

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.



Dr. Charlie's Thanksgiving.

AUNT SEG.

YOU know Dr. Charlie, children? He cured his Grandma's ankle, you remember. At least Grandma said so, but Charlie, in his thinking attitude with his hands behind him, very soberly considered the question, and finally announced that he had n't anything to do about it, but just to remember that God knew enough to tend to His own business. His mamma asked, "What business, Charlie?"

"Grandma," Charlie answered.

"Do you mean that Grandma is God's business?"

"That's zackly what I mean," replied the small doctor.

Charlie's mind had caught the biggest idea that ever was conceived. Can you guess what it was children?

Grandma invited Charlie to come to Newton and help her prepare for Thanksgiving Day. All the rest were invited on that day to dinner, but Charlie was to help Grandma a whole week. There was snow on the ground in Newton, and a long hill, and a sled in the woodshed, and a boy by the name of Tommy to play with.

When Charlie got there and surveyed his field of opportunities, he said to his Grandma, "It seems to me I've got lots to be thankful for 'thout waitin' for Thanksgiving Day."

So Charlie and Tommy slid down hill in the day time and cracked nuts in the evening with sometimes a story or talk from Grandma.

Thursday is always the day set for Thanksgiving, you know, and on Wednesday morning while Charlie was sliding, as she thought, Grandma told Sam, the hired man, to kill the biggest turkey of the flock. Soon after she heard the most appalling shrieks in the barn yard. Getting out there as fast as her feet could take her, she saw Charlie with the turkey in his arms, and the tears of indignant distress pouring down his crimson cheeks, while little Tom was crying with all his might because Charlie did. Sam was trying to get the turkey to wring its neck, and that was what Charlie was yelling about. Dr. Charlie was a vigorous little chap if he was only six years old, and Sam could n't manage to separate the boy from the turkey, who gobbled his approval of Charlie and his disapproval of Sam.

Said Grandma, "What in the world are you doing, Charlie?"

"He just sha'n't do it, Grandma," sobbed the boy, while Sam grinned rather foolishly.

"Sha'n't do what?"

"He sha'n't kill the turkey."

"But, Charlie, the turkey is for our Thanksgiving dinner," said Grandma.

"Grandma," said Charley, straightening himself, "do you want the turkey killed?"

Grandma never felt quite so mean in all her life as she answered, "Yes, Charlie, I told Sam to wring its neck."

It was enough to make anyone cry to see Charlie then. He could n't speak, he had n't a word to say; but just put his head

down on old Gobble's head and sobbed in such a heart-sick way that Grandma motioned to Sam to go away, and she went into the house with a very troubled look in her eyes, leaving Tom with his arms around Charlie's neck to comfort him.

"I wouldn't cry, Charlie; everybody kills turkeys."

"Tommy," said Charlie indignantly, "would you like to have your neck wringed?"

"Why, no, but then I aint a turkey."

"Aint you alive?"

"Yes, course I am."

"Aint you got the same life in you that the turkey has?"

"Why — why — I s'pose I have; 'cept I'm a boy and he's a turkey."

"Tommy," said Charlie solemnly, "the life in the turkey is God's life."

"Oh my!" said Tom catching his breath, "is that so?"

"It's zackly the same as your life."

"O-o-o-o, I never thought of such a thing."

"It's a fac'," emphasized Charlie.

"Then I s'pose it's jes the same with birds, 'n toads, 'n flies, 'n snakes."

"Jes the same," answered Charlie.

"Who told you 'bout it, Charlie?"

"Why, don't you 'member in the Bible it says, 'Thou shalt not kill'?"

"Yes, but I did n't s'pose it meant anything but folks."

"It means anything that has life in it," said Charlie, as he let Gobble go and walked toward the house.

Tommy went home, and Charlie walked soberly into the house. He sat down upon his stool before the fire-place and was very quiet. Grandma felt uneasy; she glanced sidewise at the little figure, but did not speak. At last with a profound sigh he arose, and, going up to her, said, "I guess I'll go home, Grandma."

"Why, Charlie, do you want to leave Grandma?"

"It isn't that, Grandma, it's 'cause I feel bad right in here," pressing his hand over his heart.

His eyes were full of tears, but he was n't crying. They just rolled down his cheeks

without any fuss or noise. Grandma tried not to see them, but she was very much disturbed.

"Charlie," said she, "what makes you feel so about having the turkey killed?"

"'Cause it's taking life, Grandma."

"It's only a turkey's life, Charlie."

"It's God's life in the turkey, Grandma."

Grandma wanted to say, "What nonsense!" but something in her own mind would not let her say it.

"I can't stay if the turkey has to be killed, Grandma; I would n't eat — him —." He choked and did not finish his sentence.

