WEE WISDOM.



Vol. 8. KANSAS CITY, MO., OCTOBER, 1903. No. 3.



Here is a letter from Mrs. Alden:

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY, 95 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR EDITOR OF WEE WISDOM: Will you kindly state name of president of WEE WISDOM Sunshine branch? We are anxious to enroll the branch at headquarters, and so keep in close touch. Will you kindly pass on the inclosed blank to the proper person? Thanking you in advance for your trouble,

Faithfully yours in sunshine and shade,
CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN, Pres. Gen.

The enclosed blank spoken of by Mrs. Alden is for Branch Society enrollment and reads:

"*My Dear President General:* We wish to join the International Sunshine Society, promising to pay our initiation fee in the form of some act carrying sunshine into another life within one month from date. We also promise to pay annual dues each in the form of a kind act. We agree to report the nature and circumstances of these acts to the branch President who will report directly to the general office, object being to scatter sunshine."

The blank is for the name of Society, its President, Treasurer, Secretary and members.

WEE WISDOM sunshiners scatter over all this great round earth. It would take our subscription list to give Mrs. Alden our membership, and that would not include the clusters of Wees so often represented by one name on the list.

Some of our Wisdoms belong to local societies, but, as a whole, we are all suns, and shine all the time. *We shine with our thoughts*, and it is our purpose to out-shine all the old-dark-unhappy-poverty-thoughts and let perpetual sunshine into every heart. God never made thoughts of poverty, helplessness and sorrow. The image of the True thought is in every man, woman and child, like the germ in the seed, waiting to grow into real living. *Health* is a true thought. Everyone may grow healthy by *thinking Health*, and so with *Joy* and plenty. *Our* Sunbeams are sent right into the spots where these truth germs are waiting for the light and warmth of the true thought and word to make them grow. And soon everybody will find the wonderful garden of our health and plenty and joy. It will be the special feature of WEE WISDOM'S Sunshine to wake up by true and happy thought all the waiting germs of Health, Happiness, Goodness, Love and Plenty. Let us *give* them what the Great Giver has already given to everyone — the true patterns out of which everyone can make his own joy, health and plenty manifest. Let every Sunshiner say to everybody else, "*Your thought is filled like my thought with God's abundant Good.*"

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

VOL. VIII. KANSAS CITY, MO., OCTOBER, 1903. No. 3.

One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did.

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

CHAPTER II.

THE JOYS OF A BEACH.

THERE was a scramble the next morning to tidy rooms and do up the work in order to lose no time in getting down on the beach. Mrs. Evans said the children might go without her this time, that she would join them another day. Evelyn noticed as they started off that her mother looked rather disturbed. She called to the boys to go on slowly, and ran back to kiss her mother. Mrs. Evans smiled, and patted her little girl's hand. Evelyn was off again like a shot to join her brothers.

They could see the blue water ahead of them, so knew well where to find the beach. There was a long flight of steps leading from a look-out balcony down to the sand. They went down this stairs and found themselves in the midst of children, and mammas and aunties, and even papas and big brothers and sisters. Jack gave an excited little whoop, and ran towards the water. Evelyn and Harry followed more lesiurely.

"I wish we had something to dig with," said Harry. "Look at those children with spades, and some have pails, too."

"Never mind," said Evelyn, "let's be contented without. It would never do to ask mother for anything else now. She is so good to bring us here."

"They don't cost much," remarked Harry, throwing himself down not far



They could see the blue waters ahead of them.

from the rocks, and beginning to heap the sand about him.

"We really don't need them. And look here, Harry, let's try and help mother by earning some money. I think

she has n't much left after paying the rent," Evelyn sighed, and began digging absent-mindedly.

"How can we help?" asked Harry, as he looked across the beach at a boy in a bathing suit, who was stepping out of the water, carefully carrying a tiny boat.

"I'll think about it," answered Evelyn, "I don't know yet. You think, too.



A boy carefully carried a small boat.

Oh, look at Jack!" she turned and pointed to some high rocks above their heads.

"Come straight down, Jack Evans!" shouted Harry.

At this Jack began prancing up and down on the rock.

"It's fine," he called back, "come up here!"

"You come down. You 'll fall!" cried Harry, authoritatively.

"Sh!" said Evelyn. "Don't, Harry, don't frighten him. Come, Jackie, and you can wade. Come down to sister, that's a good boy," she coaxed sweetly.

