WEE WISDOM.



Vol. 8. KANSAS CITY, MO., SEPTEMBER, 1903. No. 2.



THE KIND THOUGHT AND THE ANGRY THOUGHT.

The Three Piccaninnies' First Ride.

BY HELEN DOROTHY DAMBMANN.

SATURDAY was Marjory's day for getting her week's pocket-money. She sat on a low chair by the window counting her change, in a very discontented mood. Angry Thought filled her heart that day, for it was the first summer she had been obliged to stay in the hot city. Marjory was even spiteful enough to wish her little friends who were in the country were all being eaten up by the mosquitoes.

In the afternoon she started out with her nurse to go to Central Park to spend her money, as usual, on herself. Marjory was just about to take a ride on the merry-go-round when an old darky attracted her attention. He was cleanly but poorly dressed, his old straw hat was bent and wilted, and his pants were patched in many places. Beside him stood three little darkies, who gazed with wistful eyes at the long longed for merry-go-round.

"Oh! pa, can't we have just one little ride? We does want to go so bad on the horses."

"Bless my soul, honey! Your poor pa hasn't got no money to spend on youse little piccaninnies."

Their little eyes filled with tears as they heard this answer. Marjory listened to it all, and the Kind Thought said, "For shame, not to give them a ride when you have the money," but then the Angry Thought crept in and said, "Oh, but think of all the extra rides you will have if you take them all yourself." So Marjory got on the horses and took two or three rides.

All this time the Kind Thought and the Angry Thought were having a terrible fight, and though Marjory wished to listen to the Angry Thought, the Kind Thought won, for she could no longer resist those poor sad little black faces looking so patient and so hopeless. Marjory jumped down from her horse, and running over to the old darkey asked him if she could give his little ones a ride.

It was beautiful to see their little faces brighten as they heard this, and to watch their delight as the merry-go-round started off with the merry tune of "Mr. Dooley." Marjory had such a queer satisfied feeling come over her that she not only gave them one ride each, but three rides, and although she had spent all her money and had to go home without her soda water and candy, she felt brighter and happier than she had for many weeks when she thought of the three little piccaninnies' first ride and of how that Kind Thought had got the best of all her angry thoughts.

WEE WISDOM

"Little Children Love One Another."

"Wisdom is Justified of her Children"

VOL. VIII. KANSAS CITY, MO., SEPTEMBER, 1903. No. 2.

One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did.

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

CHAPTER I.

THE COTTAGE IN THE WOOD.

JACK was jumping up and down on one foot, then bending nearly double he slapped his knees joyously.

"O Ma!" he shouted through the doorway of the small whitewashed cottage, "this is the dandiest place I ever was in. Just look at the bushes and all the wild flowers, and the great big trees!"

He leaned his head back and gazed up to the towering pines.

"And doesn't it smell sweet?" said Evelyn, who was assisting her mother in the unpacking. She came to the door with a pile of clothes upon her arm, and sniffed the air.

At that moment a boy of thirteen, by seven years Jack's senior, appeared around the corner of the house carrying a pitcher of water upon his shoulders. The water was slopping over his shoes at every step.

"I found the faucet," said he. "O Mother, we're going to have the best kind of a time, I'm sure."

"Certainly, dear, I felt that when Dr. Barnes offered us this cottage at such a reasonable price. We never could have come otherwise. But we must remember to be economical."

"That ride was fine from the station with that funny old man to drive us, and, Ma, didn't it cost a little, only thirty cents for us all?"

"Be still, Jack, it's not right to think



The cottage in the wood.

what everything costs. Besides, we're going to get rich, and not be poor any more," cried Harry, depositing his pitcher inside the door.

The mother smiled faintly.

"We're rich now," announced Evelyn, with a sweep of her thin hand. "Haven't we this lovely place, and the forest to play in, and all the wood we wish to burn lying about at our feet? Run, Jack, and pick up some now."

Jack scampered off, while the other two set to work helping their mother in various ways.

"It's nice the house is furnished," remarked Evelyn, as she hung towels over the washstand in her mother's



The path leading to the cottage.

room, "and think of it, three bed rooms, a kitchen, and sitting room!"

"I think mother was clever to pick cherries all through May, and save the money to come down here. Wasn't she, Ev?" asked Harry, who stood beside his mother waiting for another pile of clothes to distribute in the rooms.

"Oh! Ma has good common sense," replied Evelyn, turning to look admiringly at the busy mother.

"You funny children!" said Mrs. Evans, who was leaning over the canvas trunk. She looked up with a smile. "When all these things are put away I'm going to cook a good dinner; so Harry may go out now and help Jack bring in more wood, and, Evelyn, I'd like you to go to the grocery store up on the main street, Lighthouse Avenue it's called. You may also mail a postal to Auntie to let her know we arrived safely and like Pacific Grove so far."

"We're going to like it all the time," replied Evelyn cheerfully.

"Let's move the table out doors," cried Harry, coming in a moment later, a pile of wood upon his arm. He flung it down beneath their diminutive stove. "I think it'd be great fun to eat under the trees," he added.

"No, no, we can't do that," said the mother. "It's too much work and the fog's driving in."

"Yes, oh do!" cried Jack entering, laden with cones. "We must eat outdoors. See what I have! you can't get these in San Jose, can you?"

Harry came forward to explain.

"Those are pine cones, and fine to burn. But mother says we can't eat out side."

