

WEE WISDOM.

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



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Here comes Daddy Gander,
And he wants to wander
In your happy thoughts today.
It is well to let him,
Then we'll surely get him
Telling funny stories right away.

THE PANCAKE

Hi-Diddle-Diddle
The cake and the griddle:
A pan-cake for baby and me
Before you say "BOO!"
"Twill be done through
and through,
Then baby and Ma will
have tea.



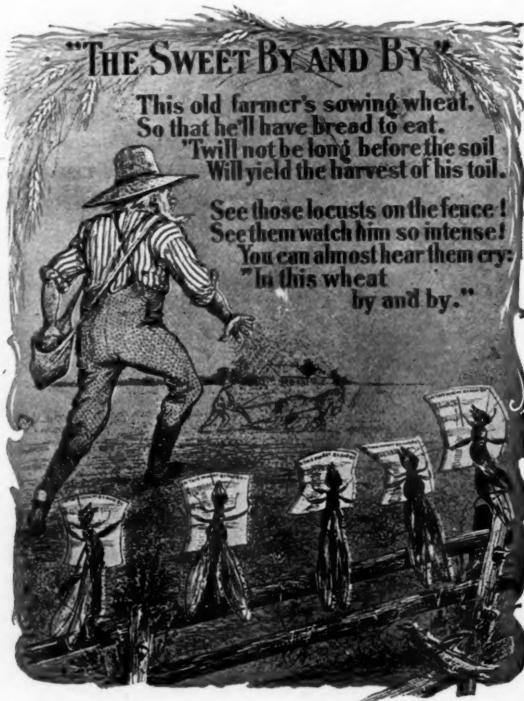
Then dressed in his "nightie"
of white,
He'll kiss his dear mamma
good night:
And soon fast asleep,
In a snug little heap,
He will sleep until
it is light.



"THE SWEET BY AND BY"

This old farmer's sowing wheat,
So that he'll have bread to eat.
"Twill not be long before the soil
Will yield the harvest of his toil.

See those locusts on the fence!
See them watch him so intense!
You can almost hear them cry:
"In this wheat
by and by."





Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER III.

PANSY.



AFTER all the bustle and confusion at the depot, Rose was delighted to reach the dainty little cottage which was only a stone's throw from the beach.

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Rose, "what a big water."

"That is the ocean," explained Uncle Noble, "and the white foam dashing up in the waves is the surf."

Mr. Bright led them into the cottage, and just as they stepped on the porch a pretty woman appeared at the door, pushing before her a wheeled chair in which was a child, a little younger looking than Rose. She was a pretty little thing with deep blue pansy-like eyes. She held out her hands in delight when she saw her father. Mrs. Bright led Rose to the dear little room that was to be hers, and spoke to her about her trip, showing a kind interest. She helped her unfasten her satchel and then said, "My Pansy isn't well and strong as you are, but I hope the sea-air will do her good."

"God made me well, and I'm sure He will make your Pansy well; I'll ask Him," said Rose.

"Yes, do, dear child," replied Mrs. Bright, "I want my darling little girl to walk some day. There, when you have

washed your hands and face, come and we will have a little lunch."

A little later when they were all gathered about the lunch table, Mrs. Bright said, "Pansy and I are going to show Rose the beach this afternoon."

"Rose will enjoy that; this is the first time she has ever seen the ocean," responded Uncle Noble.

"Yes, and you are likely to have company," added Mr. Bright, "for Mrs. Love and her boy are down; they came on our train."

"Indeed, how pleasant; we may meet them on the beach this afternoon," said Mrs. Bright.

When lunch was over the two gentlemen went out on the porch, and Rose turned to Mrs. Bright saying that she would be glad to help her with the dishes, and put the things away.

"Thank you, I shall be pleased to have you help me, for then we can the sooner get away. First I will wheel Pansy out on the porch — oh, here comes her papa for her."

"I thought I missed something," said Mr. Bright as he entered the dining room. "I want my girl. That's a good little Rose, help mamma," said he, on seeing Rose tying on one of Mrs. Bright's long kitchen aprons that was

sweeping the floor at her feet.

On their return from the beach, Rose wrote a letter, and this is what she said:

"DEAR PRUDENCE — It is lovely here. The Brights' have a pretty little white cottage, and they are so nice. But you should see Pansy Bright. She is very quiet, with big eyes that follow you all around. I feel so sorry for her. You see, she has something the matter with her spine, and goes everywhere in a wheeled chair, for she cannot walk, but I know she can get well, and I told Mrs. Bright so. Please, dear Prudence, help me send Pansy the good true thought that will help her to walk.

"We went down on the beach today and looked at the big breakers. They roar and make such a noise when they break on the rocks. It was fun to take off my shoes and stockings, and wade. Pansy watched me, and looked so sad that I felt sorry to go in without her, so I came back to her side pretty soon and brought her some sea-weed I picked up in the wet sand. She liked it, and Mrs. Bright said it was pretty, and that she would press it for Pansy.

