WEE WISDOM.



Vol. 8. KANSAS CITY, MO., JULY, 1904. No. 12.



JUST SUNSHINE.

A little spot of Sunshine
Came like a patch of gold,
And fell upon a flower bed,
As it shivered in the cold.

But when the Sunshine kissed it,
In just a little while
Its blushing petals opened
And answered with a smile.

So often in life's trials,
When all the world seems cold,
One lone word spoken to us
Comes like this patch of gold.

—Selected.

LOUISE'S ANNIVERSARY.

BY RACHEL STILES.

Age 10 years.

LOUISE kissed her mother good-by as she started for Sunday School and said, "Mamma, I suppose I can't march Anniversary Day."

"No, said her mother, "you have no nice dress or parasol, but never mind, dear, I shall try to make you happy in some other way."

Now a little friend of Louise, named Grace, was in the hall waiting for her and heard it all. Grace loved Louise, as everybody did who knew her sweet ways, and she felt sorry for Louise. After Sunday School Grace told Alice, another little friend, all about it.

Alice said, "Let us ask our mothers what we can do for her." So they did, and this is what happened.

The night before Anniversary Day Alice and Grace carried a basket to Louise Allison's front door. They rang the bell and quickly ran away and hid.

Soon Mrs. Allison came to the door, and this is what they found in the basket. First, on top was a beautiful lace dress, next came a pink parasol, and under that a pair of tan shoes and stockings. Then came two chocolate nut cakes, and in an envelope was a ten-dollar bill for Mrs. Allison and a two-dollar bill for Louise, with a kind note from Alice's mother. Louise jumped up and down for joy and said, "So I can be in the Anniversary parade after all, mamma. How good the girls are to me." When she came home from the parade she said, "Mamma, this is the happiest day I ever had, and I told Alice and Grace so, too."

"For Christ's sake,
Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the places you can,
And as long as ever you can."

"I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God;
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To purer air and a broader view."

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

VOL. VIII. KANSAS CITY, MO., JULY, 1904. No. 12.

One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did.

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

CHAPTER XI.

A HAPPY VENTURE.

WHEN Evelyn reached home she had much to recount. At supper the mother and boys were quite still while Evelyn did most of the talking.

"I wish we could go sometime," said Harry, as Evelyn finished the day's doings.

"You boys shall go," said Mrs. Evans. "You deserve to go. Do you know, Evie, the boys between them earned two dollars today."

"Oh, good!" cried Evelyn, "that's splendid!"

"Everything's booming!" exclaimed Harry.

"Now, mother, you tell," squealed Jack, clutching at the table, and tipping his chair.

Evelyn pulled him forward, "Stop, Jack, you'll tumble."

"Sit up like good children, and I'll tell you. Mrs. Doble called on me today, and I found her very pleasant, I must say. She apologized for coming, but said she was anxious to meet me, because my children interested her. Dearie me! I am proud of you all." Mrs. Evans turned a beaming face upon her three children. "It makes me happy to know you behave well wherever you are. I tell you, Evelyn and Harry and Jack, its good manners as well as faith that draws the good into our lives."



Pacific Grove and the beach.

"And what else did she say?" asked Harry, as his mother paused.

"After some talk, and I had given her a cup of tea, for it was so warm today, and I knew it would refresh her, Mrs.

Doble said to me, 'Mrs. Evans, you're not very far from the road that takes people on that charming seventeen-mile drive. I should think it might be profitable if you had a stand there and served some of this nice tea with little cakes such as these. It would be something out of the ordinary.'"

"And waffles," interrupted Evelyn, clapping her hands. "That was my plan, too, you know."

"Yes, and abalone shells," suggested Harry.

"And sea-weed cards," chimed in Jack.

"There are two tables in the kitchen, you could use one of those for the stand," advised Evelyn.

Mrs. Evans looked quite eager. "I'll start right in tomorrow. Well, Evelyn, it was faith, dear child, that made all this possible. I used the last of the tea when Mrs. Doble was here, and the boys had n't yet come in with their earnings. I just trusted the good Lord."

"And it was good manners, too, mother," said Evelyn with shining eyes.

Harry looked up and added, thoughtfully, "And that's kindness."

"Yes, my boy, kindness is good manners; courtesy, some say."

"There's somebody at the door!" shouted Jack.

"Sh! don't be so noisy." Mrs. Evans arose and opened the door.

A man stood outside bearing a large basket. "Does Mrs. Evans live here?" he asked.

"Yes; I'm Mrs. Evans."

"I was told to leave this," he concluded. Setting his burden down inside the door, he hurried away without waiting a reply.

"What is it? What is it?" cried three excited voices.

"Patience! I don't know myself yet," replied Mrs. Evans, as she leaned over the basket to examine its contents. "I expect it's fruit from some one's orchard."

"Mrs. Winn has some fruit trees!" exclaimed Evelyn, running to her mother's side.

"It's peaches, apricots and cherries," cried Harry.

"And groceries," added Evelyn, who was on the floor helping her mother to unpack the things.

"Here's a card," said Harry, "and it says, 'The reward of faith.'"

"It's from Mrs. Winn, then," observed Evelyn. "She asked me so many questions, and I did not know how to answer hardly."