Her heart was in her mouth as Jack carelessly danced on the slippery rock, and turned to wave gleefully at them.

A lady near, with a book in her lap, leaned toward Evelyn. "You're a sensible little girl, my dear," said she. "That's right, always speak gently when one's in danger. Now, if you'd screamed it is likely that boy would have fallen. And see, he is coming now."

At this moment Jack stood beside them.

"You wade, too," said, he throwing himself down, and beginning to unlace his shoes.

"We all will," replied Evelyn, following suit.

They waded until some girls and boys called them to come and help build a big sand house, then they dug wells and picked up sea-weed, and filled their pockets with shells. They had never known such a day as this. It was joy to be alive. Jack clapped his hands and gave delighted little squeals now and then. Evelyn felt like one of those white sea-gulls that skimmed so freely over the blue waters. Harry was contented in his own way, and played vigorously, losing sight of nothing that was new.

The lady with the book was watching them. After a time she beckoned to Jack. "What's your name, my dear?" said she.

Jack stood up before her, his hands behind him.

"My name is Jack Evans," he replied, "and we live in San Jose most all the time. My mother sews a lot, but she packed boxes and boxes of cherries so's to bring us down here for a month, 'cause Evelyn was gettin' thin, and my mother said a change was good for us all." Jack gasped for breath, then continued, "We 're not very rich, but Evelyn says to think we 're rich, and just be happy." He screwed his nose and

laughed. "Evelyn's funny. She makes out everything's good. And we want a pail and a shovel to dig with, and Evelyn won't bother our mother. She says be happy without it. I forgot to tell you, we haven't any papa to buy things. We left Aunt Rachel home, in San Jose. She couldn't come."

The lady interrupted the breathless narrator, "My dear boy, I didn't mean



The white waves curled and leaped.

for you to tell me all this. I only wanted to know your name."

A young fellow with a camera approached them.

"The young fellow's told his whole family history, hasn't he?" said he laughing.

Jack looked disconcerted, and backed off toward Evelyn.

Shortly after this episode the lady left the beach, and the children climbed the steps and walked along the cliff. Here was a fine view. They could see the pretty fishing boats that dotted the bay, and at the further end of the shore towards Monterey, the white waves curled and leaped up to catch the great rocks above.

"They're tigers!" cried Jack. "They're trying to eat up the rocks."

"Look!" Evelyn pointed and grew almost as excited as Jack. "There's another beach. Let's go down there and get more sea-weed."

"Yes, let's," shouted Jack with a wild Indian whoop, and commenced scrambling over the rocks, the other two following until they reached the sandy cove below them.

"Look at the shells and sea-weed!" cried Harry. "We'll get a lot. And there are mussels on those rocks. If my knife is strong enough I'll cut them off, and we'll take them home to mother."

The children must have spent as much as two hours here without realizing how time was flying, then, gathering up their treasurers, which they had piled in a little heap close to the cliff, they made their way toward their cottage in the wood.

As they entered their enclosure they found their mother splitting up some of the larger pieces of kindling. Harry flew to her assistance, and taking the ax from her hand went to work, like the manly little fellow that he was.

Jack dumped his varied collection on the back stoop, while Evelyn displayed hers to the astonished mother.

"Do you children know what time it is?" asked Mrs. Evans.

"I'm hungry enough for it to be after twelve," said Harry.

"I'm not surprised, but it's later; it's after three."

"Oh, my! can we have something right now to eat?" came in a chorus.

Mrs. Evans threw open the door for them. "Run in. The table is set. There's bread and milk and plenty of cookies, just baked."

"I hope you didn't worry about us,

mother?" said thoughtful Evelyn, as she took off her hat.

"No, indeed, I knew you were having



The mother spliting wood.

a good time. But I've something to tell you after you've lunched. I've been to the postoffice, and have just received a letter from your Aunt Rachel."

"O mother, what is it?" asked Evelyn anxiously as she caught sight of her mother's expression.

"Go and eat now. I'll read it to you later."

[*To be Continued.*]

THE SIGN OF TROUBLE.

Hang out the sign to trouble
That cometh to destroy:
"Pass on your way—
No room today,
This is the House of Joy!

"We've gathered store of sunshine—
The gold without alloy;
Pass on your way,
O traveler, gray,
This is the House of Joy!"

—*Selected.*

TOMMY BUMBLEBEE.

BY N. DIXON HAHN.