Grandma loved her Charlie boy very much, and she hadn't such a thought as letting him go home even if she had to have a dinner without turkey; besides, she was thinking that Charlie might be right, after all; so she took him into her loving arms and said, "My Charlie boy, your loving heart need not ache any longer, for old Gobble shall not be killed; you may tell Sam that I want to speak to him."

You should have seen Charlie's face brighten and felt the rousing hug he gave Grandma before he ran to call Sam.

Now that the vexed question was settled Charlie and Grandma put their heads together to see what should take the place of turkey at Thanksgiving dinner.

"We can have eggs, fried in butter, Charlie."

"And cabbage, cooked in cream," said Charlie.

"And parsnips, fried in butter," said Grandma.

"And onions, cooked in cream," said Charlie.

"And sweet potatoes, with butter," said Grandma.

"And baked apples and cream," said Charlie.

"And pumpkin pies, and a great big cake," said Grandma.

"And bananas and cream," said Charlie.

"And then, Grandma, nuts are meat, you know, and once my Mamma cut a cocoanut in long, pointed leaves and stood them up in the middle of a plate, and around them were piles of walnut meats, then sugared almonds, and around the edge just piles of

taffy shavings. I can tell you how to fix it, Grandma."

"All right, dear, you shall do just as you like."

When the company came the next day, Grandma had an explanation to make in private which made them all feel very bright and happy when they came to sit around the table to eat their Thanksgiving dinner. There was nothing said, but every one had a great big new thought as they glanced at Charlie's happy blue eyes, and how they praised and enjoyed the great beautiful plate of nut meats that Charlie had thought of and arranged.

Just before bedtime Charlie crept into his Mamma's arms for a quiet *think*. This he did every night when he was at home.

"It was a good dinner, wasn't it, Mamma?" he roused himself to ask.

"Yes, dear, very good; and we are thankful for all good on all days, aren't we, my boy?"

"Yes, Mamma, and for life everywhere, and in everything. Let's sing about 'Life,' Mamma." And they sang—

"Life in all things, great and small,
Life abundant, free to all;
Perfect Life, where'er we go,
Murmurs on in ceaseless flow."

"Good night, Charlie boy; another lesson you have taught us." — *From Wee Wisdom of 1894.*

THE NEW JACK AND JILL.

N. DIXON HAHN.

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water."

Jack must have been a loving son,
And Jill a charming daughter.

"Jack fell down and bumped his crown,
Jill nearly tumbled after,"
But up Jack got and rubbed the spot
'Mid peals of merry laughter.

'Tis better far to laugh than cry,
Whatever the disaster,
And then the pain may prove a gain,
With mirth the soothing plaster.

"A great man is he who has not lost his child heart."

CAROLINE—A MOURNING DOVE.

"PAPA HARRY'S" STORY TO ORION AND ALBERT.

CHAPTER II.

CAROLINE was being now rapidly educated, for every living thing receives a certain amount of education before it attains its maturity. Caroline had learned one lesson that is schooled into every one of God's creatures, and that is, its own species is the highest type of living creatures. Man believes that he is the apex of creation, and the ant believes that he is. So Caroline accepted the instruction that Mourning Doves were the most perfect of created beings, but, unlike man, she did not believe that she, alone, had a soul. Receiving a good part of her education by example and reasoning, she could see no difference in the life of a snake, a bird, or any other living creature. And she had reasoned out the scale of life exactly as had mankind—from her point of view. Butterflies and rabbits stood high in her scale, as they were dear friends of the doves, and seemed to always travel in peace, destroying no living thing.

She had watched Mrs. Argiope catch pretty green katydid, wrap them in great white sheets, and hang them up to be devoured at a future time. She had noticed whenever a bird flew near, Mrs. Argiope swung herself in and out on her web so rapidly that the bird failed to see her. But one day a great wasp speared this reticary, and in attempting to drag her off both fell into the creek, and were immediately swallowed by a Croppy fish. Caroline had pondered in her heart these things, and wondered why so many creatures lived by devouring others. She knew her kind did not do so.

She had been fed the first few days upon milk by her father and mother by regurgitation, and since then only seeds and grains had been her food.

Her mother had explained to her how to avoid hawks, owls, snakes, raccoons, opossums, skunks, weasels, etc., but as yet had had no occasion to teach her anything about man, dogs, and cats.

The elm tree was situated in Pottawatomie County, Kansas, and although several men had come near, attending the cattle, they were not considered dangerous by the mother dove. One day as Caroline and her brother were sitting upon the edge of the nest, a strong wind carried them off the tree and down to the ground. The mother and father dove now had to watch out for foxes, wolves, and dogs, and so each night led them to the most tangled brier patch they could find, and there they became well acquainted with Bunny Cottontail. The little doves soon learned that the honey locust trees, with their great thorns, were their best friends.

The summer drew near the close, and the two baby doves grew large and strong, and it was difficult to tell Caroline from her mother or brother, but her father was much larger and more handsome with his grand plumage.