"Susie Winn was always a generous soul," murmured Mrs. Evans. "We'll have to accept the things or she'll be very much hurt."

"Why, of course. God sent 'em. I prayed for more to eat, anyway," cried Jack.

"O Jack!" cried Evelyn, reprovingly, "that's not the way to pray."

"Can't help it. I did it now," answered Jack, "and my prayer's heard."

Chapter XII.

All's well that ends well.

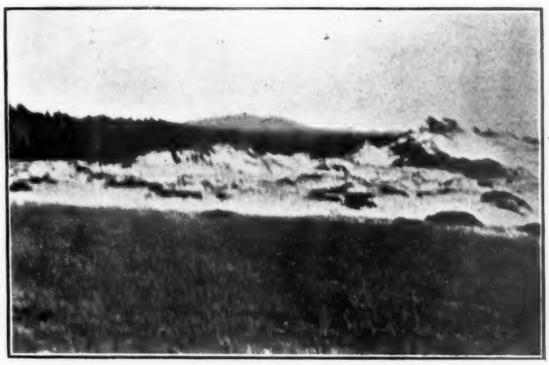
"IT'S just as I said," shouted Harry, upon entering their cottage, and throwing down his line, "everything's booming."

Evelyn was leaning over the stove preparing the evening meal. She turned as Harry entered.

"Well, you're a sight."

"I've been fishing with the men in a sail-boat near Monterey. One of the men was awfully good to me; he gave me a new line, and I caught a big salmon; it weighed twenty pounds; I sold it already. And I am going out

again tomorrow. I've just been up the road to mother's stand. She and Jack have all they can do. Every one that drives that way stops and buys something. Her waffles do go like hot cakes. Jack puts away the money, but he can't always count the change right. He makes the people laugh. Everyone here is as honest as can be, and takes such an interest in the little chap."



The sand dunes.

"Jack is a bright little fellow," said Evelyn proudly, "and of course people like him. Mother's getting positively fat. Did you notice, Harry?"

Harry nodded, pointing to the door. "Here they come. You'd better hurry with that supper."

"Yes, here we are," said Mrs. Evans, cheerily. "Oh, we're doing so well, Evelyn."

"I sold five abalone shells," chimed in Jack, "at twenty-five cents a piece — polished ones."

"Yes, every one buys from Jack," said Mrs. Evans, as she put away her basket of things.

"Did you sell all your waffles?" asked Evelyn, as she laid the plates on the table.

"All but two. Those I let Jack stow away. He was getting very hungry."

"They are in my bread-basket," said Jack, grinning and patting his chest.

"Now, for supper," cried Harry, drawing up the chairs. "And here's some money I made."

"Think of it! five dollars in one day," cried Evelyn, joyously.

"Every one has been so good in helping to give us a start. The Lakewoods have ordered more sea-weed mounted. Mrs. Lakewood sends some of these cards East, I believe."

"Oh, do let's have supper," cried Harry, impatiently.

"Yes, we will, and give thanks first for all our blessings," reminded Mrs. Evans, bowing her head.

As Mrs. Evans helped her little family, she continued, at Evelyn's request, to talk over their good fortune.

"Mrs. Winn continues to send people to me, and Mrs. Doble also sends her friends."

"Aren't you glad we came?" asked Harry, as he held his empty plate. "More supper, please."

Mrs. Evans helped him, replying, "Yes, we're all glad. It certainly has been a good experience in having faith, and trusting God for our supply of good, for things looked rather dark last week."

"Everything's happy now, mother dear," sighed Evelyn, "and God is so good."

Jack looked up dreamily, "Mother, don't you think Evelyn ought to be a preacher?"

"Why, my boy?"

"'Cause she talks about God so much."

"You are not going to sell things Sunday are you, mother?" questioned Harry.

"No, certainly not. We'll devote that day to giving thanks to God. I take you all into the wood, and we'll eat lunch there, and then walk on past the Lighthouse and the sand dunes, and look upon the beautiful ocean."

Thus the days passed with work and recreation blended in such a delightful way that all their hearts were glad. Money came in to them daily, and not only the children made new friends, but Mrs. Evans also found pleasure in new acquaintances, who took quite an interest in her little business venture, and wished it success.

Two weeks before the home-going they went to a secluded place in the beautiful forest that Evelyn had named their chapel. Here they had a song service, singing from the "Truth in Song" book. Mrs. Winn and Mrs. Doble joined them in their services, and were both much pleased with the simplicity and sweetness of it.

"Who'll preach?" asked Harry, on the way there.

"We'll have reading from the Bible instead," replied Mrs. Evans. "Evelyn can do that. She reads well."

"Evelyn can preach, too," said Jack. "I know she can."

"I believe Evelyn might give us some good thoughts to carry home with us," suggested Mrs. Doble gently.

After a little persuasion Evelyn consented to speak a few words that God would give her to say.

Here are the words: "God is so good. My heart is full of happiness, because He brought us so many good friends, and showed us the way to have good come to us. When we don't worry or fret, but try and help ourselves and others, then God helps us, and makes everything lovely. Oh, I'm so glad that God is Love."

At these words Evelyn was overcome with emotion, and, running to her mother, who was seated upon the pine needles with the rest of the little company, buried her face in her lap.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Jack, "ministers don't cry."