"Oh, bother!" cried Jack petulantly.

"My boy, be satisfied. You'd find it very uncomfortable in a short while."

"Mother has plenty of work without any extra," chimed in Evelyn, "so let's be contented."

Mrs. Evans gave Jack a little pat as she said, "I'll make up for it by taking you all on a picnic some day. I hear there are good paths all through these woods and one can't get lost."

She turned to the stove and Evelyn started for the grocer's, the list in her hand. As Evelyn disappeared down the path Mrs. Evans requested the boys to set the table.

"What are we going to have for dinner?" asked Jack, who liked to eat.

"You'll smell and see and taste if you wait long enough," replied Harry. Some day let's have some abalone soup. A boy, who'd been down here, told me that it was fine."

"We can't have expensive things," remarked Mrs. Evans. "You know mother's money won't hold out if we're extravagant, and surely we don't want to spend it all on our stomachs."

"I don't think abalone's expensive, and besides Jack and I might get some off the rocks, then they won't cost anything."

"You'll need a large knife or hatchet. If you do go after the abalones, remember not to put your hand inside the shell, for they're very dangerous things and will hold you firm and fast if they shut down."

"We'll be careful," replied Harry, glancing toward the gate. "Well, if there isn't Ev! You weren't long," he called.

"The people are ever so nice here," replied Evelyn, as she came up the path. "A lady spoke to me in the store and asked me how long I'd been here, and if I liked the beach; and she told me it was lovely in the morning. And, oh, do let's get everything straightened out tonight so we can go on the beach tomorrow, the first thing after breakfast." Evelyn tossed back her braids excitedly and threw down her parcels on the end of the table. "Pitch in, boys, and shell the peas for mother."

The boys clattered about hunting a pan, and went out on the step with the bag of peas, while Evelyn set to work peeling potatoes.

"It's just too lovely for anything. I'm so happy." She turned a smiling face to her mother. At that moment the boys came in shivering.

"It's colder than Greenland out there! exclaimed Harry.

The mother smiled.

"Mother knew best about our eating out of doors," remarked Evelyn as she threw her potatoes into a pot of water.

"You may fill in the time by gathering more wood, and I'll call you when dinner's ready," said Mrs. Evans as she took the pan of peas from Harry's hands.

Half an hour later a happy group assembled about the table.

All began to talk at once.

"Quiet, children!" said Mrs. Evans. "Let us be still, and thank God silently as we always do."

"What blessing did you say, Jack?" asked Harry as they raised their heads.

"I said, 'Thank God for the abalone.'"

Harry snickered. "Why, we haven't any, you silly! It's fish. See how pink it is. That's salmon."

"Never mind, Harry," admonished the mother. "Here's your plate."

"We have hot ginger bread and sauce for dessert!" shouted Jack. "I saw it."

"Mercy, Jack! You must not forget your manners, just because you're in a new place."

"Yes, Jack," chimed in Evelyn, "mother wanted to surprise us, and you spoiled it."

When the meal was over Evelyn set to work to wash dishes, while Harry wiped, giving mother a chance to finish taking the things from the trunk. The last dress was hung behind the cretonne curtain, the night clothes laid out upon the beds, and Mrs. Evans called her little family together.

"What shall we sing tonight?" she asked.

"I know," said Evelyn. "'God is Love, that Love Surrounds Me.' for the whole world is saying God is Love. I've been sitting on the step and the pines seem to be nodding together and whispering, 'God is love.'"

At these words, Jack, who was impulsive, tumbled into his mother's arms and whispered loudly, "I'll be a good boy all day tomorrow and help you, Mamma."

After their song, they said in concert, "I remember God is Love," and with good-night kisses went to their little rooms to dream of the joys of the morrow.

[*To be continued.*]

UNCLE JIM, TEDDY, AND KIND THOUGHT.

BY LUCY AULT.



ON a large white cloud high up in the sky old Mother Good Thoughts was asking one of her children to find his brother, Little Kind Thought.

"Here I am, Mother Good Thoughts," said a small voice.

"My child," said Mother Good Thoughts, "I want to show you something." She took Kind Thought to the edge of the cloud. There he looked down on one corner of a large city. He saw a little crippled boy sitting on the curbstone begging for money so he could buy some bread. He had only one penny in his little fist. Although many people went past, none stopped to look at the patient figure. The sun's heat was almost unbearable, and he was very tired and very hungry. That was what Kind Thought saw from the cloud.

Mother Good Thoughts was saying to him, "Kind Thought, I want you to go down there and slip into the mind of some one going past. Grow larger after you are there, and cause the person to give some help to crippled Teddy."

"Very well. You shall see how large I'll grow," Kind Thought said.

He stepped off the cloud, and went sailing through air to come down right on a gentleman's hat. He slipped through the hat and into his mind. The gentleman was Uncle Jim. He was waiting for his car and he glanced around at Teddy.

"Please, sir, give me a nickel to buy something to eat," Teddy said. "I'm mighty hungry, sir."

Then Kind Thought began to grow.

"Well, well," said Uncle Jim, "here you are, young fellow," and he gave Teddy a shining bright quarter. Then he ran out to get on the car.

"Thank you, oh, thank you," Teddy cried out, but Uncle Jim was out of hearing.

Teddy had a nice dinner, and had saved fifteen cents so he could buy his supper. Kind Thought, while Teddy was eating his dinner, was growing and growing in Uncle Jim's mind.

