



VOL. IV.

KANSAS CITY, MO., NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 4.

God's Thoughts.

MARIE TAYLOR.

Dedicated to Baby Cooper, born October 13, 1899,
in Philadelphia, Penn.

A little thought
Is a little seed,
Be it a flower,
Or be it a weed.

My heart is soil
Where seeds are sown,
Kind words and kind deeds
Are all I'll own.

I'll sow them now,
And God will know
How to care for them
As they grow.

ROCKFORD, ILL., October 13, 1899.

LEADING FORTH.

E. ADELINE WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER III.

OBEYING THE GOLDEN RULE.

"The Banks' children are not ones to hold a grudge," remarked Aunt Judith.

"They've been finding out about the Golden Rule," laughed Mr. Matthews.

Sam and Maud did indeed ask their father and mother what it meant; and the talk that followed changed the state of their feelings.

So much so that they came over and invited Robbie and his sister Bertha and Anne Bolles to their home to tea, which gave rise to the remark Mr. Matthews had just made.

They accepted the invitation, and better yet, they had a good time.

Mr. Banks remarked that it was a great surprise to them all to see Robbie back so soon. And when he was told why Robbie

and Anne Bolles were both away from school, he declared that he was more than surprised. "I'm downright astonished," said he.

Robbie wondered if there was any difference between the two states of feeling, and both Mr. and Mrs. Banks assured him that there was.

Being surprised produced a milder sort of confusion, so Mr. Banks thought, than being astonished; for the latter seemed to hold one in its grasp longer.

Sam spoke up and said if there wasn't any difference between them, he didn't see the sense of having two words when one would do just as well.

But all three of their visitors knew that it was the sense perception that in either case produced the state of feeling which they spoke of; therefore, it was momentary—passing. The real Mr. Banks—the individual man—knew no difference between Robbie at home and Robbie at school.

"It's the same as saying there are two powers," said Anne Bolles, "when we know there is only one, and that is Good."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Banks, "you mean Good and Evil. I don't know what to think about these two qualities."

"We mustn't think about evil at all," said Bertha.

"How are you going to help it when you see so much of it everywhere?" she asked.

"Don't look at it, mother," said Mr. Banks: "look at Good and then there won't be any evil to see."

"He has come to the understanding of this through his regular reading of *UNITY*," remarked Mrs. Banks.

"You have to see Good first at any rate," said Anne; "if you didn't recognize Good,—why, there wouldn't be anything to com-

pare evil with; and it's only by comparison that we see the imperfect state of anything."

"Mr. Bolles tells us boys that 'comparisons are odious,'" said Robbie. "He had us say it in concert one day. A man by the name of Shakespeare said so in the first place. But Mr. Bolles explained to us why it makes no difference who first says a thing is so. For it is simply Truth getting expression. If we prepare ourselves to receive Truth, he says it will come to us; somebody will be moved to speak it, if we have not led ourselves out far enough to hear the Truth we are all ready for."

"Led ourselves out," repeated Mrs. Banks; "out from where?" she wanted to know.

"Out from the beliefs we all were born into," replied Anne Bolles.

Being older than Robbie, she could explain some things better than he could; and Robbie was always glad to have her do so. For it strengthened him "next time," he said.

"I never thought of comparisons in that way before," said Mr. Banks; "but I see that it's so, now you've called my attention to it."

"And it's so with Truth and Falsehood," added Bertha.

"I s'pose 'tis," agreed Mr. Banks.

"Why, yes!" exclaimed Robbie; "you couldn't tell a lie if you didn't have a truth for the lie to hold on to."

The Banks family said they could n't see any meaning to that, so Robbie made the following illustration:

"After I am gone," said he, "if you should say I took Sam's jack-knife, when I didn't, and because he could n't find it in his pocket nor anywhere else, you would have said what is n't true."

"We should have told a lie," said Mrs. Banks in a straightforward manner; "a wicked lie, Robbie Matthews, and that is all there is about it."

"Well," laughed Robbie, "you would have told an awful lot of truth; more truth than lie any way you can fix it," going on to show that if he had not gone to the Banks' house, they could not have said he

took the knife; Sam must have lived there, and owned a knife, too, else there would have been neither boy nor knife to refer to. There must have been a Robbie Matthews; if not, he could not have been accused of taking Sam's knife. So just as Robbie said, if the false statement was made, there would be more truth than lie to it after all. For we are always speaking Truth whether we recognize it or not.

Mrs. Banks turned to Anne and asked if that was what she meant by Good and Evil, and when she told her that it was, this dear, good, soul acknowledged that she was "beginning to get an inkling of what they meant."

"But we don't have our attention called to these things often enough," said Mr. Banks; and it is so. We do not often enough explain that the value of every thing is in its relation; the relation we allow it to hold for us.

"Unless something happens that sets us a-thinking," said he—"same as it did that day over in your wood-shed"—

"Let me help you to some more jam, Robbie," said Mrs. Banks, interrupting her husband; "you've always had a sweet tooth, and I guess you've got one now."

Mrs. Banks seldom behaved herself in this way. But she wanted to spare her children's feelings.

The wood-shed affair was not a pleasant one to refer to.

What took place five minutes ago is gone forever, if we have resolved to put it away from us entirely.

Sam and Maud wanted to put the kind of thoughts they had that day away, so they could never again become spoken words, and Bertha and Anne and Robbie were helping to lead them forth.

They were going before; and leading them on softly.

(To be continued.)

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
These's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty."

Nanny and Jack.

H. C. BUNNER.

Her uncle gave little Nanny
A Jack-in-the-box with a squeak;
But the squeak of the Jack was nothing
To Nanny's terrified shriek.