"Keep still. This is God's church," whispered Harry.

Mrs. Doble came to the rescue with the suggestion, "Let us close with the Doxology."

Evelyn looked up smiling, "I was only so very, very happy. I could n't help it."

As they turned towards the little



A secluded place in the forest.

cottage among the trees, they spoke of their return to San Jose.

"There are only two more days," said Harry.

"And we all go home so well and strong," remarked Mrs. Evans.

"And rich," added Evelyn.

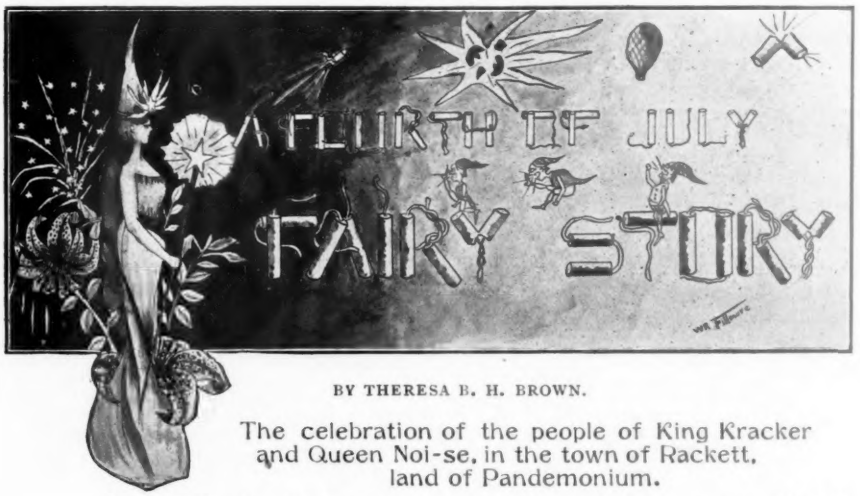
"And we'll come again next year, won't we, ma?" asked Jack, eagerly.

"I hope so, dear. We'll know exactly how to manage then, for we've learned Evelyn's secret of faith in God's goodness."

"What a beautiful, happy summer this has been!" murmured Evelyn, devoutly; "I love God, the beautiful Spirit of Love."

But only the mother heard these last words.

[*The end.*]



BY THERESA B. H. BROWN.

The celebration of the people of King Kracker and Queen Noi-se, in the town of Rackett, land of Pandemonium.

"Bang! Bomb! Bimb!
Pippitypip, pop.
Clang, clomb, clime.
Flippityflop, flop.
Bum, bim, bim, bink, bunk, bam, bam, bim,
Bimb, bomb, bomb, she, she, fizzle, buzz.
Chee, chee, fiz, fiz, fiz, fizzeree, y-z-z-z!"

"My, my, my! What in the name of all Fairydom does this mean?"

She was no taller than my little finger, this tiny woman, queen of the Racketts in the Fairyland of Pandemonium, and her name was Noi-se (pronounced in two syllables, accent on second). Her dress was of the same material as the sunset clouds, and floated about her small, graceful form in brilliant, ever-changing hues. Her cap and pointed slippers were the color of flame. On the crown of her cap was a star held in place by ribbons of flame; from the top of her cap they floated in streams of light like the light made by stars shooting across the sky.

Fairy Noi-se, the queen, had sprung to the cup of a plant, and resting the toe of one tiny slipper upon the gorgeous petal of a tiger lily, she looked down upon a strange scene. The fairy men of Rackett were darting hither and thither, their flaming feet and caps zigzaging like lightning through the twilight of the early morning. Their waistcoats were red; their breeches purple; their slippers, leggins and caps were the color of flame, and their sashes were green. They were dancing, gyrating, and waving their arms about, and their shouts sounded like fireworks as they darted madly around. At last some one saw Noi-se on her lily perch so high above them, and they paused in their wild dance to hear what she was saying.

"What do you mean?" she screamed, "are you not ashamed to begin such a racket without inviting your queen to share it?"

"O lovely queen, O heart of flame, O beautiful one! forgive us, we forgot. The news made us so glad; the news, the good, joyful news."

"News made you glad?" she repeated, "what news? Tell me, be quick, I would not lose one moment of joy"

Then a fairy herald, in a uniform of crimson and gold, stood before her,

and after blowing on a silver bugle, he unrolled the scroll he carried, and read as follows:

"King Kracker sends greetings to fair Queen Noi-se, and orders her men of the town of Rackett, in the land of Pandemonium, to immediately prepare for the celebration of the Fourth of July. The companies in the town of Rackett are detailed to assist in the celebration at the great Louisana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo."

When the herald had read that far, the little men were beside themselves with joy, and leaped, floated, whirled, danced and shouted exactly as you have seen sometimes the sand, sticks and leaves by the roadside cut capers when a little whirlwind happens to sail their way and whisper to them. Queen Noi-se raised her hand and commanded, "Silence." As soon as it was still enough the hearld continued his message:

"I, King Kracker, command the men of the town of Rackett, in the land of Pandemonium, to hide in the fireworks to be used in the St. Louis celebration of the Fourth of July, and to remain on duty until midnight of that day, 1904, when, having contributed your part to the noise of the celebration, you will return home. But be very careful not to show yourselves to the children. They must not know that it is to the fairies they are indebted for the sounds of which they are so fond. We will, however, make some exceptions to this rule, as there are children whose understanding is such they can be told."

