

# WEE WISDOM

"Ye are of God, little  
Children. . . .  
Greater is He that is  
in you than he that  
is in the world."



# WEE WISDOM

## STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.

"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that beholdeth Good Always.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The joy and gladness that are fullness of life and health.

"In Thy presence is fullness of joy . . . . .  
. . . . . Thou wilt show me the path of life."

The truth that frees from the clutches of race heredity.

"One is your Father, even God."

The knowledge that *Jesus Christ* is the subjective spirit of every child.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

The understanding that our word is the builder of our environment.

"For without the Word was not anything made that was made."

Be ye therefore perfect,

Even as your Father in heaven is perfect.

— JESUS.



## The Garden, the Gate, and the Key.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

### CHAPTER III.—PRUDENCE GOES INTO THE GARDEN.

**T**HE NEXT day the three children met as usual in the meadow after school hours, for this was a favorite play-ground of theirs.

"Come, Prudence," said Faith, "do come into the beautiful garden."

"Oh, I'll think about it," answered Prudence rather impatiently.

"Oh, don't think about it," said Patience, "but begin and hunt for your gate. We will help you—Faith and I both will."

"Yes," said Faith, "it won't take long to find it, and then we'll help you look for your key."

"I don't know," said Prudence, "whether I want to go into that garden or not. I might see an ugly old snake or a lizard, or something horrid."

"Why, snakes are not really ugly," said Patience, "and besides they have a purpose or else God would not let them stay with us; and lizards are so cunning. Just try singing or whistling and see how one or two will run out on a log to listen, and close their little eyes and blink as if they loved it. I've tried it lots of times and it is great fun. Won't you look for your gate now?"

"Why do you want me to look for a gate? and besides I don't see any use of taking that trouble. Let me have your key, and I'll go through your gate."

"Oh, no, you cannot. I may not part with my key, every one has to go through his own gateway into the garden."

"The reason we want you to go," said Faith, "is because you will learn such

wonderful things, and it makes one so happy."

"Well, I'll look," said Prudence, "but you two girls please help me"

"Why, of course, we'll help you—we are helping you now."

"Oh!" exclaimed Prudence looking up, "I believe I see a gate right here, but it is covered with some sort of a thorny vine. I don't want to get stuck."

"Why, you can't possibly get stuck if you find your key," said Faith. "The key will let you in easily."

Hearing these words Prudence took courage and commented looking in the long grass. Soon she cried out, "Why! I've found something lying right here at my feet but I don't think it can be a key, it seems to be like a pen knife only it is one little sharp blade. Ough! I might cut my fingers."

"Oh, no, you won't cut your fingers," said Faith.

"Just be careful," said Patience. "Don't use it carelessly. Do you know, Prudence, you have found the key."

"No, I don't know," said Prudence crossly, "how can this be the key; it is nothing like one."

"The way to know if it is the key is to try it," answered Patience.

"Why, can't you see," added Faith, "it is meant to cut away the thorny vines that keep your gate from opening for you."

"Oh, yes, I see," said Prudence smiling, "and I will try my key." With these words Prudence cast away all her fears and going

to the little gate commenced cutting away the sharp thorny vine that closed it.

She was now able to push the gate open and to step inside. Once inside Prudence was so pleased at the beauty of the place that she stood still to look about her.

As she stood there an old white-haired man came to her side and spoke gently, saying, "Well, my little friend, it was hard work for you but you succeeded because you tried to find your gate and because you bravely used your key. Have no fear, the key will not hurt you, wear it about your neck and never part with it for it will always be of use to you. Now I will direct your steps if you will keep on the path. To your right past these tall trees you will soon come to a bed of small flowers; stop and ask them for your lesson."

"For my lesson, what does that mean?" asked Prudence wonderingly.

"Go on, my child, do not question but trust and know that if you will go on and do as you have been told you will then know the meaning of my words."

Prudence looked upon the ground, and then turned down the pathway pointed out to her. Soon she noticed a delicate perfume all about her, and looking down at her feet she spied a bed of fragrant Mignonette.

"Oh, how deliciously sweet!" exclaimed Prudence.

"So you like our perfume?" whispered the Mignonette. "Well, little girl, we are the kind, fragrant thoughts which you have planted."

"I don't remember planting any Mignonette."