"THERE, now, you old buzzer! There, now, you old buzzer!" a clear little voice rang out on a bright summer morning. Mamma stepped to the back kitchen door and looked out, and there by the raspberry bushes stood Master William with a ball club in his hand, his little face flushed and excited, as he vigorously struck at some invisible object exclaiming again, "There, now, you old buzzer!"

"William," mamma said, "what are you doing?"

"I'm killing this old bumblebee."

"Wh–a–t!" said mamma. "Killing a bumblebee? Why–y–ee William, come right here; I want to talk to you."

A look of dismay came over William's face, for it was only thoughtlessness that had made him strike at the bee.

"William," said mamma, as he seated himself on a chair where he could see mamma at her work and listen, too, "did you ever hear the story of 'Tommy Bumblebee?'"

"No, ma'am," said William, "tell it to me."

"Well," said mamma, "this is the way the story goes: Tommy Bumblebee, his wife and little ones lived in an old hollow log, and it kept Mr. Tommy pretty busy to find food enough for them all. So Mrs. Tommy often helped him after the house-work was nicely done.

"One morning Mr. Tommy Bumblebee kissed his wife and babies good-by and started out to get their breakfast. It was after the dew had been dried up by the morning sun, so a little boy who had already eaten his breakfast, was out in the garden before Tommy Bumblebee arrived there. When he heard the buzz of wings he turned

quickly around, and right there at his side, in a fragrant flower, sat Mr. Tommy Bumblebee. I can't tell why he did it, but quick as a flash, off came the boy's cap, and down, down, down went Mr. Tommy. The boy walked on unconcernedly while poor Tommy Bumblebee moaned and buzzed down under the leaves and flowers, wondering what would become of Mrs. Bumblebee and the little ones, saying to himself in bee tones, 'I would not have hurt that boy. Why did he strike me, I'd like to know? But when my friends and neighbors hear of my misfortune, perhaps Mr. Boy will wonder why he did such a thing, too.'

"Then he began to make plans about getting home. He was at a loss to know which way to go, for he had always been able to fly home before; now he must crawl there if he reached his home and family ever. Painfully he crept out into the sunshine, and softly buzzed as he looked around for some familiar tree or house to tell him which way to go, for he had come a long, long way to get food, and knew it would be hard work to find his dear home and family. Slowly, very slowly he made his way, guided by first one object and then another.

"All day long he continued his journey hungry and weary and heart-sick, and just as the sun began to sink to rest he heard a familiar buzz, and right beside him, getting one more sip from an overhanging hollyhock, hung his own neighbor and friend, Mr. Johnny Bumblebee. Very feebly Tommy buzzed, 'How-do-you-do?' to him.

"'Well, well!' said Johnny, 'what are you doing down there, friend Tommy?'

"And when he heard how the cruel boy had struck poor Tommy, his little bead-like eyes glittered as he thought to himself that it was his duty to teach Mr. Boy a lesson the very next time he strolled out in the garden

"'Get on my back, Tommy,' he finally said, 'I'll take you part of the way home and then fly home and get some of the other neighbors to help you the rest of the way.'

"And that was how it happened that five big Bumblebees flew home so late that their wings were damp with dew, and they brought with them a very sorry-looking, lame-winged bee, who was almost smothered with kisses by his hungry wife and children. All the bees in the neighborhood assembled to hear their stories of woe. Mrs. Tommy told how she had watched and waited for her husband, Tommy; how the children had cried, and how glad they were to have Tommy home again. And Tommy told them how badly the careless boy hurt him, and how so many things had happened to frighten him as he crawled along home. Once a man had nearly stepped on him in a path, and horses had nearly run over him, and oh, such a terrible journey he had in every way until his kind neighbor had found him.

"But the neighbors did more for him after that. They each brought Tommy and his family something to eat, and while they feasted, told what they thought ought to be done to that boy. Finally they decided that a good stinging would teach him the needful lesson.

"Perhaps that was why a certain boy was stung five times in one week shortly after he struck that bumblebee. Anyway, we could hardly blame the bees for serving him that way, for bumblebees aren't human, and are not supposed to know the Golden Rule.

"Tommy Bumblebee grew strong and well in a few days, and his friends were glad, of course. But it was too bad a thoughtless boy should make so much trouble. Do you not think so, William?" asked his mother.

"Yes," replied William, "I'm never, never going to do such a thing again."

Now, this story about William is true, and the story about the bees is a good one anyway, and if we knew what the bees said we might hear them tell something nearly like it every day.