But soon she conquered her terrors,
And spoke like a brave little tot:
"You think you are real," said Nanny,
"But, truly, you know you're not!"

—St. Nicholas.

THANKSGIVING STORY.

THERESA B. H. BROWN.

"**H**URRAH!" shouts Clarence.
"Hurrah!" echoes Robert, and
they enter the house like a small
whirlwind. Books are tossed upon the
shelf that mamma has named theirs; coats
and caps hung in their places; while all
the time these two brothers are making
enough noise, it seems, for a small regi-
ment of boys.

Imagine red cheeks, sparkling eyes, two
well-knit figures jumping, running, talking
and shouting, while each in turn kisses the
little four-year-old sister who rejoices with
them by joining in the frolic.

Mamma comes in from the kitchen with
a smiling welcome, but shakes her head
and whispers, "Hush! hush!" but too late,
the lusty cries of Baby Fred resound
through the house.

"Go to my room and bring your little
brother here," says Mamma Nelson to
Clarence, the oldest. He is ten years old
and Robert is eight.

As Clarence returns peace seems restored.
Robert is telling mamma the cause of the
tumult:

"To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day and
we don't have to go to school. Everybody
has good things to eat, and they all quit
work and go visiting or stay at home, and
be thankful that they ain't poor and sick
and lame and blind like some folks."

"What is this we are talking about?"
asks Papa Nelson, who has just come into
the room.

"Why, the president of this country,"
says Clarence, "has given a proclamation
that everybody in this United States shall

be giving thanks to God all day to-morrow.
Our teacher told us to-day all about the
first Thanksgiving, and said for us to tell
her the things we could thank God for.
We said: 'Our mothers, our fathers, our
clothes, our friends,' and then she said what
Robert was telling when you came in."

"Yes," says Robert, "we are to thank
God for our sight, and 'cause we can walk
and run, and 'cause we are well."

"I am glad you remember so well what
your teacher says to you, but thanks should
include praise. When we are thanking God
are praising Him," says Mr. Nelson.

"And to say I praise God because I have
a coat and another little boy has none is
not the right way to be giving thanks,"
says mamma.

"God is within you," says papa, "and
God is within everybody in the whole
world, just as light is everywhere, and
when you praise God in yourself you must
not make the kind of a comparison that
Robert made just now, because that is talk-
ing as if God is better to you than to an-
other, and God loves everybody alike."

"God is love," says mamma softly.

"But, papa," says Clarence, "there is
Willie Smith can't come to school because
his shoes are worn out. His mamma does
not earn very much sewing; his papa is
dead. As I came by their house he was
digging something in the garden and I
told him I'd bring him a piece of cake to-
morrow, and he said 'thank you,' and all
the way home I said, 'thank God I'm not
Willie Smith, thank God I'm not Willie
Smith,' and here it seems as if I am Willie
Smith," and Clarence paused quite breath-
less with having talked so fast.

"My dear boy," says papa, "never praise
God in that way again, because you keep
your own good away and fail to help your
neighbor when you do. Let us all praise
God in the Silence, that God's bounty—
His unfailing supply—are for Willie, his
mamma, for all the world, and for us also."

The group so noisy a few moments before
was quite still. Mamma said the cooings
of Baby Fred were just his little amens to
the prayer.

"After supper we will make our religion
practical," says papa.

"That is the way our teacher at Unity Sunday School talks to us," says Robert. "She tells us that when we meet one who seems blind we must whisper in our hearts, 'God is your sight,' and if we see one who seems lame, 'The crooked shall be made straight.'"

"In the same way we will heal poverty in ourselves and in others, by knowing only the good of plenty for all," says mamma.

At the tea table Mr. Nelson said, "Willie Smith is about your size, isn't he, Clarence?"

"Yes, sir; he is a little older, but not quite so large."

"That is a good fault. You can put on your other suit after tea—the one you wear on Sundays, shoes and all. We will pass these things you have on to Willie."

"Why, papa, you just bought them last week," said Clarence.

"I know it, and in a few days God will send the money to buy you another school suit, but Willie is our brother, his Father is God in us and in himself; he must not be kept out of school another day."

After supper a basket was filled with good things, a package made of the clothes and Mr. Nelson and his two sons called at Mrs. Smith's.

They had just invited her and Willie to spend the next day with them, when they heard a loud rap on the door. They went to the door and there stood a man. At the gate was a load of wood.

"Where shall I put this wood, Mrs. Smith?" asked the man.

"You have made a mistake. I have not ordered any wood," she replied.

The man fumbled in his pocket and drew out a note and handed it to her. She read it aloud:

"MRS. SMITH:

Dear Madam—About two hours ago, while they were unloading my winter's supply of wood, I thought of you, and said to myself, 'I will make Sister Smith thankful to-morrow.' Please accept it 'as unto the Lord.'

Yours truly,
J. D. GREEN."

"I had work enough come in from Mrs. Derby's large family to keep me busy sev-

eral weeks. She brought it an hour ago," said Mrs. Smith, smiling through tears.

I need not tell you what light hearts Robert, Clarence and Mr. Nelson carried home with them, nor how merrily Thanksgiving Day went by.

But I must end my story. Saturday night as Robert and Clarence came running to the house after finishing their chores in the barn, they saw an expressman delivering a box on the porch. When Mamma Nelson brought forth its contents it was a new suit apiece for the boys. Their Uncle Ralph, who is engaged in a wholesale clothing business in the city of K—, wrote:

"DEAR SISTER:

Last Wednesday night I was wondering what I might send the two boys who made uncle's vacation pass so pleasantly last summer, and suddenly this occurred to me. Accept them with my warmest affection. I shall remember the rest of you Christmas, but it seemed I could not wait until Christmas, I wanted the boys to have these now.

