WEE WISDOM



JUNE, 1910
KANSAS CITY, MO.

FATHER SUN'S LESSON

FLORENCE SLACK CRAWFORD

A little Snow drop on the mountain top
Looked down with scorn one day
At a drop of Rain who was on the plain
Tumbling about in his play.

"Well, I'd like to know," called the foolish Snow,
"What possible good you do
Away down there;—why dont you come where
At least, you will have a view?"

"You need not deride," the Raindrop replied,
"I'm quite content with my place.
Down here I can fall like a little ball,
While you lie flat on your face."

"But I shine like the Sun!" cried the Snowy one.—
"Well, I give the grass a drink!"—
"That's all you CAN *do,—you and sister Dew,—*
You are both very useless, I think!"

The little Dewdrop then took time to stop
From soothing a rose's heart,
And saw with dismay their foolish way
But she took neither one of their part.

From his home on high, that day in the sky,
The big Father Sun looked down,
And shook his head when he heard what they said,
And his face clouded o'er with a frown.

"My foolish boys, what is all this noise?
With this quarrel, let us have done.
I will let you see how completely
You are, and have always been, ONE."

Then he smiled a WARM *smile, and in a short while,*
He melted the Snow into RAIN,

CONTINUED ON BACK COVER

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

VOL. XV. JUNE, 1910 NO. 11.

THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER.

THEY PAY A VISIT TO THE ROSE CITY

IF ANY one of the Wee Wisdom members had been asked by any one of their teachers "What is the most beautiful city in the world?" they would have answered without hesitation "Portland, Ore." Who can tell what the most beautiful city is! Not all people can agree upon beauty even in a small canvas, two feet square,—how then can they tell of a city which stretches away mile after mile, climbing up the mountain sides, running down the valleys, crossing over rivers and even stretching itself out on the water in a curious settlement called scow-dwellers? No one can tell where the most beauty is to be found when there is so much more to be seen than can possibly be covered in a week, or a month or even years. We all of us love our own home city the best, and that is because we know it best; there is where our interests are centered, where we have invested our years of labor and earnings, where we have met with our successes and failures, where we have made our friends, where we have watched the trees grow from saplings into shady bowers "of innocence and ease,"—and that quotation reminds me of Goldsmith's "Traveler." Have you ever read it? In this poem Goldsmith exclaims:

"But where to find that happiest spot below
Who can direct, when *all* pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of *his* golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his Gods for the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam;
The first, best country ever is at Home."

So of course the Wees had a good right to answer their teacher in the way I have told you, had they been asked,—but they weren't asked as there could have been but one answer.

In the month of June, every year, in this most delightful city on the Willamette, (pronounced, Will-am'-it), the citizens unite in a grand carnival to celebrate the glories of that flower after which the *place* is called, "The Rose City." People not only of the State, but of the Nation, look forward to visiting Portland and joining in the festival merriment, while everywhere the roses rain down like the Oregon showers in winter. Every suburb and section of the metropolis enters into a good natured competition to out-do or surpass every other suburb and section in producing roses, and then at festival time the streets of the city are strewn with the rarest blossoms; every public and private building is hung with wreaths of them; there are banks of them on the street corners where anyone who will may help themselves; lines of street-cars pass through the town, from the windows of which young girls fling armfulls of the roses down upon the heads of the merry throngs lining the curb; every teamster has his horses decorated just a bit more elaborately than his fellow teamster.—the horses most of them, wearing "merry widow" hats loaded with flowers and ribbons, which isn't at all cruel, for horses need sunshades quite as much as do you and I. There is a flower parade every day, and some times two and three; there are bands that march up one street and

down the other making music from morning until night. Every one is good natured, kind and sociable, every one tries to make every one else glad and happy in the celebration of the rose, that flower of song and poetry and romance. The influence of this flower is so strong that the crowds that pack the streets need hardly any supervision of the police; no rowdyism is seen, no rudeness to ladies in the throwing of confetti, brushing faces with feather dusters and familiarity such as exists at other times of celebration. Those who cannot enter into the spirit of the Rose find no pleasure at this time, and either stay at home or leave town.

Archie Smith, (Sally and Lois' cousin), had been a member of the Wee Wisdom Club ever since it was organized; he was a charter member, but not living in the same town he missed most of the club meetings. He had come down to Portland though, for the Rose Show, and what was more, he had come down with the intention of having some fun. So that is how the club came into so much good luck at this particular time.

Archie's father allowed him to have an automobile one whole day, to do with it just as he pleased, and go just where his fancy wanted to, with but one stipulation, —Jim, the trusted chauffeur was to be obeyed under all circumstances if a question of danger arose.

So Archie invited the club to share his pleasure, and as it was a big machine the eight children and one man found plenty of room. (The Bell members could not go but that is another story). It would take me too long to describe how the children worked the night before to decorate the auto' in LaFrance roses and maiden-hair fern, how the girls wore pink dresses trimmed in green ribbon and the boys white waists with pink ties, and they all wore white farmer's hats trimmed with LaFrance roses and green leaves. They beat the birds out of bed that morning, for you see there are only twenty-four hours in one day, and so they could not afford to sleep too much of their time away. Jim crawled out of bed in the half light with a smile of amusement on his sun-burned face "Law, Master Archie, but you-all will be a tired set of kids tonight!"

"Don't care if we are," the little boy replied, "Dad

said we could wear the machine out, but just not to smash it unless it was necessary to our pleasure."

