

1 1 1/ 4/20

OUR NEW FRIEND.

This is "Daddy Gander."

Ask him where he'll wander,

And he'll tell some funny tale to you,

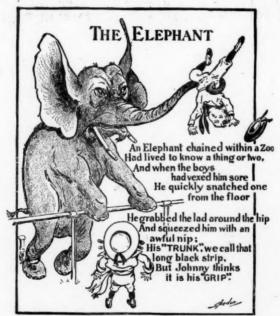
For he's been the greatest rover—

Seen life's funny side all over,

All that's queer and true.

Will Young Mother Goose please greet him,
Take his hat, and kindly seat him,
While we beg him for his funniest tale?
We will listen with attention—
"When the laugh comes in" we'll mention,
You'll find us in it without fail.

This is what he saw one day in the Zoo:



I would n't like to be in Johnny's place, would you? This is only one of many stories
"Daddy Gander" tells in white and red and blue.
If you want them all just let him know,
And he'll come 'round and bring them all to you.



VOL. VII.

KANSAS CITY, MO., OCTOBER, 1902.

No. 3.

Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE TRAIN.



OSE had never before been any distance on a train, so she was delighted at the prospect of a four hours' journey.

Grandma went to the station with them, and saw them off. Even Prudence was there, and at parting she slipped something into Rose's hand, telling her to be sure and not open it until well on her way. Mr. Bright appeared at the very last moment, laden with bundles; and the next Rose knew they were all cosily seated in the car.

Rose found it delightful sitting next the window, and watching houses, trees, and fences slipping by as though they had taken wings. The scenes were all new to her, and she was so taken up with looking out that she had nearly forgotten to open the package given her by Prudence.

Her uncle and Mr. Bright had a seat back of her, and seemed to find considerable to say to each other.

Whenever the boy would pass through the car calling, "Peanuts, popcorn or oranges," Mr. Bright would buy some for Rose, until Mr. Comfort declared he must stop it. He had just leaned over the seat and dropped a sack of peanuts nto her lap when her eyes were attracted to the little parcel from Prudence. She began to untie the string. She soon brought to view a pretty blue box. On raising the cover she found blue and pink note paper with envelopes to match. On top lay a pink envelope addressed to "Miss Rose Pleasant." Inside she discovered a letter, which read:

"DEAR ROSE — Be sure and write to me. I send you the paper, so you won't forget. Blue is for truth, and pink is for love and, I am your true and loving friend, PRUDENCE PEARLEY."

"Look, Uncle!" exclaimed Rose.
"Wasn't that kind of Prudence. She
gave me this paper so's I'll write to her."

Mr. Comfort nodded and smiled at her, and then went on with his conversation.

Prudence wrapped up her box, and turned to the window again. The way was growing more interesting. The train was winding up into the mountains, and here were many pretty trees, most of them redwoods. All at once there was pitch darkness and Rose gave a little cry, for it was so sudden, and she was not prepared for it. When they emerged from the tunnel and came into the bright sunlight again, little Rose was sobbing and crying.

"Why, why!" exclaimed Uncle Noble, "what's the matter?"

"Oh, I didn't know what had happened," sobbed Rose.

"Why nothing happened; we only went through a tunnel, a hole cut through the mountain. Didn't I tell you about that? Now don't cry any more, there's nothing to be afraid of."

Rose wiped her eyes, and Mr. Bright leaned over and said, "You'll have to be a very brave girl if you expect to face the big ocean, and go bathing in the surf."

Rose smiled and said she wouldn't be afraid any more.

At Glenwood a lady and a little boy stepped on the train. They took a seat right in front of Rose. The boy was a friendly little fellow, five or six years younger than Rose. They were soon chatting away like old friends, and Frank, for that was his name, had told Rose that he was going to Santa Cruz to visit his grandmother.

He carried with him a little pail and shovel, for he said he expected to dig a great many wells on the beach, and grandma had given him the pail and shovel when he last visited her, and told him to take good care of them.

"Are you going to see your grandma?" asked Frank abruptly.

"No," replied Rose, smiling, "My grandma's home. I'm going to live in a little cottage with some people."

"Who are the people?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Bright, and Pansy Bright, and my Uncle Noble."

"Ho! I know Pansy Bright. I play with her every summer."

"Oh, do you? Her papa is here on the train," exclaimed Rose; "there he is."

"Mamma, mamma, say, look, this little girl says Pansy's papa is here," shouted Frank.

"Indeed, where, my dear?" asked the lady.