One day Caroline saw coming across the prairie one of those lower animals, man, and she noticed that he carried in his hand a long stick that flashed beautifully in the sunlight. Before him hither and thither ran a new kind of wolf, which all at once seemed to turn to stone, with its head and tail stretched out straight. The man now walked in front of the wolf, when there arose a covey of Pinnated grouse, and the man pointed the stick at them, and sheets of flame sprang from the end of the stick, and two beautiful grouse fell on the ground, beating around with their wings, till the wolf ran and picking them up carried them to the man, who pulled their heads off and put them into a sack that hung at his side. Caroline being terribly frightened at the roar and flash of the stick, flew to her parents, and all four doves hastened to another clump of trees, where Caroline was instructed about the new danger. The "legalized murder season" of man had opened, and until spring the wolf (dog) and his man were to be very much dreaded. Caroline learned that whenever she saw one of these dogs she could look for a man who would probably be not far away. And she was to get away as quickly as possible. The dog seemed to lead his man around and

make him shoot the birds and carry them home.

September had passed and October was well along, and the four doves had now joined with an immense flock of doves, and they usually fed upon the open prairie and corn stubble, so that they could see an enemy approach. A sudden rising of one dove with a whistling sound was the signal of danger, and all taking wing would fly away. They could now hear the popping of men's guns continuously during the day. Each time the flock flew it went southward and westward.

The flock of doves increased in numbers day by day till they numbered thousands. They passed to the southwest, and were soon over the cattle ranges of the Indian Territory. Caroline could see the vast herds of cattle and the men herding them. She wondered why the men were so careful of the cattle, never leaving them alone, but constantly looking after their comfort. She concluded that the men must love the cattle the same as the doves love the Cottontail rabbits.

About the first of November this vast flock of doves had reached the Pecos River in New Mexico. Here Caroline left the flock, and, desiring to see more of the world, followed the Pecos down into Texas. As she was flying along the river, looking for a grain field, a hawk suddenly gave chase. A house standing near the bank offered the best place to evade the hawk, so Caroline flew to it, and the chase continued around the house. A man in the house, seeing the chase, exclaimed, "Look at that mean hawk after that poor little dove," and seizing the shotgun ran out and wounded the hawk, who now only thought of escaping, and flew swiftly away. The man turned towards Caroline, who was going towards the river as fast as her wings could carry her, saying, "We need that dove for supper." He fired the remaining barrel of the gun at her, but she was too far away and escaped unhurt.

After flying a little way, Caroline alighted on a Mesquite bush to rest. While sitting there she noticed a queer shape on the ground, and, looking more closely, she discerned the form of a huge rattlesnake

ready to strike, which so frightened her that she sprang into the air and right over the spot where she had been resting, passed the lithe form of a wild-cat that had sprung for her at the same instant she had started to fly. With a horrible scream the wild-cat landed fairly upon the snake, and a fight ensued, the outcome of which Caroline did not wait to see.

She flew northwest to a patch of Lucerne, where she secured supper, and roosted all night in a Mesquite bush. Her rest was much disturbed by the howling of wolves, the hooting of owls, and the screaming of panthers and wild-cats. In the morning she found a field of Kaffir corn and feasted sumptuously.

(To be continued.)

WHAT BECAME OF THE ROSE?

ALICE RUTH.
12 years old.

Early one morning as I was walking in the garden a breeze came over and set all the trees and flowers a-flutter. You know that's the way they talk.

Presently an Elder tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen together, like some children who always say "Why?" when they are told to do anything. Bad children those!

The Elder tree said, "If you don't, they will eat you up!"

So the flowers set themselves to shaking until all the caterpillars were off. In the middle bed was a beautiful Rose who shook all off but one, and she said, "Oh! that's a beauty; I'll keep that one."

The Elder overheard her, and called out, "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the Rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him; surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after, I passed the Rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her

folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops upon her tattered leaves.

"Alas!" she said, "I didn't think one caterpillar could hurt me."

[Alice Ruth's story has a lesson in it. Who among our Wisdoms will tell us what this lesson is? Think it all out for yourselves and then tell us all about it. What does the Elder tree stand for? What the caterpillar, and what do the obedient flowers represent? And the dear little Rose, what might she be likened to? — Ed.]

CRADLE SONG.

NANNIE CASE CHANDLER.

Sleep, little Bud, in thy fair garden bed;
Sweet, soothing perfumes around thee are shed;
Bright-flowered canopies sway overhead,

Through which the merry stars peep.
Shaded and sheltered from heat and from cold,
Dewy pearls gleam on thy bright heart of gold —
Drowsily droop, and thy soft petals fold,
Sleep, tender Baby-bud, sleep.

Sleep, little Bird, in thy warm, downy nest;
The sun sinking low in the distant west
Signals "good-night" from the tall mountain's
crest —

Solemn pines strict vigil keep.
Swinging and swaying we'll rock and we'll rest,
Hovering close is the mother-bird's breast,
Soft feathers tenderly over thee pressed —
Sleep, happy Baby-bird, sleep.

