mistrust in God. Besides he could look ahead and see the result. But notwithstanding, he was led to grant their request. Sometimes after we have our wishes gratified we find it would have been better had we been denied.

Little Christians, do not foolishly imitate other people. Only one is worthy of imitation, the Christ. The greatest things in the world are done by people who dare to stand alone, to be different from others. The greatest example of such a one was the Master. Read verses 11-18. This is a good picture of a worldly king and kingdom. How different from our heavenly King and Kingdom. In the former the king's desires are for himself, in the latter he would give himself for his people. Who is king in your heart, little friend?

LESSON II. JULY 12.

Saul Chosen King. I. Sam. 10:17:27.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Lord is our king; he will save us.*—Isa. 33:22.

The people left it to Samuel to choose their king. And the grand old prophet was guided by God in all that he said and did. From childhood up he had kept very close to God. I will tell you now how the great prophet and the first king of Israel met. Belonging to the small tribe of Benjamin was one named Kish, who, the Bible says, was "a mighty man of power."

One day a valuable drove of asses strayed away, and he sent his trustworthy son, Saul, after them. After three days of persevering search, this dutiful son did not find them, and was about to return home lest his father should be anxious about him. His servant suggested that they consult Samuel, the prophet, who was not far away. The aged seer met them at the entrance to the town whither he had gone to bless the sacrifice. He at once recognized Saul as the one he had seen in a God-

sent dream. He told him the asses had been found, gave him a place of honor at the feast, and entertained him over night. In the morning he poured oil upon his head as a sign of kingship and kissed him. It was with becoming modesty that Saul, every inch a king, received the surprising revelation. Think of this, dear readers, Saul went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom. The humble duties are often byways to greater things. Never despise the meanest service, little friends. In your ambition to do great things do not overlook the little things.

Samuel then assembled the Israelites. He reminded them once more that they had rejected God in desiring a king like other nations. The choice of a king was then made, apparently by lot, it falling to Saul. Seeming chance is not chance after all. One has written, "Faraday has his chance in washing bottles at the Royal Institution, and became one of the world's greatest scientists. Maria Mitchell found her chance as a Nantucket librarian at $75 a year, and became a famous astronomer. Edison found his chance as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk railway, and began his scientific experiments in the baggage car."

"The secret of success in life," said a great statesman, "is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes." Samuel and Saul knew God's hand to be in it all. In his modesty Saul hid himself. When he was brought forth, he was, to all appearances, just the man for the place, head and shoulders above all in the assembly. Altogether the young man gave promise of being a most worthy king. But the people had to learn that the human is not to be relied upon. Only God is the same yesterday, today and forever.

LESSON III. JULY 19.

Samuel's Farewell Address. I. Samuel 12:13-25.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart.* — I. Samuel 12:24.

The new king had led his people to battle and won a great victory. They believed God to be a God of war as much as of peace, and thanked Him for the victory. Samuel had called the people together to choose their king. Now after this great victory he called the Israelites together to crown him and to say farewell as judge. But he was still to hold the place as prophet, ever to remind the new king and his people of God's will. In his farewell address he reviewed his life and God's faithfulness. Then he pointed out that good that would accrue to them from following God, likewise that evil would follow upon the heels of disobedience. Some one has said, "God's service is like a country where every prospector finds a gold mine."

All through the Bible we find those who kept close to God the great prophets and teachers in the Old Testament. Jesus Christ and his disciples, in the New, had power given them through prayer to control the elements. In today's lesson, Samuel, to remind the nation of God's power brought on a thunder storm in a usually dry season. The people lost their grain but gained something worth far more. Again we see the teacher of that old, old time gaining obedience to God through fear. It took the world many years to be ready for the gospel of love, Christ's message of peace on earth, good will to men.

Read the golden text. What Samuel said to those people of long ago is and always will be a command to us. Serve God in truth, that is, sincerely with the whole heart. Anything done in a half-hearted way never brings success.

What does verse 21 mean to you? To me, dear reader, it means that you and I cannot be good unless we obey the Christ-child. The grand old prophet closes his address with the comforting assurances that God would not forsake his people, nor would he cease to pray for them, and teach them the good and the right way.

LESSON IV. JULY 26.

Saul Rejected as King. I. Samuel 15:13-23.

GOLDEN TEXT — *To obey is better than sacrifice.* — I. Sam. 15:22.

From the earliest times people worshiped their God by building an altar of stones, and burning something upon it. When the Israelites had done something wrong, or wished some favor of God, or desired to express thanks, they offered dove or lamb or bullock according to the law laid down by Moses. These were called burnt offerings, but only part was put upon the altar, the remainder being eaten by priest and sacrificer. When Christ came among men he taught them something better than this slaughter of animals. His whole life was a sacrifice. He loved God and his brother man better than himself. Saul had received certain orders from Samuel but he did not obey. Hence the words of the golden text, a lesson to him and to us. Yes, "to obey is bette, than sacrifice." To obey often means a battlr with our selfish wills. Every day in your homee at school, in your play, you have opportunities to give up the will of the naughty self, and so grow more like the Christ-child. Some one has said, "Apart from a loving, obedient heart no service of God is pleasing to Him." You might go to church often sing songs, say many prayers, put gold pieces into the contribution box, but all of this is not so acceptable to God as loving obedience.