In the cool of the early morning, while the birds were singing their liquid notes and the sweetbrier filled the air with its spicy fragrance, along the smooth river road a pink and green vision sped cityward. The children were too happy to talk and just sat back in the big cushioned seats and drank in every drop of loveliness of that fair June morning. For seven miles they floated along as in air, not a bump nor a jar, but smooth and swift and silent as the swoop of an eagle. It was too lovely to express in words and they just filled their souls with the sweetness of it all. When the city limits were reached, Jim slackened the speed and the fun of the day was at hand.

Archie's father never did things up half way, and Archie was a 'chip off the old block', so the first thing was to have breakfast. This was eaten at the Creamery, and consisted of horse-shoe rolls sprinkled with poppy seed, glasses of creamy milk, bowls of strawberries and cream,—and then more strawberries and more cream. While the breakfast was being eaten an order was being filled for a big box of lunch for eight, "And be sure you put plenty of sweet things in it" Archie instructed.

Up and down, turning this direction and then that, following the brass band, pausing to see a Hindoo juggler's trick, keeping pace with a company of Vancouver soldiers, entering the rear of a parade and pretending they were part of it, following a line of street cars and catching the roses tossed to them by the girls within, stopping for ice cream cones and taking in a nickleodian, tossing pennies to a performing monkey, stopping on the bridge to view the battle ships just come in Harbor, speeding down Sixth street after a fire engine and hose cart, riding two, three or four abreast with other automobile parties out for a lark, thus keeping company for several blocks then suddenly turning and leaving them with a gay salute, these and dozens of other things kept the happy children going until the pangs of hunger told them that it must be lunch time. To the City park they went, selected a table under a pine tree, and thus seated,

with the fountains playing a lisping music, and the cool breeze fanning their flushed faces they ate their lunch, paying little heed to what it was, so eager were they to be up and away where the excitement and fun was going on.

At two o'clock they went out to the Forestry Building to view the prize roses of the year. Here were throngs of people, the gardeners and rosarians of the nation taking notes and names of the varieties, here were people who exhibited for money and those who exhibited for fame, here buyers and sellers from all over the world studied the flower from a commercial viewpoint, here the lover of the beautiful stood and gazed upon the most perfect of God's flowers and forgot the sordid troubled side of life, here children were instructed by capable teachers as to the varieties and soils needed for rose culture. Here one saw, not the profusion of masses, but classifications and varieties by themselves, whole stretches of red, or yellow, pink or white. Booklets on rose culture, and post cards were given away by the educational societies, bands were playing, flags were flying, people were chatting and laughing, and in short, it was a scene of the liveliest imagination and picturesque beauty,—it was like a dream, a vision.

"Hale to our guests!" was heard, and the children scampered to the doors to see what guests were arriving, —surely someone of great importance to make an impression upon the immense crowd.

Twelve automobiles were drawn up in front of the Forestry building, and bedecked in golden braid and rich garments a number of Japanese noblemen were being shown the town by the Mayor and city officials. These noblemen were fine looking men, grave and courteous, proudly wearing the medals of their country on broad ribbons across their breasts, and moving with stateliness out of accord with the jolly pleasure-seeking crowd that waved them a salute of welcome as they filed up the steps and into the building.

While the children were still at the building a party of French tourists came and chatted away like so many magpies in their quick foreign tongue, then a number of

Hindoos in their head scarfs, troops of brightly dressed Chinese women and children, several Indians, a number of Mexican boys, and people and people and more and more people.

As the hours were drawing late the children felt that they could not afford to waste any of the precious time, so they ate their supper in the auto' right in the middle of one of the main thoroughfares and in the sight of all men,—and they had a grand feast too. The restaurant keeper brought them out hot chocolate and sandwiches and ice cream cones,—and they hadn't time for anything more. The night parades were getting in line, away out in the suburbs, and the club felt that they must miss nothing. It was an electric parade, every float built on street car trucks, and dazzling in electric brilliancy. It lasted hours, but Jim followed it every minute of the time and at last saw the cars enter the barn and the lights turned off of all their grandeur, and then, but not until then, did Archie inquire "Have you fellows had enough for one day, if you have we'll go home?"

And they went.

THE DIFFERENCE

FLORENCE SLACK CRAWFORD

"COME here, old fellow," said father, "You have scarcely said, "How do you do," to me yet. He led him into the next room, and took him on his knee. "Now, Buster," father went on, "you and I have no secrets. Tell me what is the matter with you and that house down on the corner?"

The pent up streams and the aching heart could be restrained no longer. He gave one big sob, and ran to mother who was sitting near by. Throwing his arms about her neck, he shook with convulsive crying. Mother gathered him in her arms. "I think it is coming, father," she said. "Let me have him for a little while." Folding him to her, she carried him upstairs into his bedroom, and locked the door. This was where they always had

their secrets; where they made love to each other; where Bobbie had always opened up his heart to her, and where mother had always striven to give him the best that was in her, and to lead him aright. So now, she sat in the big willow rocker, held him tightly to her, and just petted him for a few moments, without uttering a word. Finally as she saw he was growing quieter she said," "Honey, tell mother. It will make you feel much better. He stuck his little face away into her neck right under her ear.

"Picked a poppy," he said, and that was all. It was enough. All, in fact that mother needed. Quickly the whole situation unfolded before her.