"You have enough money to put that boy in a school where he'll be taken care of," he said to Uncle Jim.

"Oh, but it will cost so much," a Naughty Thought said.

But Kind Thought quickly pushed it out by saying, "Well, then, keep him yourself."

"How do I know he is a good boy?" one of Uncle Jim's Naughty Thoughts said.

Kind Thought was strong enough to silence that too.

"Can you not tell from his face that he is good?"

So Kind Thought won. Uncle Jim went home and told his wife about it.

"You see, Mary," he said to her, "we have no children of our own, and we might as well take him. I've always wanted to take some poor little orphan to our home, so I think I'll take this one."

So next morning he said to Teddy, "How would you like to come home and live with me and my wife?"

Teddy was so glad he wanted to jump up and down, but, being a cripple, he could not. And when he got home Aunt Mary put her arms around him and called him her "own little boy."

Kind Thought's work was done, and he went home to the cloud. And Uncle Jim and Aunt Mary grew to love Teddy a great deal. And Aunt Mary had a Scientist friend treat Teddy until he was able to walk.

Uncle Jim was a good man, but Kind Thought helped him to be a better one.

SUMMER.

BY MARGERY MOORE.

It is the beauteous summer,
And all the earth is gay
With many-colored blossoms,
And sunlight's golden ray.

There is music in the tree-tops,
There is perfume in the air,
And gladness in the cricket's chirp,
Sweet summer reigns everywhere.

You may look o'er head in the deep
blue sky,
Or on the green earth at your
feet;
You may look to the east or look
to the west,
And summer your gaze will greet.

But it was not always summer-time;
Last winter old earth was gray,
And the sun was hid behind the
clouds
On many a wintry day.

But the sun sent out his golden rays,
Casting a glow o'er the earth
That awakened the cowslip from
her sleep,
And hastened the violet's birth.

And that's how the earth becomes
so gay,
Thro' the warmth of the glorious
sun.
'Twas in the Spring he had shone
all day,
Then the wondrous work begun.

Now, gentle reader, is the time
To bless with your love and
smiles,
And make the world all beautiful;
Not spoil with your "wait-a-
whiles."

You have seen the wonderful work
of the sun
In making the world so bright.
If you have not also this task
begun,
You had better this very night.

THE FLOOD AT KANSAS CITY.

BY ORION.

WHEN the big flood came this Spring Albert and papa and I went out to look at it, and we saw that it was up in the tree tops of the woods, so we knew that there would be lots of interesting things to see when it went down.

So when it was over we crossed over the Hannibal bridge and sat down on the other side, and watched men catching great spoonbill fish about five feet long. Then we went into the woods. Everything was covered with pretty white sand which was over the treetops in places. Little toads were just moving around, and Albert put one into the river to watch him swim.

The river must have said, "Back to the woods" to the freight cars, as we found a lot piled up in the woods a mile from any railroad. We found great piles of all sorts of things, such as houses, freight cars, lumber, fences, furniture, trunks, carpets, wagons, mattresses, clothes, china, bricks, tar roofs, chicken coops, clocks, wheels, harness, jugs, bottles, barrels, iron tanks (one sixty feet long and weighing tons), railroad rails, iron pipes, cases of canned goods, stools, patent foods, baby buggies, doors, piles of glass, farm implements and about everything that is kept in houses and railroad yards and farms, all piled around in the woods in the funniest mess one can think of, in piles hundreds of feet long like little hills.

All around were little ponds full of crawfish — just thousands in each pond, more crawfish than water in them, and around the ponds were tracks of coons, wild cats, opossums, dogs, big birds, and many strange tracks that we were unable to figure out. All around in the sand were pretty little lace-work tracks made by mice, rats and other little animals that live in the woods and come out at night.

About ten miles down the river we found the railroads all washed away, and we saw men re-building them. They just took big trees and stuck them in the ground and hammered them in, and in about thirty minutes they had a bridge built across a pond, and down farther we walked along the track with water on both sides, and papa said, "I'll bet we will see a snake here," and just then a snake ran across the track. We came to a pond full of little fish, and we seined a few for Lowell's aquarium.

In a deep cut along the Santa Fe railway we found a colony of bank swallows busy going in and coming out of their holes. A hawk came along, and how the swallows did jump on him. They mighty soon drove him far away.

The sand-bars were covered with oranges, lemons, apples, potatoes and various smells. We came to the Blue River, but we could not tell where it was, as it was playing peak-a-boo under the Missouri River. The raindrops and the river had a hard time answering the millions of prayers for rain that went up during the dry spell, but they did their best, and satisfied most of us.

A DEW-DROP STORY.

BY VIOLET RUTH MOEBUS.