"No, perhaps not, but listen, and you shall hear how you planted us and made us grow. Not very long ago your two brothers were playing ball in the field near your house. While running for the ball Johnny fell and cut his face on a rock. You were looking from the window and ran down stairs quickly and out of doors to where the two boys were. You led Johnny into the house, and got a basin of warm water and helped him bathe his forehead. Now Johnny was feeling very badly and scolded at you all the time you

were trying to help him. Harry stood by and kept saying, 'many little annoying teasing things to you. Instead of answering back you kept still and continued to help, and at the same time thinking kindly of both boys instead of feeling cross with them. 'I hope it does not hurt you now,' was one of your thoughts, and when Harry called you an awkward girl you only thought, 'Oh, its fun for him. I don't mind if he teases.' Kindly thoughts such as these planted seed for Mignonette to grow."

Now Prudence was pleased to have the Mignonette talk with her, so she thanked it and turning to follow the pathway she saw at her feet a little fairy-like creature dressed all in green and white. Prudence thought "Surely this is a fairy," but on looking closer she saw it was a small white Violet peeping up through the grass.

"Aren't you out of your place?" asked Prudence.

"Oh, no, indeed; I am growing here for a purpose. Can't you guess why I am here and why I came?"

"No, I don't think I can," answered Prudence.

"Well, listen," said the Violet, "I suppose in the first place you think I should grow in a Violet bed in an orderly manner with the other Violets. Well, it happens I'm not needed there. I am not missed for growing here, and I am very much needed right where I am. Now you are thinking me lonely, away from my brothers and sisters, but I am not lonely for I am too busy to be lonely. You need not smile, for I have much work to do and am busy with it every moment. I grow in this long grass to rest the eyes and comfort those that pass. I smile and nod my head to those that come this way, and give them my silent message which is a sweet one. This is my work, and I do my work obediently, for God has given me the work. I work alone, away from the other Violets. Now you may perhaps ask how it was I grew here. I will tell you: Once a little girl hunted diligently in the long grass for a key. She put by her pride to do this and showed a meek spirit. Such children the angels love, for they try to do the right. Need I say she found the key? You know, Prudence, that the key was found. Keep your key, Prudence, never part with it, wear it about your neck, for it is the key to your Heaven—the heavenly garden of true thoughts. And now, little one, return to your home and think often of the Wonderful Garden of Thought."

(To be continued.)



*"Greetings from the Sunday School of The Society of Practical Christianity, St. Louis, Mo."*

## Our Thanksgiving Visitors.

[In this grand group you will find the pastor and shepherd of this flock, Mr. H. H. Schroeder, standing at the left side; a little in front of him stands his good wife and co-worker. Just behind him, in the shade, is Mrs. M. H. Weinand, who has charge of the Infant Class. On the opposite side at the end of top row under the gas lamp stands Mr. Chas. Schleg, secretary. At the end of next row is Mr. Ernst Krohn, organist, and to him are we indebted for our Thanksgiving Song which he has sent to you with his best love.—Ed.]

### *Dear Readers of Wee Wisdoms:*

The above picture is of the Sunday School of the "Society of Practical Christianity," at 18th and Pestalozzi Streets, St. Louis, Mo., which meets every Sunday morning at 9:45 o'clock. The picture was taken in the church, of which you see a picture on the next page, one bright Sunday morning in September. There are over a hundred bright and happy boys and girls in the picture. As many happened to be absent that day, we regret very much that their pictures do not appear here among the others.

The faces of these happy children are much brighter than they appear here in the picture, as some look very dark because they were not facing the sunlight when the picture was taken.

Some of these boys and girls have grown to be quite young men and young ladies while attending this Sunday School for five or six years; others are not so large and some are quite small, but all are "alive with the Spirit of Life and Love" and are beautiful "blossoms of Life, Love and Wisdom." They all love to sing "God

is Love," or "Jesus Blessed the Little Children," and "Where He Leads I'll Follow," and many other good songs. They come to Sunday School each Sunday morning with love and joy in their hearts and smiles upon their faces, knowing that "only the Good is true," and that they are the "children of God, who is always here," and that they have nothing to fear with their God (the Good) so near.

Many of them have been wonderfully healed through the "knowledge of the truth of life," and by the "power of the word of Truth," which they are quick to understand. Sometimes the children all unite in "silent thought" for the purpose of "speaking the word of Truth and Life" for some one who believes to be ill, and the most wonderful results have been accomplished.

Perhaps you would like to know how this Sunday School is being conducted and what the children are learning. Well,



*Society of Practical Christianity Church.*

they are taught that God is Love, Life, Wisdom, and all that is Good is everywhere present with us, and how to think according to this great Truth of God that they as children of the Good may be well, strong, healthy and happy all the time. We begin with singing some "Truth Song," then we have a few minutes of "silent prayer," after which the superintendent explains some "statements of truth" to be memorized by the children. Then we sing another song or two, after which the superintendent or a teacher reads and explains the International Bible Lesson. During the Bible Lesson the smallest children are being taken to a separate room by one of

the ladies, who tells them a nice story or gives them some simple lesson in Truth or reads to them from WEE WISDOM. We haven't any fixed rule nor ceremonies and we are trying to keep as free from them as much as possible.