"I began right away last night to help Pansy to know that God is the giver of health. I told her to say to herself over and over, 'God alone makes me well and strong.'

"But there, you dear Prudence, I never said 'thank you' for this sweet note paper you gave me. It was so good of you to think of me. I'll write often, and you write to me. Your loving Rose."

"The thing that goes the farthest
T'ward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the
Most, is just a pleasing smile;
The smile that bubbles from the
Heart, that loves its fellow-man,
Will drive away the clouds of
Gloom, and coax the sun again."

"Who cured your finger so quick?"
"God did."
"And what did the doctor do?"
"Oh, he only looked at it."

— T. B. J.

THE ANEMONE AND THE ROCK.

LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.



HERE was once a rock so hard and gray and grim that the little path that loitered in winding ways through the pleasant wood and beside the pretty stream, hurried when it reached this place and slipped straight by it to reach again the green of grass and shadow of friendly trees and sweet companionship of flowers. People, too, hurried by, the rock looked so forbidding. The wild flowers drew their tender feet back from its rough-scarred sides — there was not even moss to soften it, or ivy to caress it.

But one spring a small pale Anemone peered down over its rough edge.

"Oh, how ugly," she whispered to her neighbor, the Violet. "Never was there anything so stern and grim and forbidding."

"Come back here by me," said the Violet. "Don't look down at that unpleasant thing."

But the little Anemone still bent her curious head over the edge and looked at the rock.

"It is so dark and cold looking," she said, "and has great scars and angles and seams, as though lashed and beaten by wind and rain. No wonder it looks cross."

"It must have deserved it," said the Violet.

"Hush, it will hear you," whispered the Anemone. "It has crevices where earth has fallen in, but there is nothing green upon it, not even a leaf of Ivy."

"What does it care?" asked the Violet.

"It throws a shadow on the path, and people hasten by it. Nobody cares. It is ugly and hard and gray," said the Anemone, and continued to bend her

pretty fair head over the rock. "There are leaves on the trees, and Ivy clings to the rough bark of their trunks," she said. "The Violets bend over the stream and make pictures of themselves in the water; the Ferns make green lace-work in shadowy places; and Violets and Spring Beauties and Buttercups and Primroses come out into the grass to play; but the rock has nothing, not even a blade of grass to brighten it."

"Then come away," said a Buttercup, lifting its sunny face to the glad world. "The grass here is soft and green, and we three will spread out our skirts of blue and white and gold, and sit in the sunshine and be happy."

But the Anemone bent lower over the gray stone. The sun shone and the wind blew, and when the Anemone's short life was almost spent, it cast its white petals like pure thoughts down upon the hard face of the rock. But in its heart there was life, and the seeds grew and ripened.

"Lean back, Anemone," whispered the Earth Breeze; "do not let your seeds fall over the rock upon the hard path, where only death will come to them. Cast them into the grass, and next spring Anemones will bloom again your sweet immortality."

The Anemone shook her head, and as she did so, her seeds fell one by one over the rock upon the path, where they were trodden underfoot, all but one, and it fell like a good thought into the crevice of the rock where a little earth had fallen, and there it lay as summer came and went, then autumn, then winter; and when spring returned once more, a child passing with her mother said, "O, mother, see the Anemone growing upon the rock."

"Yes," replied the mother, "it looks as though the rock were smiling!"

ROBIN'S THANKSGIVING.

AUNT SEG.

Hush! I hear a Robin;
What do you think it said?
Something about Thanksgiving,
I could n't hear every word.

But Robin and I *think* just the same.
Do you wonder how that can be?
It is this way, children, the same sweet
Life

Is in Robin the same as in me.

Now I have a way of hearing things,
Whether in word or in song,
And I'm perfectly certain that Robin
sings
Thanksgiving all the day long.

For children, let me tell you,
My heart sings that way too,
So all my days are thanksgiving days;
And is it not so with you?

It must be, for Robin and you and I
Are the same sweet Life, you know;
And through *all* the days as they glide
along
The same wondrous Life doth flow.

DELL'S THANKSGIVING.

MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

DELL was wading through the long grass of Mr. Hunt's meadow with one of her mother's old hats on her head.

"What a child she is for dressing up!" said her mother. "She must have been rummaging among my trunks in the attic."

Dell looked very happy and contented so her mother did not call her in, but turned to the playroom to see how Sweetheart was passing her time. Sweetheart was the two-year-old baby. There she sat in the playroom, her back against the marguerite wall paper. She had an innocent look in her round blue eyes, but she was evidently hiding something on her little white apron. "O, Sweetheart, you must n't tear

the wall paper; no, no," said her mother, taking the baby up in her arms.

In the meantime Dell waded through the long brown grasses of the meadow. It was too late for wild flowers and there were but few butterflies, so it was rather lonely out there; but Dell was enjoying herself.