THE OLD FARM WAGON.

BY LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.



ITS days of usefulness were over, and it was left to idly stand in one corner of a field, unsheltered from sun and rain and wind, until dissolution should take place, and the kind grass receive and shroud its weather-beaten boards.

"How strong I once was," thought the old wagon, "how fine I was, shining with fresh green paint and glorious red wheels. I remember when first I came to the farm, how the wife and the children came out to view me; and the wife smiled and was pleased, and the children laughed and called me a pretty wagon, and said how nice I should be to ride in, they atop of a load of corn or a great mound of hay, sweeter than Eastern spices. This was Saturday night, and on the morrow the farmer furnished me with boards and chairs; and the whole family rode triumphantly to church, and talked about me, and thought of me far more, I fear, than of the sermon.

"The next morning I was put to work, and how mightily I bore my proud load of great green melons. Every day I worked, together with the good gray team. What if the bright green paint grew shabby, and the red wheels discolored with dirt? I bore the heavy loads just as well; like the strong hands of the farmer's wife, I had lost my early beauty, but how useful I was, how well I did my part, a good servant, a faithful friend.

"Loads of yellow, loads of green and loads of brown I bore, summer and winter. 'Tis over now. No more can I be trusted to uphold heavy burdens. Worn out with working, I am cast aside, a blot upon the landscape, an obstacle to the ambitious grass, a scarecrow to the birds, a laughing-stock to the children."

It was early Spring, and already the brown furrows were ruffling the fields, the birds were seeking safe places for their nests, a soft green was tinting the landscape. A pair of tiny wrens, nest-seeking, found the old farm wagon, and safe within a cranny they made their home; and when the nest was built, and the little wife sat upon the eggs, the husband perched upon the ancient wheel and rendered such music as a king might wish to hear. The farmer plowing near by could not read the heavenly notes, but the old wagon heard. Yes, the little wren was happy, happy, happy; the Springtime, the nectar air, the sap that was beginning to throb through the trees, the green to steal forth from its cover, all these made him happy; and he sang, too, of his good little wife, their promising eggs, and sweetly his strain poured forth, jubilant, because they had a nest safe — safe in the crevice of an old farm wagon which no one wanted, for which no one cared, but he loved, because it sheltered him and his.

The old farm wagon tried to speak, but it could not tell its gratitude, its love for the little wren. "I felt now that I could no more bear heavy burdens, I was no longer useful," it thought, "but ah, what a precious freight I bear; how love has found me out."

A violet began to lift its head above the ground. "I trust the sun will not burn too warm upon me," it said; "last year there was no shade in the field and life was a struggle. But, lo, what a fine sun-shade above me. Thank you, old gray boards, I can grow and blossom beneath your kind shelter."

And the April days seemed sweeter for the purple mass of violets that carpeted the ground beneath the old farm

wagon, and lovingly received their perfumed praise, and was thankful for the help it could render.

"Once in my strong young arms I held the heavy corn, the hay piled high, the weight of apples; but now I rejoice that I still may serve, sheltering a little violet. I cannot be so ugly if birds and blossoms love me." So thought the old farm wagon shielding its little friends.



"What a dear old wagon, and what fun it makes for us!"

"You are not ugly," a timid vine seemed to respond, lifting its tendrils to an old wheel, and little by little mantling the wagon with a prettier green than its youthful paint. "I thought I should have to creep along the ground," it said, "but here is a fine trellis." And it laughed and lifted itself higher, until at last it had reached the top of the wagon, like some small child climbing up and in.

"Hold fast, old wheel," said the wagon, "for you bear a tender burden; don't fall and crush it."

And so the old farm wagon stood there, sheltering its birds, its violets, uplifting its vines, and rejoicing in loving and helping.

"But the farmer and his family have forgotten me," it thought. "Mankind can only look upon me as a blot upon the scene of a thrifty farm. Why should anyone care for me now?"

The wren suddenly ceased singing and spread his wings for flight, for two children with golden hair and laughing faces came running over the field, and climbed gleefully into the wagon, and played that it carried them over vast plains and up great mountains.

"What a dear old wagon, and what fun it makes for us!" they cried, and patted its gray sides.

The old farm wagon responded with a feeling of joy to the loving press of the little hands and touch of the little feet.

"How little one can tell when love will find one out," it thought.