"Over there. Oh, say, Mr. Bright, howdy, do?" called Frank.

Mr. Bright rose from his seat, came up the center of the car, and shaking hands with Frank's mother, exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Love, happy to find you on your way down. My wife will be delighted to see something of you again."

"Isn't it nice we all know one another?" asked Rose, looking up into Mrs. Love's face, as Mr. Bright returned to his seat.

"Delightful, my dear," replied Mrs. Love.

[To be continued.]

"LET'S PLAY LIKE."

AUNT EMMA.

When things are all snarly And don't go your way, And you feel cross and crabbed, Or have a "blue day," It's the easiest thing To change the whole matter, And all the dark clouds To instantly scatter. Just do as you would If you were at play; When to cups of the acorn You laugh, and say, "Let's play like they 're gold, And filled with rich wine, And all of the wealth Of the world is mine." How soon we'll be happy And gay and free. When we "play like" We're good as good can be.

"Little children, love one another;" Kindness show to sister, brother.

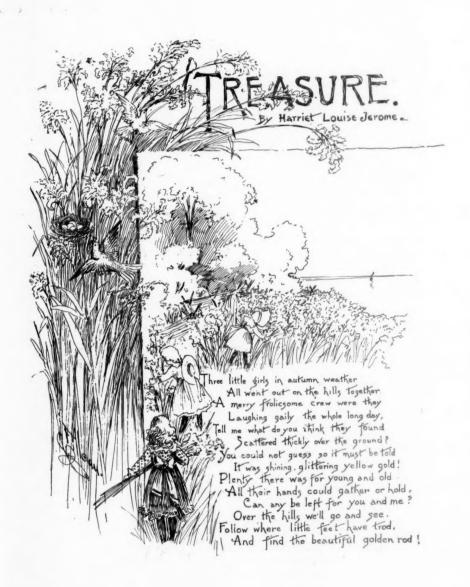
The sun went down. Little Nell said, "The dear old sun has gone to bed."

"Oh no," said wee, wise Zoe,

"For the little Chinee Could never see.

If the sun got sleepy and went to bed."

- Exchange.



THREE LITTLE TRUTH STUDENTS.

An Episode in Cousin do's Life.
COUSIN JO.



H, GOOD morning, Miss Bentley, I was just thinkof you. Mrs. Stanton has sent me a note asking me

to come out and meet a family from San Francisco that is visiting her. She said they are Truth Students—cranks, of course—but you are queer and like to investigate everything, so I would like to have you go with me, will you?"

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Stone. I am charmed at the very thought of the visit," replied Miss Bentley.

"Very well, we will start at one o'clock."

After an hour's ride, they arrived at Mrs. Stanton's ranch, alighted, rang the bell, and were received by a very pretty boy about twelve years of age.

He ushered them into the sitting room, where a younger boy came forward, asked them to be seated and remove their wraps.

Miss Bentley said to herself, "This is refreshing to see boys so well-bred and free from self-consciousness!"

The door opened, and the sweetest little boy with laughing eyes entered, bowed, and said "I am Joe."

The ladies smiled, and Miss Bentley said, "Good afternoon, Master Joe, I am delighted to make your acquaintance. Introduce your brothers, if you please."

Joe stepped forward, laying his hand on the eldest boy's arm, said, "This is Will;" nodding his head in the direction of the other boy, "That is Carl. Will plays on the violin, Carl on the piano, I play on the triangle, and we all dance."

Mrs. Stanton and Mamma asked you to excuse them for a short time as they are finishing a story and want to catch the afternoon mail to San Francisco," explained Will. The three boys bowed, asked to be excused, and left the room.

Presently they returned, bringing cake, grapes, pears and plums. They served so deftly that Miss Bentley again said mentally, "One would think they were girls!"

Mrs. Stone remarked, "How very thoughtful of Mrs. Stanton to serve these delicious grapes and cool lemonade after our hot dusty ride!"

"Oh, Mrs. Stanton did not suggest it; Truth teaches us so be kind to everyone," volunteered Carl.

"Please tell me about Truth, Will, I am anxious to know about it."

Joe exclaimed, "Don't you know about Truth, why, how do you live without it? We use it in everything; we concentrate before we have our music lessons, holding the statement, 'I am harmony, for I am God's child.' Then when we wash the steps for mamma, we keep repeating, 'Everything is easy for those that try to do it as unto the Lord.'"

"How interesting this is!" said Mrs. Stone.