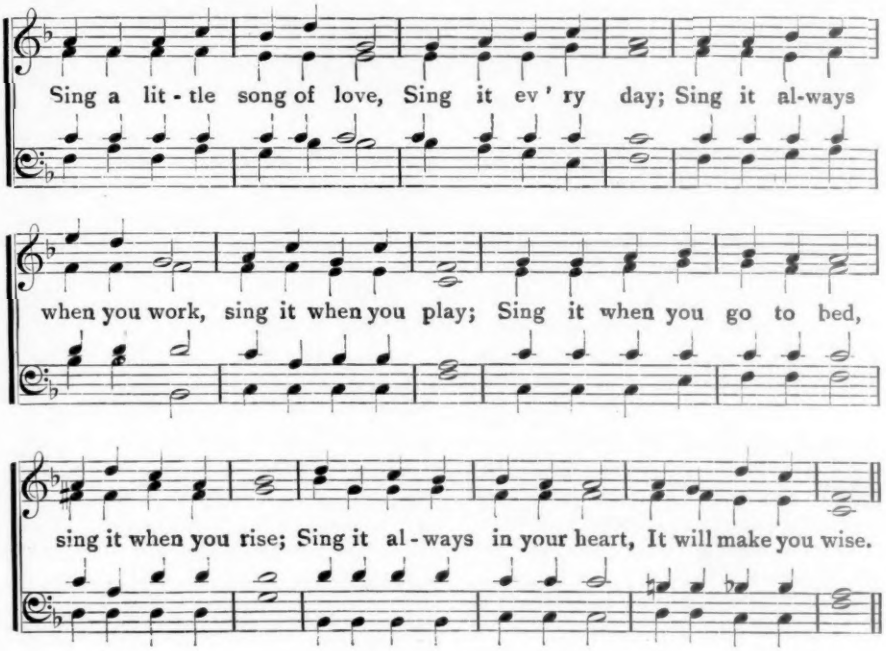
Age 8 years.

One morning very early I went to see the Dew-drop on the grass. I saw it on the flowers. I saw it on the trees. I was so very happy. I saw it on the buttercups. I saw it on the violets. I saw it on the marguerites. I saw it on the daisies, and I saw it on the pansies as I passed.

"On the heaven heights of Truth
The true soul keeps its youth."

SING A LITTLE SONG OF LOVE.

From "Wee Wisdom." *Ernst Krohn.*



VAGABOND BOB.

(An incident of the Kansas City flood.)

Bob was a vagabond. If you had seen
The limp of his legs and the lay of his fur,
His gaunt, yellow body, disgracefully lean,
You had vowed he was only a vagabond cur.

The torrent swept down on a world unaware;
And women and children and men were his prey;
And Death was his brother, who walked everywhere,
And the faces of mortals were white with dismay.

A babe in a cradle was rocked to and fro,
Tossed hither and thither 'mid flotsam and wreck.
With only grim Death and the angels to know,
A mariner wee on a pitiful deck.

With only grim Death and the angels? Not so.
On a mound over yonder a vagabond cur
Heard the wail of the babe, like the summons of woe,
And the spirit of heroes in him was astir.

Now, Vagabond Bob, now, outcast — what now?
The chasm is wide by the mad current torn,
And rescue 's a bark with Death at the prow —
Still over the waters that wailing is borne.

I think that he shivered one moment in dread;
I think that he doubted ere outward he sprung—
See now in the current the vagabond head,
The debris, the flotsam, the wreckage among.

He reached her! He saved her! No mortal had known
How long was the struggle, how cruelly hard;
But the rescuers found them, the two waifs alone,
And the babe was asleep, and Bob was on guard.

—Alfred J. Waterhouse in *New York Times*.

THE GOOD THOUGHT AND THE NAUGHTY ONE.

BY ANNA IGOE.

IN a small town on the Hudson there lived a girl named Pansy. This girl went to a small Catholic school taught by Franciscan Sisters. The school contained six rooms, and five of them had two classes each. In the last room there were three classes.

The girl of whom I am speaking was in the highest room, and the second class. The Sister who taught in this room was inclined to be strict with the children, and, of course, if she was not a little strict the children would not learn very much; however, the teacher's strictness was mistaken by the children for "crankiness," and they always said, "She is a perfect crank," and of course how could she be anything else with all those children thinking that naughty thought about her?

Pansy, I am sorry to say, was also one of those naughty thinkers, and she was most of the time complaining about her teacher. But one day after having a long talk with her teacher, she began to think that she was "not quite so bad after all." Ah! that was the first good thought, and then she made a resolution that she would never again speak of her teacher as cranky, but that she would search for her *good* qualities and bring them to light, for they were there; only on account of their not being recognized by the scholars, 'twas as if they were not there.

Now, when Pansy began to think the Good Thought, it acted on the rest of the class, and they began to see that their teacher's "crankiness" was really meant for their good.

This shows that if we only give the Good Thought the opportunity to expand it will go on growing eternally.

THE GOOD THOUGHT AND THE NAUGHTY THOUGHT.

BY MERLE HARDY.

Age 13.

MABEL Steck came in from school with a pack of books under her arm. Among them was a new book with a bright pink cover with gold letters on it.

"What book is that, my dear?" asked Mrs. Steck, as Mabel laid it on the table.

"It is a book Miss Hunt gave me to read. It is called 'The Naughty and the Good Thought.'"

After supper Mabel went to her room, and flinging herself into a low chair by the window she opened her book and began to read. The heroine of the story had conquered the channel of her thoughts. She had diverted them from evil to good. She had always had one difficulty, that was seeing evil in others.

Now this was Mabel's greatest fault. She was constantly seeing evil in others. This story made a great impression upon her. She firmly decided to conquer this one fault. She held this statement, "I am God's child, and can see no evil in anything or anybody." A great change came over her. She spoke gently, and seemed quite a different girl.

Her mother looked on smilingly, while her father said, "My Mabel has changed."

Her influence changed the entire household. Her father and mother came to know the Truth through her, and gradually all became faithful to the silent hour.