Yours lovingly,

RALPH."

"Therefore, I say unto you, whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray believe that ye receive, and ye shall have," quoted Mr. Nelson as he looked upon his sturdy, happy lads and his smiling wife.

"Zen I beeve I got a new dess," said Edith. And her papa bought it for her that very night.

In illustration of the absent-mindedness of the great Jonathan Edwards this story is told: When out riding one day a little boy very respectfully bowed and opened a gate for him.

"Whose boy are you, my little man?" he asked.

"Noah Clark's boy, sir," was the answer.

On the return of Edwards, the same boy appeared and opened the gate for him. He thanked the little fellow, and again asked, "Whose boy are you?"

"Noah Clark's, sir; the same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir."

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

Song of the Rain for Baby.

MARY B. DE WITT.

The rain singeth unto us
 A little song of joy,
 And all the tiny raindrops
 Clap hands for baby boy.
 This the song they sing thee:
 "Trinkle, trinkle, trink;"
 This the song they sing thee:
 "Trinkle, trinkle, trink;
 Trip, trap, trop on the window pane,
 Clip, clap, clop comes the merry rain."
 Sing it again, sing it again:
 "Drip, drap, drop on the window pane."

*Natural Lessons in Natural History.**The Woodpecker's Farm.*

Orion, aged six, and Albert, aged three, live with their papa and mamma in the eastern part of Kansas City in a house that has quite a large yard and a great number of large trees in the yard. One tree, an old elm, covers a space of 78 feet in diameter, and the boys have a large swing in it, and pieces of wood are nailed to the tree so that the boys can climb up into it. There are plenty of flowers and grass in the yard so that bugs and butterflies and birds are always around for these little boys to play with. The boys are not afraid of anything, but love all the insects and birds, and play with them and find out how they all live, and see the good each living thing does in the world. They even carry around the wasps and honey and bumblebees.

Sometimes when the boys have grown tired playing around home, Papa will say, "Come on, boys, and we will go out into the woods;" and then they can hardly wait to get their shoes and hats on. One day they went down to the Missouri River and crossed over on the little steam ferry-boat named "Annie Cade," that is run by an old-time engine that was buried in the sand down under the river for many years. They got off the boat and walked up the bank and came to a place where some men were seining for fish and catching sturgeon, catfish and spoonbills, and some of the spoonbills were about twice the size of

Orion. Finally the men caught a little sturgeon about 30 inches long, and Papa gave them ten cents for it and tied a string around its tail and let it swim out into the river, and tied the string to a stake while they all went up into the woods.

The sand along the bank was all covered with pretty striped gold and red and green tiger beetles that swarmed around and danced and jumped over one another, and seemed to be having a good time in the warm sunlight. They are such happy little bugs, and always seem so glad when God sends the bright sunshine. They will even come out in the middle of winter if a warm bright day comes.

The boys sat down under a tree to rest and—"Hello!" exclaimed Orion, "who's throwing at me? Somebody hit me on the head with a rock or something." "I got it," said Albert, holding up a round thing about as big as the end of his thumb. "It's an acorn," said Orion, "this must be an oak tree." "No," said Papa, "this is an elm tree. I guess some Mr. Squirrel dropped the acorn on your head. You boys go around on that side and I'll go around the other side, and we will see him." "I see him," shouted Orion, "and it's a woodpecker." And sure enough, it was a red-headed woodpecker.

"Albert, what do you suppose he was doing with that acorn?" asked Papa. "I guess he got it to frow at people," answered little Albert. "I know," said Orion, "he was going to eat it." "You are both wrong," said Papa. You climb up to that dead part of the tree, Orion, and then you will see what Mr. Redhead was doing with it." So Papa "boosted" Orion up into the tree, and the woodpecker flew away to another tree and sat watching to see what Orion was going to do. He tapped his bill against the tree, like some people stamp their feet, and said something that they could not understand, but Papa said he guessed he was ordering them away.

"Oh! It is full of little holes up here," called down Orion. "Yes," said Papa, "now look into those holes and what do you see?" After some scrambling and twisting Orion replied, "Each little hole

has an acorn in it. What does he put them in there for?" "Come down, and I will tell you about it," said Papa.

So Orion worked his way down, and Papa said, "That is the Woodpecker's farm—" "Oh, does little acorn trees grow up there?" broke in Albert. "No," continued Papa, "this is Mr. Redhead's farm, and he is raising himself something to eat next spring so that it will be ready when he cannot find anything else. He digs a hole in the dead wood and hammers an acorn in tight so that it will not fall out, and so that no jay- or other bird can pull it out. This he does a great many times till he has the dead part of the tree all covered with holes containing acorns.

"Then as the weather grows colder he probably leaves and goes south where it is warm, so that he can find plenty of worms and bugs. Nearly all the red-headed woodpeckers go south in the winter, but some of them stay here all winter and pass most of the time in a sleepy or torpid state in holes in trees and come out only on warm days and hunt for dinner, which is usually pretty hard to find. Then those that leave begin coming back early in February.

"Now to return to the acorns. Many insects lay their eggs in them, and these eggs hatch and become larva and pupa, and by the next spring have grown large and fat. Thus, when the woodpecker returns so early that insects are scarce, he draws upon his supply in the acorns, and any spring morning you can see him taking out his acorns and picking out the worms, and he always seems pleased with himself because he was so smart as to start his stock farm the summer before so that he has a good supply of food when there would have otherwise been little to eat, and he would have had to stay south till much later.