"When we go for our dancing lesson, we say, 'The Spirit of Truth teaches me to do this gracefully and well,' for mamma says, 'Whatever we do, we are doing it as unto God,'" explained Carl.

At this moment, Mrs. Stanton entered, with the boys' father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Moliere, and after the introductions were over, the boys told the ladies they had prepared a short program, assisted by their papa and mamma, which they hoped would please them

You, my readers, should have heard the jolly songs pour out of the throats of these boys bubbling over with laughter, the fine piano recital of Carl's, the violin playing of Will's, that sweet jingle from Joe's triangle. Then the graceful dancing, with dainty steps and exquisite smiles and suppressed fun!

Miss Bentley wondered if girls could have done it better, and she noticed the delicate feet, as they slipped along the polished floor, and the fair necks, and winning ways, and mentally ejaculated, "I believe they are girls!"

At last, overcome with surpise and delight at the finished performance, she exclaimed, "If these boys would dress as girls and give an entertainment at Watsonville, they would bring down the house."

Such shrieks of laughter followed. such a scampering out of the room that everyone burst into a peal of laughter. In a very short time three sparkling, dainty little maids appeared, waltzed around the room, knelt on one knee before the ladies, presenting a lovely bouquet to each "in memory of the Moliere boys," as Carl termed it.

The girls had teased their mamma to cut their curls, to allow them to go barefooted and dress in boys' clothes, so they could have more fun and freedom while they were at the ranch.

They had heard of the keen-eyed Miss Bentley, and to be able to deceive her for two hours was a "a feather in their cap." Their names were respectively Wilma, Caroline and Josephine.

After a long talk about the principles of Truth and its application to daily life, Mrs. Stone and Miss Bentley took their leave, thanking the little maids for their delightful entertainment, and their hostess for her invitation and their happy time.

As they drove away Jo called, "Don't forget the Moliere boys!"

Miss Bentley shouted, "Three cheers for the Moliere girls!"

Love, and you will happy be -Happy as the birds, and free.

poses by the three boys, beaming w NATURAL LESSONS IN NAT-URAL HISTORY.

"PAPA HARRY."

CHAPTER XIV.

BATS - CHEIROPTERA (hand wings).



NE evening, ere the Giver of Light had sunk to his rest in a gold and pink bed of misty lace, a peculiar little bunch of

undefinables was found hanging up in a maple tree. Calling Mamma, Orion and Albert, Papa secured a ladder and climbed up to investigate. Upon shaking the limb a cute little nose protruded from the bunch, followed by two tiny black eyes and a pair of ears, and then the whole head came into view, quickly followed by another and another. Then all the heads were withdrawn from sight.

"Bats," said Papa, as he came down and assisted the boys and their mother up the ladder so that they might enjoy the sight of the angel mice.

Then all sat down on the grass and awaited developments, as the sun was now all tucked in his little bed for the night and would soon be too sleepy to send any more light rays to the bat folks. One little bat would peep out from within the folds of himself, stretch his wings and decide that it was too early to "get up" and so again enfold himself in his blanket wings and take "just one more nap." Each of the others would also take a peep and then again pass into dreamland.

How soft was their fur, how small their beady black eyes, how round their stiff little ears, how delicate their filmy wings; what beautiful and soft little creatures they were, as they hung head downward, swayed by the breeze, each holding tightly by one pretty little pink foot. As all three huddled together, closely wrapped in their day-gowns of filmy wings, they were no larger than the boys' big toes.

Finally one decided that it was time to "get up," so stretched forth six inches of wings, dropped toward the ground, described a graceful arc, turned southward, and noiselessly gliding out into the night, disappeared in the universal—a fleeting bit of silence—leaving only a memory of intangible, may-have-been softness. Then another stretched forth his delicate wings, made the same graceful arc, and going in the same direction, it too faded away into apparent nothingness among the trees. The third did likewise.

Selene floated over the trees, silvering all with her peace-giving light, and back and forth, up and down, flitted these strange little beings, taking their zigzag flights, erasing vast hordes of mosquitos from the consciousness of man, much to man's edification and the improvement of his economics.

How typical of our thoughts are these little bats. First the idea hanging from the tree of life enfolded in its own power of speed, then dropping earthward, expanding in the great silence, going forth on its mission, fading from our consciousness into the universal, coming back into the moonlight of the intellect, struggling with the material, and finally returning to the tree to rest in the sunlight of the Spirit. May we carefully guard our thoughts to the end that we send forth only such thought-bats as will make manifest our highest ideals of perfection.