Mabel was sent to Sunday School, her father and mother went to church, and the whole home became brighter, thanks to Mabel's perseverence and the story, "The Naughty Thought and the Good Thought."



CHICAGO, ILL.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM FRIENDS — I have been making my annual report for several years past, and now Auntie Myrtle writes me that it is time to make it again. We have moved away from Kansas City, and now when Auntie Myrtle wants to talk to me she has to write. We moved to Chicago in June, and are living in a nice flat at 243 La Salle Ave. I think I have grown too large for the work in Kansas City, for that was for a small boy. Chicago is a large place, and has two million, two hundred and thirty-one thousand population. We are living near Lincoln Park, which is over three miles long and is several blocks wide at one end and comes to a point at the other. It is full of beautiful trees, and is a nice shady place to go and lie on the grass on a hot day. On the east edge of the park is Lake Michigan, and I go out wading in the waves that come rolling in all the time. Lake Michigan is so wide here, seventy-five miles, that you can't see across it. You can look out on the lake and see big steamers going in every direction, and schooners and little boats of all kinds. You can take a boat and ride from the park down town, about five miles, and back for twenty-five cents. In the park are the city's animals, fifteen buffaloes, a lot of elks and deer and sea lions and African ons and tigers and monkeys and storks and ostriches, and lots of birds and animals that I have not room to tell about. I ride my wheel to the park nearly every day and have lots of fun. I think Chicago is a good place to live. I have written a long letter for this time but will write again and tell you more about Chicago.

MORRIS F. SHAFER.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will write a few lines for the first time. I live in Salt Lake. We have the great Salt Lake which is very attractive for tourists, as the bathing is very fine, and the temple which took forty years to build, and tabernacle without a nail in it will seat 12,000 people, and the choir of two hundred members, and the organ is the largest and grandest in the United States. I have a doll house which I will tell about next time. MARGARET MCCLURE.

BURCHARD, NEB.

DEAR FRIENDS — I want to tell how much we love the little paper, which our dear friend, Mrs. Messick, has given us. We are in the country with our Uncle Grant Warfel for the vacation. He is the very nicest uncle. He lets us ride and drive the horses, and he is always finding something to interest us. The last thing that he found was a bat. It was such a queer little thing. It looked some like a mouse, only it had funny wings. I have written too much now and must close. Maybe Sister Myrtle will tell you more about the bat next month. PEARL WARFEL.

CAMPBELL, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. I like the little paper very much. I am so sorry that the stories of the Raindrop have stopped. I am ten years young. I will be in the fourth grade next year. My mother and I go five miles to the Home of Truth. I have a bird. His name is Ginger. Sometimes I get in a room and shut the doors and windows and let him out. Sometimes he gets on my shoulder and stays there and I work around, and pretty soon I look to see where he is, and put my hand on my back and there he is. I have a tent for a playhouse. I have a little playmate. Her name is Marjory. With love to all, hoping to see my letter in print,

FLORENCE ELAINE WADE.

NEW YORK CITY.

MRS. MYRTLE FILLMORE — I am sending you two stories. One is a P. S. to "The Hen-Pecked Squirrel" and is all about our baby squirrels and their mother, who has become so kind and gentle. The other story is for September, which you asked for about the Kind Thought and the Angry Thought. This really happened in Central Park one day. As this is WEE WISDOM's birthday month I am using my best writing paper. I hope these two stories will please you. Thanking you for sending me so many copies of WEE WISDOM so quickly, I remain,

Your little friend,
H. DOROTHY DAMBMANN.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am sending you this little story, and I hope I will soon see it in print. With love to yourself and all the little Wees, I remain, Your loving friend,

ANNA IGOE.



BY A FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN.

LESSON I. SEPTEMBER 6.

Death of Saul and Jonathan. — I. Sam. 31:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT — *There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.* — Prov. 14:12.

In Saul, as in you and as in everybody, there were two who wished to rule, the Christ-child and the selfish one. In life the highest purpose we can have, the very best we can do, is to show forth in divine nature, to prove to the world and to ourselves that we are children of God. Then will our paths be paths of peace. The golden text tells the end of ungodly ways. How well it fits the later career of King Saul!

Dear readers, you remember how jealousy had led him on to hound David that he might kill him. He should have and could have kept him as a friend in his court. He had been chosen by God to rule over Israel, and should have trusted God's protecting power. He weakened himself and nation by his foolishness, and his old enemy, the Philistines, being aware of the condition of things, gathered their forces for war against King Saul. Do not think, dear reader, that the ruler of the Israelites was altogether bad. He was very courageous and loved his nation, which he proved by coming at once to the front to meet the Philistines. When he saw their numbers, he almost despaired. Feeling how powerless he and his soldiers on foot would be against the chariots and horses of the enemy he sought God's help. But no answer came to his prayer. To pray to God only in trouble is very selfish. The Master said that the prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Does this not mean also that the prayer of an unrighteousness, a selfish man, availeth little? True prayer is the prayer of faith and a selfish ungodly man proves by his very life that he has little faith in God. There are dark days and hard things to do in every life, but if we trust God every day He will not forsake us in our trial but make His light to shine in the darkness.