Each child gets a "credit ticket" with some Bible verse on it, and when they have four of such "credit tickets" they get a "merit," and for four "merits" they get a nice picture card, and for four picture cards they get a book of truth stories. Each child also gets a copy of WEE WISDOM every month, or where there are two or more children of one family they get one copy together; in this way WEE WISDOM finds its way into many a home, and it is doing a great deal of good wherever it goes.

This Sunday School sends to you all, dear little Wee Wisdoms everywhere, greetings; and if you ever come to St. Louis, be sure and come to see us.

—H. H. SCHROEDER.

### Tilly's Thanksgiving Sermonette.

It pays to feel thankful. There's something in you that feels good when you're thankful. You can't tell anybody what it's like, 'cause you can't see the little fixin's you feel good with.

Some folks are never thankful, 'cause they're thinking about things they haven't got. It never makes you feel thankful to think about things you haven't got, without it's measles or mumps or something like that.

Once a lecturing man said, when you thought you had'n't any thing to be thankful for just think how much you would take for your very littlest finger, or your hand, or arm, or foot, or eye, or something, and then you'd see you wouldn't let 'em go for all the things you think would make you so thankful.

So to have a real Thanksgiving time, let's begin with our little finger and thank God for that, and then all our fingers and our hands and our feet and our eyes and everything. But fingers and hands and feet and eyes are no good without the life and intelligence that works them. And so it's the life and intelligence we are thankful for, and mamma says that is God in us. That's what keeps me bein' so thankful, 'cause it's God I like best of all.

—TILLY.

## ABOUT THE WEE WISDOM SOCIETY OF SILENT UNITY.



OF COURSE we all want to know all about this Society, and that we may get a good idea of its *where* and *who* and *why* we re-publish this picture from Easter WEE WISDOM, which represents an outside, an inside, and a truth panel.

You will please notice first the cute little house at the left corner. Well, this is the *where* of it, and is "Uncle John's re-formed chicken house. The little group in front is the *who* of it. And "Uncle

room. In this they were joined by their little comrades, and on tip-toe at window and with eyes at key-hole they swarmed 'round that re-formed chicken house and begged for admittance.

By this time the developing room was ready for this kind of plates. So "Uncle John" opened the door to those who could promise to "*be still*," and this was the start of the "Wee Wisdom Society of Silent Unity."

The first process of development "Uncle



John" himself is the *why* of it all.

It began with the re-formation of the chicken house, which "Uncle John" wanted for a developing room as he was a "kodak fiend." And so it was put into fine shape, and a big fireplace built in one side of it.

But it seems other developing was going on besides the kodak plates. A wonderful image and *like-ness* was being made visible in that little house, and "Uncle John" was beholding the beauty and glory of it in his silent meditations there.

Now, as a magnet draws its own to it, so it came about that the three small maidens who called "Uncle John" Papa could no longer resist the loving vibrations of that

John" put these "small fry" through was to bring out the idea of the image and *like-ness* of God within which should have control of all the members of their little bodies. He began with the feet, and when the feet wanted to wriggle and squirm then must the spirit of restlessness be controlled by the spirit of the God creation which should be the ruling spirit within them. He taught them that the same importance that is attached to the laying of the corner-stone of a new building should be recognized and woven or built into the rebuilding of their "temple of the living God" by a laying of these mighty words of Truth—"Ye are of God, little children; greater is he that

*is in you than he that is in the world."*

So the developing process goes on through every member of the little body until the will of the Spirit becomes greater than the will of the flesh in these little Wisdoms, and feet, legs, arms, trunk, head, eyes, mouth, tongue are gradually controlled, and the thought awakened in them that they must rule the thinker. And this is the way, step by step, moment by moment, they are taught to be receptive to the Spirit of Truth which Christ promised would lead us into all Truth.

Here is a little peep at this *Wee Society* when they were using the class thought, "*I am loving and kind.*" "Uncle John" sent the account sometime ago.