Of course before going to rest that night, Papa had to give a bat talk to Albert and Orion. He told them how bats were the most useful to man of all the mammals (commonly called animals) by clearing the air of certain so-called pests. He explained about the great bats (flying foxes) of Africa and Australia, about the Arctic bats going north in the summer time so as to get some

night, about the leaf-nosed bats, the specter bats, the Egyptian bats, the horse-shoe bats, and all kinds of bats except base-ball bats; how the baby ones ride upon the backs of their flying mothers; how they always rest with heads downward; how some have tails and some have none: how their fingers are as long as their entire bodies and form the major portion of their wings; how they possess such an exact and exquisite delicacy of touch that when deprived of all sense of seeing, hearing and smelling, they can fly around in a room through a maze of threads and branches without touching a single one, by an intuitional sense beyond the understanding of man; and the fact that, like all of God's creatures, the wonders of their ways are endless.

THE REAL POLLY FLINDERS.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT

Little Polly Flinders
Sat too near the cinders
Warming her pretty little toes.
Her mother came and kissed her.
And said that she had missed her,
"Pray move, my dear, or you may burn your clothes;
You're much too near the fire,
For if the flame grows higher
You might then spoil your pretty little nose."

"Dear mother," said the daughter,
"I'll do just as I ought to,
And move my little chair as you have said."
So mamma gave her Polly
A beautiful new dolly,
Then kissed and hugged and put her child to
bed.

SOME SMALL, SWEET WAY.

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird-wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawnlight gladness voicing.
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

— Selected.

A TRUE STORY.

HREE little Divine Science children went to a Catholic Sunday School. The little sister, a bright child with blue eves and brown curly hair, of five summers, had been healed of conditions that nineteen physicians had considered incurable. The doctors experimented so much with the seeming disease that she became deaf, dumb and blind. When she was healed by Divine Science, and she could again hear, speak and see as perfectly as she had before the illness, she was thoroughly convinced that no harm could come to her, and she would repeat her affirmations with perfect understanding. Both she and her little brothers, aged seven and eight, formed the habit of repeating their prayers of affirmation before retiring, and would frequently treat each other and every member of the family. They would make such beautiful and true statements as, "God's life is in me and in every member of the family."

These children went to this Sunday School at the solicitation of their friends. The teacher asked them if they could say their prayers. Little Elmer, the youngest brother, answered quickly, "Yes, we say them every night." The teacher then asked them to repeat their prayers, and when they had done so, she said, "Those are not prayers." Then little Elmer spoke again and said, "They are, too, we have said these prayers for seven years, and they are just as good as anybody's prayers." He then took his little sister by the hand, and said, "Sister, let's go home." And they left the Sunday School.

When their father asked them to go again, little Elmer positively refused, and said, "They do nothing but get up and down, and I wore my stockings through by getting on my knees."

One night when little sister Edith

closed her treatment by saying, "God's life is in every member of the family," little Elmer said, "Then His life is in me." His father replied, "There is something very active in you," referring to his very great activity, which he considered of a mischievous nature. Little Elmer persisted in his idea by saying, "It's God's life all right enough."

Because of little Elmer's exceeding activity and energetic ways, he has been called a bad boy, and sometimes he puts on a very anxious look and says, "Auntie Cramer says I am a good boy. I wish someone else would call me a good boy." Elmer is a very good child, and should be called good. All children love to be called good, because good represents the truth of their Being. For this reason it causes them to feel like showing out the truth of their nature, when the truth is spoken of it. So let every little child that reads this think of himself as being good, because God, the Creator, is good; and form the habit of calling all little children good, and grow up with that habit, and continue to use it when full grown men and women. To do so will bring you comfort. - Har-

If you hunt with a gun, every bird you get is lost to the world. If you hunt with a camera, the world may enjoy the fruits of your skill, and the bird is left to enjoy life. When a bird or a wild animal is killed, that's the end of it. If photographed, it may still live and its educational and scientific value is multiplied indefinitely. — Recreation, official organ of the League of American Sportsmen.

I want to help you to grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when He thought of you first.

-GEORGE MACDONALD.



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 — BE KIND AND YOU WILL BE HAPPY.

Jewel Word - FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Song Word-No. 71.

Verse Word -

Unto others gentle, kind, I would always be, Doing just the same to Them as I would have Them do to me.

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

UNCLE JOHN'S COLUMN.