"Now, I'm a princess," said Dell, "a truly princess, and this is my Thanksgiving day. I'm thankful for my mamma, my papa, and my good grandma and grandpa, and for Sweetheart and Jane; but, oh dear, I wish I had a kitty, a sweet little kitty, all white. I'll ask God. Dear God, please give Dell a kitty, a live one. There, I ought n't maybe to ask for it; I'll say I'm thankful for a kitty; then if I'm a good girl perhaps a little kitty will come right to me that wants a nice home. I guess I'll go in the house now and see if my Grandma's come."

"Is my girlie ready to stay in now?" asked mamma, as Dell appeared in the doorway. "Will you take care of Sweetheart for a little while for mamma?"

"Do princesses take care of babies?" asked Dell. "I'm a real princess, you see."

"Good princesses take care of babies," replied mamma.

"I'm a good princess. Come here, Sweetheart. Play I'm your mother. But where are you going, mamma?" said she, turning to Mrs. Benton who was crossing the room.

"To help Jane get dinner. I'll be back directly and dress you, for Grandma'll be here soon now."

"Will she bring me a kitty?"

"I don't think so; there, I must go. Do n't let Baby eat the wall paper."

"Grandma's comin', Baby," said Dell with her finger in the air, "and Grandpa, and, we'll have Thanksgivin' dinner. Sweetheart, did you thank God for your

blessings? But you must. What are you thankful for, Baby? For what? Say it loud."

Sweetheart bobbed her round head, and stuck a finger in her mouth.

"Tell Dell, good Sweetheart."

"Good Sweetheart," echoed the baby.

"Ho, you're thankful for yourself. Ought to be thankful for mamma and papa."

"Fank mamma, papa," giggled the baby.

"Here comes mamma, she's going to dress us. Is Grandma here?" asked Dell, turning to her mother.

"Pretty soon," said mamma.

"There she comes, I see her," cried Dell excitedly, dancing up and down before the window. "Yes, there she comes and Grandpa with her. I don't believe they brought me a kitty."

"Dell, little girl, you must be thankful for what you already have."

"Oh, I did want a kitty so much," sighed Dell; "but I am thankful, for I'm a good princess, you know."

Thanksgiving dinner was a very happy one for all. Dell was obedient, and Sweetheart did not spill her milk or cry. Sweetheart sat next her Grandpa, and Dell beside Grandma. Mamma and papa were at either end, and my, what good things there were on that table. Grandpa had brought the children peppermint sticks and these they enjoyed sucking after the ice cream.

"That's better for Sweetheart than wall paper," chuckled Grandpa.

After dinner, Dell and Baby took turns riding on Grandpa's knee. Then Dell amused herself for awhile looking out of the window. Pretty soon she jumped off her seat with a little squeal.

"Here comes Minnie," she cried, "right up our walk." Minnie lived in the next house.

"Run and open the door for her,"

said mamma. Minnie came in smiling, carrying a little basket in her hand.

"I've brought something for Dell and Sweetheart, if you'll let them have it, Mrs. Benton," said Minnie.

"Let's see, let's see!" cried Dell, prancing about.

"I'll take off the cover," said Minnie.

As she did so, out jumped the dearest little white kitten.

"May I keep it?" begged Dell of her mamma.

"Yes, you may; now thank Minnie, such a kind little girl to bring it to you."

"Yes, but I'll thank God, He sent it. Here, Minnie, you may have my other stick of candy. Oh, I am so happy, this is the very bestest Thanksgivin' I know."

NATURAL LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

"PAPA HARRY."

CHAPTER XV.

SOME SQUIRMS.

"TELL us a story," exclaimed Albert one evening when the rain prevented the boys from playing out of the house.

"Yes, do," chimed in Orion.

So Papa, seeing he was trapped, sat down and asked, "What shall we tell about?"

"Snakes," yelled both boys at once, as this was always their pet subject.

"All right," said Papa, "we'll talk about snakes. We will begin with 'Once upon a time,' 'a long time ago,' and 'trot out' our snakes, and make them 'live happy ever after.'"

"Now Papa," said Albert, "quit joking and go on."

"Well," said Papa, "once upon a time, ages and ages ago, so long ago that the day of Adam is as yesterday compared to it, in fact millions upon

millions of years ago, our earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. Then God gathered the world into form, and planted grasses and trees and put fish in the waters, fowl in air, and beasts and creeping things on the land, 'and God saw that it was good.'

"The first living things to take possession of the world and obtain dominion were the fishes. They swarmed in seas, oceans and rivers, they climbed on the land and some flew through the air; thus the world was first ruled over by the fishes. Then the plants began to grow more dense and obtain possession. The ferns, mosses and grasses grew into great trees; the mighty pine trees towered far above the low-lying clouds, the dense forests grew denser and more dense with interlacing graceful foliage until all the land and most of the water and air were occupied by these vast forests. They grew in perfect silence and without bloom, for while they unfolded into the most beautiful forms, no insects had yet appeared to cultivate them and produce the gorgeous flowers we all enjoy so much. These monarchs of plants stood grand and silent—no sound echoed through the dark and misty forest depths—no hum of the insect, no song of the bird, no call of the mammal disturbed the quietude.