Having quieted the body they usually sing Truth Song No. 2, "God is Love," and as they commence on the verse "God is Peace" they drop their voices to a very low key, and from that go into the silence with closed eyes and mentally visit every family represented in the class. Each one repeats the Class or Unity Thought, "*I am Loving and Kind,*" in a low whisper and directs it in thought to their home, and while this is being done, the entire class silently repeats the thought in unison with the one who is directing the thought, and thus is the entire volume of truth sent through the representative leader sending it out to their loved ones at home. The next child takes up the Unity Thought, "*I am loving and kind,*" and thus is it carried all around the class. They then send the Unity Thought to all of the school teachers in their little town, then to all the Sunday School teachers and Wee Wisdoms, then to all the ministers, then to the Fillmore family, then to all the UNITY workers, then all of its members, then to all of the people in the United States, then to all the people in the world, then to all the people in all the worlds. They then recall Christ's promise of being with the two or three that are gathered together in his name, and they try to realize that Christ is right in their midst, and silently whisper the thought to him in absolute silence. They then repeat the Lord's Prayer\* after "Uncle John" in a very low tone of voice.

\* See page 10, under scroll.

You have no idea the thought force that these children generate. It's powerful and vivid with life.

There are lots of good things to tell of this Society and its wise teachings, but we stop for lack of space.

We will hear from them hereafter once a month, and if they will send in their *Class Thought* for December, we will be glad to keep it with them.

### Every Day a Thanksgiving Day.

"Yes, Mamma, I wonder why they call it Thanksgiving just for one day?"

The little questioner of seven years had for several months been attending a Divine Science Sunday School where she had been faithfully taught that every day should be full of thanksgiving, and her home life was full of the living of the beautiful teaching. Now as Thanksgiving season approached she wondered why many of her playmates at school were looking forward to the one day as if it were different than others. It puzzled her so much that she came to Mamma for an answer to her "why," and the dear mother gladly took her into her arms and visited with her and told her about the custom of thank offerings which was begun so long ago and of the festival which in our time has come to be the great day for home-gatherings and feasting.

"Are they only thankful on that one day, Mamma?" continued the questioner, and then followed a long talk in which Mamma told her how that many people are learning to make every day a Thanksgiving day now, and how that new meanings are being put to old names and customs.

The little one grasped the thought and went back to her playmates feeling very happy that in her home they had already learned to make every day a Thanksgiving day, and wishing that all her child friends might have so many Thanksgivings too.

— H. L. K., Denver, Colo.

*From the morning  
To the night  
I am filled  
With sweet delight.*

## The Au-to-bi-og-ra-phy of A Nickel.

### CHAPTER V.

Well! here I am at the North Denver Sunday School. I have been introduced to the children, who are delighted to see me and think I am a wonderful nickel to travel so much and meet so many people who love the Good.

They tell me their Sunday School was started last February with a membership of twenty-eight—there were twenty-two scholars, four teachers, with Mr. Andrews as superintendent and Mr. Simms as secretary.

Their first Sunday School was held at Mrs. Cookson's, but the rooms were too small to accommodate the numbers that came so they soon had to get larger rooms. They have moved once since, and now they have a room large enough to accommodate all who come.

A lady loaned them an organ for a few months, which they still have, and Mr. and Mrs. Cookson (two accomplished musicians) play for them every Sunday. Mrs. Cookson plays the organ, Mr. Cookson the violin. They feel that they are wonderfully blessed in this respect, and the Good will reward these dear people. God bless them.

The children enjoy singing the beautiful

Truth songs. One in the "Bible Readings," written by Mrs. James, is an especial favorite—"I'm free in Truth, I'm free."

They tell me that they visited Mrs. James' Sunday School one Sunday, and how much they enjoyed Mrs. James' lovely talk to them. Then they were invited by that Sunday School to take a trolley ride with them one evening, and oh! wasn't it lovely and didn't they enjoy every minute of the ride!

When they first started Mrs. James' Sunday School sent them ten dollars, and soon after five more, and they do feel so glad and thankful for all these blessings. What lovely people these dear Science people are!

They organized a Divine Science Church here a few months ago with a membership of twelve. They meet every Sunday evening, Miss Brooks and Mrs. Galer coming over alternate Sundays to speak to them. They are young as yet, but this child of Truth will "grow and wax strong in Spirit and in the knowledge of God."

Now I make my bow, say "good-bye" to this little Centre, and start on my travels again. You will have a letter from me next written at the Chicago Truth Centre Sunday School.

— R. F. S.

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## To Wee Wisdoms.

My little friends, be every day,  
With heart and mind on God's true way;  
Be always friendly, always gay,  
And let the truth within you stay.

When bright in heart, and bright in mind,  
To every one be good and kind;  
In every one the good you'll find,  
And then in truth you are GOD'S CHILD.

— E. K.