The herald stopped reading, and the little men cheered until Fairy Queen Noi-se raised her hand for silence, and said, "Say to our good King Kracker that I appreciate the honor done the men of the town of Rackett in giving them the privilege of celebrating the world's great Exposition."

Then looking down from the height of the tiger lily into the sea of upturned faces, she said, "My dear people, I cannot blame you for forgetting your queen in the first moment of your joy at the delightful news. But I want you to tell me some of the messages you will give the children."

The little men began to shout, and the noise they made was much like the explosions of firecrackers. These are some of the messages translated.

"Bang, *be brave;* Bam, *love your country;* Bomb, *be good;* Bumb, bomb, *be joyful;* Pop, *be true;* Pippitypip pop, *be truthful;* Fiz, shree, shree, *be happy, be happy;* Bim, bim, *joy, joy.*"

Then Fairy Queen Noi-se, when they were quiet again, said, "Suppose your racket hurts somebody's head?"

Oh, my, how those little men laughed at their indulgent queen. Their laugh was long, loud and shrill, it sounded exactly like whistling bullets, and their merriment brought all the fairy ladies of Rackett town down into the valley of the Tiger Lily to see what in the world was happening there. A little man asked the queen's permission to reply to her, and said, "Your Majesty, Wee Wisdoms do not believe in headaches; they know there are no aches, and there are no heads for aching."

At this the whole population of Rackett town set up such a laugh that mortals thought it thundered.

When quiet was restored, Noi-se said, "You must also give my message to the children. It is this: 'Dear hearts, that rocket so full of bright stars is as love full of bright deeds, always ascending into the heavens higher Truth and Light. Bim, bomb, bimb, bomb, bumb! But the stars of the rocket go out quickly one by one, and the fairies come home. Bang, bomb, bimb, bang! But the good deeds that shine so brightly never go out. Joy, bim; joy, bim; joy, bang; joy, bim: they never go out, never, never, but shine on always in the temple of Love. Never go out; sweet thoughts shine, bim, bim, bim. Yes, good deeds, sweet thoughts, true words go out, *never.*"

And all the fairy ladies replied, as

they bowed to Queen Noi-se, "Love! love! love! Love lives forever and forever."

Then the whole population sang, "Love lives forever," and taking each other by the hand they danced around their queen.

When Wee Wisdoms listen this Fourth of July, whether in St. Louis or elsewhere, they will get this message of Queen Noi-se, King Kracker and their flaming sprites, for on this especial day every city and town in America belongs to the land of Pandemonium, and the Kracker Krew are everywhere in possession. 'Tis theirs to serve the Spirit of Freedom, and when you hear the din and bang of their revels, know, oh, ye Wisdoms, they are liberating more of joy and love and good-will to every citizen of the United States of America. To *you* it is given to feel with every bim and bang, Queen Noi-se's direct message of love and joy.

Bimb, bomb, bimb!
Love lives forever.

A little girl wrote the following composition: "Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are young women that will be young ladies by-and-by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam He said to Himself, 'Well, I guess I can do better than that if I try again,' and then He made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there has been more women than men ever since. Boys are trouble. They are wearing on everything but soap. If I had my way half the boys in the world would be little girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I guess he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy."—*Selected.*

A ROSE.

BY HAZEL L. BAIRD.

ROSES represent Love. Who could help but love them? Their delicious fragrance they give freely and equally to all. It is like unto God's mercy: it is not given to one and held back from another, but all share the same.

A rose and its mates beautify all their surroundings. There was a little house, it was a bare, homely little house, but beautiful bright roses climbed all over it, hung in lovely festoons around the doors and windows and hid all its unseemliness with one great mass of pink beauty, transformed it into a palace fit for a king, almost too beautiful to seem real.

Rose perfume is the favorite of many. In its manufacture many poor people are employed; by this means they are enabled to earn an honest living for themselves. The owner makes his money from the perfume also, and he, through it, is allowed to do much good for those of his fellow creatures who are not so fortunate.

When we see a yard of beautiful roses we feel that the owner must be filled with much love, for roses, like everything else we care to have nice, take lots of thought. But we seldom realize the good the sight of them does the passers-by. Perhaps these little messengers of God reveal the great Truths to those who look and long, sometimes.

It seems as if the whole rose was like our minds, and each petal represented a little thought. Most all the petals are broad, velvety ones—they are good, happy, benevolent thoughts, thoughts of perfect love, thoughts for others; but sometimes in a lovely rose we find petals all curled up and deformed, many of them would spoil its beauty entirely, but there are few of this kind. These are like the little thoughts that would have been beautiful and good, but selfishness, discontent and other errors crept in and spoiled their lovliness.

GLAD AND HAPPY.

Tune: "Sparkling Water."

We are merry, joyous children,
Full of love and full of glee;
All our lives are bright and happy
With the Truth that makes us free.

CHORUS —

Glad and happy, glad and happy,
God the Good is everywhere;
Glad and happy, glad and happy,
Health and Life with all we share.

We are fearless, happy children.
Pure in heart, we know no wrong,
Loving every living creature.
Making glad our life with song.