"It is also a common practice of woodpeckers, when they are sitting on eggs, to store up vast quantities of grasshoppers in cracks and holes in trees so that when the little babies are hatched they have a good supply of food within easy reach, for it takes a great deal of work to feed six hungry little birds." "Oh, Papa," said Orion,

"do they have as many as six little babies at once?" "Yes, Orion, they usually have six, but sometimes they have four, or five, or seven, or eight, or ten, and once I saw eleven eggs in one nest," answered Papa, "and if the eggs are regularly taken away they will lay indefinitely. I once knew a woodpecker, a yellow-shafted flicker, to lay 78 eggs during the summer." "It's wrong to take their eggs, isn't it, Papa?" asked Orion. "Yes, very wrong," replied Papa.

"I'm getting tired of woodpeckers, and want to go home," said Albert. So they went down to the river and hauled in the little sturgeon, and secured a tin can and filled it with water and stood the sturgeon on its head in it, and carried it home and put it in a tub. It swam around all evening, and the boys showed it to everyone that came. But in the morning it did not look very happy, so Papa suggested that it would like a better place than a tub to live in, and so Orion took it down to the creek that runs by his home and turned it loose in the water. After a while some boys discovered it, and great excitement prevailed among the children of the neighborhood who carried the wonderful "animal" off, and fished for days and wondered why they could not catch more. — *Papa Harry.*

There are three little baby rabbits at Unity Headquarters. We think they know about winter coming on because they ate up our palm-leaf fan to-day. They knew it was time for the leaf to be leaving, which reminds us that in the Spring the trees begin leafing, and now the leaves are leaving.

[This item was handed in by the "funny editor."—ED.]

I must tell you of an incident the other night. My five-year-old brother had gone to bed and seemed to be suffering with the toothache. I tried to comfort him, and told him we could n't allow any toothache in this house.

He answered, "Why, no; because God is Good, and God is life, and He doesn't have any toothache," and immediately he dropped asleep.

That was only a little thing, but a pretty good demonstration, I thought.—*S. J. C.*

The Piggie That Said Quee-Quee.

She knew all the pigs on her toes by name,
 The one that to market went,
 The lazy one, too, that would stay at home,
 And never to town was sent;
 The good little fellow that had some corn,
 The next one that wanted more,
 And the last wee pig that said quee-quee,
 And could n't get under the door.

One day, the horrid old rocking-chair rocked
 Right down on her dear little toe —
 'T was terrible, was n't it? And she cried
 And cried, for it hurt her so.
 When mother had kissed it, she laughed and said,
 As cunning as cunning could be:
 "It was n't the baby's toe that was mashed,
 'T was the piggie that said quee-quee."

— A. Oldham in *The Ladies' World*.

KING COLE SERIES.

VIRGINIA BELLE WADDINGHAM.

The Battle in the Barnyard.

Out in the rose garden a little figure flits from flower to flower. Standing on tiptoe, and bending the blossom-laden branches down, he buries his little nose deep in the velvety petals, inhaling their fragrance while he whispers wonderful secrets, which they doubtless understand, for they nod their heads in hearty approval.

It is little King; and, clad in a short white kilt, with the clustering curls framing his bright face, he makes a pretty picture. His skin of dazzling fairness is just what one would expect to see with such gleaming pale-gold hair—hair so bright that a little girl in describing him once said, "You ought to see his hair! It's sparkly like diamonds, just regular diamondy hair!" In the blue depths of his happy eyes there shines a look of glad expectancy, as if life for him was a grand panorama of ever-changing delights; and the sweetness and beauty of his expressive face is "as if he had been looking on some glorious sight."

As he pauses under the window where mamma sits sewing, he looks up brightly, exclaiming, "I smez (smell) the yoses, mamma." Mamma smiles, as that is part of his daily work, and she knows he will never pick one.

Just at that moment a peculiar sound was heard behind the lattice that separates

the garden from the orchard; and a bright eye peered through the interstices of the lattice. It is King's playmate and friend, and surely never did child have a stranger playmate. It was not a dog, nor a cat, nor a little child, as most children have for a companion—but a big, black Langshang rooster, taller than King, and so big and clumsy that when he walks over the porch, as he did whenever he managed to get into the back yard, one would think it was a man, such a noise did he make. "Blacky," as he was called, had some splendid traits of character. Chief among them was his confidence in mankind. He was perfectly tame and fearless, and would allow anyone to stroke his head, in fact, he seemed to enjoy it. But, like most of humanity, he had his failings. He was greedy, and a great coward in battle, as you will presently see.

When King first began to walk he used to take his bowl of bread and milk out under the shady trees in the orchard. As soon as he had settled himself comfortably and begun his repast, Blacky, who had been watching operations near by, charged upon the scene of action, and despite the sharp blows that rained upon his head from King's little spoon, usually succeeded in emptying the bowl before King had had so much as a taste. Then King would run laughing into the house for "more," and if he was very hungry would eat it on the porch, while Blacky watched him through the screen. But oftener the scene under the trees was repeated until both had satisfied their hunger.

They had been friends for a long time now, and the little boy had found a way to restrain his greedy guest. When they dined together he would place the food upon a bench, and standing near, grasp the big rooster firmly about the neck and tuck his head under his arm until he had eaten a little, then release poor Blacky and let him have his fill.

Blacky's family was sadly neglected, and if they had not been industrious old hens and fully competent to scratch for themselves and their little ones, they would

(Continued on page 10.)