"What fools, what fools there are in the world, and oh, that millstones were more plentiful!" This was the burden of her thought for some moments. Lord. how long, how long must ignorance hold its sway? When may the pure live unharmed and unafraid? "Dear little boy," she said, as she kissed him. She saw plainly through the whole miserable affair now. "Of course he had seen the poppy and had gathered it for her; and of course he had gathered it from Mrs. Williams' yard, for where else could he gather it, since hers was the only yard in the neighborhood containing California poppies? As the thought of his love for her swelled her bosom, the thought of his suffering weighed the more heavily upon her. She kissed him again and again.

"And what did she say?" asked mother.

"A thief, and, and,——I am going to be arrested, oh, mother, oh, oh,——"

Once more mother sat still for several moments. She rocked to and fro, loving him meanwhile, as her heart cried out in bitter protest at the carelessness of people's words. Day after day the innocent are lashed with biting words from cruel lips! Hour after hour freedom is checked with the sting of condemnation; inspiration is choked with criticism; gods would walk the earth, but a foolish world is not able to receive them. How blind we are, how very blind!

And so mother rocked and held her little boy close to her, waiting for the thought which would soothe his

aching heart. At last she said, "Dearie, that lady made a mistake when she told you you are to be arrested. Policemen are people who take care of grown up folks who have no parents to tell them what to do. They are very kind men and you must never feel afraid of them any more than you do of the soldiers. But they never have anything to do with little boys for their fathers and mothers always care for them, and tell them when they have done something wrong. And about the poppy, she continued, you did not steal it, darling. Some people do not always see the difference between stealing and just taking, and dearie, there are some who think it is not stealing any way. I do not think you should have taken the poppy, because it was in her yard. You see, dear, all the lovely flowers are God's, but he has given some to you in your yard to care for, and he has given some to Mrs. Williams in her yard for the same purpose. If you disturb her flowers, then they are not getting the care God intended them to have. Mother has never explained this to you before, and I am glad all this has happened, for now you will understand."

The tears were all gone from Bobbie's eyes. He was so interested in what she told him. He saw the whole thing differently.

"Tomorrow I will find it, and take it back," he said. Mother kissed him and smiled.

"I will tell you something better to do than that," she said. In olden days, when one man had taken something from another either by mistake, or otherwise, he always restored to the man he had injured, four fold, or more, according as he was able. What do you say if we take back to Mrs. Williams a hundredfold tomorrow?"

"How could we? I have only one, and it is broken in the lot."

"I will tell you. Tomorrow I will have the grocer bring us a package of poppy seeds, and we will take them to Mrs. Williams, and if she plants them, she will have just hundreds and hundreds, and I am sure that next summer she will give you a fine bouquet when they come in bloom."

The storm was over. All the clouds had rolled

away. Emma brought his supper; father came up and kissed him good-night, and the day so filled with terror was at an end. A soft hand had smoothed out all the wrinkles, and love was once more in its rightful place.

That night, while Bobbie lay asleep, mother telephoned Mr. Warner, the grocer at his home, and asked him as a special favor to send a package of poppy seed to her the next morning with the solicitor, so they would have them very early. And happy in her thought, she awaited, still more happily, the coming of the day.

Father left them next morning rejoicing in the sweetness of their ministry for the day. He was scarcely gone, when Bobby and mother came down the steps hand in hand, bound for the corner house. Fear had no place in his heart, for he was about to bestow a gift. A giver is never shame-faced or afraid, only he who seeks to take need bow the head. In a moment they had rung Mrs. William's bell. She showed her surprise as she opened the door. They were rather early visitors, and then she had never met mother as yet, for they had been but a short time in Oregon.

"Good morning." Mother smiled as she extended her hand. "We are neighbors, and I am glad to meet you."

"Yes, you are the lady who has just come up from California. That used to be my home. I have never seen you before, but your little boy,——"

';"That is just what we came to see you about," mother interrupted. At the mention of himself, a little uneasiness came over Bobbie, and he clung to mother's dress, but when they had been ushered inside, mother took him on her lap, he clutching the little package of seeds very tightly.

Mrs. Williams looked a little startled, but mother went on.

"Yesterday Bobbie took a poppy from your yard." The owner of the yard was a little white now, but mother was still unobserved, and continued: "because he did it by mistake, and is very sorry, he is returning it to you in the only way he can." Bobbie handed her the seeds. She sort of grabbed at them, not knowing whether she should be angry or not, but really angry anyway.

"Did it by mistake?" she said. "Indeed he did not do it by mistake. I was watching him from the window. He ran right up to the fence, and reached his hand through, and took it. How could any one pull a flower and not do it on purpose?"

Mother still maintained her composure. "Of course he knew he was pulling it," she said, "but he did not do it for stealing, as you thought he did. He never heard the word "thief" until you called him one yesterday."

"Why he was a thief. He took the flower on purpose," snapped Mrs. Williams. Her face was flaming with indignation.

"Yes, Mrs. Williams." mother answered, "he took the poppy, and took it on purpose, but he did not steal it."

"You are certainly mistaken, lady," exclaimed the woman of the wrinkles.

"No, dear friend," said mother, "Do not be angry, for we have come this morning to tell you all about it. There is a difference and I want to show it to you."

She seemed unassured, but mother went right on, not giving her time for reply.