CHORUS —

We are wise and loving children,
Saying words that cheer and bless,
Thinking thoughts that help and gladden,
Doing deeds of righteousness.

— M F.

HAZEL AND THE SPRING-TIME.

BY WALTER S. WELLER.

HAZEL Smith was a pretty girl about six years old. She enjoyed the Spring-time because she could go out doors and play, and gather wild flowers. She would stay out doors all day talking to the flowers as if they really understood her. She was the eldest of two children, having a dear baby brother about three years old. Her father and mother loved both with an equal affection.

One bright, warm day in May, Hazel and the baby were out among the flowers; and they almost outrivaled them in beauty and sweetness. Hazel wore a pretty pink dress, and looked delightfully cool, as her arms, neck and throat were bared to the sweet sunshine; and she had no fear of taking cold, for she knew that God's air could not hurt her or make her sick. In fact, the two together, Hazel and Raymond, looked just like flowers themselves. The baby was dressed in white, and his plump arms looked very pretty. They were vegetarians.

Well, to go back to our little friends, they were playing together in the sunshine, when suddenly the sky became overcast with clouds, and the rain began to fall; as they were barefooted they had no shoes to get wet, and they stretched out their hands to the welcome drops with a great delight. Catch cold? No, indeed! They knew well enough that God's rain could not hurt them, even if it did soak their dresses to the skin. It was only a little shower, and the sun, coming out again, soon dried their clothes.

"Ridiculous," you say. "They would take their death of cold."

They had been taught from their earliest childhood that God is all in all; and that air, rain or sun could not hurt them.

They ran about in the hottest weather, in the blazing sun without hats, not fearing sunstroke.

They appreciated the Spring-time because it was the season of renewed growth, and because of the flowers. It made them think of the growth of their minds in beauty, health and strength. Their parents always held loving, protective thoughts about them. And their mother did not call them in out of the rain, but she let them enjoy it, knowing they could not take cold.

They had the reputation of being the sweetest, loveliest children in the neighborhood, because of their vegetarian principles. Hazel's tender heart could not bear the thought of eating the flesh of a lamb that enjoyed its little life as much as she did her life, and had as much right to it as any children who ever lived; lamb chops were never on the bill of fare at their home. They had plenty of fruit, brown bread, corn meal mush and milk. They lived on a small farm. They had rosy cheeks and well nourished bodies, and as for nervousness or headaches, they did not know the meaning of those words. They pitied their little neighbors who were always ill, and they advised them to "cut out" the meat and adopt a vegetarian diet. Some of their friends did so, and were pleased and surprised at the result. So these dear children become missioneries in the better way of life; and many were converted to a non-meat diet by their example alone



Class Word—"IF THE SON THEREFORE SHALL MAKE YOU FREE, YE SHALL BE FREE INDEED."

Jewel Word—FREEDOM.

Song Word—

"I'm free, praise God, I'm free!
Thro' Jesus Christ, I'm free,
Thro' God the everlasting Good,
I'm free, praise God, I'm free!"

[*To be memorized.*]



LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS OF WEE WISDOM—I want to tell you about a little boy named Lloyd. He is four years old and for the past year has not been able to walk, because of an error thought, but the doctors call it spinal trouble. His father took him to a hospital where he was operated upon and kept there for eight months, steadily growing worse. He has no mamma, but he does have a very dear Aunt Helen who had heard of Truth, and so she went to the hospital and took him home with her, and has promised him no doctor shall ever again have him. She does not understand Truth fully, but wishes to very much. Lloyd lives in a little town in southern California, called Oxnard, between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. I live in Los Angeles, and I am going to give him absent treatments, and I want all the boys and girls, big and little, who read this to send the thought of health and strength to this dear little boy.

Oh, yes! I must not forget to tell you about his one pet. What do you think it is? A little chicken four weeks old named Happy. By its name you can see it is a Truth chicken. Well, Happy eats and sleeps with little Lloyd and plays with him. After Lloyd eats his meals he opens his mouth and Happy picks his teeth for him. It is all very cute and I wish you could see it.

I was called to Ventura to see a lady who was very ill, and Lloyd's dear Auntie Helen learning I was a healer, and only eight miles from her, brought Lloyd to see if I would treat him, thereby showing her great faith. I want you all to send love to this dear Aunt Helen, and imagine as you are reading this you see a little boy four years old with big brown eyes and light curly hair, running and jumping and having a real good time with his pet chicken Happy.

Maybe I will write again sometime and tell you more about this little boy and his pet chicken. I am writing this on the train on my way from Ventura to my home in Los Angeles, and now, loving you all, I am

ELIZABETH CHASE REGNIER.

TABLE ROCK, NEBR.

DEAR EDITOR—I like WEE WISDOM. I like the story of "One Summer in Pacific Grove." It is so beautiful this spring. The apple blossoms were so pretty. One day our teacher and my brother and I went down in the woods. We took some lunch and some spy glasses. We followed the creek down to the river. We watched for birds and flowers on the way. We saw some wild canaries, robins, flickers, wild ducks and a great big bird that none of us knew what it was. We ate our dinner by a bridge over the river. We were surprised to see a wren building in a hollow tree. We thought they built around houses. Under the flicker's nest there are so many chips that it was dug out. I like to watch the birds and trees and flowers so well. Good bye, Your loving friend, VIOLET BOONE.