Rest, pretty Babe, while the shadows creep near;
Lovingly watchful, thy mother is here
Crooning a lullaby — dost thou not hear?

Soothingly wooing to rest.
Mother-love tender and Father-love strong
Dark days will shorten and bright days prolong,
Making thy life a harmonious song —
Rest, pretty Baby-love, rest.

Rest, lovely Soul, on the All-Father's heart;
Precious and priceless, His offspring thou art;
Thou of the Infinite Whole art a part;
Lovingly clasped to His breast.

Thine are all planets, and thine is all space,
Heir of the Infinite bounty and grace,
Close to His heart in thine own rightful place —
Sleep, blessed Christ-child, and rest.

With thoughts kept in touch with the Christ-
child within,
We never need fear either sorrow or sin.
— W. S.

More of Mother Goose Jingles and Jangles Untangled.

Illustrations by
E. A. Filleau, K.C.M.

By
Wilhelmine Smith



Good Mother Goose and her Spinning-Wheel
Sat out in the Sun one day,
And little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Scarcely six inches away.



"Dear Mother Goose," she said with a smile,
Some Wisdoms will call on you after a while, Expecting an hour of play you'll beguile,
In telling them more of Dog Tray:

So good Mother Goose sat down at the wheel,
Which began, with a Joy it could hardly conceal,
To spin for the Wisdoms that gathered around,
As soon as they heard its low whirring sound:



Cock Robin hopped out to the edge of the cupboard.

His eyes on Dog Tray and Young Mother Hubbard.
Tray answered his last words with bark full of glee
"You are right, Mr. Robin—in that we'll agree;
For when Mother Hubbard went out to get bread,

They might have been certain that I wasn't dead."
But pretty soon she knew that I was archaffing,
Because when she came in again, I was laughing.
I smile even now when I think how 'twas said



I was smoking a pipe, and I stood on my head,
And was reading the news, and feeding the cat.
By the way, Tabby grew very fond of Jack Sprat;
He gave her so much good roast beef that was lean.

That she stopped catching birds—she was n't so mean. But you'll hear of them all
when you fly into town, From the birds and the children; and on your way down,
Call on the old woman who lived under the hill; You'll find she is young now,
and livin' there still: for all our dear friends who have met Mother Truth,

Say old age is changed to perpetual youth,
And little Bo Peep and dear Red Riding Hood
Are telling the children there's nothing but Good:



"So will I!" chirped Cock Robin; and, light as a thistle,
He flew to the trees with his old, cheery whistle.



SHINING.

MARION MALETTE THORNTON.

ONCE upon a time there were two little candles that looked so much alike you could not tell them apart. But there was really a very great difference between them. One was a wise, happy, little candle, while the other was foolish and unhappy.

The foolish little candle said to the wise one:

"Whatever is the use of our trying to shine at all? We are nothing but little candles, and our light is so small nobody cares about it. If we were big lamps or gas jets, then we could make a big light and it would be worth while."

"Oh," said the wise little candle, "nobody wants us to be lamps and make a big light, but only to be as good candles as we can, and make our little light as bright as it can be. It doesn't matter if one is big or little if he does the best he can."

"Well," said foolish candle, "I don't care about shining in the kitchen, anyway. They never think of taking us into the parlor, they have only the lamps or the gas jets in there. I had rather not shine at all if I can not shine in the parlor."

"Dear me," replied the other, "what difference does it make, if the kitchen is where we are needed? Kitchens are just as nice as parlors, in their way, and just as dark. I am going to do my best to make the kitchen bright, and then perhaps some day they will want me somewhere else."

But the foolish little candle would not be comforted, so he just sputtered and flickered until he finally went out altogether.

Just after this had happened, the kitchen door opened and in came Miss Jessie.

"Mary," she said, "may I borrow one of your candles? I am going up into the attic, there is no gas jet there, and I would not dare to take a lamp, but one of these candles is just what I want."

So the wise little candle went on a journey to carry a bit of brightness into a dark place. It made him very happy to think that even though he was small, he could help Miss Jessie in a place where

nothing else would have done so well. But he could n't help thinking to himself—

"If only my poor little friend had not been so foolish he might have been helping too instead of being no use at all."

LOVE AND YOU.

One little word to tell it,
Four little letters spell it—
L-o-v-e.

One little heart to know it,
Four hands and feet to show it—
You.

One little word to cover
A great world's sadness over—
Love.

One little tongue to speak it,
Sweet willingness to seek it—
You.

In kindness let it bubble,
'Tis the cure for care and trouble—
Love.

When it sparkles into gladness,
There's no room for pain or sadness—
Love.

All the hearts about you glowing
With the warmth that Love is showing—
You.

For the world is heal'd with feeling,
One glad heart itself revealing—
Love. — M. F.