*God is Love. God is Truth.
 God is Life, Eternal Youth.
 God is Wisdom. God is might.
 God is Peace. God is Light.
 God is All in All we find.
 God is the Eternal Mind.
 All-pervading Spirit He,
 The life of you, the life of me.
 Let us gladly yield control
 To the One Harmonious Whole;
 In thy soul shall Love abound,
 Self be lost and Heaven be found;
 Pillowed on the Father's breast,
 Sink to calm and peaceful rest.*

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

Epistles.

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Love and Peace. Please find enclosed 50 cents, for I want you another year. I like the stories in you. I only wish you would come every week. I must not forget to tell you what Truth has done for me. Last winter I was taken very ill with seeming diphtheria. My father who does not believe in Science much, wanted to get the doctor, but I told him Truth has helped me before, so I repeated these words, "I am healed, I am healed, I know it is so, for the Father hath told me

and He ought to know." These words with my mother's kind treatment helped me out nicely. Well, I must close for this time. With kindest regards I am ever your loving friend,

ALMA ANDERSON.

[Here is a letter from Bert's little sister. She wanted a moss card, too. Bert decided she ought to write her own letter, so he gave her instructions in printing. It took them both to deliver it. When asked if she wrote it all herself she said, "Bert guided my hand."]

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I went with my papa and had a boat ride. I would like a moss card. I love WEE WISDOM.

MARIE PRATHER,

406 Landis Court, Kansas City, Mo.

PITTSBURG, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am thirteen years old. I have two brothers and two sisters and I am the oldest of all. We live on a farm of 500 acres. I received WEE WISDOM as a Christmas present and enjoy it very much. I read the letters and hear the children speak of Mother Sparr. Will you please tell me about her, and will she send me some of those moss cards? Here is a poem I composed when I was twelve years old. This is my second attempt at writing poetry. Yours truly. With best wishes for Mother Sparr,

FLOSSIE HORNBECK.

PITTSBURG, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am writing you a letter so as I can get a moss card. My sister takes WEE WISDOM and I read it every time she gets it. We live on a farm of 500 acres. Papa and my Uncle run it. We have a large hay-shed and two barns. We have an orchard. We have lots of fun. I have three sisters and two brothers. I send love to Mother Sparr.

GRACE HORNBECK.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like very much to get one of your pretty moss cards for I have never seen any sea moss. Grandma has taken the WEE WISDOM for me a good many years. She takes UNITY.

Wee Wisdom.

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I like to read the little letters from the other little children, and the pillow verses, too. I will be eight years the 24th of August. I will go to the new Forest Park school and be in the 4th grade

Your loving little friend,

BEULAH CASE.

LEHI, ARIZONA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I send you fifty cents for WEE WISDOM. I love to read you and would love to have one of the moss cards. I am ten years old. When I was reading the little paper I read about a little girl who said she had five sisters and one brother and I have the same. I want to be a good girl, and love to be true.

PAULINE SIMKINS.

STUCK, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like very much to receive one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. I take the WEE WISDOM and like it very much. Mamma has "Wee Wisdom's Way" and I have read it ever so many times and never get tired of reading it. I read a great deal now. I was 11 years old the 7th of March. I have a cat; her name is Kittie; she is almost four years old, and I think lots of her. We have a gentle old horse also; he is called Pat; I can ride him anywhere I wish, and he likes little children. Yours lovingly,

FLORENCE W. PURDY.

POLAND, ME.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like very much to have one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. We live on a farm one mile from the postoffice; I go down after my papa's paper every other day. I've four brothers and one sister to play with.

From your friend,

GEORGE W. PERKINS, JR.

ANACONDA, MONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like to have a moss card that I have read about in WEE WISDOM. I like the little paper very much. Grandma takes the UNITY. I have two pets—a dog and a cat. My address is 510 Main Street, Anaconda, Montana.

Yours truly, FRANCES A. WINSTON.

RATON, N. M.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl six years old. My sister Edith and Virginia each received a moss card from Mother Sparr and I think they are so pretty that I would like one, too. I can't write this alone so George is guiding my hand. I will send you my picture in this letter.

MABEL MATTIE WHITE.

MANSFIELD, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I too would like one of your pretty moss cards and will try and write a letter. I like to read WEE WISDOM very much, and the pillow verses are so nice to go to sleep on. I and my little sister say one of them every night the last thing before going to sleep. I am nine years old. Ever your loving friend,

GRACE CARNALL.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like very much to have one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. I live in North St. Joseph, 1820 Savannah Ave. We have a very large yard with green grass all over it and peach trees. Our school is only a block from our house, and our church is just across the street. School will begin in two weeks and I will be so glad. I am in the second reader. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. Love to all.

MARGARET BROOKS.

MONTROSE, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have been a reader of WEE WISDOM for some time. My grandma reads UNITY and I also like it. I think Mother Sparr's moss cards are lovely and I would like to have one ever so much. I have one brother and no sisters. My brother is eight years old, and he likes WEE WISDOM also. May WEE WISDOM live long and be happy.

I remain your faithful reader,

SIBYL MATHER.

I send you a picture of my brother and myself.

POLAND, MAINE.

John Perkins is a little boy seven years old, and I have four brothers and one sister. I would like one of Mother Sparr's moss cards.

JOHN PERKINS.

KING COLE SERIES.—Concluded.

have fared badly. Occasionally he would find a nice, fat worm, and with a great noise and clatter, call all the denizens of the barnyard around him, and after haranguing them for twenty minutes or more, calmly gobble it up and start away.

None of us understand the chicken language, so we did not know what he said. Probably his discourse was about the indigestibility of worms. It must have been interesting, for it never failed to create a sensation, and formed the topic of conversation for hours afterward.