WELLSVILLE, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write you my first letter. I like to read the stories and letters the other Wees write. We are spending the summer at Wellsville Hot Springs. There is a pool here, and I have learned to swim and float. I wish all the Wees were here to have a swim. My mamma has taken UNITY for years and likes it very much. Yours truly,

LOIS DAVENPORT.

MERRIMAC, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As I have not written to you for a long time I thought I would write to you. It is raining today and I have nothing to do. I like the little paper WEE WISDOM very much. I wish it would come every week instead of every month. I was thirteen years old on the first of May. Our school closed on the sixth of May. I am in the seventh year's work. My papa gets WEE WISDOM and I read it. With lots of love to the little Wees,

JAC. D. SCHELLHARDT.

OPHIR, MONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — We are on the rug, Sam and I, having a romp, and talking of the flowers, the sweet blossoms of May. We have had a long snowy winter, and things begin to cheer up and feel glad to see the warm weather come again. The dear little blue birds are hurrying around. Last night the naughty cat came right on the window sill by Sam's bunk, and oh! how it made Sam *yowl*. He sat there until I turned on the light thinking Sam enjoyed him. One day last fall before Sam got so fat he climbed the cubbard to watch a mouse along the beam, quite a reach for him. Finally along came the mouse and Sam made a jump and caught him, when down they both came. The mouse struck out for his life, got into the other room, Sam after him, and around they went. Sam's father, Midas, and Sam are the only Noyald cats in town. When Aunt Katie goes on a visit to Avon, Midas can be seen on the highest place watching for her. When Aunt Katie lays down to take a nap Midas will walk all over her. Midas was Grandma Currie's cat when he was a baby cat. She sent him over to town in a sack from Carpenders Bar. Alma Sloper will be pleased when she sees this, for Grandma Currie is grandma of her mamma's. Her papa is my son. Grandma Currie has passed to the Spirit world some time ago. Midas is no hand to talk like Sam. When he gets to teasing for meat we will say, "You will take the whole piece, won't you?" And he will answer, "N-o." With love for you all, AUNT PHEBE.

MERRIMAC, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have not written so long I thought I would write to you. I am eleven years old. I will be twelve years old in September. Our school closed on the sixth of May. On the last day we marched and sang songs, and we got some candy, and we drank some lemonade. Mamma and papa take WEE WISDOM, and we like to read it. I have four brothers and one sister. Their names are: Jacob, Oscar, Otto, Emil and Freida, and my name is Annie. My cousin Hulda Schellhardt has a very nice letter in the WEE WISDOM. I like it very much, and mamma and papa like it, too. Papa says it is a very good letter. I think I will close now, with all the love to the little Wees. Yours truly,

ANNIE SCHELLHARDT.

I will write a little verse I found in WEE WISDOM. Here it is:

If you want to meet a smile,
Take one with you all the while;
If you want the good to grow,
Watch the little words you sow.

ROULETTE, PA.

DEAR MAMMA MYRTLE — I have been thinking I ought to write something for WEE WISDOM to show my interest in it. I enclose fifty cents for WEE WISDOM to be sent to ——. Wish I could send a dozen more names with this, but perhaps I may be able to secure more later. I love WEE WISDOM and UNITY so much, and they have done me much good. Lovingly, HAZEL L. BAIRD.

OAKLAND CAL.

DEAR EDITOR — In the April number of WEE WISDOM you answered my letter. I have been doing what you said to do, and it has helped me a great deal. I wish to thank you very much for taking the trouble to do it. I wish WEE WISDOM success. Yours sincerely, CARROLL N.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR EDITOR — I wish to add my thanks with Carroll's for your sweet letter in WEE WISDOM, in answer to Carroll's. He *is very much* better, and thinks it, I mean *sees* it, in the right light, himself. I feel, and so does he, that you helped him very much. M. S.

COOPWOOD, MISS.

DEAR EDITOR — Will you let me join the happy band of letter writers? We have taken the little paper a good while, but I have never written before, so I thought I would write a few lines. I like the little paper very much. I am twelve years old. I have a little baby sister eleven months old. I have four little sisters and two little brothers. Please send me a Truth card. With best wishes to all, good bye.

MAY ROBERTSON.

I hope to see my letter in print if you think it will do.

[May's letter will do all right. We are glad she has written. We send an extra number of WEE WISDOM to every little writer, but you will have to get a new subscriber to receive a Truth card. — ED.]

AUGUSTA, GA.

DEAR UNITY — Please find enclosed 25 cents for which send me WEE WISDOM six months, and if you have any stories for children to give away I would be pleased to have some, as I am a little girl and like to read good stories. There is not much Christian Science here in Augusta.

PAULINE MCGEE.



BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

NOTE — Let every mother or teacher read carefully the Scripture lesson before attempting to teach from this.

LESSON I. JULY 3.

The Kingdom Divided. — I. Kings 12:12-20.

Read to 24th verse, and II. Chron. 10:1-19; 11:1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.* — Prov. 16:18.