Some might have said that the old boards were creaking beneath the joyful spring of the children; but it was the wagon trying to speak, to tell them that it was glad to give them pleasure along with the birds and flowers and vine.

"I can ask no more than this," it thought. "What a sweet summer it has been; the young birds have flown; the blue blossoms have gone to seed; tonight the children will leave me, and the vine will redden and slip away when Autumn comes. But when I bear my winter freight of snow I will think of all this, and not murmur as my old boards slip silently upon the ground. Next Spring the grass will cover them, the vine creep over them, the violets nestle among them, the wren sing from the neighboring tree, but the children will not recognize me, man will have forgotten."

Just then an artist, strolling by in search of scenery, paused to see the old

farm wagon adorned with green vines, and a royal chariot for two laughing children. It was so pretty a picture, there on the edge of the yellowing field. And before sunset the children were looking over his shoulder, pointing to themselves, the vine, and the old wagon on his canvas.

"This is the end of a useful life," said the artist.

"Ah, there is no end of a useful life," thought the old farm wagon. "The birds, the flowers, the children tell me so. It was such a little thing to shelter them. 'Tis less to stand here quiet while my picture grows upon the canvas, but these little things mean much to others. I thought I was useless and ugly, but I have found use, and love calls me beautiful. I thought that the winter of snow and death would end all, but the hand of the artist has given me immortality. Truly, work ever awaits us, love beautifies us, and life is unending."

GENEVE'S ESSAY.

A priceless jewel, your reputation, that you have saved and saved for years to gain. You can lose it in one day, one hour, one minute. So, my children, in your school-room when you have never cheated, copied, or done anything dishonest, don't peep in the text-book when the teacher is not looking, God's eyes see you, and then what do you gain by it? Nothing, but you lose that precious jewel, your reputation. Then when you are older, when you are healthy men and women, you will not be tempted to do anything but the good, and you then will walk the narrow, straight path to glory.

—GENEVE SHAFER.

"Language was given us that we might say pleasant things to each other."

OUR BABY SQUIRRELS.

Sequel to "The Hen-Pecked Squirrel."

BY H. DOROTHY DAMBMANN.

ONE day we looked into our squirrel's cage and beheld, to our great surprise, some little baby squirrels. Such funny little things with their eyes shut. The next time we peeped in at them Vixen had made a most wonderful nest. We had given her corn leaves to make the cage cool and comfortable. She shreded these leaves into tiny strips, and just as if she had a thread and needle, she wove them all together, with some rags to make the nest nice and soft for her babies. Whiskers, the father squirrel, tried to tear it down, so he was banished to another cage where he is having a good rest, after being so hen-pecked.

Vixen takes the best of care of her babies, and keeps them hidden away in the nest. When they were a week old, on a very hot day, she brought them out to be aired, and carried them in her arms as nicely and softly as possible. By accident one of them fell into her milk cup, and all you could see was four little red legs kicking wildly in the air. Vixen rescued it quickly, and gently licked it till it was dry and comfortable. While the baby squirrels were out airing that day, she moved the whole nest to a new corner, and we have not been allowed to see them since. They are just two weeks old.

Have you had a pleasant thought?
Pass it on.
That its good to all be brought,
Pass it on.
Let it drive away all fears,
Giving joy in place of tears,
Till heaven on earth appears.
Pass it on.



Here are three letters I want you to read; two are about Ella and the third is written by Ella herself. The first one says:

DUNLAP, WASH.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — Ella is now 13 years old, and has so far been an utterly helpless child with paralysis. Her letters to you show her best endeavor at writing. She has been treated by an osteopath for four months. The first two she was at my house, the last two at her home in Charleston, Wash. There was a general improvement, but her legs seem almost as helpless as ever. She wrote you in May just before she left here and received your letter after she got home. Her parents are now inclined to try the Truth for her, everything else having proved ineffectual. I hope you will do what you can for her. Her friends feel that she must walk.

Sincerely yours, MRS. ELLEN NEWMAN.

Second letter says:

It is so hard to see Ella sitting around, she wants to walk so bad. We've tried so many doctors, but now we want to go to Jesus to make her well and strong, and I want to ask you to help us. Oh, how nice it must be to get healed through Christ and give Him the praise. How happy we all would be. Ella says when she can walk she will go to Doctor —— and tell him that Jesus helped her. Ella is going to write to you, and tell you how she gets along. ELLA'S MOTHER.

Ella says:

CHARLESTON, WASH.