You see we used to live in California, and there the poppies grow wild. My little boy used to gather them for me almost every day, for he knows how much I love them. I have always taught him that every thing we use is loaned to us, and is given to us for service. So yesterday when he saw the poppy in your yard, he thought only of the service he would do me by bringing it to me, and he thought no more of taking it from your garden than if he had taken it from the field."

"Then you teach him to steal," reiterated Mrs. Williams.

"No indeed, I do not. You will understand presently. If the flowers are loaned to you for service, then they are not yours, and I cannot steal from you what is not your own. Nevertheless, my little boy should not have taken the flower from your yard, and it is here that I have failed in my teaching. "All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient." It was lawful for him to take the flower, but it was not expedient. He was lay-

ing himself open to being misjudged by you. Also, it was not kind. He removed the flower from your care, to whose care the Father had entrusted it, but he did it innocently.

She was almost convinced for there was a tear in her eye. At least, she was all forgiveness, for she kissed Bobbie and followed them to the door. As they neared their home mother turned back. Mrs. Williams was still standing in the doorway, so mother waved. She was turning the packet of seeds over and over in her hand.

"Those are queer ideas, she was saying, but I like that notion of flowers for service."

A year later Bobbie and mother went hand in hand by the house on the corner, only now he was skipping gaily for Mrs. Williams was his friend. The border along the fence was ablaze with poppies. They were sticking their heads in countless numbers through the picket fence.

"My, but those poppies have long stems," he exclaimed.

"Mrs. Williams knows how to take care of them now," she answered.

Bobbie said nothing more for a little time. He seemed to be having recollections.

"Mother," he said finally, "what makes wrinkles?"

"Worry, dear, and hatred in the heart."

"And, mother,—will anything take them out?"

"Love, dearie." she said.

He walked thoughtfully by her side for a moment, then looked steadily into her face, holding her hand the more tightly, meanwhile. He was about to utter the compliment which to her was the sweetest music she had every heard. Not only what he said but what he implied, filled her heart with a song which can best be understood by mothers. The thanksgiving, and the love and the faith in his words made her glad that she had chosen motherhood, and that she had striven for all that is good and pure.

"Mother," he said," I am glad that YOU are always going to keep on being pretty."

CHILD-GARDENING

Conducted by LIDA H. HARDY

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY

THE LAW OF EXPRESSION

SERIES XXVII.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE DOG.



"He tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions and is always ready for a bit of fun."

THE DOG is called "man's faithful friend." He is a household pet in every country and is the only animal that has followed man all over the world.

Dogs pay their own way in the world, by returning valuable service for their food and protection. You can read a man's character in his dog's face. If the dog has a cringing cowardly look and shrinks when his master comes near him, it means that the man thinks selfish and

cruel thoughts. If a dog runs, barking joyously and wagging his tail, to meet his master, the dog's actions tell just as plain as plain can be, that he has for his master a man who is kind and affectionate.

Dr. Norman Macleod said, "I would give nothing for that man's religion whose cat and dog are not the better for it."

Because he has a back-bone the dog is called a vertebrate. He is also called a mammal, because the mother



"CURLIE."

dog feeds her babies with milk, created in her own body.

Dogs are carnivorous because they eat raw meat. And because they have four feet, they are called quadrupeds.

In all of these ways dogs and cats are alike. Like pussy too, the dog has a soft tongue and uses it for lapping up liquids.

The dog does not perspire through the skin as other

animals do. When the body is heated the moisture passes off through the tongue. That is the reason he runs with his tongue hanging out of his mouth.

On the fore feet there are five toes; on the hind feet there are also five. The fifth toes of the hind feet never touch the ground.

The dog can not fold up his claws as pussy does, therefore he does not walk as quietly. The claws of the dog are made for digging and holding.

The dog family includes dogs, wolves, jackals and foxes.

One of our most beautiful and most affectionate dogs, is the Newfoundland. A larger and stronger dog than the Newfoundland, is the Labrador dog. Both of these are trained, in their native countries, to draw little carriages and sledges, and because of their great usefulness they are highly valued.

The Newfoundland dogs are fond of the water, and have many times saved the lives of people who have fallen into water, and would have drowned but for the dog's quick and faithful service.

The Bloodhound has a wonderful sense of smell, and can trace a man or animal for miles and miles with perfect certainty.

The Mastiff is employed as a house dog and always shows great fondness for his master. The swiftest of all dogs is the Greyhound. The most faithful and true is the Shepherd dog. We love to just look at *these* dogs because *they* were the kind that were watching the flocks by night, when the baby Christ was born.

All dogs need food and water every day. They need something *more* than this. They need *love*.

Have you ever watched that sorry look creep over a dog's face, when harsh unkind words are spoken to him? And have you noticed what a little thing will fill his dog-heart with cheer and happiness?

Just a little movement of the hand, a soft pat on the head, or a kind smile will make his eyes fairly dance with joy. Kindness is such an easy thing for us to give, but what a wealth of pleasure it bounds back to us!

We have all heard about that kind good man, George T. Angell of Massachusetts. He was the man you re-

member who first thought out the Humane Society and The Band of Mercy. His motto is: "Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living Creature."

When he was a little boy he was very fond of animals. And all animals loved him. They couldn't help it. He received just as much love as he gave. That is the law you know. Animals always know and love their friends and so they were all attracted to this boy. Pigeons and sparrows came to him for food every day. He could handle with perfect safety dogs which were thought to be dangerous and which other people were afraid to be near. His love for them was so strong that he could not fear them.