On this particular morning, when we find King among the roses, Blacky's strange cry acted like magic, for scarcely was it uttered when King bounded through the lattice gate and was at his side. It was a cry of distress and he hurried to the rescue.

Blacky was panting as if he had been running for his life, and with a wild squawk he started off again as a tiny Bantam rooster appeared around the corner of the house. Blacky sped on at a break-neck space, taking great awkward strides, the Bantam in hot pursuit and King bravely bringing up the rear.

Round and round they went, now dodging here and there among the fruit trees, now disappearing behind the barn. The hoarse shrieks of the fowl, mingling with merry bursts of laughter, for King was beginning to think this a new and fascinating game invented solely for his amusement.

The little Bantam had been presented to King by an admiring friend only a few days previous, and this was his first encounter with the lord of the barnyard.

It transpired that Blacky was the aggressor. The new-comer was quietly searching for his breakfast in a corner of the yard, when Blacky approached, and after eyeing him sternly for a moment, made a sudden lunge at him with his great beak and knocked him over.

The little Bantam, who was a born soldier, was on his feet in an instant, and made such a furious assault on his big foe

that Blacky turned and ignominiously fled.

Round and round they flew, the race growing more exciting as the little Bantam gradually gained on his fleeting enemy, till at last they disappeared from view in the further corner of the orchard, where the battle raged furiously, to judge from the tumultuous sounds that proceeded from that direction.

After some time had elapsed King appeared before his mother trimphantly bearing in his arms the Bantam, who had evidently been the victor in the recent conflict.

"Naughty chicky! naughty chicky, bite poor B'acky," he exclaimed, and before mamma had time to remonstrate he popped the offending warrior into the closet—the same closet where he himself had spent some hours of meditation on those rare occasions when he, too, had been "naughty."

Pressing his rosy lips to the keyhole he shouted, "Chicky, fink dood fronghts. Your Dod's chicky. Dod's chicky finks dood."

After which excellent advice he settled down to "guard duty" at the prison door. Here Mrs. Cole found him an hour later fast asleep at his post.

She lifted him gently and bore him away to bed to finish his nap, and after tucking him in went back and liberated the captive.

So ended the first battle, and I may add it was the last.

Our Big Pillow.

Editor WEE WISDOM:

My little girl requests me to write you a pillow rhyme* for WEE WISDOM, so I give you the enclosed lines hastily penned, and as little Floye says, "a rather large pillow, quite, quite large enough for two." I thank God it is large enough for the whole world.

Many thanks for the sample copies of the little paper which has roused in little Floye a zeal for the Truth which carries its influence to the circle of her companions, and will I trust bring you other subscribers. Trusting to see WEE WISDOM a living, growing power among the little ones, I am,

Sincerely yours in the Truth,

C. A. T., Williams, Arizona.

* You will find this pillow under the Scroll, page 8.

The Two Guests.

Worry and Fret were two little men
That knocked at my door again and again:
"O, pray let us in but to tarry a night,
And we will be off with the dawning of light."
At last moved to pity, I opened the door
To shelter these travelers, hungry and poor;
But when on the morrow I bade them adieu,
They said, quite unmoved, "We'll tarry with you."
And, deaf to entreaty and callous to threat,
These troublesome guests abide with me yet.

—Selected.

Spirit, Soul and Body.

FLORENCE HARVEY.

I pray your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless.—*Thess. 5: 23.*

It seems hard for the little children to understand about the spirit, soul and body, for they are all so alike, and yet so different. This can be illustrated by ice, water and steam in the following manner:

Let us hold a piece of ice. You can touch it, and see it. So with the body, the formed self, the part of us that we can see and handle, the part that we have thought could get sick and die.

While you have been holding the ice in your hand, what has happened to it? The heat has changed it into water. Water has many qualities that ice has not, the most important one being the fact that it can change its shape instantly as you pour it from one kind of a vessel into another.

This is what the soul does—changes its form according to the kind of thoughts we think.

If water is placed over a fire, it becomes heated and forms steam. Now steam has many qualities that water has not, and a great many more than ice.

Steam corresponds to spirit, for spirit has many qualities that neither soul nor body have, and yet it is the same thing, only much finer and more subtle.

Ice, water, and steam are alike and yet different, but all are useful in their separate ways, and made by God to fulfill different needs. Ice is, in truth, crude steam.

Body, soul, and spirit are alike, and yet different. Body is crude spirit, or that form of spirit which can be handled and is necessary for the growth of the soul.

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

Lesson 6. November 5.

Nehemiah's Prayer. Neh. 1:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day.* Neh. 1:11.

This lesson is all about one man's prayer. Can you tell his name? If you will read the whole chapter, or hear it read, you will find out that Ne-he-mi-ah has told us why he prayed this prayer. Just to think of it! Almost 3,000 years ago this very month, in the magnificent palace of a king in Persia a young and beautiful man who stood next to the mighty king in honor and wealth, wept like a little child and prayed this prayer to the one true God whom he loved and believed in.

And what came of it? Your teacher will tell you the rest of this wonderful story, and *how* his prayer was answered.

Do you think God has changed in all these years?

Why has God not changed? Because God is Life, Love, Substance, Intelligence and Truth. "The same yesterday, today and forever."

If you should want something very much, whom of all your circle of friends would you ask first?

Why would you ask your parents first? Because it is so easy to ask of those you love and believe in.

Now, prayer is really just asking God for those things we desire. To make it very simple and easy to ask of God, Jesus taught us to call God "Our Father," and assured us that our Father was more willing to give us good things than these papas and mammas whom we are so sure will always give us when we ask.

"Ask and ye shall receive."

Lesson 7. November 12.