I received your kind letter and I was real glad for the good teachings, and that God will help me. I asked Jesus to help me — to make me walk, too. Please send me "Wee Wisdom's Way." I enclose 50 cents for WEE WISDOM for another year. My sister and I like it very much. Thanking you for your kindness I remain,

Yours in love, ELLA DRENKHAHN.

[Here is a dear little girl who has never known the joy of picking up her little feet and carrying them around according to her own sweet will, or having them carry her. The doctors say they are paralyzed, whatever that may mean, but we *know* the Life that is in them will wake up and listen when she tells It how strong and free and swift and powerful It is. We know Ella can speak such mighty truths about God's life in her that all the nerves and muscles and cords of her legs and feet shall thrill with the swift consciousness of that life, and Ella shall rise and walk. We are all to remember for Ella *that God's life walks her and carries her about now.* — ED.]

PICTON, ONT.

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY — We enjoy your little paper so much and can't get along without it. We have found so much help from reading the story of "The Red Caps." Will you sometime reprint "Love's Roses"? We lent our paper and it got lost. Yours in the Truth,

MRS. GEO. S. BROWN.

[You will find *Love's Roses* reprinted in Vol. IV. of Wee Wisdom's Library. — ED.]

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR EDITOR — The August copies of WEE WISDOM I received this morning. I sent four to Europe to my relatives and a number to my friends here who know "Vixen and Whiskers." I am writing another story to send you about our baby squirrels who are just two weeks old, and hope you will like it. Yours in haste,

HELEN DOROTHY DAMBMANN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. I came up North to Cable, Wis., from Louisville, Ky., last fall with my mother. She married, and now I have a dear little brother just one day young. He weighed ten pounds when the doctor brought him. His name is Walter A. Reinke. Good bye. Your friend,

BERTHA HERRBERG.

MARLBORO, MASS.

DEAR FRIENDS — I think the publishers are omitting the most attractive part of the cover — the cluster or group of pillows, joined together with ribbon bows. The designer had an inspiration that ought always to be kept before the public. I am sorry and disappointed always when I see a number without it. And the loss of the pillow verses! Nothing can take their place.

With blessings,

ADAH LOUISA SMITH.

NIANTIC, CONN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I am so glad that you like my story. It is rather hard for me to write a story, for it comes to me when I am in bed, just before I go to sleep, or when I am writing letters. When I awake in the morning or when I get through writing, it is gone. I hope that you

have had as pleasant a time this summer as we have. My three aunts (mamma's sisters) were with us. There was a constant going to picnics when they were here, and that is one reason why I did not write sooner. I thank you very much for helping me to get well. With love, From your friend,

DOROTHY P. LATHROP.

[This letter is from a dear little fellow who seemed to have neither home nor health, till some dear friends took him and now he has both. Mr. Shafer shares his first letter with us. — ED.]

INDIANOLA, NEB.

DEAR MR. SHAFER — I will write to you and tell you that I can read some and I would like the little book. I am well and I thank you for making me well. I have a kitty. Her name is Topsy. CHARLEY WILLIAMS.

[Here are some extracts from a letter written by "Aunt Mary" while she was at Pacific Grove, writing the nice story that is continued in WEE WISDOM. — ED.]

MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I have come down to the rocks to write, for, as you love the ocean that you've never seen, you may receive a whiff of it. Can't you smell the salt air, and hear the waves dash, and see the white spray break upon the high rocks? I have learned to make the black and white prints on velox paper and my photos are better than I realized. They're small but I think large enough for the small paper.

With love and all good wishes, prosperity and success, Lovingly,

MARY DEWITT.

[Here Aunt Mary tells about some books she is writing (that's confidential) and so we won't tell it out here, but will all declare *success* for them, and be glad she's WEE WISDOM'S Aunt Mary. — ED.]

RATON, N. M.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will send a story of my six kittens. One day I was going to the barn to feed my cats and I did not find her, so I began to hunt for her. Soon I found her dead in the barn and the little ones by her. I went to the barn to feed her some milk. I taught the little kittens to drink milk, so they are getting along nicely. I will send a little story before I close. Here it is: God is love, God is good, God is all in all. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. With love, GLADYS TROY.



Class Word — LOVE.

Jewel Word — GENTLENESS.