We were all immesely delighted with WEE WISDOM'S Birthday number. I would suggest that we add to our monthly seed a permanent thought seed of gratitude. I just now do not know of any better plan than to everlastingly hold fast to the words of truth as given to us by Jesus Christ, "I thank Thee, Father, that Thou hast heard me, and I know Thou hearest me always." I find that this idea of gratitutde, if held and continually repeated after every declaration of Truth, awakens revelation, and faith becomes an established truth.

We started a new game last Sunday at the school. We have a set of those

lithographed Biblcal pictures. I took five of them and allowed the children to have a good look. Then I explained carefully the story of each picture. After they had thoroughly mastered the subjects I arranged three of these pictures upon a table, covering them up with a large piece of paper, which also answered the purpose of a screen. would then raise the paper and count one, two, three (three seconds), then cover the pictures again. The children would then describe what they saw. Some would be correct for one picture; some for two. By dividing the class and matching one side against the other, it made it more interesting, especially when you let the side that was "in" arrange the pictures for the "outs" to describe. We would keep this up until everybody could describe all the pictures on the table in three seconds. Then we would lower the count and require an explanation to be made inside of two seconds. When perfect at two seconds, we would shorten the time to one second. The interest was so great that one of the "outs" (half of class) would name all these pictures in one second. We now have five new pictures tacked upon the walls of the school. When they have all thoroughly memorized them, we will add them to the first five that they now all know, and start the game the next time with ten pictures, with five displayed upon the table at a time. This game developes concentration, and a revelation that there is something within which is master of everything that's to be overcome.

A GENTLEMAN.

"Describe a gentleman," you say?
Yes, I think I can:
He's gentle as a woman,
And as manly as a man.

- Selected.



JACKSON, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - My Aunt Toot sends me your paper, which I enjoy very much. I was pleased to see my cousin Margaret Haight's picture in last month's issue. Lovingly your friend ADELITA POWELL.

STERLING, KAN.

DEAR LITTLE WEES-I will write a short letter to you. I will begin school tomorrow. I have got all my books new. I will go and wait for Letha at half past eight. I will be glad when school begins. I went and saw Mr. Deem when he was here. I wish that the WEE WISDOM came once a week. Letha North will write, too. She wrote her's while she was over. She is going to start to school, too. She is going to get her books in the morning. She is in the sixth grade. I am in the fifth grade. Letha is just a day younger than I am. Jennie got a slate, two handkerchiefs and a cap. Francis' and Jennie's birthday are on the same day. Francis is trying to get a bicycle. I have written almost two pages full. I still take care of the Bentley children. They have got another baby now; it's a boy. It was six weeks old yesterday, and weighs over fifteen pounds. It is getting late, and I will have to close. Letha's neice and nephew came last week. Marval weighs thirty pounds. He is just one and a half years old. Find five two-cent stamps for cards. I send the Wees my best regards.

I love the animals, both great and small; I love the good I see in all.

I remain your loving friend,

LORNBA WRIGHT.

PATTONSBURG, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I am nine years old. I just got a WEE WISDOM yesterday, and thought I would write. I have a maltese cat. I play with dolls. I like WEE WISDOM very much, and would like to take it very much. My grandma lives with us, and has a parrot. It is just beginning to talk. It is Sunday, and I went to Sunday School this morning. It is about dinner time and I will have to quit, I guess. Good-by,

ETHEL KING.

STERLING, KAN. DEAR WEE WISDOM - It has rained every other day. My school that I go to begins tomorrow. I'm in the fourth grade. And I would like to have a Truth card. I am a girl of eleven years of age. Little Althea North and Lorena are almost twins. There's just a day's difference.

Yours truly, MYRTH WRIGHT.

> A . St . St. STERLING, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I thought I would write to you. I will start to school Monday, Sept. 1st, 1902. I like to go to school. I am in the third grade. We have two hens with little chickens. I like to work button holes and sew buttons on. I will close. Yours truly,

THANET WRIGHT.

PATTONSBURG, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I am seven years old. I live at Pattonsburg. I would like for Walter Weller to please send me some flower seeds. I have a doll and bantam chicken. I have three sisters and two brothers, and I am the baby.

ELSIE HARDIN.

OCEAN CITY, N. J.

My DEAR MRS. FILLMORE - I can only write you a short letter this morning. Everybody has such a good time here that letter writing gets pretty slow. I think of you often. Mother went home Saturday, but I am staying a week longer with Auntie. I go in bathing every day. I enjoy the water very much. Two of our Unity scholars are here in Ocean City. They went in bathing with me yesterday, we had a fine time. I will close with my best love. Your loving little MARION SLEATER. friend.