Rebuilding the Walls of Jerusalem.

Neh. 4:7-18.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Watch and Pray.* Matt. 26:41.

This lesson is still about Ne-he-mi-ah,

who is now among his own people in Jerusalem.

Your teacher will read you what is written in the chapter of the lesson and tell you what strength and courage and faith in the Almighty Good it took to bring about the rebuilding of the walls of this city of the one God. What are walls for?

Are you afraid of anything? If you are, your City of Peace must have the walls rebuilt. When we are afraid, we do not believe God's love is all around protecting us. And so our city will be infested by the enemies of Good—sickness and pain and sorrow, anger and poverty and even death-thoughts will pillage our beautiful city and carry off our Good.

Then what is to be done when these enemies have overrun us and robbed us of our health and happiness and what we loved most dear? Why, this great, strong Spirit within us, which we might call our Ne-he-mi-ah, will rise up and stand by us and keep reminding us of how ready God is to be our fulness of Good. And like these children of Israel, our every little thought must stand guard against these enemies of God, and *watch* that they come not in while we are building again our walls of love and trust.

It is told in this lesson how it was not till every family had taken its place to guard and build that the enemy was kept out and the work succeeded, and that they kept one hand armed to slay whatever enemy should interfere, while with the other they worked at the walls.

Now there are two little hands to our mind, one of them to hold the keen little weapon that is sure destruction to a coming evil. We call it *denial*, and it says to the enemies of Good, *You are not of God, so you are no-thing at all*. And they are slain. And the other we call *af-fir-ma-tion*, and it says, *God is All, God is my life, God is my health, God is my joy, God is my substance*. And in this way with these true, solid words of truth, our City of Peace and Good is walled in again, and our thought-people free to learn more about the True Good.

Remember, it is always *no* to the not-

good, and *yes* to the good, and so we *watch and pray*.

Lesson 8. November 19.

Public Reading of the Scriptures.

Neh. 8:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The ears of all the people were attentive unto the book of the law.* Neh. 8:3.

In this lesson it tells how glad these people who wanted to be true to the One God were to have their city to themselves again, and how they were eager to hear all about their wonderful God and what His will was toward them. They were ready to listen and do just what was written in the Scriptures which were read to them.

So when we have learned to say NO to all the enemies of Good, and have really and truly shut out all beliefs that we can get our good from any other source than Truth; then we will find such lovely new thoughts coming to us. It will seem as if the Book of the Law of Good were open to us, and somehow we will be so attentive and we will hear what is written in God's word for "those who have ears to hear." We will find the new City of our God, whose walls are pearl (purity and innocence), and where tears and sorrow and want and death can never enter, and here we will dwell forever with *our God, who is our life, our health, our joy, our substance*.

You see, when we really understand that God is All, and in all, we won't be waiting for a place called Heaven 'way off, somewhere and sometime to be ours. This is one of the enemies we must be very sure to destroy in our mind, or we will never complete our wall of sure defense against the evils of sin, sickness and death. Give attentive ear to this law of eternal Truth—*God is. God is All. In Him we live and move and have our being. And there is none other.*

Lesson 9. November 26.

Woes of Intemperance. Prov. 23:29-35.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.* Prov. 20:1.

What was our last lesson about?

What is the subject of this one?

What are woes? What is meant by intemperance? If woes are sorrows, and intemperance made them, who made intemperance? Did God? No. Why? Then if God did not, who did? "The father of lies" whom Jesus said *was a lie*.

Now, how is the only way to get rid of a lie? To know and speak the truth.

What does knowing the truth do for us? Keeps us from being deceived by what is not true.

If, then, you would see a man whom people called a drunkard, what would be the truth about him? Should you call him a drunkard then, or should you slay that enemy which is getting into his city by saying, *No, there is no power in drink. God's Spirit is in man and satisfies every living soul. God is all and in all, and there are no drunkards in truth*.

If a boy wants you to smoke a cigarette, or you see anyone else who thinks there is good in an evil habit, use the two little hands of your mind and destroy this not-good with a "No," and put some great big lasting stones into your wall of defense like this, *I am pure in heart. I love God. Only the Good is true.*

Three blissful words I name to thee,
Three potent words of charm,
From cark and care thy heart to free,
Thy life to shield from harm:

PRAY — WORK — and SING.

—Selected.

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Do you want to help WEE WISDOM and at the same time have a book free? Then get your little friends to subscribe.

For two subscriptions (\$1.00) we will send you "Wee Wisdom's Way," by Myrtle Fillmore, free; or, "The Wonderful Wishers of Wishingwell," by Mrs. Militz; or, "Aunt Seg's Catechism."

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Ye Editor's Sanctum.

Come in — all of you — and we will talk it all over together — about *our Thanksgiving*.

In the first place, it is become a habit with us Wisdoms to give thanks all the time. One day would n't be big enough to near hold the joy and thankfulness we feel for the Good that is poured out to us every moment of our lives.

You see, God's blessings are all the time, and always. 'Sposed God should choose just one little 24-hours-of-a-day in which to cram all the good things He gives us during the 365 days of the year? What would we think, and what would we do? Then what must God think and do about this great-big-one-day effort to cram in a whole year of Thanksgiving? It's better to thank once a year than not at all, but how much better to keep even with our blessings by being thankful all the days. "A thankful heart is a continual feast" — so *our Thanksgiving* is the year round, and we won't forget even for a little moment to be thankful and glad that our Good is *now* and always.