A NEW RHYME—A TRUE RHYME.

There was a maid who was not wed;
She was a curious damsel.
In paper bags she kept her bread
Her butter in a clamshell.

Her home was in a tiny flat—
She called it an "apartment."
But though a maid, she had no cat,
Nor to a dog her heart lent.

But *children*—oh, she loved them much!
She said they never fret her.
When they loved cats and dogs and such
Things, then she loved them better.
— W. S.



[These seed words are contributed from month to month by the Wee Wisdom Society of Merchantville, New Jersey, and are for the use of all WEE WISDOM'S Truth sowers.]

Class Word—"GOD IS LOVE. HE THAT DWELLETH IN LOVE DWELLETH IN GOD, AND GOD IN HIM."—I. John 4:16.

Jewel Word—I AM OBEDIENT.

Song Word—TRUTH IN SONG, No. 34—
"HE LEADETH ME."

Verse Word—

"O Holy Spirit, come to me,
Touch thou my hands that I may hold
In steadfast faith thy love untold,
For those whose hearts to Thee unfold."

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

UNCLE JOHN'S COLUMN.

MY best work with the youngsters is in establishing the monthly *Seed Words* that we send to you, in theirs and the race's consciousness. I spend from one to two hours (and sometimes more) a day, working in this Mind Garden, and it's one of the greatest pleasures and comforts that I have.

I have just returned from a trip to Baltimore, Washington, Richmond and Norfolk, and it's a great treat to the children to tell them of the things I see on these business trips. This gives me an opportunity to work in an illustration of some kind, and

they absorb it more quickly. For example, I came from Norfolk to Baltimore by steamer. The night was pitch dark and threatened to storm. On the upper deck, in the bow of the ship the man on lookout duty reports every light that he sees to the captain and pilot, who are located in the pilot house. The captain has a chart of the waters that is navigatory, and with his compass to guide him how to steer for that course which he must follow for safety.

The passengers have all faith in these good captains, and they sleep in peace, resting in the knowledge that they are being cared for. How much more should we trust our Heavenly Father who has provided for our every need. The chart stands for the road that Jesus Christ traveled over through his earthly experience. And if we follow the channel—"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life," with the voice of the Christ-child within us for our compass, we will steer ourselves through the waters of the race thoughts to our heaven (our conscious at-one-ment with the mind of God).

The officers and crew and the different departments of the ship I liken to the different faculties in mind. Our supreme desire always should be to do God's Will. If we do not want to strike a rock, or a shoal, "We should deny everything which we know does not lead to God."

The channel markers (lights and buoys) are like the commandments which Christ taught us that we must follow, "If you love me you will keep (follow) my commandments." This makes it more real to the children, and judging by their attention they are interested and entertained.

MRS. OPOSSUM'S POCKET.

When Mrs. Opossum was going away
To hunt for food and to stay all day,
She cried, "My children, what shall I do?
I fear the monkeys will trouble you.
Our house is fine, but I cannot lock it,
And so I'll take you all in my pocket!"

—Selected.

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



OKLAHOMA CITY, O. T.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I want you to visit me this year, so I send 50 cents. Mamma and I wanted to come to Kansas City this summer but we could not, but maybe we can next summer. Your loving friend,
MAURINE LIMERICK.

**

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As this is the first letter that I have ever written to you, I hope to see it in your next month's paper. I am a little girl nine years old, and am in the third grade of the Golden Gate school. I go to the Home of Truth Sunday School where I receive the WEE WISDOM every month which I like very much. I have seven little pet chickens.

Yours in truth,
Annie Knief.

**

SHEBOYGAN, WIS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought it would be very nice to write a few lines to WEE WISDOM. I am eight years young, and read your little paper very often, and think it is very nice. I have two brothers. They also read WEE WISDOM. Your little friend,
ELLIE M. BECKER.

**

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will tell you about how I used the word. My aunt and I were out on a picnic when she lost her purse. We were picking flowers. She did not miss it for some time. Then she said, "Where is my purse?" We went back to look in the field where we had picked the flowers, but it was not there; then we looked where we had been eating our lunch, but it was not there. The last place was in the creek. I had been holding the word all the time, when I found it. Aunt Harriet thought it would be nice to put it in WEE WISDOM, and so I did. Aunt Mary de Witt and the children are making a scrap book, and we are going to send it to the little orphan children, for they have not any toys. I think I will close with my heart full of love for all.

EDNA HICKOK,
Ten years old.

SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Please find enclosed 50 cents for which you will please send to Susie Frank WEE WISDOM for one year. I like WEE WISDOM very much. I read it over and over. I wish it came oftener. I think "Pink's Valentine" and "The Kind Children" are so nice. School will commence the 16th of this month, and I am so glad. I am in the 7th grade.

Yours in love and truth,
Violet Myrick.