"Then began to appear huge snakes and mighty reptiles. They increased rapidly, overran the forests, evolved feet, wings and paddles, took entire possession of the land, water and air. Reptiles became masters of this world in all its departments, gigantic enaliosaurs reigned supreme in the oceans; great pterodactyles, more strange than any dragon ever pictured in fairy tales, with wings spread 27 feet, and huge teeth, ruled the air; strange reptiles and enormous crocodiles held sway over the lakes and rivers,

while 'fearfully great lizards' and snakes possessed the land. Some of these snakes were immense and the lizards could rear their heads as high as our four story buildings. But all these great reptiles finally passed away, and mammals became the ruling power and hold dominion over the earth today. One of the most important of these mammals is man, but he has yet to master the watery depths and airy heights."

"Guess it will be insects' turn next," said Orion.

"Perhaps," said Papa, "but to return to our snakes; they and their relatives have left written records on the rocks in the form of fossils that have greatly helped man to read the history of the world. They are God's writing on the foundation stones of the earth. Not only in geological records do serpents play an important part, but they also play a prominent part in nearly all religions, being symbols of many strange and beautiful things, standing for eternity, grace, wisdom, subtlety, etc. The Bible insists on the wisdom of snakes, and even Jesus advised his disciples to be as wise as serpents. That snakes are wise, no one who has watched them can doubt. The harmless Blacksnakes and Gartersnakes are very intelligent, and are also very useful to man, although man absolutely refuses to recognize their usefulness. Snakes are also very pretty, both in color and form, and are the most graceful of all living creatures. When their colors grow dull and their skins old, they renew their youth by shedding their skins. Reptiles are without doubt the ancestors of birds."

"But some snakes are poisonous," said Orion.

"Yes," answered Papa, "some snakes are poisonous, but they were compelled to evolve this plan of defense on account of persecution by other creatures. Thus

they are preserved to the end that they may carry on the work assigned to them and keep nature's chain from being broken. When we are acquainted with each creation as a part of the whole, we can learn to love all and know that even snakes are good. 'And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good.' Surely if God can pronounce all things good, we should be able to see it so; and seeing it so, help bring about the beautiful kingdom of Christ as described in the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, when 'they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord.'"

THE DAISY'S LESSON.

WALTER S. WELLER.

A BRIGHT pretty little yellow Daisy was growing out in the country by the roadside. Above it was a tall Hollyhock of a lovely crimson tint. The Daisy looked up into the face of its beautiful neighbor almost enviously.

"What can a small flower like me do?" thought the Daisy. "I wish I was great, tall, and handsome, like this Hollyhock."

Three little girls now came rambling down the road. The Daisy thought, "I wonder if they will notice *me*."

When they came up to where the Daisy and Hollyhock were growing, the youngest of them, a child of three years, exclaimed, "Oh, Clara and Gertrude, just see this pretty flower!"

"Oh, what a sweet little daisy!" cried Clara. "Pick it, Daisy; for it is your own namesake. It will do to take to the Children's Hospital this afternoon."

"All right," said Daisy, as she took the daisy from its proud companion. "I will give it to poor little Eva Lowell, who is so ill."

"That is a pretty Hollyhock," said Gertrude.

"Yes, but the stem is so short—"

"I know that," said Clara, "but it will do for my hair." And she picked one of the brilliant blossoms, and placed it among her brown tresses, where it glowed like a jewel.

"There!" cried Clara, "don't that look pretty?"

"Oh, I want one too!" said Daisy, pulling the stem down and plucking off one of the red flowers. "Put it in my hair, Clara."

Clara did so; and it looked very charming, nestling in Daisy's golden hair. The daisy was rejoiced to find that it could be of some use; and the hollyhock was glad to give two of its blossoms to adorn the heads of Daisy and Clara.

"Good-bye, little Daisy," said the Hollyhock to its friend, as the children moved away. "You are going to a hospital, and you may save a precious little life. I hope you will."

"Good-bye, dear Hollyhock," said the Daisy; "I am safely held in Daisy's warm, soft hand." At the hospital, the daisy was given to a pale child of six years, who took it from Clara with a bright smile of loving gratitude. As the Hollyhock predicted, it saved Eva's life; for from that time on her improvement was steady and rapid. As for the two hollyhock blossoms, they were asked for by two other children; so that these three flowers did their work in helping the little ones to recover; and the time soon came when Eva Lowell was able to go out and gather daisies for herself. But she never forgot the children at the hospital; and many were the daisies and other flowers that she left for the little invalids.

The daisy's lesson, dear little reader, is this: It is a good part of your mission in this world to be as cheerful and unselfish as you can. Follow the example of the daisy in the story—live for others, and forget about self. That is the sole and only way to be really and truly happy.

KIND LITTLE MARY.

ANNIE IGOE.