With a heavy heart, with all hope gone, seeing defeat before him, Saul led his warriors to battle. But before long they fled before the enemy. Dear readers was it because they were outnumbered? Saul knew and you and I know it was because God was not with him. Again and again, in their exodus out of Egypt and in their conquest of Canaan, victory came to the Israelites against all odds. King Pharoah and all his host were powerless before the Jehovah of Moses and his people, and Goliath was a mere pigmy in the hand of the Lord in whose name David met him. Close by the place where Saul and his army were defeated had Gideon, one of Israel's heroes, gained a great victory with only three hundred men against an enemy of far greater numbers. But the arm of the Lord was with Gideon. Dear readers, let us profit by Saul's bitter experience. The only sure and safe way is God's way.

David was deeply grieved when news came to him of the death of Saul and Jonathan. Notwithstanding his persecution, King Saul was always to him the Lord's anointed, and we know how much he loved Jonathan. Then the singer of Israel wrote the beautiful "Song of the Bow," some parts of which I shall give you, parts that express the Psalmist's deep and tender sorrow.

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places;
"How are the mighty fallen!"
"Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew nor rain upon you,
Neither fields of offerings.
For there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away,
The shield of Saul, as one not anointed with oil."
"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided;
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions."
"How are the mighty
Fallen in the midst of battle!"
"O Jonathan,
Slain upon thy high places,
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan,
Very pleasant hast thou been to me.
Thy love to me was wonderful."

Of the fallen King some one has written, "Few lives have begun with brighter hopes, more splendid promises, more brilliant possibilities, than Saul's. But he let small vices tear his character and all his prospects down. Any sin, however small, may build up a barrier between us and God. The Master said if we break one commandment we break the whole law. As we think about Saul let us feel very sorry that he stood in his own light, that he was his own worst enemy. Let his life teach us to fear to do evil, lest it separate us from God.

LESSON II. SEPTEMBER 13.

David Becomes King. — II. Sam. 2:1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.* — Psa. 133:1.

Do the readers of WEE WISDOM remember the parable of the talents? If not, have some one tell it or read it to you. To the two servants who used the money entrusted to them, their Lord upon his return says, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." How striking an illustration of this is David's life! Faithfulness in little things is a sure path to greater things, an open door to a larger life. Our beloved poet, Longfellow, writes,

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night."

David knew that some day he was to be King He had been anointed by Samuel while tending his father's sheep, and during the long hard period of exile he had held and cherished the thought of divine protection. He was now thirty years of age, and we can look upon his varied experience as a wonderful preparation for his Kingship now at hand.

Some writers have pictured David as almost faultless. Far from it, yet, considering the times of sin in which he lived and comparing him with Saul, he deserves our admiration and esteem. A comparison of him with his predecessor has been written as follows: "David's heart was right. Saul's heart was wrong. The latter was like a watch with a bad mainspring, the former like one with a good mainspring, but with the hands occasionally caught, so as to ind cate wrong time. The whole tide of Saul's life flowed in the wrong direction, with eddies flowing right; while David's whole life flowed in the right direction, with occasional eddies in the wrong. David's faults were spots on the sun. Saul's virtues were sparks on a disk of darkness; Saul's life was a failure in the end. David's life, even with sufferings for his sins, was a glorious success. Saul's ship was wrecked; David's came into port with scars from the storm, and rent sails, and battered sides, but bringing the precious cargo safely to the desired haven."

When news came to David of the death of Saul and Jonathan he knew his coronation was not far hence Yet his lamentation and mourning had the ring of sincerity in it.

Among David's many and splendid virtues was his piety, his loving obedience to God. In this crisis, through the High-priest, he asked for guidance. He and his men then went to the city of Hebron where he was anointed King, and here he ruled Judah wisely and well for seven years and a half.

At the same time that David began his rule in Judah, the only surviving son of Saul set up his throne in the country north of Judah. He attempted to take David's kingdom from him, but in vain. One was chosen by God to rule, the other was not, and the Lord's anointed prevailed. Death came to the son of Saul and his general, and the whole northern country welcomed King David to rule over them. Thus fighting only in self-defence, waiting for time and Providence to work things out, the former shepherd lad became the first in the whole land, and a great work was before him.

As we think about David and his rapid rise to greatness and glory, at the first glance it might seem that circumstances offered so many open doors to him. They did, yet also to Saul and to you and to me also doors are ever open to higher and better things. David was prepared to enter. What was his preparation? The varied experiences of his whole life but most of all his trust in God and his loving obedience to His word. This can be your preparation and mine, and God will go with us through every open door along our way.

David's work as King was a great work. He found the nation divided, surrounded by enemies, and with little true religion. With the help of God he left it united, at peace with surrounding nations, zealous for Jehovah, abounding in wealth, prosperity, and the blessing of life. This is a true condition, God's plan for every individual and every nation. Let us see that we do not thwart it. God knows no poverty and out of His abundance He gives to His children.

LESSON III. SEPTEMBER 20.

Abstinence From Evil. — I. Peter 4:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.* — Eph. 5:18.

Paul, after the vision came to him on his way to Damascus, tried to live an entirely different life. But he wrote concerning it, "The things I would I do not, but the things I would not do I do." The habits clung to him like the "Old Man of the Sea," whom you have perhaps read about in "Sinbad, the Sailor." Dear readers, you are forming habits now, every hour, every day. Are they good habits? Then keep on. Are they bad? Then shake them off at once. The longer you wait the harder will the task be.