**

SAN JOSE, CAL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I enclose a few "pillow verses" for WEE WISDOM. My little folks receive WEE WISDOM at the Home of Truth Sunday School, and heartily enjoy every bit of it. May God bless you in your good work. Ethel and Raymond each send a pillow verse.

Yours in truth,
Mrs. Myrtle Wilkins.

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[Here is a letter for our Marion.]

PITTSBURG, PA.

MY DEAR MARION—I want to write to you and tell you how much I enjoyed your letter in WEE WISDOM. I hope you will write often and tell me about your little sisters and your little friends so that I may get to know them all. What a happy lot of little children you must be when you gather in front of Unity School. With love I am yours,

AUNTY THUMA.
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would like to have my letter in next month's WEE WISDOM, so here it is. I am a little girl eleven years old, and go to the Home of Truth Sunday School. I go with a little girl named Annie. I go to the Golden Gate school, and am in the fourth grade. I have a little dog named Jack. He can sit up, play dead, and tag. Jack carries my books to school sometimes. He is a bull-terrier. Sometimes I dress him up and play baby with him. My mamma and papa are truth seekers.

Your loving friend,
ETHEL RUTH CRAUMER.

—
If joy, joy, joy
Upon all you shed,
Richest of blessings
Will rest on your head.

— J. S. H



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON V. NOVEMBER 3.

Death of Joseph. Gen. 50:15-26.

GOLDEN TEXT—*So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.*—Psa. 90:12.

Today we have the fifth and last lesson on the life of Joseph.

After Joseph let himself be known to his brothers, they returned to their home and to Jacob, their father. They did not remain there, but in a short time, taking their father and all their things, they returned to Egypt.

How glad Jacob and Joseph must have been to see each other after so many years of separation. Jacob and his family lived in Egypt a great many years, and at last his work was finished, and he left the earth. After this, Joseph's brothers became afraid of him, for they believed he would now punish them for their cruel treatment of him. You see, children, they were judging Joseph by their own false feelings and thoughts. Because they were evil, they thought he must be evil, too. But Joseph was very kind to them and always gave them good for evil.

The Christ in all God's children is all love. So Joseph blessed his brothers instead of harming them. Thus the lesson teaches little children that they need never fear God. He is your very best friend, and knows nothing but love for you. God has not made any bad place in which to punish people, and He never sends trouble or pain to any one, for God is love. All the pain and trouble comes from not knowing and loving God.

The story tells us that Joseph died, but we know that he did not really die, he just opened a door, walked through it in perfect faith and love of God, closed it after him, and went on living in God.

Thus closes the beautiful story of the life of Joseph, but before we go to the next lesson let us find the key-note to his life. What gave him patience, forgiveness, power? What brought him plenty and kept him pure minded and sweet tempered?

Why this, children, he always lived in the presence of God; this knowledge was his strength.

LESSON VI. NOVEMBER 10.

Israel in Egypt. Exodus 1:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—*God heard their groanings and God remembered his covenant.* Exodus 2:24.

Now, children, you will need to be a little patient with this lesson as you read it over. In itself it may not be very interesting, not entertaining like that of Joseph, but there is a good thought to be found in it, and it is given here in order that you may understand all the other stories about the children of Israel.

After Joseph left his people their troubles began, and it was all brought about by a new king who came to rule over the land of Egypt, and who did not know Joseph. Now you remember that Joseph stands for the Christ, and we all know that the moment we forget the Christ, or our real self, trouble always comes to us, but it is unreal and cannot last, for the moment we look to God in love, we again see our good. This is what the Bible says, "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him." Just to think of the good is to be free from evil.

The Old Testament is full of stories telling about the trials, troubles, wars, and sufferings of the children of Israel, but all the way through, like a beautiful golden cord, runs the love of God toward them; always ready to bless and help when they are willing. Many wise teachers were sent to help and heal them, and in our next lesson we will learn about one of these whose name was Moses.

You will each find this is true of your own life. It makes no difference how many trials or troubles may come to you—there is always a way out of them. At such times never look down, never give up; just place your faith and love on God, the Good, and very soon your help will appear. Perhaps it will come through your mother, your father, a friend, or a book, or better still, right from your own heart; then you will be so glad you did not lose your courage.

LESSON VII. NOVEMBER 17.

The Childhood of Moses. Ex.2: 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.*—Prov. 22:6.

Here is a story all children dearly love to

hear—the story of the little baby Moses, his rescue from danger, and his becoming a prince to a great king. This king had declared that all the baby boys born in Egypt should be put to death, and all because this king was afraid he would lose his power if the children of Israel kept on growing in numbers and in power as they had been doing.

Now when little Moses was born his good mother made up her mind to save him from this king. So she made a boat of tar and bulrushes and into this she placed her little one and sent it sailing down the river. God was with this baby, as He is with all His children. So He spoke in the heart of the daughter of the king words of love so that when she heard the cries of little Moses for help she ran to him and took him to her heart.