P. S .- K stands for kiss; H stands for hug.

[Marion inserts a whole lot of circles, etc., marked H and K, with this P. S. explaining them .- Ep 1

30, 30, 30,

SAN ANSELMO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - My name is Naomi Rose Berier. I have a doll what broke her head off. I send WEZ WISDOM a kiss in this letter. (See the kiss I made?) I play in the dirt, and I have three kitties. I live here at San Anselmo. I got a brother Kip. He goes to school. I am free years old. WEE WISDOM, your loving,

(Dictated) NAOMI BERIER.

St St St FRUITVALE, CAL.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM -All last year WEE WISDOM came to see me in my mamma's name, Mrs. M. B. Gibbs. I am eight years old, and have enjoyed the dear little paper so much that I want you to know who I am. Your loving little friend, SALLIE TANNER GIBBS.

20 M 30

DELHI, N. Y.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I received your nice letter, and would like to have you come to see me again for the next year. I am eight years old, and would like a card some day. With much love to all the children who take Wee Wisdom I am, lovingly,

Mereide J. Murray.

Jt Jt Jt

* * * To be sure I want WEE WISDOM. From my view, I should think every one would want the blessed little paper. I feel each time it comes I have fifty cents worth in my hands, and the stories are so encouraging to the little folks, and the Bible Lessons so clear and simple to the young mind, and then we big Wees get such lessons in faith from it, especially when we read such articles as, "How the Waves Answered My Prayer." I would much sooner think of going without my dinner than to think of giving up my little paper or my dearly loved UNITY, so dear little WEE WISDOM may rest assured I shall expect it year in and year out, and will, I am sure, always find the amount for its traveling expenses, and shall do whatever I can for it to visit other homes and teach other children both large and small its beautiful lessons in right living and loving. With heart overflowing with love to you all, I am happy to sign myself, your friend,

MRS. A. E. LTHEOP.

JE JE JE

DEAR WISDOMS - Aunt Mary's Flower cards are all gone. Suppose you just write letters and stories awhile, because you love to, and not think of other reward than the joy of making each other happy? You see, everyone who writes to WEE WISDOM will not only have the fun of writing but will get to visit every other Wisdom's home all over this wide world. Then, too, you will be sent an extra copy of WEE WISDOM containing your letter or story. As next month is November, Thanksgiving stories ought to be ready to pick. Who'll pick the choicest one from all your Thanksgiving good times? Don't forget what Uncle John says about thanks and gratitude, and remember, too, to plant his good seed-word and and wear the jewel he gives you. Then don't forget to

"Scatter sunshine, all along your way, Cheer and bless and brighten every passing day."

"Slightest actions often Meet the sorest needs, For the world wants daily Little kindly deeds."



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON I. OCTOBER 5.

Joshua Encouraged. Joshua 1:1-11.

Golden Text — Be strong and of good courage. — Joshua 1:9.

Now that we are finished with the study of the life of Moses, we take up that of Joshua, who followed him as the spiritual guide of the wandering children of Israel. As Moses stood for strength of the law, so Joshua stands for strength of love, which wins every time, everywhere.

We all wish to make a success of life, and it is right that we should desire to do things well and to prosper. The good in your heart is pushing your every movement into better and better living and doing, and you need only to obey its voice in order to be victorious. Listen to it. It says, "Be strong and of a good courage," which means that all fear of evil or failure shall be put aside, out of the mind, and that we shall go straight ahead with brave hearts to win every one of life's blessings. Remember God is with you, and if you will pause often and listen you will hear Him saying, "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." "Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed," be strong in courage and love, "Turn not from it to the right hand or to the left," and "Thou shalt have good success."

You have the promised land before you; it is full to overflowing with every good, health, peace, power, freedom. If you have the key in your hand, which is love and faith in the good, you may open the door and pass in.

Little folks listen! God never made a coward nor put fear in any heart. These start from the belief in evil as a power. God made you a success. He makes no failures. He fills your every moment with new faith. Then keep saying, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

LESSON II. OCTOBER 12.

Crossing the Jordan. Joshua 3:9-17.

Golden Text — When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.—Isa. 43:2.

We are all marching with faces turned in hope toward the promised land of perfect life, but a Jordan lies between us and it, and it must be crossed. We find other names for Jordan now-a-days, such as, belief in weakness, lack of knowledge, a dull brain, or some other difficulty.