When Mr. Angell was a young man, he was once invited, on a cold evening in winter, to the home of a



THE LOVING CUP

wealthy lady friend. Soon after his arrival, a servant came in, to tell the lady, that a poor half-starved, half frozen dog was at the back door, begging for shelter and food. The woman told the servant to throw him into the street. Young Mr. Angell immediately bade the lady a hasty good bye, hurried out after the dog, which he found, took home, fed and nursed back to health.

In some cities there are homes for taking care of homeless animals. One of the largest homes of this kind in the world is in far off Bombay. About 3,000 animals are cared for in this home each year. It was founded

by a native Indian, Sir. Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, and is supported by citizens of Bombay whose love for God's creatures is stronger than their love for dollars and cents.

The home not only cares for the domestic animals, but even wild animals and wild birds that are found wounded in the jungles are brought here, where they are fed, tenderly cared for, and afterwards given their freedom.

In India people do not use flesh as food. For this reason they are more tender and kind to God's lower creations.

Here is part of a lesson which the little Hindu boys and girls learn at school:

"BE KIND TO THE LOWER ANIMALS."

"Each one of these animals possesess a soul." The Hindu Bible says: "Do not kill any animal for pleasure, see harmony in nature and lend a helping hand to all living creatures."

You will find more about these simple yet valuable teachings in "Every Living Creature" by Ralph Waldo Trine. One of the books Mr. Angell wanted every child to read is called "Beautiful Joe."

Through the reading of this story we are made "to see as animals see and feel as animals feel." It teaches us, too, to understand the language of the lower creatures.

"Beautiful Joe" is a medium sized brown dog, who says in closing: "Boys and girls, be kind to dumb animals, not only because you will lose nothing by it, but because you ought to; for they were placed on the earth, by the same kind God that made all living creatures."

OUR LADDIE BOY

Laddie and I were busy the other morning putting away the freshly laundered clothes.

Laddie was the engine, and the small red wheelbarrow the train with its load of sweet cleanliness for each room. Finally the last handkerchief had been trundled away and went to the good beautiful room

where the white bed waits for engines that need mending.

Laddie has the living faith that knows of the indwelling good. He is that one of us who helps all the others. It was he who one day fell and took the skin off his bare knee, scrambled to his feet with the blood running down and said "You needn't kiss it mama, God will make it better."

"When?" I asked.

"Now!" was the answer.

"Is it better?"

"Yes" with a smile, and off again he went to his play.

Turning to the big brave boy at my side, one who is fighting a big fight in the only way, I said, "Do you know a little better what "unless ye become as one of these, means?"

And so this morning after the work time was over and the talk before rest time came it brought this bit of "WEE WISDOM."

"Mama," putting his hand on the crown of his head, "the Engineer lives here."

"Tell me about the engineer, Laddie." Looking up, in the surest brightest voice came this answer: "The engineer is way up here in my head, he tells me what to do. My feet are the wheels and my arms the piston rods and I have a little whistle in my mouth and the air brakes make a noise there. And the Engineer is God."

There was not much to say, nothing to add, but the prayer of thanks and the fervent, God hope that this engine on the road but three years would ever be conscious of the indwelling guide.

LADDIE'S MOTHER.

"Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

EPISTLES



WILLIAM OSBORN, JR.

I am Little Billikin,
The Laughing Boy;
My heart is full of love,
My face, of joy!

ALDERSYDE, MOUNT PLEASANT, ILKLEY, YORKSHIRE, ENG.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I should so much like to be a member of the Wee Wisdom Club. I was 12 years old this month. I receive the WEE WISDOM magazine, and often wonder who they come from. I must now close with love to the wees I do not know. GRACIE LICKLEY.

P. S. I will send some stories for the wees soon.

DEAR WEES—We think WEE WISDOM the dearest magazine in the world and await it eagerly every month. In our family are Papa, Aunt Grace and Sara, sister Marion, brother Carew and Larry Lanigan, our downy canary. We live in

beautiful Buffalo, on the Niagara River and Lake Erie, and are 20 miles from Niagara Falls, which I saw when I was a tiny tot. I was seven years old on October 13, 1909. My eyes are blue, my hair is golden and very curly and sometimes snarls terribly. Every night after saying, "Now I lay me", I sing:

"Jesus tender shepherd hear me,
Hear thy little lamb tonight
Through the darkness be thou near me
Keep me safe till morning light."—Amen.

Last January I started a string of beads to help me be better every day. A perfect day is a pearl, a crystal means nearly perfect, a pale blue bead is a slip of your tongue and a dark red or blue for a *real bad day*. The worst is a *black* bead, but I have none on my dear string. This helps me to learn self control. By December 31, I shall have a mirror of myself for 1910. With love to all.

OCTAVIA FRANCES SHELDON.
By Mamma.

NORWICH, CONN.

DEAR WEES—This is my first letter to WEE WISDOM. I have read your letters with much pleasure. But I never have read one of my own. Now I have something nice to tell you. It is that I have a little baby sister, named after a little girl that wrote to WEE WISDOM. May be some of you know of her. Faun Williams was her name. Sister's name is Faun Elizabeth. I think very much of her. She is a month old today. I am eight years old. I wish all little boys that would like a baby sister would have one. I am sorry I have missed some of the WEE WISDOM's. Please send it to me for another year with all the back numbers if you can. With love to all the Wee's The Editor and Mrs. Blanche. ULMER M. JEWETT.