*Our Father, who art everywhere,  
Love is thy name.  
Thy kingdom is come.  
Thy will is done in us,  
As it is in Christ Jesus.  
Give us thy wisdom  
That we may understand our temptations.  
Teach us that mercy endureth forever;  
That thou hast forgiven us our trespasses  
As we have forgiven those who trespass  
against us.  
Thy peace which passeth all understanding  
With gladness now fills our souls.  
Thy kingdom is at-one-ment,  
The word is the power,  
The Christ mind is the glory,  
Now and forever. Amen.*

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]



SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEAR EDITOR—I have gotten two subscribers for *WEE WISDOM*, and tried to get more but could not as so many children do not like *Science*. I like the August number best, edited by the children. My birthday came in August. I am nine years young. I like the *Pillow Verses* very much. With love to all the *Wee Wisdoms* and Mother Sparr. From BEULAH CASE.

P. S.—I would like you to send me "The Wonderful Wishers of Wishingwell."

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KOUTS, IND.

TO TED, of Brightside—We are very much in love with Ted. So we told our better selves what money we found we would send to the Brightside boys, so I found a nickel and added one, and my daughter Katie found a nickel, too, and she sends hers along. So when you send any money to the Brightside boys you can send this little offering. We only wish it had been a ten-dollar gold piece.

MRS. JOSEPHINE KRING.

[Why not affirm this shall be the starter of the ten-dollar gold piece? It is better to affirm than to wish. We make a good desire active through affirmation, and it goes out and fulfills itself. We affirm with you now that these nickels, which have already gathered to themselves enough for one dollar, shall gather to our Brightsiders nine more to help with their Thanksgiving dinner.—Ed]

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A dear *Wisdom* from St. Louis contributes this little verse. Her writing is very clear and neat, and a pressed Golden-rod adorns the sheet on which it is written.

November winds may blow,  
And snow may fall,  
But well we know  
God cares for all.

EMILY KROHN.

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PORTLAND, ORE.

DEAR *WEE WISDOM*—My name is Annie, and I am eight years old. I go to St. Mary's Academy. I go to Mrs. Hughes' class every Saturday afternoon, and she reads to us out of *WEE WISDOM*. I like to hear her read. We send a nickel for a *WEE WISDOM* with our picture in. Good-bye. With love, ANNIE BOSCOVICH.

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PORTLAND, ORE.

DEAR *WEE WISDOM*—I am going to write you a letter. I am six years old. My name is Eva Boscovich. I have a sister and a brother. I have a little kitten and a doll. I go to the Sisters' school. Mrs. Hughes lets me take *WEE WISDOM* home, and I can read it. I send five cents for a paper with our class picture in and my letter in. Good-bye. I send love to you.

EVA BOSCOVICH.

I wrote this letter all by myself.

EVA BOSCOVICH.

My sister is in the middle of the picture sitting down. Her name is Annie. My picture is on the left side with a red dress on.

## Wee Wisdom

11

EDITOR WEE WISDOM—The enclosed prayer\* was written first for the use of my own little ones, then sent to and published in the "Cup Bearer." With the smaller ones I omitted all but the first two and last two lines, and substituting *and for I* in the first line of the last two. So that it reads—

"Tonight I lay me down to rest  
With thankful heart for favors blest,  
And close my eyes in peaceful sleep  
While angel guards a vigil keep."

This makes a little prayer, or affirmation, plenty long enough for the "wee ones," but the whole prayer would seem incomplete for the unfolding minds of the older children. Children's minds can be best and most strongly developed if given affirmations which appeal to reason as well as faith thereby becoming less dependent on suggestion and better able to explain *why* they trust. The "interrogation point" in children's natures is a perfectly natural development, and should be met with reasonable answers whenever possible.

\* See page 14.

Trusting you may find this available, I am,  
Yours for "all good," A. D. HAHN.

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[Here is a good letter contributed by Mrs. Barton. It was written, or dictated rather, by a small boy three years ago and sent to Ralph for *Child Life*. And as Mrs. Barton suggests, it is good enough to bear re-publishing, and we are thankful for such a privilege.—Ed.]

DEAR RALPH—My kitty was walking on three legs. I asked mamma to treat kitty. Mamma said, "You can." I sat down by kitty and at first he scolded at me.

"Mamma, why does kitty scold at me so?"

She said, "Because kitty don't know God."

I said, "*Kitty, this is God that makes your sides go up and down and that tail go slap, slap on the floor. God is in the ear and the eye too.*" Now kitty begins to purr and sing and looks up to me as if he were laughing.

"*Yes, God is in your foot, too, and you were thinking all the time it was a thorn. Now you are acquainted with God, kitty.*" And up kitty got on all four feet and ran away to look for mice.

KING B.



PORTLAND, OREGON, WEE WISDOMS.



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON V. NOV. 4.

The Unjust Steward. Luke 16:1-13.