There is a story, called a legend, of this daughter of Pharaoh which will interest you. It tells us that this princess was a great sufferer from a disease called leprosy, and that she was bathing in the river with the hope of healing when she heard the cries of little Moses, and that the love that filled her heart at that moment healed her body of its disease. You understand this because you know that Moses was the Christ of his day, and that love in her heart was the love of Christ, and we know that always heals.

Now, where in the Bible do you find a story very much like this one about Moses? Do you remember the story about the infant Jesus, and of another king who said that all the little boys must die? You remember how his mother and father, Mary and Joseph, took the babe into Egypt and hid him from all harm until he grew strong enough to care for himself.

Truth teaches us that the Christ-child is with us and lives forever, and if we, too, would be strong we must love him with all our might. Then never hush the sound of his voice; listen to it, for it is your very life, and will save you from all error.

LESSON VIII. NOVEMBER 24.

World's Temperance Lesson.

Isaiah 5:8-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Hold fast that which is good.*

This is called the world's temperance lesson because in Sunday Schools all over the world this lesson will be studied on this day.

At the same time that you are studying it, little boys and girls in England, Germany, France, Russia, and East India will

be trying to understand the meaning of this vineyard that the Lord planted for the blessing and pleasure of His children, and they will all ask why the wild grapes grew in it instead of the sweet fruit of the Spirit, and will want to know how we may get rid of the wild grapes and have only the good.

Now, in these Sunday Schools the wild grapes will be called intemperance and the sweet fruit will be called temperance. We are one with all those who are seeking the light, and letting it shine forth again, and if we have found a good way of stopping the wild grapes from coming, and of getting rid of those that have already appeared, we must let this light shine forth to the world.

Now, in many of these Sunday Schools the children will be told that the only way is to crush out or kill the wild grapes or untrue desires, or that the right path will be found by those who join some society, or sign the pledge, or make a vow never to taste or handle strong drink of any kind, but, dear children, this has been done by many and still they have not found freedom from temptation. Now there is a right way, a way that will not fail, and it is called "True Thinking." This is the thought that we are to bless the world with today. While it would take our bodies or a letter a good many days to cross the ocean and carry this message to these distant lands, our minds can do it in a minute, like a flash of light.

A pure heart, full of love of the good is always temperate. This is the vineyard that our Good has planted in *every* one of his children. Tell the world this and the world will hear you, and many will gladly turn to the light within and desire the Good.

True temperance is in the heart. It is sometimes called love or peace, trust or wisdom, and is always ready to come forth at our bidding.

Love the Good and you will always be temperate in eating, sleeping, drinking, speaking, and in fact, everything.

In the middle of the night Naomi's papa is troubled with ear ache. He groans a number of times. Little Naomi wakes, sits straight up in her crib and says, "Pa, God is 'u he'p in ebry need." The little three-year-old girlie says these words over two or three times, then lies back on her pillow and goes fast asleep.

"Do nothing but right,
Then you'll make the world bright."

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

HERE we are with our year turned 'round to November again! And what is the special feature of November? With what a great big voice you all shout together "Thanksgiving!"

Thanksgiving, is it? Well, suppose you each think over very carefully what *you* have to give thanks for. It would take you a long time to tell it *all* over, wouldn't it? Is it yours only for just this one day we call Thanksgiving Day? No? Well then, why can't we *every* day, when we first open our eyes on a new day, count over all the good things we have to be thankful for, and give thanks? It would be like counting over gold to count over our Good, and do you know the more we *count* it the more it increases? The great storehouse of all that is, is Mind, and we must handle our good things stored there with our thoughts. When we see how the little fingers of our Thought can reach in and take hold of the very things we have so longed for, shall we not understand how to train them how to bring out our blessed Good? We do this by being thankful for what we already find manifest in our little world. We are thankful for the blessed Life in us and everywhere present, for our mammas and papas, and every living thing that comes near us. We are thankful for home and our friends. Yes, we are all thankful for WEE WISDOM and its messages of Truth. We are most of all thankful to the "Giver of all Good" for the *everywhere-ness* of Life, Health, Plenty and Good.

We count our blessings, and they grow;
We deny our evils, and they go.
Such is the blessed law of Good
We could not break it if we would.

The Den-ners are filled "chuck full" of *Thanksgiving* for the presence of a new piano which effected its entrance into the Den the other night after dark. You

may be sure their thought-fingers have been busy with reaching out for it a long time, and here it suddenly stole upon them "like a thief in the night," and to complete their joy a first-class teacher came with it, and by her loving effort they are getting a fine start. So good is God! There'll be a great harmony of sounds in the Den now, for it has a mandolin, a guitar, a bugle, and lots of hammerers. Come! let us all go in and have a Thanksgiving Concert.