OGDEN, UTAH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I can't go to school so mamma gives me some work. I will tell you what it is. First I clean the bath room, then I take some exercises, then once in a while when the yard needs it, I clean the yard. That is all. It isn't very much but it takes time. When I get through, I read. I like to read WEE WISDOM so much. It helps me so much. It teaches

me of love and kindness. I would write a longer letter but I think this is long enough. I must say good-bye for now. With love to all of WEE WISDOM's friends. MARY HURST.

(What a busy, useful, little girl, Mary is! A joy to her dear mamma and a help to the world.—*Ed.*)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have your letter and kind offer. Enclosed find some stamps to pay your traveling expenses. I would like to have the 2nd volume if not too late, and WEE WISDOM another year. I am in the fourth reader at school. We are to have a school picnic. We have a song about a b c's that begins "a b c d e f g we are as smart as we can be." Your loving Wee. CLARA WALZ.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first letter I have written to you. I have a sister and a brother. My sister is six years old and is in the first grade. I am eight years old and in the B. second grade. Yours truly. ANN RAMSAY.

(We are glad to have Ann on our visiting list another year.—*Ed.*)

AMES, IOWA.

DEAR WEE'S—I will just send a small letter this time. I would like to be accepted as an honorary member to the Wee Wisdom Club. I play the game of "IT" and wear a pink ribbon and all the other things that are expected of such a lovely club. I wish some one would write to me. As ever your loving Wee. MARY BARHITE.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Enclosed find fifty (50) cents for which please send "WEE WISDOM" to Marjorie Watson, North Bend, Nebraska. She met you at my home and liked you so much she wanted you all her own. With best wishes.

WILMAR MILLER.

(WEE WISDOM is glad to visit Marjorie.—*Ed.*)

MCALLISTER, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a girl from the "wild and wooly west;" I live in a sod house. Nearly every body live in sod

houses. They are so nice and cool in the summer, and warm in the winter. We can keep plants in the windows all winter, and they wont freeze. The sod houses don't look very nice on the outside, but they can be made just as nice on the inside as any house. They run their telephones on a wire fence a quarter of a mile. The country is most all prairie, and is covered with



GRACE AND CLARA ESTEE

cactus, sagebrush and soapweeds, and at night we can hear the cayotes howling. It frightens any one that is not used to it, but we have gotten used to it so think nothing about it. We live on a homestead and can prove up on it next November. I am twelve years old, have brown curley hair and gray eyes. I have one sister, Clara. My grandmother, Mrs. L. Blackford of Circleville, Kans., gave me WEE WISDOM for Christmas, also

"Wee Wisdom's Way," and I like them very much. Clara and I go to school. Clara graduates from the common school this spring, she is fourteen years old. I am in the seventh grade. I will send you the picture of my sister and myself, to publish in the June number if you have room for it and please send the picture back. I enclose postage for the return of the picture. With much love to all. Your little Wee.

GRACE CALISTA ESTEE.

NORTH VANCOUVER, B. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We have moved to north Vancouver, B. C. so that North Vancouver postoffice will reach me after this. I have a dear little Dicky-Bird. He will be thirteen years old in May and sings nearly all the time. Sometimes I put my finger or my nose in between the bars of his cage and he picks at them till he gets tired and then he sits on my finger. He is a great pet with us all, and first thing we hear in the morning is his little songs of Thanksgiving and Love. I will close now with love to all the other little Wees. Your loving Wee.

JOY AWREY EVANS.

NATIONAL CITY, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I like you very much. We have a very nice church here. A few weeks ago it burned but not badly, it is all right now. I am in the Intermediate Department of the Sunday School. We are having nice weather here now. I am inclosing a little story that I made up, entitled:

BOBBIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

It was a busy morning for Mamma Bennet because in the afternoon she was going to have a birthday party for Bobbie. Bobbie did not know it because Mamma Bennet wanted to surprise him. He was out in the back yard playing. First Mamma Bennet made a birthday cake, then some ice cream and candy. Soon afternoon came and Mamma Bennett dressed Bobbie up nicely and they went into the parlor and Bobbie found all of his little friends there waiting for him. They had a fine time and when night came and they all went home Bobbie was so tired that he went right to bed.

With love to all the Wees. MERRIE BULLEN.

(That's a good wholesome story Merrie.—*Ed.*)

HILLSDALE, IDAHO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Enclosed find traveling expenses for you to come visit me for two years. Several of the Wees have written me letters for which I am very grateful. I am sending you another poem. I was very much pleased to see my other one printed. Your Loving Wee. RUTH WOODCOCK.

We are glad to have Ruth with us for such a good long time. Ruth's poem would be very good if it only told about God's being right here instead of up in the sky. Now all of WEE WISDOM's teachings are that the Great-loving Good we call God is always with us, we don't have to die to find God nor grow wings to fly to heaven. We are told by our great teacher that the Kingdom of God is in our hearts. If Ruth's poem read like this (we have changed some of the wording of it) it would be true.

THE QUERY

Mother dearest, must I die,
And have wings that I may fly
To find God up in the sky:
Is God there?

No, my child, for God is *here*.
His Kingdom's in your heart, my dear,
His loving presence ever near,
God is everywhere.

CRICHTON, ALA.

MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—Inspired by reading in WEE WISDOM the proceedings of the "Wee Wisdom Club," a number of the children in our neighborhood became possessed of a desire to "do likewise," and on Friday, May 6, a very enthusiastic "Wee Wisdom Club" was organized. They declare their object to be *"To see good everywhere,"* and have incorporated into their constitution, that of the original club—*"More Love."* Their names are:

Robert Hakanson, Dorothy Hakanson, Roland Bowling, Rudyard Bowling, Henry Gunthorpe, Helena Charleson, May Coffin, Annie Stuart, George Watkins, Ethel Watkins.

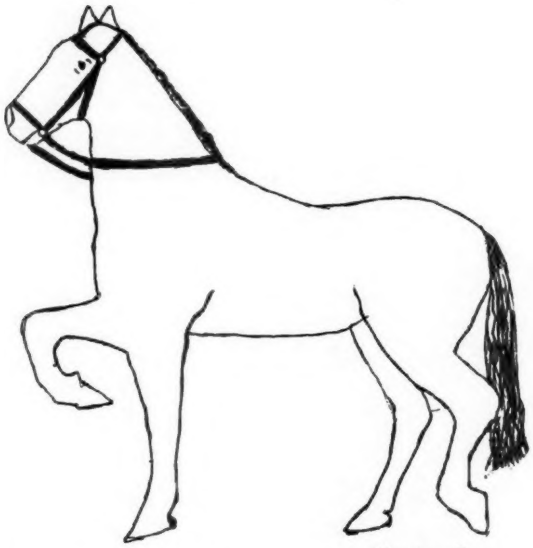
Thinking you would rejoice to know how the influence of your little paper is spreading, I have made this report. With love and sincere good wishes. NELLIE I. YOUNG.

(I am sure every member of the club will extend to these new members the right hand of fellowship and we will all practise seeing Good everywhere and whisper to each other the magic pass-word, "more Love."—*Ed.*)

GEORGETOWN, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am eight years old and I am in the fourth grade. I have been taking you a little more than a year. I like you very much. The people near our house, and some more a little farther away, like to borrow WEE WISDOM, and I sent a lot of last year's WEE WISDOM's out. The people all like you I know. Your friend, HOWARD BENNETT.

(Howard has paid WEE WISDOM's visiting expenses for another year, and she is glad to continue her visit—*Ed.*)



KEYSOR, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I send you a little drawing of our Nellie horse. FRED LAMM.

Several letters and many good things are left over till next month. Don't forget that August is WEE WISDOM's Birth month and *you* Wees are to furnish all the matter. Get busy.

BLANCHE'S BIBLE LESSONS.

Lesson 10. June 5.

JESUS WALKS ON THE SEA.—Matt. 14:26-36.

GOLDEN TEXT—*"Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped him saying, of a truth Thou art the Son of God."*— Matt. 14:33.

After Jesus had fed the multitude he sent the disciples away in a boat while he went up into the mountain to pray. That night there was a storm and the boat of the disciples was tossed about by wind and wave. In the darkest hour of the night Jesus appeared walking toward them on the sea. At first they thought it was a ghost and were very much frightened, but Jesus said, "It is I, be not afraid." Then Peter said, "Lord if it be thou bid me come to thee upon the waters." Jesus said, "Come, and Peter walked a little way and became afraid and began to sink. He called upon the Lord for help and Jesus put out his hand and raised him. The moment Jesus entered the boat the storm ceased and the sea became calm.

This is a very interesting story, but it is something more. It is a lesson. It is not necessary for us to walk upon the water, but we do need faith for other things. We want to be happy and healthy all the time as we should be. If we have faith enough we can make our lives what we want them. Like Peter we must have faith enough to follow the Christ, but unlike Peter we must not let fear creep in. It was fear that made Peter sink. It is fear that keeps most of us from being what we should be. Remember the Spirit within you is more powerful than anything outside and there is nothing to fear. Peter listened to the wind and waves and became afraid. Some people are like that. They start to follow the voice within, but things look dark and they are afraid, then they begin to sink. Let us put all fear away from us and know as Jesus did that "All things are possible to him that believeth." Then we can never sink, but will walk confidently and joyfully on the great sea of life.

Lesson 11. June 12.

THE CANAANITISH WOMAN.—Matt. 15:21-28.

GOLDEN TEXT—*"Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."*—Matt. 15:28.

Last Sunday we learned how Peter let fear creep in and shake his faith. Today we have the story of a woman whose faith was so strong nothing could shake it. She wanted Jesus to heal her little daughter, but it seemed as if Jesus was not going to listen to her. However, she did not falter or turn back, but kept right on talking to Jesus until he said to her "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt," and her daughter was healed.

Some times you know we think and think true thoughts, but things seem to go all wrong in spite of them and we are tempted to say," Oh what's the use," but maybe we have let our minds get full of old dark corners and it takes lots of true thoughts to fill them up, so we must not be discouraged but keep right on thinking and speaking good strong truth and until at last the sun shines, then how glad we will be that we didn't give up and how much easier it will be next time because our faith will be stronger.

Lesson 12. June 19

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.—Matt. 13:1-9; 18-23.

GOLDEN TEXT—*"Wherefore putting away all filthiness and overflowing of wickedness, receive with meekness the implanted word, which is able to save your souls."*—James 1:23.

When Jesus talked to the people it was always to teach them a lesson. He told his lessons in the form of stories so the people would understand better and be more interested. These stories are called parables. The lesson today is a parable. Jesus compares the teachers, those who are trying to teach us about the truth, to sowers of gain.