God has put you and all the earth in the midst of plenty. He has provided His children most bountifully with food and drink and clothing. The delicious fruits we are being supplied with at this season surely prove that God intended eating to be a pleasure as well as a necessity. And when in the country, after a long walk "up hill and down dale," how delicious is the water from the pure mountain stream.

When things have tasted very good, little friends, have you ever wanted more than was good for you? That was excess, the word in our Golden Text. Perhaps you have heard your mother say, "Enough is as good as a feast." Greediness and gluttony are as far from the nature of the Christ-child as the stars are from the earth.

Out of grapes and other fruits man has learned to make certain drinks, called alcoholic liquors. Some men and even some women learn to like these so well that they want more and more. This is called intemperance. So many bad effects follow the drinking habit that one has called it the "mother of crimes." It weakens the will to do right and dulls the brain and the conscience. St. Augustine once said, "Intemperance is the egg out of which all vices may be hatched." He meant intemperance along all lines. A drunkard's losses are many: time, talent, purity, self-respect, honor, religion, soul. How poor the drinking habit leaves a man. What sorrow it brings into the home and the community. Perhaps more boys cultivate the cigarette habit than the drinking habit. Shun it, dear readers, as you would shun poison. It is most injurious to the health and weakens brain power and character. In many higher schools boys who smoke cigarettes are not allowed to enter. If our purpose in life is to know God and to serve Him and our brother man by the power of the Christ-child in our souls we will shun everything that has the least taint of sin in it.

Read very carefully verses 8, 9, 10 and 11. What a beautiful life will those live who heed what St. Peter has written! You can do it, I can do it.

YE EDITORS' SANCTUM.

GREETINGS to all of the Wees from Ye Editor and her Wees. Ye Editor has gone to the country this month for several weeks' vacation, taking her smallest boy, Charley, along with her. This leaves the larger boys to look after the Sanctum and the house generally. She and the small boy started from Kansas City one morning in August, and traveled northwest until they arrived at Table Rock, Neb. Here their friends were to come and get them and take them out into the big country where there is lots of silence and grass and trees and corn. But there was a river between Ye Editor and her friends, when she got off at the depot with the little boy. The river was having a good time. There were more little raindrops in it than its banks would really hold, so it had to have more room. The big boys think this was all because the little raindrops heard so much about themselves in WEE WISDOM that they were having a party for Ye Editor, but she didn't seem to know it. It took so much room for the raindrop party and they played so hard that the good people could not get over to see Ye Editor and the little boy. But the little boy had brought some lunch along in a box, so they ate that and were glad.

But the people on the other side of the river went four miles to a telephone and sent word to some other good people on Ye Editor's side of the river. These kind people came down and rescued Ye Editor and her smallest boy and took them home with them, where the travelers stayed and had a good time until the raindrop party was over. Then they went out into the country and had a good time, and the little boy fed the pigs and chased the chickens and geese, and made them run and cackle and waddle and squawk, but he didn't hurt them, for he is a vegetarian.

But while Ye Editor is gone, the big boys and their nice grandmother are having a good time, too. The other day they found lots and lots of little new fishes in their cool, shady pond, and the big fish were eating up the little fish, and the good big boys took the nice little fish out and put them in a big jar full of water where they could have all the fun they wanted to without being afraid of being eaten up.

Morris' report comes in this month, because it was crowded out of the Birthday number.

Oh, yes, and the big boys like to read the good stories that are going in WEE WISDOM before anybody else gets a chance to read them.

Orion gives you a fine idea of what the flood did, in his original way. But, of course, he does not tell all that he saw of the flood, for that would take up several whole magazines like WEE WISDOM.

There is a continued story by Aunt Mary begins this month, and the boys feel sure that you will all enjoy it as much as they do. And the "Kind Thought and Naughty Thought" stories are just as interesting as they can be, and each is a whole course of lessons in itself, and might be studied with profit by the grown-ups.

The nights are getting so nice and cool that the boys just got out the Pillows again, and you will find them on the last page — just help yourselves, and you will have sweet dreams. There are lots of other nice things in this number which will speak for themselves. These things and many others keep the big boys interested, and out of mischief until their mamma and papa get back from the country.

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.

September, 1903.

Morris' annual report will tell you of his change of location. It seemed for a while as if Unity Headquarters had lost a very happy, busy feature of its working force when Morris left, for he was always helping in some capacity, and there was a big lonesome place in Ye Editor's heart with Morris gone. But our poet says, "Men's good live after them," and so does Morris' flower garden, and we can go out and gather the flowers he planted last year, and their beauty and fragrance tell us every day of Morris' love and thoughtfulness, and we know he will plant *good seed* and loving fragrant thoughts in his new home and among his new associates, and yet will leave all the bloom among his old friends who love and miss him.

A friend has written that she thinks we are leaving out one of the very best parts of WEE WISDOM when we leave the Pillows out. I have felt a little that way myself, but there seems to be so much in waiting for a place in WEE WISDOM that the room always seems small for it all, and so other matter crowded over into the Pillow page. But we *will* make room for them if our Wisdoms want them to sleep on.

The subject for October writers will be "*The Fearful Thought and the Courageous Thought.*" You will not forget that the best stories written on these monthly subjects are to be gathered together in a little book at the end of the year, and each little author will be presented with a volume.