It is true that if we are kind to others they will

be kind to us. It is also true that, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." So, if others are cross with us or disagreeable we must call upon our Truth, declaring that the real is the Good, and remembering this we will speak kindly, and thus anger will cease, or be turned away.

When we say a house is divided against itself, we mean that two ways are being followed in that house. The house is the mind, and the two ways are the two thoughts — one good and one evil. We know there is only one really true thought and that is the good one, the one that must be followed.

In this lesson we see that two advices were given to the king; first, the voice of the old men, or the deep secret thought said, "Speak kindly, and kindness will return to you." But Rehoboam would not listen nor follow. There was another voice that spoke the voice of selfishness and cruelty, the young foolish voice. This voice said through the young men, "Be cruel, be hard," so the king listened and followed this mistaken advice.

Must we not, little children, always obey the voice of God? And does the voice of God ever dictate or tell us of evil? No, we know the still small voice advises us to do good. We are to help people, to love and to please them in every way possible. We are to bless all about us no matter how they look nor what they do, for God is all there really is.

LESSON II. JULY 10.

Jeroboam's Idolatry.—I. Kings 12:25-33.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Keep yourselves from idols* —I. John 15:21.

What is an idol? An idol is often a false desire or an untrue wish, but sometimes it looks like something, but it is never true or real. It is only a belief, or a something that has no life. There is only one reality, and that is God. God is Spirit. God is Love. We must worship only Spirit. To do this we must love — love everyone, knowing that God is the real Spirit of each one, and that Spirit is everywhere present.

The lesson says that Jeroboam made calves of gold for the people to worship.

People now-a-days in our land, do not have golden images for their gods, but their idolatry is just as wrong, for some have gold (money) for their idol, and this they love so much that they forget the beautiful God (Love), and are forever thinking how much money they have, and how they can get more. This is one idol of selfishness or greed.

Then, sometimes a person will not worship gold, but will love one individual so well that he will give all that he has to that one, forgetting that he must love God in all. This is another idol of selfishness. We must love the Lord our God with all our might, mind and strength.

I have known people to say that they believed on God and that He was powerful to do all things, but when sickness comes upon them they run to medicine to heal them, forgetting all about God. We must make God our first thought, knowing that He can do all things well.

If you have a pain or an ache the very thought of God will cause you to feel better.

God is our Health. God is our Love. God is our All. There is nothing to fear, for God is everywhere present.

LESSON III. JULY 17.

Asa's Good Reign.—II. Chron. 14:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Help us, O Lord, our God, for we rest on thee.*— II. Chron. 14:11.

If we depend wholly upon God we are blessed, and we prosper. That is, our faith in good draws to us prosperity.

You read, Asa was a good king, obeying God in every respect. He did not bow down to idols, but threw them out. This is our work, to put away from us all naughty thoughts, letting Love rest in their place. Then are we happy, for Love is a beautiful presence and makes no idols, but thinks good of all and does good to all. So did Asa. He built cities and fences, that is, he protected his strong, pure, holy thoughts, holding God uppermost in his mind, and keeping out all evil or untrue.

No harm can come to those who rely altogether upon Good. Good is God. Our souls are ever in His keeping, so never let any foolish person make you believe that your soul can be lost, for it cannot. The soul cannot be hurt in any way, for it is God.

God made you — your soul — and God can only create that which is good, or like Himself. Remembering this, it will be easy for you to put away all error thoughts, for God makes it easy, having made you all pure within.

You do not want to be unkind or cross, or untruthful, for your soul is altogether good and can do no sin. That is the real good of you, the Christ within.

"Remember that your Redeemer liveth." Where does He live? Right here, within your own soul, thus it is easy to be good.

LESSON IV. JULY 24.

Jehoshaphat's Reform.—II. Chron. 19:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good.*— II. Chron. 19:11.

There is good in everyone, no matter how he may look to you on the outside.

I heard a little girl say once, "He is a bad boy." Now every boy or girl is good. If you look down deep, you can find the good and bring it to light, but you cannot do this if you call that one bad.

The seer saw good in Jehoshaphat; and speaking of it encouraged and cheered Jehoshaphat and made the good show forth so that he tried to please God, or rather to obey and be at one with the Good in every way.

A real seer always sees good, and not evil.

When we begin to do good we put away all our naughty actions and do more and more of good until we are filled with great happiness. If we are trying all the time, others will notice us and add their good to our good, and in this way, in time, the whole world will be serving God (Good) in Spirit and in Truth, so let your light shine.

The good judges live right in the heart. These judges are the wise thoughts that talk together in language something like this:

God is good. I see good in all God loves me. God loves all alike. There is nothing in God but good. Good is the real. Evil is a dream. I will not do anything unkind. I will be kind and loving. I am perfect within as my heavenly Father is perfect, for so am I created. God has no wrath in Him, only love, love for all His children, therefore do I believe in Love. I am filled with courage and faith.

LESSON V. JULY 31.

Omri and Ahab.—I. Kings 16:23-33.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.*—Prov. 14:34.

This lesson tells of two men who did evil—that is, they did not think of God (Good) but followed their own wrong desires. They did as the flesh wanted, but this way of doing did not bring to either of them any happiness.