Uncle John sends us a *Five* which he says is the Merchantville Wee Wisdoms' Thanksgiving contribution to the WEE WISDOM's Free Subscription Fund, so if you know some dear child who is hungry for WEE WISDOM and wants it ever so much, send us the name.

Another contribution of \$1.00 towards the WEE WISDOM Fund for children who think they cannot subscribe for it themselves comes from the dear little ones in the "Children's Home," Petersburg, Indiana, and is sent through their good Matron, Delia Gressel, by the following Wisdoms: Orval, Clyde, Lewie, Laurence, Ralph, Owen, Leslie, Charlie, Sam, Felix, Frank, Ernest, Hamilton, Addis, Phil, Lee, Edgar, Jeff, Rosco, Howard, Willie, Mary, Dora, Carrie, Edna, Etta, Myrtle, Ethel, Edith, Mamie, May, Fannie, Meadie, Minnie, Marie, and Lizzie.

Christmas time draws nigh. Who will give us a Christmas story or make us a Christmas visit in photo? It seems a little lonesome that some little face does not appear in our Thanksgiving number. You must not forget *you* are helping make WEE WISDOM what it is or is not. Our artist has remembered, a little, Mamie's request that he should make "Mother Goose pretty for WEE WISDOM's sake," and so we find her nose and chin quite human, and who knows what she will grow into next? There are some great possibilities for our Mother Goose under Mother Truth's training.



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*November!**Thanksgiving!*

I'll give thanks, and you'll give thanks,
We'll all give thanks together!
We'll have a great *Thanksgiving Day*
Whatever wind or weather.

I'll be glad, and you'll be glad,
And we'll all be glad together!
Gladness is sunshine night and day
In spite of wind and weather.

I'll be good, and you'll be good,
And we'll all be good together!
Goodness we'll find is loving Mind,
And that makes splendid weather.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

One of the sweetest and most interesting Truth story books will soon be published by Unity Tract Society. It will be Wee Wisdom's Picture Book, containing many illustrations, about which the stories will be written by Mrs. N. D. Hahn, whose charming words the children all love to read. In next month's paper we can tell you all about it, what it will cost, etc., but you will everyone want a copy of it, we are sure.

Another holiday booklet, which you will also delight to own, will be Volume III. of Wee Wisdom's Library, containing the full story of "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key," all by itself. You will remember that it was written by Mary Brewerton de Witt. It will contain a beautiful picture of Rose and a glimpse of the Garden. It will sell at 25 cents a copy.

Now, since you will want to give your dear friends something nice during the holidays, we will give a list of books and booklets suitable for the occasion, and we believe nothing will be better appreciated:

"How Edith found Fairyland," by Nina L. Morgan; cloth, 75 cents.

"A Slumber Song," by Nina L. Morgan; cloth, \$1.00.

"The Story of Teddy," by Helen Van Anderson; cloth, 50 cents.

"Johnnie's Victory; or, Pictures Made Real," by Sarah E. Griswold; stiff cover, 35 cents.

"Wee Wisdom's Way," by Myrtle Fillmore; paper, 25 cents.

"Wee Wisdom's Library, Vol. 1;" paper, 25 cents.

"Wee Wisdom's Library, Vol. 2;" paper, 25 cents.

"Wee Wisdom's Library, Vol. 3;" paper, 25 cents.

"The Wonderful Wishers of Wishingwell," by Annie Rix Miltitz; paper, 15 cents.

"Big Truths for Little People," by Alice E. Cramer; cloth, 50 cents.

"Tim's Fairy Tales," by Sarah Wilder Pratt; cloth, 50 cents.

"Springwood Tales," by Helen Augusta Fussell; cloth, \$1.00.

"Aunt Seg's Catechism," by Sarah E. Griswold; paper, 25 cents.

"Elsie's Little Brother Tom," by Alwyn M. Thurber; boards, 75 cents.

Send in your orders early, with addresses to whom you want the books sent, and we will mail them so as to reach your friends for Christmas (or whatever time you desire), accompanied by a letter stating that the same is a loving remembrance from you, if you so desire.

We make this same proposition in WEE WISDOM subscriptions—to send a letter giving name of donor with the first copy of WEE WISDOM to reach parties about Christmas Day, where you desire to send the paper to some dear friend who will appreciate it.

Notice the date on the label with your name. It shows what month your paper stops if you do not renew it promptly. We hope you all love WEE WISDOM so that you will always read it.

Monday

Be loving
And be kind,
And gladness
You will find.

Tuesday

Little children,
Do not fear;
God, you know,
Is always near.

Wednesday

Praise the Father
Hour by hour,
For the blessings
He doth shower.

Thursday

Willing hands,
Willing feet,
Willing hearts,
Make life sweet.

Saturday

Be gentle,
Be true,
And loving, too.
— Ethel.

Friday

At your work,
And at your play
God is with you
Day by day.

Sunday

I am kind,
I am good,
And I do
Just what I should.
— Raymond.