[GOLDEN TEXT—*Ye cannot serve God and mammon.* Luke 16:13.

This saying of Jesus Christ's in our Golden Text is the same as declaring, "You cannot serve good and evil," and every boy and girl knows this is true, for if we are thinking and acting good we are not acting evil, for the two never go together. We are told that "out of the same fountain cannot flow both sweet and bitter waters."

You have probably all heard of the mirage, and some of you have seen it. You know it is a kind of picture of a city, or a lake, seen on a desert in the distance. Sometimes men are deceived by it and walk miles and miles out of their way hoping to reach the beautiful city and find rest, but this they can never do, because it is unreal; there is really no city there. A man who knows just what the mirage is cannot be deceived by the appearance, but says to himself, "I know it is unreal." Now the man who is deceived by believing that the mirage is a real city is like a great many people in the world who believe evil is real, and thus are deceived and suffer both by serving it and fearing it, when the truth is that evil is just like a mirage, it is unreal—nothing.

When we know that only God the Good is real, then we have nothing to fear and all our service will be given to the Good. Where and how do we serve the Good? First in our minds by thinking good thoughts—loving, gentle thoughts toward all—and afterwards by acting them out.

Everyone who serves the Good all the time knows all the wise and wonderful things to be known, and he becomes healthy, strong and free.

*"Hold fast that which is good."*

LESSON VI. NOV. 11.

The Rich Man and Lazarus.

Luke 16:19-31.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.* Matt. 6:20.

Jesus was always thoughtful and kind to

everyone he met, that is one of the reasons of his having been loved by so many thousands of people. Everybody loves thoughtful, gentle people, and it is beautiful to see little children unselfish. No blessing is really ours until we begin to share it with others. Every child of God loves to serve others, he loves to make others happy, even as God has given us everything good for our happiness.

The rich man in this lesson we are shown was selfish, therefore he became very unhappy. Although he had plenty of money, he was very poor because he had no treasures of love and kindness in his mind. The Golden Text tells us to "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven," and we know that heaven is within us, and that every unselfish thought and act is a treasure in this kingdom and makes us truly rich.

The lesson says that there is a great gulf fixed between selfishness and unselfishness, between faith in the Good and doubt. On one side of this gulf is the City of Selfishness, in which dwell sickness, pain, fear, but on the other side of the gulf and so far away that it can never be bridged over lies the beautiful City of Unselfish Love, and all its people are clothed with faith, its streets are pure gold (good) and its houses are of pearls (purity). Everyone here loves everyone else, and each one is doing his best to make someone else happy, so there is perfect peace.

This City of Good is to be built in every heart, or better, it is already built in each heart by God, only some have drawn a curtain over it so that it cannot be seen, but no one's beautiful City of Unselfishness can be entirely lost, for he can and will, by choosing to do so, draw aside the covering by love thoughts, gentle words and deeds, so that "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" is revealed. This is the city not made by hands, but only by good true lives, eternal in the heavens.

If ever tempted to slip into the city of greed, called Selfishness, quickly say to yourself, "It is easy to be unselfish, it is easy to do right, because it is God's way," and the love gates to the City Beautiful will swing wide open to admit you.

LESSON VII. NOV. 18.

The Ten Lepers Cleansed.

Luke 17:11-19.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Be ye thankful.*

Col. 3:15.

Thanksgiving! What a happy time. Count your blessings. How they grow and

grow as you think them over. Why, you cannot tell them all, there are so many; and then as you remember how many things you have to be thankful for, you forget all about being cross and fault-finding, for your mind is all taken up with seeing the sunshine in your life. The more you look at the good with thankful heart, the more good comes pouring in.

Jesus healed ten men of their troubles. One of them was so grateful that he turned 'round to thank his helper and thus he received a double blessing. Jesus said to him, "Thy faith hath made thee whole," which state is much better than to simply have the body healed, for to be whole means to be entirely free in mind as well as body.

Thankfulness is a great healer. Why? Because it makes you cheerful and happy, which always brings health.

I heard of a lady who was sick all over her body and went to a healer for help. The healer knew that her trouble was caused by always talking about and looking at the clouds in her life instead of the sunshine, so she asked her if there was not one part of her body that was well. She admitted that her finger was well, so the wise healer told her to forget all about her aches and pains and to thank God all the time that she had a healthy finger. The sick lady went home to do it, and in a very short time she could praise God that her hand was all right, then her arm, and finally her whole body.

God never made a complaining boy or girl or a fault-finder. God made you to be a witness to His Good, to show forth all that is beautiful and true, and you can only do this as you carry a thankful, cheerful heart about with you, and sunshine in your face.