Song Word —

"Love is gentle, love is sweet,
Love has willing hands and feet.
Love your work, and love your play,
Love the Lord of ev'ry day;
Love the birds, and love the flow'rs,
Love the fresh sweet morning hours.
Always love to do your part,
Then you'll have a happy heart"

(See WEE WISDOM, Jan. 1902.)

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

Uncle John's Package of Seed-words have not arrived yet, and so we will choose for our fall planting one of the most useful *seeds* we know of. Here's a LOVE-SEED for each of you. Plant first, in the warm, sunny, south corner of your own heart, and you'll be surprised how quick it will grow and yield a lot more of love-seeds. These you want to take with you wherever you go and scatter them broadcast. The flowers of the love-seed are the most beautiful and fragrant of all the heart's flowers. A wonderful thing about this seed is, selfishness and ugliness will never grow in the soil where it is planted.

Our *Jewel Word* you had best put right on. It will look well on *you*, for it becomes everyone. It is *priceless* in

value, and yet it is a gift to *you* for the wearing of it.

Now we have gotten our *seed-words* sown and our *jewel* on, we will *play*

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Let's *play* that Helen is teacher, because she makes a first-class one, we know, for last Sunday when her teacher was late, we slipped in and there was Helen in the chair. She let us *play* we were one of the class and this is the way she did. She told us all to get very still, to pull down the curtains and close all the doors of our little house, so we could not be looking out. Then she told our little thinkers to think — *I am filled with love and health and peace.* Then we were to send a message to all the absent ones — *You are filled with love and health and peace.* Then Helen told us to put up our curtains, open our doors and windows and sing, "Love is gentle, love is sweet," etc.

Then she asked us to repeat the "REMEMBER WORD" of last Sunday, which was still on the blackboard. It was:

"I am well, I am strong,
I know no weakness, fear no wrong;
Love and joy with me stay,
I am happy night and day."

Then we all talked about being *well* and *strong*, and we knew if we were not afraid of wrong and weakness, we would always be well and strong, for Health and Strength were 'round us like the air, only closer, because God is our Health and our Strength. Knowing this, makes us always happy and glad. Nearly all the class could tell about getting well, or helping somebody else find how *well* they could be by just thinking about Health. (You have already read in WEE WISDOM, about Hubert and Margaret and a number of other ones of this class, who have demonstrated beautifully.) Well, this class Helen teaches sometimes, is a class of *health* and *joy*. The next Remember-word given then was, *I love everybody and everything.* This was given because school was to begin the next day and lots of *love* would be needed to keep everything smooth and happy. And then, that the lessons should all be gotten without worry and flurry, another Remember-word was added — *God is my intelligence.*

Then Orion took up the class offering and Tessie passed the cards around, and Martha came in to count the number of the class and Lowell to count the pennies, and then we all filed out into the big room to hear what Mrs. Croft had to say about the lesson on King David. Our King David is *Love.*

LESSON I. OCTOBER 4.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.* — PS. 84:4.

We will close our eyes and repeat this with Helen. We will keep still in our little house, that we may know *whose* house it is and why it is blessed to dwell in it. When Helen tells us to sing:

"We all are little builders,
We're building here today;
We're building living temples
Not those of wood or clay.
Our stones are made of loving deeds,
Our colors, too, are fast;
Jesus our master builder is,
Such work will surely last.
Chorus:
Then rap, rap, rap, and tap, tap, tap,
We're building here today,
With stones of Life and Truth and Love,
All laid in God's right way."

we will know *we* are building the temple of the living God, and we want the "Master Builder's mind *always* to direct our building. Then the thoughts and the words we build with will be "Stones of Life and Truth and Love," and our building will be more beautiful than any building ever made by hands and it can never be sick or die.

LESSON II. OCTOBER 11.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Thy throne shall be established forever.* — 2 Sam. 7:16.

When Helen asks us what *throne* means, what shall we answer? Orion will say, "It's the king's seat." And then she will want to know, "What is a king?" And then I expect some of you will answer, "Why! he's the ruler of a kingdom." Can you think of a kingdom right here in these United States? Can you locate a kingdom that belongs to you? Where would you find the *throne*, and *whom* would you call your king? Edna knows. I think she is saying, "The *Kingdom* of God is within *you*."

* * *

LESSON III. OCTOBER 18.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Create in me a clean heart, O God.* — Ps. 51:10.

We are very careful to have our face and hands clean when we come among others. We should be just as careful about our thoughts. Our thoughts and feelings are the face and hands of our hearts. We must keep them clean through right thinking. "Blessed are the pure (clean) in heart, for they shall see God."