[12 years old.]

THERE once lived in the great state of New York a five-year old maiden, named Mary. Her parents were very wealthy, but they were also good people, and knew in what way to dispose of the money with which God had blessed them. Their names were written everywhere among the homes of the poor, as they were so generous, and would never see anyone want.

Now these good people were anxious that their little child should also grow up good and kind to the poor. But I think there needed to be few fears on that account, for Mary was a real good child. One day just before Easter Mary was out walking with "Nursie dear," as Mary called the dear colored nurse, when suddenly she spied a poorly clad little boy coming out of one of the stores, crying very loudly. This was, of course, too much for Mary, and so she called as loud as she could, "Nursie, Nursie, come quick till I catch him." Her nurse had not noticed the poor little boy, and was, of course, surprised at this sudden outbreak from Mary, but before she could address the question whom she was to catch, Mary was running as fast as ever she could, and at last she caught him.

"O, little boy," she cried, "please stop crying, for I do not like to see anyone crying."

By this time Nurse was near her, and heard all she said, but she did not interfere, for it amused her to hear them talk.

Then Mary said, "You must come home with me, and have some nice supper, and then we will go up stairs and see my dollies, and if you have a little sister at home, you may take her home one, for I can easily spare you one."

The little boy did not know what to make of her, that sweet-faced child tugging at him, so he would come home with her, and he was so happy, all he could answer was, "Yes."

Then Nurse brought the two children home, and everything happened as the child had foretold. Her parents rejoiced to think they were blessed with so kind a child. This was Mary's first kind act to her fellow creatures, and we sincerely hope and trust it was not her last.



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 ALWAYS IN BEAUTIFUL SYMPATHY WITH EVERYTHING OTHERS ARE DOING FOR GOD AND HUMANITY."

Jewel Word—AVOID FRICTION.

Thanksgiving Word—"I THANK THEE, FATHER, THAT THOU HAST HEARD ME, AND I KNOW THOU HEAREST ME ALWAYS."

Verse Word—GOOD CHEER.

"Have you had a kindness shown,
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone,
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe away all tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on."

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

UNCLE JOHN'S COLUMN.

I was deeply impressed by a story told to mesometime back by an old Volunteer Fireman, whose home is in Allentown, Pa. He said in the old days of the Volunteers' strenuous activity he was the chief of his company. The most difficult work that he had to do was to establish harmony among his men, until one Sunday he went to church, and the minister's theme was "Avoid Friction." That one thought, *avoid friction*, was so deeply and indelibly impressed upon his mind that he for some time kept mechanically repeating to himself those magic words, "Avoid friction," and when, in the excitement of performing their duties at a fire, Jewel his men were wont to quarrel, the word, "Avoid friction," flashed into his mind, and his acts as chief were tempered by that beautiful Christ-thought which brought peace out of discord, and won the day. Avoid friction and resist not evil, is the same idea expressed in different words.

Our Class Word for November is the beautiful thoughts of J. Merch Chambers, and the Verse Word is the banner verse of the International Sunshine Society.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am down at my Grandma Wienard's today; she lives at 2023 Geyer Ave. She takes the WEE WISDOM, and she loves it very much. She says it is fine to read. I love my grandma and grandpa very much. They are very kind to everybody. I also have two cousins by the name of Edna and Lillie Bosche. I also have a very lovely mamma. She is very kind to everybody. I love her with all my heart. I also have a dear aunt, Ida Bosche; also a dear uncle, George Bosche. It is Edna's and Lillie's papa and mamma. I go to the Washington school. I

Wee Wisdom

11

am in the fifth grade, first quarter. I like my teacher very much. She is very kind to me. I have a garden at home. I had very pretty flowers in it. I like flowers very much. I will bring my letter to a close, as this is my first letter to WEE WISDOM. I should like very much to have one of Mother Sparr's Moss cards, if you have any more to spare.

IDA KETTERER.



PATTONSBURG, MO.

DEAR AUNT MARY—I thank you very much for the Flower card you sent me. I went to Sunday school and church this morning. Our parrot is about sick. We have a canary and it sings nice. I have a playhouse up stairs, and I play with dolls. I have no sisters or brothers. I have n't any more to say, so good bye.

ETHEL KING.

[Polly Parrot, you're all right. God's life is everywhere-present Life. Speak the true word, Ethel, and it will manifest.—ED.]



GUELPH, CANADA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am ten years old. I love to read WEE WISDOM; it teaches us to be kind and loving to everyone. My papa takes UNITY, and likes it very much. I am going to school. I am in the Third book. I would like you to send me a Truth card, if you have one to spare. I enclose 10 cents. From your loving friend,

DAVID MCGILLIVARY.



PATTONSBURG, MO.

DEAR AUNT MARY—I thank you for the pretty cards. I thank the editor for printing my letter, and sending me a copy of WEE WISDOM. This stamp is for Aunt Mary.

ELSIE HARDIN.