INQUIRING THE WAY.

What is the way to grow
Unto the best we know?
What is the way to rise
Unto the best we prize?
What is the way to turn
When we the best would learn?
It is not hard to know,
It is not far to go:
Every one, great and small,
Keep to the right — that's all.

—*Selected.*

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

WHO WOULD have believed our little raindrops would keep coming till they had covered half of Kansas City! Could it be the concerted action of the thoughts about our Little Raindrop, and the attention we have given him the past two months, that has pulled down upon our city all these weeks of steady rain? Why! ye editor never thought about the power of your thought and word to raise such an array of raindrops and what might come of it. Well, now lets declare for "Showers of Blessings," and give Kansas City a flood of that kind. It has seemed dreadfull to see peoples' homes washed away and the desolation of homelessness, but then, right along with it, hands and homes and hearts were flung wide open, and there came a feeling of kinship, when those who *had* shared with those who had not. And so the mission of this flood of raindrops was to wash away selfishness and greed, and make of one kindly sympathy all hearts in Kansas City. Good *must* come of it all. *There is no loss. There is no homelessness.* We are all housed together in the Infinite Goodness, and the Father careth for all. If any of you want to remember some of the little ones who *seem* not very well clothed, ye editor will see that they get what you may want the Good to hand through you.

Next month you will have the boys to entertain you. There are quite a number of arrivals already for the Birthday party. Francis and her dear little baby brother, also the whole of the Merchantville Unity Sunday School, excepting "Uncle John," are on hand. We shall expect some message from them to go with this group—and then it will be no more than fair that *Baby Brother* shall have a hearing.

Royal has almost promised to write the Bible Lessons for August, and as you will see from his Fourth of July page Rick is coming on with his picture making, so that he will do his part. We hope Dorothy and others of our little artists will help out with the pictures. The stories received are from Alma Ault, Maurine Ruffner, Dorothy Dambmann.

Lucy Ault is the first one to respond to the call for stories or essays on the subject for August, *The Good Thought and the Naughty Thought.* You will all bear in mind that each month you will be given subjects for stories or essays, as you please, and those considered best will be gathered together and made into a little book at the end of the year, a copy of which will be presented to each of the little authors. I plainly see Lucy Ault means "to get there." Her story is first class. Let us hear from more of our little writers. Can't you send your picture with your story too?

You will see "Aunt Mary" is preparing a new story for you. Wouldn't we all like to be with her there on the Ocean Beach these July days?

The subject for September's little writers will be, *The Kind Thought and the Angry Thought.* Be sure, though, to remember the August subject first, *The Good Thought and the Naughty Thought.* It will set us thinking to follow up these subjects and will be sure to *prove* which kind of thoughts are our friends.

WEE WISDOM

50 cents per year. 5 cents per copy.
Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings per year.

Published monthly by
UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,
1315 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.
CHARLES E. PRATHER, Business Manager.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

July, 1903.

NOT WITHOUT GRIT.

There's nothing that's gained without grit —
Remember that always, my lad —
Ambition will solemnly sit,
And energy mayhap go mad.
Unless grit will push them along
To the goal where success reigns supreme,
Your life's but a somnolent song,
Your struggle a wearisome dream.
Ah, then, if the nail you would hit,
Be sure that you do it with grit,
For until you do
You will find it quite true
That nothing is gained without grit;
My lad —
That nothing is gained without grit.

You struggle until you are old,
Then say with a sigh, "Nothing won,
Oh, why did n't someone take hold
And drive me till something was done?"
Why, did n't you know how to grasp
The value of each flitting day,
And not let old idleness clasp
You tight in his meshes, and say,
"Ah, lad, you cant win on your wit,
It takes lots of courage and grit —
You may conquer a place
Near the first of the race —
But nothing is gained without grit;
My lad —
No, nothing is gained without grit.

—*Selected.*

In order to get in all our "Raindrops," we have left out our seed word for July's planting, so let's take this, "I am the child of Truth and Freedom."

SIGNAL, ARIZ.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have not written you for a long time. Mother has abont 28 incubator chickens. They are very tame. One of them is so tame that it will get on my shoulder, and when I go to talk it will peck my chewing gum and teeth. I thank you very much for the pretty card you sent me. My shetland pony has a little colt. It is a mouse color. It was born the 8th of April. I send you a picture of my shetland mule. She was three years old the 30th of May.

I have ten little ducks. They are very pretty.



I call my pony Nellie, and my mule Caper. I have not named my colt yet. I will send you a picture of my colt sometime. I have a little Brownie Kodak. My aunt and uncle gave it to me Christmas, 1901. I took this picture I send you. All those extra papers you sent me, I gave away to my friends. They all liked them very much. I will close now. Your true friend.

EDITH G. TAPPAN.

When you read Edith Lytle's letter, it may please you to know that she wrote it right in WEE WISDOM'S dressing room, that is, right where Miss Tyrrell and Miss White, who are WEE WISDOM'S maids in waiting, get her all ready for press. They told me this themselves, and said she did it while waiting for her mamma who was in the Thursday morning class.

To every Wisdom everywhere, God bless you!