If a man sows grain on the road where the ground is hard the seeds can't get in and the birds come and eat them. That's like people who won't listen to the truth. They have crowded their minds so full of unreal thoughts that the truth can't get in and is swallowed up by darkness.

Then if a man plants seeds in gound covered with thorns,

the thorns will choke the grain and it will bear no fruit. That is like people who hear the truth and let it in but neglect to use it to root out all the old unreal thoughts that have been growing in their minds. So while the seed is there it does no good, because it cannot grow on account of the thorns.

But the man who sows seed on good soil and waters it gets a good crop, so the person who hears the truth then plants it deeps in his heart and keeps practising it all the time, never letting the thorns or untrue thoughts get into his mind, is the one whose truth is going to make him strong and well and happy all the time.

Let us be wise and when we hear the truth, plant it deep and use it. Never letting the thorns of fear or doubt enter, but always keeping the good grain (that means good thoughts of life and health and love) in our hearts and minds. Then our crops will be bountiful and the sower rewarded.

Lesson 13, June 26

THE PARABLE OF THE TARES.—Matt. 13:24-30; 36-43.

GOLDEN TEXT—*"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."*—Matt. 13:43.

Today we have another parable or story. A man sowed wheat and then while he slept an enemy came and sowed tares or weeds. So when the wheat grew the tares grew also. The man's servants wanted to pull up the tares, but he said, "No. Wait until harvest and I will tell the reapers to gather the tares and burn them and gather the wheat into my barn." Now the wheat and the tares are ture and untrue thoughts in our minds. We do not want to pull up what we call bad thoughts and throw them away, because after all, bad is only good turned wrong side out. We must gather the tares together and burn them. Now fire means purity and fire is light, isn't it? So it simply means to turn the light on the dark places in our minds and purify them. Do not try to destroy them. There is nothing to destroy, just purify them then all our crop is good wheat, or in other words our mind is filled with true thoughts.

Let us change all our tares into wheat and then be careful not to let any more tares get in. Our minds will always be filled with good if we are careful to take the thoughts in right side up.

BLANCHE'S CORNER



June! About time for school to be out isn't it? Of course we will all "pass" for way back in September, you know, we commenced to say "God is my Intelligence," so, of course, we came out of our examinations all right.

We have a new plan which was suggested by a friend of WEE WISDOM.

We are going to take a thought and remember it all month—then we are to write and tell WEE WISDOM how we used it.

In our own Sunday School we have been having "remember words," for a long time, now we are all going to try it. For this time we will take

"LOVE NEVER FAILS."

Say that over until you are sure you know it and then remember it. You will be surprised at the number of times those three little words will help you.

I will give you a little hint about one way to use them.

Those of us who are raising a garden, and I hope all of us are who can, will find that the more love we give our little plants the better they will grow. When we're giving them water and pulling up the weeds—just say over, "Love never fails," it will help wonderfully.

But plants are not the only thing that need love. People need it too. It brings out the good in them. Sometimes the crossest, crabbedest person on earth, will just turn around and be smiling and goodnatured as can be if they're just given a little love.

There are so many, many ways to use love, and remember while you are just loving every body and every thing, that "Love never fails."

Be sure and tell WEE WISDOM next month how you used the "remember word." We will all enjoy hearing about it.

WEE WISDOM

Young folks Magazine
DEVOTED TO
Practical Christianity

Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

MYRTLE FILLMORE, *Editor.*
BLANCHE SAGE HASELTINE, *Associate Editor.*

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

Published on the first of each month by
UNITY TRACT SOCIETY
913 TRACY AVE., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Entered as second class matter, August 8th, 1898, at the postoffice at Kansas City, Missouri, under the act of March 3d. 1879.

JUNE, 1910

June is the month of love,
The sun stoops from above
To kiss the roses into bloom,
And please us with their sweet perfumne.

And the gentle cooling breeze
Sings its song among the trees,
In a soft and lazy way,
That says "peace," the live long day.

Love and peace and roses red—
Warm sun shining over head,
Now life's what it ought to be,
Love and peace—they just suit me.

—B.

☞ IF THERE IS A BLUE MARK at the end of this notice, it is because you have forgotten to invite WEE WISDOM to continue her visits to you You must not miss her this year, for she has planned many new treats for her readers, great and small.

* * * * *

I, Wisdom, cause those that love me to inherit substance and I will fill their treasuries."

FATHER SUN'S LESSON

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 2

And caused him to slide down the mountain side
To his brother below on the plain.

Together they bumped so hard that they jumped
Right into the same little ball;
And away they rolled.—You could never have told
That they had been TWO *at all!*

When they neared the Dewdrop, they had to stop
'Till she had her work all done,
Then together they rolled.—you could not have told
The THREE *had been aught but* ONE*!*

Away they hurried, my! how they scurried!
They fell right into a brook.
Almost in a dream, they rolled into a stream,
Before they had time to look.

And with scarce a quiver, they were borne to a river —
They could but wonder the while —
For the big Sun on high looked down from the sky,
His kind face bright with a smile.

When they neared Mother Sea, they seemed to be
Quite ashamed of their foolish way.
"Come here to your mother, and love one another!
I am glad you came home today."

"Surely, such quarreling is not the right thing
For my dear children." said she,
Since Good Father Sun says in truth you are ONE*,*
Come and fill the big ocean with me.

So children, don't quarrel, (but learn a moral)
Nor strive the greatest to be;
For whatever you do, this is always true,—
You are one in Divine Unity.