One of the new Goods that has come to us this month is that we are given a chance to accompany in thought two dear little Wisdom boys whose young papa knows all about the secrets of "our little brothers and sisters" that have wings and feathers and fur and scales. And he is going to let us all go along and listen to what comes of the walks and talks of these boys and their papa. They are sure enough, every one of them. They are not very far away neighbors of "ye editor" and the "three boys," and though we call them by the home names of Ray and Lewie, yet these names their papa chooses to call them by to us are their middle names.

Once last summer, when Orion and I were walking along together, he suddenly darted away from me, and came back with a honey bee in his hand.

"I wanted to look at 'im a minute," he

explained, as he held it between his thumb and forefinger and looked tenderly at it.

It didn't sting him, either, and when he had sent it back to go on with its work, he told how he and the bees knew about each other and were ever such good friends. It was quite a revelation to "ye editor" to witness this meeting between boy and bee without sting or shriek in it. Just two busy little lives stopping a moment to express a common sympathy. Won't this be a glorious old world when we all learn with these dear boys and their papa to know how love disarms the bee of its sting and the snake of its bite.

In Yellowstone National Park, where all killing of birds and animals is prohibited by the strictest regulations, it is said, the gray wolf will stand by the roadside and wag his tail like a dog as he watches the coaching parties go by; while the big brown bears come down to the hotels to be fed at night. Now, isn't this the way it ought to be all over the world? When guns and fears are all put aside, and love and trust have taken their places, then we shall be safe anywhere and everywhere, and it shall come to pass, "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord (love and kindness) as the waters cover the sea." Won't there be a lot of loving then? Think of a great, big, grand lion just as loving and tame as a kitty-cat. And that's what he'll be when we love him truly and fearlessly.



The dear, little letters still flow in. If only we could have room to print all that are now waiting, what a lot of visiting we would do with one another!

Mother Sparr writes how happy she is because we were all so glad to see her. And she sends a lot more of beautiful sea children — God bless her and God bless us all! You will never know how many ways there are to bless till you try it.

The other day, when "ye editor" was down at "Headquarters," she was sitting at her desk thinking about the November pillows and wherewithal they should

be stuffed, when Morris wandered in, looking as if he were tired of red wagons and white rabbits and needed something to do. So it came into "ye editor's" mind that here was an opportunity to make at least two happy, so she said:

"Morris, don't you want to help stuff the pillows for WEE WISDOM?"

"Yes m'am, but I can't remember only 'Now I lay me,'" he answered, with some interest.

"But you can think up something of your very own. Go off by yourself a little while and try."

His interest deepened. He went out on the porch and came back with bright eyes and two pillows — and you will find in Monday and Tuesday Pillows Morris' "stuffin'." He was very happy, and so was I. And the rest just did itself.

You will find such a lot of beautiful truths come flocking into your little mind when you will listen for them.

Reflecting Happiness.

Maude, a little girl about ten years of age, was helping her mother set the table.

It was a very small task, but, of course everything helps.

She was arranging the bread, cake and cold meat for supper.

Maude was wearing anything but a pleasant face.

"Be sure and fill the sugar bowl, my dear," said her mother, "and don't forget the napkins and flowers. Father always loves to see the fresh little faces of flowers at his meals."

The child's face suddenly cleared as she said, "I wish I were a flower," darkening the next moment, "then I'd be pretty, too, and wouldn't have to do any work."

"The little flowers have their part to do. They always look pleasant and in that way help the whole world to be cheerful."

"My little girl must have bright happy thoughts all the time, in order to be like the flowers and have a sunshiny face, that she loves so well in them."

Maude smiled happily as she adjusted the daisies, her face reflecting all the sunshine possible. —Marie Grace Bowen.



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

Published monthly by

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY.

1315 McGee St. Kansas City Mo.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

November!
Thanksgiving!!

Who would n't be happy?
Who would n't be glad?
Who would n't let go of
All thought that is sad?

Who would n't rejoice,
If November is gray,
Since it brings us — just think!
Our big Thanksgiving Day?

Such a time, to be sure!
When, with aunties and cousins
And uncles, at Grandma's
We flock by the dozens,

And everyone's happy
And glad to be there;
And the big table's loaded
With plenty to spare.

If only I could,
I'd do it this way —
Make up the whole year
Into Thanksgiving Day.

And we'd be cousins —
And Grandma would let
The big table stand
And forever be set.

And nobody'd scold,
And nobody'd care
When we ate or we play'd,
Or whoever was there.

Always happy and glad —
Winter, summer and fall,
With Grandma and God
To take care of us all.

—Mamie.

WEE WISDOM and UNITY are only \$1.50 a year. We cordially invite you to subscribe.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

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1315 McGee St.,

Kansas City, Mo.

How many of our Wisdoms would like to make WEE WISDOM a Christmas present of a new subscriber?

Our good friend, Miss de Witt, who has been conducting the "Bible Lessons" for WEE WISDOM — and which we have all greatly enjoyed — asks for a little vacation. Of course, we must be generous with her and let her have it, though we hope she won't take a very long one. In the meantime we'll do the best we can to fill her place.

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

10 to 24 copies, 30 cents each per year.

25 to 49 copies, 25 cents each per year.

50 to 100 " 20 cents each per year.

Sample copy free.



Monday

You're happy
And all right;
God's with you
All the night.
—Morris.

Tuesday

God bless me
All the night.
—Morris.

Wednesday

When we thank,
And praise and bless,
Every day
Brings happiness.

Thursday

Lord, we thank,
And praise and know
That Thy blessings
Ever flow.

Friday

Glad to do,
And glad to be,
Sets our Good
Forever free.

Saturday

Glad to be,
And glad to do,
Make us brave,
And strong and true.

Sunday

Like the circle,
Round and round,
God forever good
Is found.