Everybody who wants to grow and become strong and Christ-like must cross over this river "Difficulty." It is easily done when you know how, but if you stand still and begin to complain, saying, "Oh, it is too hard, there is no use trying," how the river grows and how much harder, under such weak and useless thinking, it becomes to cross it. It is as though you stood at the base of a very high mountain, which you very much wished to climb, and kept saying, "I cant, it is too high." How far on your journey would you be at the end of a day of such thinking? The brave true one will not keep his eyes fixed on the difficulty, but on the goal, and thus in faith, doing the best he can, wins the day.

All these "ites" in the tenth verse are error thoughts that must be driven out of mind before you can live in peace and plenty in the promised land. We might re-name them, Fearites, Selfishites, Foolishites, Evilites, Lackites, Sickites, etc. You remember the ark of the covenant was always carried by the Israelites on their journeys of overcoming. It stood to them for the presence of God, and so gave them faith and courage. We are to carry this ark in our hearts, where it will ever remind us of the presence of the living God who will take us over every hard place dry-shod, unburt, until the full victory is gained.

LESSON III. OCTOBER 19.

The Fall of Jericho. Joshua 6:12-20.

Golden Text — By faith the walls of Jericho fell down.— Heb. 11:30.

Today we have for a lesson the interesting story of the fall of Jericho. This city represents the world of error, of sin, sickness and death, walled about with deception or lies about life, happiness and health. There are treasures in it, however, that belong to God, such as gold and silver, and so it is worth our time and effort to take it, purify and use it for the good. Jericho, before it is captured by the Israelites, is like a mind and body all mixed up with good and evil, health and disease, peace and discord. Because of this mixture it must be cleaned, that nothing but good remain. The wall or lie that surrounds this

mind, and thus protects or keeps up this mixed state, is the belief that evil is real. This wall must fall flat before the mind and body (Jericho) can get rid of sin, sickness and death. How can this be done? Probably Joshua had asked himself and his God this question many times, and no doubt had often walked around that wall, looking at it and meditating on the best plan for throwing it down. One day as he was thus walking and praying, an angel from God appeared, and showed him just how it could be done.

He at once obeyed the divine voice, and thus won that city for good. Read the story and you will know what the angel told him to do—to pray, praise, walk and work in faith, every day until viciory came. Now every form of wrong and suffering is always walled about with a lie that says these are real and a part of every life. Wrong and suffering must be overcome by telling the truth to that lie. This must be done silently and with the spoken word, your magic trumpet whose true sound will break down every lie about life, until only the good remains.

Then shout in your heart the glad tidings, sin is unreal, evil is unreal, sickness is unreal; health is real, life is beautiful, and God is good — thus you enter the city of palms or victory.

LESSON XIII. OCTOBER 26.

Joshua and Caleb. Joshua 14:5-15.

GOLDEN TEXT — He wholly followed the Lord. — Joshua 14:14.

In order to fully understand this lesson you will have to go back and review another one we had a few Sundays ago.

It occurred at a time when the Israelites first started out to enter Canaan. Moses had sent some of his men as spies into the promised land, among them being Joshua and Caleb. All of them returned with very discouraging reports about the great strength of their enemies, and the big giants they had seen there, except Joshua and Caleb, who, with hearts full of trust and faith, brought back a bright report of the beauty and good that they had seen, and urged Moses to set forward to victory.

Those who are cheerful and sure of God's goodness are always the ones that hear the promises; so Caleb was told that one day all the land that he had seen should be his. Caleb never forgot this promise, but wholly believed in the law of Good, even though it was a long time in being fulfilled. Forty-five years seems a long time to wait for a promised blessing, but the lesson is a good one, and teaches us that faithfulness is the sure winner, and whole-hearted obedience to the Good will work out every

problem of life.

Here was a man who was just as strong and as much alive at the age of eighty-five at he had been at forty, and the secret of his great success is told in his own words, "I wholly followed the Lord my God."

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM



Y DEAR Wisdoms, how would you like to belong to a Society? There's a Sunshine Society that has "Good Cheer" for its motto, and its members are

busy making everybody happy and glad. Here's their little verse:

Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone,
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on."

As you can plainly see, the object of this society is, "To incite its members to the performance of kind and helpful deeds, and to thus bring the sunshine of happiness into the greatest possible number of hearts and homes." The fees and dues of this society are kind deeds and acts that shall carry sunshine whereever it is needed. And where isn't it needed? Do you know a place where sunshine and happiness are not needed?