The first, Omri, died because of sin. Sin is what kills people. Goodness never hurt anyone. Goodness makes for us a heavenly path right here upon the earth. Dying does not bring one into heaven, but living a true life makes you to know the beautiful holy heaven, the peace of God, that is in your own heart; for Jesus said, "Heaven is within man."

We must obey God or else trouble comes upon us. God does not send the trouble, but we ourselves make our own suffering by disobedience. God is ever good and holds out to us, as it were, a tray full of good things, but we are at times naughty children and turn our backs and go away sulking and hungry. Yet God is there waiting for us all the time.

Love never grows tired, nor is it impatient or angry with us, but we are often very unkind to Love.

Let us do so no longer, for *Love is God.*

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

MY dear Wee Wisdoms, Ye Editor would like to feel you right up here close, while we talk about some matters that concern all lovers of WEE WISDOM. Are *you* one of her good, staunch friends, and would *you* like to do something toward helping her grow more helpful and attractive? Would *you* like to have her visit some of your little friends and tell them the secret of being always well and happy? If so, NOW is the time. Come to her Birthday Party, and bring as many as you can. Our Artist, who will have some time to give to us now, says he will give to every boy and girl sending in 10 subscriptions an original drawing, with autograph, designed after any subject they may name. Then, too, to those sending in three subscriptions (50 cents each), we offer an extra year's subscription, and in this way you can get *your* own subscription free. But then, when you come to think of it, whoever wants it need not be without WEE WISDOM. Just a fraction under a cent a week is all it costs to take WEE WISDOM. Who cannot save *a penny a week* for something they *love* and want to see grow and prosper?

Why! if there were great enthusiasms among our number, five or ten cents a week would seem a very small offering to the *cause* we want to put before the sick and unhappy of the world. Do we really love the *Good* well enough to remember it first in all we do? "Where your treasures are there will your heart be also." That means, our hearts and minds are with what we spend ourselves, our money and our efforts on. We *prove* our love by our works. If then, *you* love WEE WISDOM well enough to want to see her grow into a beautiful little magazine, with more pictures and more attractive ways of expressing her freeing Truths, the way to do it is to *work* for it. Begin with affirming every day *prosperity* for WEE WISDOM, and then *helping* her with loving effort. With this kind of active love and attention, it would not be long until WEE WISDOM'S sphere of helpfulness would be doubled and thribled, and then—well—then it would keep on perpetually increasing itself. It's the *little* grains of sand make the mountains, the little drops of water the great sea, and so, it's the *little* helps that carry forward this great Cause of Truth and Freedom to all mankind. *You* may be one little helper. Come to the Birthday Party, and bring your *best* story, song and blessing with you.

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.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

July, 1904.

Hurrah for the Fourth!
Patriotism and powder seems to be the fashion of the day.

Royal says—"I *weigh* 250 lbs., but the kids want 'Wee Wisdom's Way.'" It will cost you 25 cents.

On page 10 you will find one of the little home-made songs we sing at our Unity Sunday School.

The "Tom Stories" are promised to begin in September—these are in the form of fairy tales written expressly for Tom by his Aunt Myrta.

Cecelia Bullard, 33 Kidder Ave., W. Summerville, Mass., and Hazel L. Baird, Roulette, Pa., are both entitled to Truth cards for sending in subscriptions.

The boys take WEE WISDOM in charge next month, and only children under 16 will be elegible contributors.

Come in rhyme, story or letter—but be sure to come to WEE WISDOM'S Birthday Party next month.

My! but hasn't Rachel done the fine thing for Louise, in "Louise's Anniversary"? Some folks think it a great extravagance to shower lace dresses and pink parasols and ten-dollar bills on little girls that way, but then, *folks* don't know how abundantly the Good can pour itself out through loving hearts like Grace and Alice's.

"The Little Hero," by Ida Schanz, would be a very good story, for it is well written, if there were not so many disasters in it. We wish Ida would re-write it, and keep her characters all well and happy. WEE WISDOM'S mission is to bring joy and not sorrow into expression. The only way to get unhappy things out of the world is to first get them out of our mind. See how it is, Ida?

Miss deWitt's good story ends with this number, and a happy ending it is. We are all the better for this acquaintance with the Evans' family, and our faith and trust have been increased, and we thank our "Aunt Mary" for this summer at the sea-side and the views she has given us of delightful spots there. We know that in giving us this pleasure she has but enriched her own joys. God bless her!

Aunty: "What became of the kitten you had when I was here before?"

Little Niece (in surprise): "Why, don't you know?"

"I haven't heard a word. Was she poisoned?"

"No'm."

"Drowned?"

"Oh, no."

"Stolen?"

"No, indeed."

"Hurt in anyway?"

"No'm."

"Well, I can't guess. What became of her?"

"She growed into a cat."—*Selected.*


Monday
I give no place
To pain or fear,
For God is Love,
And God is here.
Tuesday
I know no evil
Can befall,
For God is Good,
And God is All.
Wednesday
I have no want
That is not fed;
God is my Substance
And my Bread.
Thursday
I always know
To do the right;
God is my Wisdom
And my Light.
Friday
I never lack
For love or grace;
God's Spirit shines
Thro' every face.
Saturday
From Love and Truth
I cannot stray,
For God is with me
Night and day.
Sunday
see but God,
For Good I give;
God lives in me,
In God I live.



Vol. 9.