SAN JOSE, CAL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I want to thank you for the lovely Truth card and Flower cards you sent me. I say the prayer every night, and will keep the cards always. I have three caterpillars and two cocoons. One is a little bady caterpillar. I feed them on mulberries and mulberry leaves. They ate each other up at first, when I had more of them, so I had to put them in separate glasses with mosquito netting over the top of each one.

Your little friend,

(dictated)

HELEN KNOX.



144 37th St., CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I noticed Elsie Hardin's request for flower seeds, so I sent her a choice selection by a previous mail. I have more

of the Japanese Dolichos, or Hyacinth Bean, than any other flower. I have some climbing Nasturtium seeds (red and pink), and I will have some seeds of double and single Morning Glories, when they ripen. If the Wee Wisdoms would give their street address or postoffice box when applying for flower seeds, there would be no trouble about their getting them. If Edna Bosche of St. Louis, will write to me first, I shall be pleased to answer her letter.

Yours truly,

WALTER S. WELLER.

[I am sure our Wisdoms accepting this good friend's kindness will not neglect to send stamps, for it takes stamps for even little flower seeds to ride in Uncle Sam's mail bags.—ED.]



PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR WEES—I thought I would write a little story about Thanksgiving to be put in this month's copy. We all ought to celebrate Thanksgiving. I once heard a little boy ask, "Why should we celebrate Thanksgiving?" His mother said, "We should thank God for all He gives us." We should thank God that we have a good mother and father, that we have clothes to wear and food to eat, and many other things. On Thanksgiving everyone ought to be happy and thank God for all the blessings and good He has done during the the past year. Everyone is getting ready for church and when you come home, oh, what a nice dinner is waiting for you, such a nice turkey, cranberries, cake, and many other good things. So you see God is very kind in sending all these nice things for us to eat. And we forgot about the pumpkin. Most every boy likes pumpkin pie, and he also likes to make Jack-o'-lantern. Did you ever read the story of how a little boy and girl scared the Indians away when their mother and father were away by putting a Jack-o'-lantern in the window? I wonder if you little boys or girls would do that? I like WEE WISDOM very much, and wish it would come every week instead of every month. I am 14 years old.

Very sincerely, MAMIE SHAFFER.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR WEES—I will write a few lines for the first time, as Thanksgiving is near. I am glad we get the WEE WISDOM; it has plenty of good thoughts. Now little Wees I would like to ask you a question, "Why did the Lord give us Thanksgiving?" "Why?" When the Pilgrims first came to the new land they bowed down and thanked the Lord for bringing them here, out of their hardships and trouble, and since that day of every year it was kept as a holiday, so we must thank the Lord for giving us Thanksgiving.

Very respectfully yours, ALBERT SHAFFER.



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON V. NOVEMBER 2.

Cities of Refuge.—Joshua 20:1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT—*God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.*—Psa. 46:1.

Our lesson today would show us that we are to trust God to keep us from evil and trouble, and our golden text is a beautiful light shining out on the pathway of life. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." If the truth of this has been taken into your heart, then fear can find no entrance there, and you are safe from accidents and temptations.

Should the voice of error try to tempt you to worry or disobedience, to fear or doubt, and you remember quickly that the All-Good is your protection, no evil shall befall you. I have just read a letter from a lady who lives many miles away at the sea-shore, in which she tells me of the trust of her little grandson, Robbie. One day he wanted to go down to the big wharf alone, but she was afraid to let him, so she told him he could not go because he was too small to take care of himself and might fall into the water and get drowned. Now Robbie could not understand his grandmother's fears and doubts, for she had always taught him to trust God for his protection. He was greatly puzzled, for his little head found it hard work to make his grandmother's fears about him work with her teaching about God's care and defense, so he said, "Grandma, don't I say my prayer every morning, 'God walks beside me, guides my way, through every moment of this day,' and isn't it true? Then Robbie's grandmother felt ashamed of her fears, and said, "Yes, darling, you may go down on the wharf, for as long as you trust God nothing will happen to hurt you." She said he went off and returned in a few hours a very happy and trusting boy, whereas if she had kept him home on account of her fears he would have had his first hard lesson in doubt of the Good, and perhaps would have thought that praying was just saying empty words without any real meaning in them.

You see, children, that if you claim that God is

your health, your strength, your protection, and your support, you must believe it through and through your entire being, and put your faith in practice every moment, then will you prove it.

LESSON VI. NOVEMBER 9.

Joshua's Parting Advice.
Josh. 24:14-25.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.*—Joshua 24:15.

This week our lesson is on choosing and serving, and also shows us that God has given us a mind of our own to take care of and to train, to feed and to love, as well as to use in making choice of what and whom we will serve. Whatever we think most about we serve. If the mind is fixed on love then we will serve everybody we meet with loving thoughts and deeds. Think of it, you have the power to choose to love everybody and everything, and with the wish to do it, will come the strength to do it.