This Society has chosen the sunshaped golden-rayed Coreopsis to represent its brightness and cheer, and a cheerier little flower never bloomed. Lowell had a great ring of them in his flower garden last summer, and some of them are still in bloom and will be till Jack Frost gets hold of them. I can look out now and see these little suns, and though it is a dark, rainy day, their brightness makes our yard seem sunny.

You see, to be a member of Sunshine Society, you have to do just what these dear little Coreopses are doing, shine out in all kinds of weather, and make somebody happy and glad. Of course, our Wisdoms are always shining with thoughts

of love and good cheer, and without this loving thought the real substance of the gifts we give and the good we do would be lacking. So now to our loving, cheerful thought we will add the action of doing something for somebody quick. How? What have you that you can spare just as well as not that you think would bring sunshine to somebody you know? Try making sunshine of this kind by passing on some story book, some doll, some toy, or whatever you have that you can let go as well as Maybe it might be some nice garment that you have outgrown and are just holding on to it because it is so pretty. Won't it look better in use, and can't you find just the dear little Wee one who will fill it so full of sweet, happy uses? Hunt around and empty out all the stored away things that the moth and rust, yes, and the rats and mice will eventually destroy. Oh, it does make you so happy, and it makes somel ody else so happy, and the world will get happy all over after a while. When all the trunks full of old keepsakes are turned out, and we quit trying to remember the dead, then the living will begin to live, and oh! what real alive happiness there'll be. You can write and tell WEE WISDOM what you've done to make sombody happy, and then we'll have a Sunshine page in WEE WISDOM. Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, president of the International Sunshine Society, has asked if we wouldn't like a Sunshine page in WEE WISDOM. She has had the little paper and she likes it. Who'll commence making sushine right away and tell us all about it in "Sunshine Column"? If you want to write to the International Sunshine Society, you can direct to 96 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The Sunshine Song is "Scatter Sunshine."



so cents per year.

s cents per copy

To UNITY subscribers, 25 cents. Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings per year.

Published monthly by

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,
1315 McGee St. Kansas City, Mo.
CHARLES E. PRATHER, Business Manager.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

October!

October's tills are full of gold,
October's hands are full of giving
Summer's rich juices packed and stored
In grain and fruit for Winter's living.

We have the dearest little poem called 'Treasure" and Mr. Filleau has illustrated it for us.

One of the very best story books written for children is, "How Edith Found Fairyland." I don't know how it got left out of our list. I hope our manager will put it in again.

October is the gayest month of all the year. I think it must be because it is such a generous month. It just gives away everything before the year goes into winter quarters. It seems to want us to know that there is nothing sad about this giving away of the outer growing. There's nothing lost, the lives of the dear old trees just slip down into the roots underground and plan new forms of beauty for next year, while the seed of the plants carry the life of the next spring blossoms. Every golden leaf that falls says, "Rejoice and be glad!"

"Daddy Gander" is the king of funny books. It is just the book that every WEE WISDOM reader would delight to own, as it is filled with jolly rhymes and pictures, in three colors. On another page we show you "Daddy" and one of the pictures (greatly reduced), which we know you will enjoy. This is but a sample of what they are like - yet they are all different. The price of the book is \$1.25, but if you want to own one for yourself, or to give to some dear friend for Christmas, send us five new subscribers to WEE WISDOM, at 50 cents each, and we will send you one free, or send us \$1.25 for the book, and we will send you WEE WISDOM free one year. It is a large book, costing 17 cents postage to carry it.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

We recommend only the books of highest sentiment and teaching of Truth. The following books were written especially for young folks, and are bright, entertaining and instructive. They make beautiful love offerings to your little friends.

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

A beautiful story of how the Day family were healed through the understanding of Truth.

Wee Wisdom's Library, Vols. I., II., and III.; 25 cents each.

Illustrated. The first and second volumes are short Truth stories, poems, etc.; Vol. III. is a complete story in itself, entitled, "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key."

The Wonderful Wishers of Wishingwell, by Annie Rix Militz; price, 15 cents. This pretty story shows how the circumstances of an entire family were changed by the wishes of three little boys.

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

One of the most instructive courses in right phinking, right speaking, and right acting published. There are six simple Truth lessons, given in questions and answers.

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

It teaches so beautifully of the outdoor life of country children, and of children who are taught to be happy under all circumstances and in every place.

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

This is one of the newest books out, and is a charming story.