* * *

LESSON IV. OCTOBER 25.

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

These are pretty long words for Helen to manage. So she will tell you how good she feels when a friend forgives her for something she did wrong, but did n't mean to, and loves her just the same as ever. So we feel glad when that naughty word that brought us pain is lost in the Love that brings us health again.

I will love thee, O Lord, my strength. —*Psalm 18:1.*

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

NOW that Ye Editor has her Wisdoms all gathered about her again, and we are all glad together after two months o separation, she would like to ask what has happened to all our young writers and correspondents, that no stories have come in about "*The Courageous Thought and the Fearful Thought*," and so few letters? I can't believe that school has left you all with no time for WEE WISDOM. We shall have to take that subject over again, and shall expect lots of good things about *Courageous Thought*, and how to get *Fearful Thought* out of our lives. Starting to school is the very time to make good fellowship with *Courage*, and a time when fearful thoughts are sneaking around in lots of ways to keep us from our best efforts. So we want this Jack-the-Giant-Killer-of-Fear-and-Weakness, we call Courage, to be on hand every time to help us out. You will know just how to set him to work.

The good, big boy Lowell, who had so much fun at his little papa's expense in the September Sanctum, cannot understand why everybody did not know he meant his papa, when he told them the story of "Ye Editor and Little Charley." So when a dear old friend of the family wrote enquiring why she had never been told before of this "Little brother Charley," he was quite astonished. Maybe there are others who read his "good joke" that do not appreciate that these three boys have all out-grown their papa in size, and like to call him "the smallest of the Fillmore boys, or 'Little Charley.'" It is all in such loving, rolicksome fun, that their papa enjoys it, and is a boy among them during fun time.

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MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

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WHY THEY LIKE OCTOBER.

"I like October, 'cause,"
Said little Nell,
"Its got such pretty clothes."
"Me, too," said Bell.

Ben likes October, "For
It's good 'nd lazy."
And Mildred for "Its veil of
Purple hazy."

"Fur me, it's nuts 'nd things,"
Piped Little Ike;
"It's wot yer gets, yer know,
We fellers like."

— M.

What shall we do for Thanksgiving to make more thankfulness?

How would you like to have "the good big boys" for WEE WISDOM'S editors?

WEE WISDOM would like to know what 's become of her Uncle John and the Merchantville seed sowers. Are they all so busy taking lessons from that Wee Sage? And if he's so full of fresh new wisdom, Marion ought to keep us enlightened.

Tessie's WEE WISDOM has been visiting 'round her neighborhood, and it has cured Effie of being afraid of storms. She told her mamma she was n't afraid any more, for the WISDOM paper said, *"Put your trust in God, and fear not."* Another little neighbor has the habit of carrying WEE WISDOM around with her when she is ailing to make her well. WEE WISDOM is lots cheaper than doctors, and all the children love to take her *medicine.*

Aunt Mary says: "Our children must not be taught bad grammer, so for '*he don't do that,*' let us always be careful that they shall read, 'he *does n't* do that.' People are growing careless in the use of the word 'don't' for 'does n't.' I hope I am not too critical, but I believe in a good example for the children."

The first little story of "*The Fearful Thought and the Courageous Thought* has just arrived. It is sent in by Hattie Tompkins, but is too late for this number.

We continue the story subject, "*The Fearful Thought and the Courageous Thought.*" Don't forget to send in some good stories on it for November. You can give it a Thanksgiving tone, if you want to.

Ye Editor's hungry for some more good, live letters — they bring us so close together.

Look at the date on your label and renew promptly so you wont miss a paper.


Monday
Every little head
Nestling here to rest,
Finds a downy pillow
On the Lord Christ's
breast.
Tuesday
Every little heart
Turned to thoughts
of right,
Sings a little song of joy
All the long, dark
night.
Wednesday
Every little hand
That's done its best
all day,
Wears a jewel all the
night
That 'witches fear
away.
Thursday
Every little foot
That's swift to serve the
right,
Wears in dreams a fairy
shoe
Swifter than the light.
Friday
Every little tongue
That kind has been
all day,
Finds the rarest sweets
Of dreamland right away
Saturday
Every little eye
That sees the good in
all,
Opens to the brightest day
When the eyelids fall.
Sunday
Loving God 's so good to
me
I am always glad and
free;
Life 's so full of joy to tell
I am always strong and
well.