This was the kind of mind Jesus had. He made up his mind, when he was only twelve years of age, to serve God and his brothers and sisters, nor did he ever once change his mind, but kept right on his way doing all the good he could, and the most wonderful part of it is, that what he did and said so many hundreds of years ago is still serving and blessing everybody. This is because the good never dies or gets worn out, for the more you use it the stronger it grows.

Some people think they can be happy in serving their own selfish feelings, so they choose this way, only to find a little later on that this is not a wise choice, either for themselves or any one else, for it can only lead to unhappiness.

If you make up your mind to serve the Good, be sure you do what Joshua told his people to do, put away the strange gods which are among you. These are thoughts that do not serve love, faith and purity. Be so faithful in your service that you will be just like those brave, loyal-hearted soldiers, who do the best they can, not only when the captain's eyes are upon them, but also when there is no one near to praise or blame.

LESSON VII. NOVEMBER 16.

The Time of the Judges. Judges 2:7-16.

GOLDEN TEXT—*They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses.*—Psa. 107:19.

This lesson should not be studied with the thought of putting fear in any heart, but to teach

the wisdom and love of right thinking and doing. When one knows the truth about a thing it saves him much sorrow and trouble. To know that fire burns and hot water scalds, is knowledge that ought to keep anyone from mis-using these. This lesson teaches us the truth about evil, and says that to forsake our good and serve evil will put us on the wrong side of life where everything looks unlovely.

It makes no difference, however, how many mistakes we make, the moment we are truly ready to be taken back into the good, we will find God is ready to help us. Sometimes people are serving gods like pride, worry, and when they feel sick and tired, they do not see that their false service is to blame, and so try in every way, except to cut themselves free from these false gods, to get well. They are like a lady I once saw in a buggy whipping the poor horse harnessed to it as hard as she could and trying to make him go, when all the time he was tied to a post as tight as could be. It was a little dark and she could not see the rope that held him.

Sometimes we have to look very carefully in order to see the rope that is holding us from freedom so as to cut it as soon as possible—this will heal all trouble as well as that which makes trouble.

Our golden text says, "They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them." It is not enough to just cry to God for help. Jesus said, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

LESSON VIII. NOVEMBER 23.

World's Temperance Lesson. Isa. 28:1-7.

GOLDEN TEXT — *They also have erred through wine.*—Isa. 28:7.

There are thousands of good people in the world who are trying to heal drunkards, and save them from the suffering intemperance brings, but most of these people are giving evil so much power and place, and hating whiskey and condemning drunkards so strongly, that this error is growing stronger right under their words and works. Since this way has failed to make people good, let us find a new way.

Intemperance of any kind will never leave this world, or the people let go of it, until temperance and truth are made so beautiful and attractive that the people will naturally forsake the one for the other. Let all those who love the truth go around with such bright shining faces that they

will advertise the beauty and joy of the true life, then they will never need to scold in order to make people good.

Temperance is self-control on all points, and not one of you is too young to learn your first baby lesson in this truth. There are two selves in each one of you, the real and the false, the God-self that always wills good, and the no-self that wants its own way. The God-self must rule this no-self by faith and love; this is self-control or temperance. When this no-self wants to be greedy and over-eat, this God-self must say, "No," and mean it.

When this no-self wants to shout and make a great noise so as to disturb the general peace, the God-self must come forward and demand silence. When this no-self wants to be cross and impatient, or wants to keep all the good things to itself, the God-self must step in and tell the truth to it. This is your temperance lesson, children; will you use it?

LESSON IX. NOVEMBER 30.


Gideon and the Three Hundred. Judges 7:1-8.

GOLDEN TEXT — *It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.*—Psa. 118:8.

Again we find Israel in trouble, this time with the Midianites, but God has promised never to leave them in distress, so in their hour of need He sent His angel to Gideon with this message, "Go, and set things right." Gideon is willing to do this, but he must have helpers, each one strong and brave to go forward to conquer the enemy.

There is a good thought here, for it teaches us that no matter what new and unexpected difficulty may come up, help is always close at hand. Let every fear thought, as Gideon did, drop out of the way, for such will give you no help, and when these are gone, still search your heart, and if any weakling is found put it out, that it may not keep you from victory. In the third chapter of Malachi, third verse, it reads, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and he shall purify them as gold and silver." This is what the Christ in us is doing, for we are like precious gold to Him, and He sits in our very center, throwing out and casting from the pure gold every wrong, every weakness, that our souls may shine out at last in perfect beauty.

He is as watchful as a silver-smith who waits to see his face reflected in his silver as it is heated over the fire that purifies it. Christ wants to see His face, His character, reflected in your soul and body, then is the battle won. Although error seems ten thousand strong, and Good only a little band of three hundred, yet will the Good prevail, for it is God while error is nothingness.



YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM



T WOULD seem as if *our* good "Aunt Mary" were not going to give you a chance to write without the gift of a card. Why, do you know, no sooner had the edict gone forth that our Wisdoms were to write for the little paper just because they loved to, than here comes a fresh package of pretty picture cards, each one bearing a written message of love written by Aunt Mary. And so Ye Editor has to go to work again, and keep a list of all the little letter writers, and package out to each one of these precious cards. Now, don't infer that Ye Editor is lazy or unwilling to do this, for it is really a delightful task, and while she does it she is picturing how the dear little Marys and Marthas and Johns look, and how these Truth messages will lodge in their minds and bring forth such wonderful harvests of good. Oh, yes, she *does love to send you good things*, and you love to get them, but then you love in turn to do the same to others, and that's what keeps the good busy. Blessed are the happy little thinkers that keep sending out the sunshine of life all the time.

Did you forget to tell what you had done about making a Sunshine Society of yourself? We must have a special column to tell about how we pass on the things that will make others happy. Maybe Mrs. Alden will write us a little starter for our Sunshine column.

Next month will bring us Christmas. You will all have some good message to exchange with each other for Christmas. We shall hope for lots of photo visitors too. Come early. Katie Kring tells us when Thanksgiving Day comes. Who will tell us when Christmas comes?

We are going to give you another chance to learn the Thanksgiving Song, which Ernst Krohn so kindly set to music two years ago. What a big choir we will make when we all sing it together on Thanksgiving Day. I say together, for the matter of miles cuts no figure when we are together in Spirit. And we *are* together in Spirit and in Truth. Do not forget the Thanksgiving Word Uncle John has given us to remember: "I thank the Father that Thou hast heard me, and I know Thou hearest me always." Isn't it a joy to know there is One who hears us always? That isn't all, either; there is One to answer us always: "Ask and ye shall receive." Do you understand well what the Jewel Word of this month means, "Avoid friction?" Did you ever open a door when the hinges made a great noise, as if they were in pain? Well that is caused by friction, and to avoid it your mamma or somebody else is pretty sure to come round soon with a little can of oil, and pour it on the noisy hinge, and then it turns noiselessly.

What kind of oil would you pour out to *prevent* the friction between two angry persons? The thought of peace and love. And then you would be a peacemaker. The peacemaker always comes with his something that helps everywhere to avoid friction.

✱

Little Mamie heard her mamma
Calling her from play;
Not one moment waited Mamie,
But she came straightway.

"I was thinking, mamma dear,
Where would be our day,
If the little golden sunbeams
Stayed in the skies to play?

"So I thought I'd hasten quickly
When I heard you call,
For little girls, like little sunbeams,
Should make it light for all."



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November!

WHEN IS THANKSGIVING DAY?

KATIE KRING.

Is Thanksgiving in the springtime,
 When the earth is growing green,
 When the cowslips in the meadow,
 And the violets are seen?

Is Thanksgiving in the summer,
 On some warm and sultry day,
 When grown-ups tire of labor,
 And children tire of play?

Is Thanksgiving in the autumn,
 When all the fruits are ripe,
 And the woods and hills and hollows
 Blaze with color rich and bright?

Is Thanksgiving in the winter,
 When the fleecy snow-flakes fall
 On earth so brown and gloomy,
 Changing it to a fairy hall?

Not in one, but all the seasons
 Is the time to thank and pray.
 We are blessed if we remember
 'Tis Thanksgiving every day.

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.

We congratulate the Unity Tract Society, in their successful effort to provide children's metaphysical literature, tasty, yet devoid of the common mawkishness which abounds in juvenile books as a rule.—*Gnostic Review*.

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

Wee Wisdom Library, Vol. III., by Mary Brewerton de Witt; paper, 25c.

The story is beautifully told, and personifies the virtues of Faith, Prudence and Patience, seeking each their special way into the garden of Wisdom. It tells the beautiful lesson of how each may enter into this garden, but that each by a special key of his own. Altogether the message which the little volume brings is told in entertaining story form, and will be a nice gift to children.—*The Higher Thought*, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Daddy Gander, by Francis Edgar Mason; boards, \$1.25.

Just Out (32 pages of Daddy Gander); paper, 50 cents.

Hodge Podge (32 pages of Daddy Gander); paper, 50 cents.

Fora's Happy Day, by Florence Peltier Perry; 48 pp; boards, 50 cents.

A little tale of Japan, that beautiful far-away land of many myths, where the cherry blossoms are revered, where the babies never cry, and where the children are always respectful to their parents. Nine full-page illustrations.

Morning Glories, by Fannie B. James; cloth, 40 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Lessons for the young. The Truth told in simple and interesting language.

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

This pretty story shows how the circumstances of an entire family were changed by the wishes of three little boys.

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

The narrative is pure and wholesome, thrilling and instructive, and full of human nature.—*Mind*. It is a decided hit in the realm of stories for boys and girls.—*Eleanor Kirk's Idea*.

Volume IV. of *Wee Wisdom Library* will soon be out. It contains Miss Kellerhouse's beautiful story, *Love's Roses*, and other favorites that have appeared in *WEE WISDOM*.

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 ts
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.