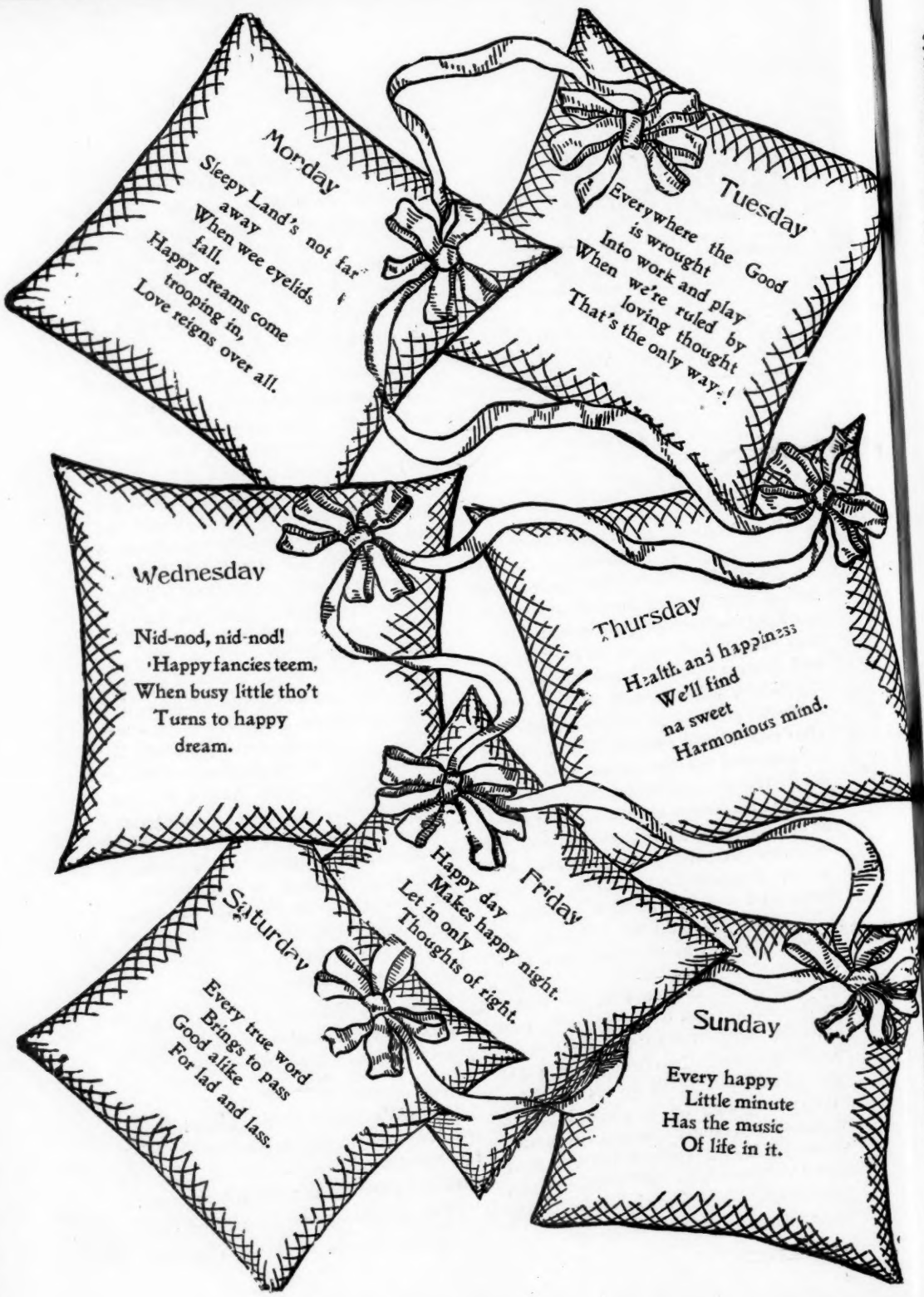
What a baby show WEE WISDOM had at her party! What a pity they could n't be heard as well as seen, for they are the jolliest set of goo-ers, and I really believe the way they happened to get Fillmore attached to their names was because they were to *fill more* and more this old world full of joy and gladness. An epedemic of that kind of *fill more* would n't be a bad idea even for the Fillmore family itself.

Our little writers have handled the subjects given for August and September well. I think their productions worthy a place in the proposed volume. Our subject for next month will be "*The Fearful Thought and the Courageous Thought.*" I hope you'll all try to write something. Our Sunshine column must not be forgotten. I am sure our Sunshine workers are working all the time, but they forget to tell us about the good things they are doing.

There are several excellent stories waiting. We are always glad to have plenty of good matter in reserve.

WEE WISDOM will be furnished in quantities to Sunday Schools at the following rates:

10 to 24 copies, 30 cts. each per year.
25 to 49 copies, 25 cts. each per year.
50 to 100 copies, 20 cts. each per year.


Monday
Sleepy Land's not far away
When wee eyelids fall.
Happy dreams come trooping in,
Love reigns over all.
Tuesday
Everywhere the Good is wrought
Into work and play
When we're ruled by loving thought
That's the only way!
Wednesday
Nid-nod, nid-nod!
Happy fancies teem,
When busy little tho't
Turns to happy dream.
Thursday
Health and happiness
We'll find
na sweet
Harmonious mind.
Friday
Happy day
Makes happy night.
Let in only
Thoughts of right.
Saturday
Every true word
Brings to pass
Good alike
For lad and lass.
Sunday
Every happy
Little minute
Has the music
Of life in it.