"Send out the sunlight on rich and on poor,  
All need the sunlight to strengthen and cure.  
Send out the sunlight—the Spirit's real gold!  
Give of it freely—this gift that's unsold.

"Send out the sunlight as free as the air,  
Blessings will follow with none to compare.  
Send out the sunlight! You have it in you,  
Pray for its presence, your prayer will come true."

One of the classes in the Alameda Home Sunday School has formed a "Sunshine Club;" that is its name, and its purpose is to shed sunshine everywhere. Each member tries to make some life happier every day. The club meets once a week and the children tell their experience. Last week one sweet little girl said she thought of a friend that was sick, and this was the ray of sunshine she sent to her: She went in the garden and gathered a pretty bouquet, then she sat down and named each flower a healing word, and sent it to her

sick friend. That was a warm healing ray of sunlight, and we know it must have helped her friend to know God's health.

Would it not be a good plan for you Wee Wisdoms to form such a club among your little friends? Get your mother or some older person to help you, and if she wants to know how to do it, tell her to write to Mrs. Merriman, 2527 Central Ave., Alameda, Cal., who knows all about it and loves to help the good work on.

#### LESSON VIII. NOV. 25.

#### Sober Living. Titus 2:1-15.

**GOLDEN TEXT**—*We should live soberly, righteously and godly in the present world.* Titus 2:12.


There is truly just one world and that is God's world. We are all in it now, and God is in and with us, that is why we can all live soberly, righteously and godly, three big words for even Wee Wisdoms to understand, but all can understand the words, "Be good," and that is just what the Golden Text means—Be good right here and now, every blessed minute.

Dear children, do you know the one thing that makes us good, and that makes the good come to us? Love! This presence you can never hide from nor get out of, it follows you everywhere, and you are always in its presence sleeping or waking. Love is in the dark as well as in the light, therefore you need never fear the dark, only think of Love and a peace will steal over you and calm all your fears.

To live godly means to think as God thinks and to use every part of our being for the Good. No one would ever be angry or impatient if he would let Love rule his life; no unkind word would he ever speak, for Love is ever kind and loving to all. Even the plants in our garden will be more beautiful if Love takes care of them, and the animals are glad for love, too. See how your dog will frisk his tail about at your kind words, for everything understands the language of Love.

God's love in us will ever make us temperate so that we do no untrue thing. Remember this all your life, children, that Love never faileth. It never fails to make you gentle, pure, sweet and kind, it never fails to make friends, to bring happiness, or give peace. All the good in the world has love in it, that is what makes it good.

Love has made you good, so be good in this present world, always remembering you are a child of God. Love the Good and the True with all your heart, and the Good and True will love you, then no temptation will ever rule you but you will overcome it all.



### YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



WE ARE having a regular home-gathering this month with all these dear Wisdom Centres coming in to spend Thanksgiving with us. But there's plenty of room — "*Thou* preparest a table" and its big enough for all.

St. Louis is well represented at our "table." Our good Bro. Schroeder has charge of this flock of Wisdoms, and has borne the expense of this visit to us. He has also given us an interesting account of how they carry on the good work at 18th and Pestalozzi Streets. Pass them the bread and cake of Life. (We serve no *dead* things at our Thanksgiving table.)

And here are the Portland Wisdoms. We have Mrs. Hughes to thank for this pleasure. Pass up the pudding and confectionery of Love and Joy.

And the Silent Unity Wee Wisdoms from Merchantville, N. J., are on hand too. Lord of this feast, send up the best you have!

In comes "Mr. A. Nickel," bringing up the rear with the North Denver delegation. You're very welcome, *Mr. Nickel*, and all the Denverites! You'll find plenty of room for our "table" is as big as the whole Universe of Good. It's time to pour out the wine of the Spirit!

Here's a place for every individual Wisdom, too. And good things till you can't count them! Let us eat of them and rejoice and make merry, for our lost joys are all found and our good has returned to us.

And now let's swell the grand old melody of the Doxology, and sing it with all the might and understanding we can master:

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below:  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

That good old verse means more to us than it ever did, for we know the source of

all blessings is the *here and now* Infinite Good, and we are to praise both by deed and thought the loving Father, the willing Son and the healing Spirit, and so we become at-one with our blessings. Let us never forget to praise and give thanks and so make our good visible wheresoever we will.

Praise God!

One special cause for thankfulness with WEE WISDOM and all its readers is the excellent and inspiring interpretation of the Sunday School lessons by our dear friend, Miss Harriet H. Rix, of Alameda, Cal.

We are made glad by our Thanksgiving song set to music by one of Wee Wisdom lovers, who plays the organ for the St. Louis Sunday School. His picture is among those in the group on page 5.

Tesla's fifty love-pennies have been used to send WEE WISDOM to a family of little girls in Colorado, who we know will bless her every time the little paper visits them.

Our Little Ones' Prayer.

NETTIE DIXON HAHN.

To-night I lay me down to rest  
With thankful heart for favors blest.  
Held in God's love I know not fear —  
What is there that can harm me here?  
My Father reigns supreme to-night,  
Nor ceases with the morning light.  
In God I move, in God I live,  
There's naught I need He cannot give.  
My every want that Love supplies  
Which rules the earth, the sea, the skies,  
That fills all worlds, all suns, all space,  
And holds the planets each in place,  
Within whose kind and loving care  
Each living creature has its share.  
Content that *all* the world is blest  
By this same love in which I rest,  
I close my eyes in peaceful sleep  
While angel guards a vigil keep.

— In "Cup Bearer."



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

#### NOVEMBER!

Thankful I am  
For home and friends,  
And for the good  
The dear Lord sends.  
I'm thankful, too,  
For things to eat,  
But *most* when dear Lord  
Makes 'em sweet.

Don't forget to help the Brightsiders  
Thanksgiving dinner. Just for love, you  
know. Send direct your *love-word* and  
*offering* to

Brightside Boys,  
Care Ralph Field,  
Denver, Colo.

Acting upon Miss Rix's suggestion, we  
cordially invite help from Mrs. Merriman,  
of 2527 Central Ave., Alameda, Calif., in  
instructing us how to form Sunshine Clubs.  
That's the kind of clubs to use to knock old  
gloom and sourness out of our homes.

Christmas stories and Christmas visitors  
will be in order now. Let's have the best  
you have. Somebody suggests that Flor-  
ence Harvey, or "Aunt Seg," or King's  
Mamma, or all of them, give us something  
as good as "The Real Santa Claus," to  
which we second the motion. But you  
must do your part too, Wee Wisdoms.

## Special Holiday Combinations.

We have decided to offer the next 60 days one year's subscription to WEE WISDOM  
in combination with any one of the following books at a very low price.

- THE WONDERFUL WISHERS OF WISHINGWELL, by Annie Rix  
Militz, with WEE WISDOM . . . . . \$0.55  
A charming story warranted to help little folks get their wishers all  
straightened out. It shows that one should realize the value of a wish.
- WEE WISDOM'S WAY, by Myrtle Fillmore, with WEE WISDOM, . . . . . \$0.60  
A booklet of twelve chapters telling a sweet story of how the Day family  
were healed. All who have read it have only words of praise.
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Six excellent simple truth lessons for children.
- THE STORY OF TEDDY, by Helen Van Anderson, with WEE  
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This is a most entertaining story of a boy of ten years and just the kind  
of a book the boys will enjoy. We highly recommend it.
- SPRINGWOOD TALES, by Helen A. Fussell, with WEE WISDOM, . . . . . \$1.25  
A book of stories and verses as fresh, fragrant and acceptable as "The  
flowers that bloom in the spring, tra, la."

Address **WEE WISDOM,**  
1315 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

To all my Wee Wisdom Friends.

# "THANKSGIVING."

Words from WEE WISDOM, Nov., 1899.

ERNST KROHN.

1. Who would not be hap - py! Who would not be glad! Who would not let  
 2. Such a time to be sure, When with aunt - ies and cousins, And un - cles, at  
 3. If on - ly I could, I'd do it this way, Make up the whole  
 4. And no one would scold, And no one would care, When we ate or we

go of all thought that is sad! Who would not re - joice if No - vem - ber is  
 Grandma's we flock by the dozens, And ev - 'ry - one's hap - py and glad to be  
 year, in - to Thanks - giv - ing day. And we would be cous - ins, and Grand - ma would  
 play'd or who - ev - er was there, Always hap - py and glad, Win - ter, Sum - mer and

gray, Since it brings us, just think! Our big Thanks - giv - ing Day! Who would not re -  
 there; And the big ta - ble's load - ed with plen - ty to spare, And ev - 'ry - one's  
 let The big ta - ble stand and for - e - ver be set, And we would be  
 Fall, With Grand - ma and God to take care of us all, Always hap - py and

joice if No - vem - ber is gray, Since it brings us, just think! our big Thanks - giv - ing Day  
 hap - py and glad to be there; And the big ta - ble's load - ed with plen - ty to spare  
 cous - ins, and Grand - ma would let The big ta - ble stand and for - ev - er be set.  
 glad, Win - ter, Sum - mer and Fall, With Grand - ma and God to take care of us all.