

# WEE WISDOM.

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





What have you put into the Sunshine Barrel this month? Mrs. Alden will be thinking we're not keeping our Sunshine column up to the standard if we don't begin to report some progress soon. There is n't anything that brings happiness so quickly as "doing something for somebody quick." There are so many things we can do when we are hunting for opportunities to do. There are books lying about that would give hours of pleasure to little folks that are less fortunate than you. Can't you arrange a way to get those books and these little folks who need them together? And pictures and toys that you have tired of, or out-grown, what about playing Santa and making Christmas Sunshine out of them? Then there are pretty dresses and warm jackets that have not kept up with your fast growing, hung away; why not find some dear little bodies that will just fit into them this winter? Oh, lots of things are waiting 'round for you to make Sunshine with. Here's a report from Mamie. Why can't you do something and tell us about it, too?

DEAR SUNSHINE BARREL — You know, I wondered what under the sun I was going to do, to do

something for somebody for Thanksgiving. Well, I always hear a baby squalling when I pass by that funny little house on L Street. I was n't in a hurry when I came from school that day, and some way I thought about Sunshine, and went up close and knocked at the door. A little girl with a crutch opened it, and then I saw the baby that cried. I'd a-cried too if I'd been a baby like that. It was lying on a bed, and it did n't want to, but the little girl could n't carry it, and their mamma was away washing, and I never knew folks could live like that. I did n't know just what to say for coming in like that, but I told her my name, and she said her's was Fanny, and she did n't have a very good time, 'cause her leg hurt her and baby was so cross. So I took baby up and gave him a good tossing 'round, and he got as happy, and Fanny asked me if I would come again. I got to thinking about it, and told mamma I wanted to make some Sunshine in that house, and so I felt as if I'd just give any thing I had to make Fanny feel good. I hunted all over the house, and I found a lot of things, and a little old jumper that used to be Jim's, 'cause Fanny could swing that, and some picture books for her. It's a good ways from our house, but I've carried a lot of things over. Papa says it looks as if I were moving, my arms are so full, but I'm so happy, for Fanny's getting happy, and I've told her she can get well, too, and baby likes to swing, and that makes him happy, too. And so I guess I've got one barrel of Sunshine for Thanksgiving.

— MAMIE.

"I will not forget to be kind in word and act to all living creatures today."



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## "MINISTERING ANGELS:" STORY OF TWO BOYS WHO TRIED IT.

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

A week later a carriage drove into the Snow's place. It was Mrs. Miles to call on Arthur's mother. The two ladies were alone for an hour or more.

In the meantime Arthur had gone in his pony cart to see Earl and to take him driving.

Arthur's parents were wealthy and could give him all manner of luxuries, and, being a generous boy, he was always thinking of someone else and giving all the pleasures he could to those not so well off.

Earl was one of these, and so the boys were great friends. They were often together.

It was a beautiful September day. Earl and Arthur started off up the mountain road towards Laquinitas with a good lunch stowed away in the back of the wagon, for it was their intention to go trout fishing in the lake.

"I wish Henry were along," said Arthur, as the horse wound up the mountain trail.

"We might have him next time."

"Yes, Mrs. Miles called on my

mother this morning, and said he was up now and ever so much better. She said it was all owing to us boys. That was good of her."

"I should say! Oh, Arthur, do look at that squirrel—in the road ahead—there, to the right," and Earl pulled Arthur's sleeve. "He's a jolly looking little chap! See how he stands on his hind legs to crack his nut. I guess it's an acorn. There, he's off, now he heard us."

Arthur flicked a fly off the horse's head before replying. "I had some squirrels once. I caught them out on the hill back of our house, but my mother pitied them, so I let them go and enjoy their freedom."

Thus the boys chatted, and before long the gate was reached leading to Lake Laquinitas.

Arthur showed his pass to the gatekeeper, and they were allowed to drive through.

The first thing the boys did was to make the horse comfortable, hitching him in the shade and giving him a bag

of oats. Then they went to work with their own lunch.

They found an ideal spot near the lake, where they opened their basket. "Mother always puts in what boys like," observed Arthur. "Here are cookies and a whole pie, and home-made doughnuts, hard-boiled eggs, cheese and crackers, and a bottle of sweet cider."

As Arthur talked he was taking things from the basket and spreading them out on a large napkin.

"Well, I should say!" exclaimed Earl. "Enough for four boys!"

After lunch the comrades spent two hours or more in fishing, but no fish would bite that day, so both were a little disappointed as they unfastened the horse and gathered up the traps to place in the cart.

"It's horrid to go home empty-handed," said Arthur disconsolately.

"We might gather some of this manzanita," suggested Earl; "the berries look pretty. Your sister might like it."

"Yes, and here are some woodwardia ferns," acquiesced Arthur.

"Some of these woodwardias are as tall as a man. Look at this one." Earl thrust a great tall frond into the back of the cart as he spoke.

"Now we must go," cried Arthur, "it's growing late."

The horse started at a good pace down the mountain. They were part way down when he shied violently to the left of the road.

"There, there, Jack, whoa! whoa!" said Arthur soothingly.

"Why, look!" cried Earl, "it's a man"—and he pointed—"in those bushes. No, Arthur, see, this side. He must have fallen."

Arthur drew in his reins, and Earl jumped out and ran to the man's side.

"Throw me the cup, quick!" cried Earl. "He's so white."

"I'll hold the Word," said Arthur, "while you get water."

"Hold him in God's Life—he's awfully white—you'd better," called back Earl, running to the stream with the cup and murmuring to himself as he filled it, "God is your life, life, life."

Upon his return with the cup, the man had opened his eyes and was looking vaguely about him.

"Here, drink this," and Earl pressed the cup to the stranger's lips. "How are you now?"

"Better, better—it's my heart. I have those dizzy spells," replied the man.

"Say!" cried Arthur from the cart, "if you're going down the mountain, I can give you a lift."

"Thank you, that's mighty kind of you. I'd like that real well. My wife'll be worried about me, it's late—ought to be home by two o'clock."

"There, lean on me, I'll help you," said Earl kindly, and presented his shoulder to the old gentleman.

"You're good boys," murmured the man gratefully.

Earl assisted him to the cart and motioned to Arthur that the man should take his place, and quietly slipped into the back on top of the ferns.

The old gentleman appeared to have forgotten his heart, and proved himself very companionable, entertaining the boys with stories of his own youthful fishing days.

"Well, bless me, I feel better than I have for weeks—that heart of mine!

Did you boys find me there 'side of the road in a faint, or was it sleep or dreaming I was? Why, I feel young!"

Earl was so delighted with this unconscious acknowledgment of the power of the Word that he burst out with, "We just told you that you were filled with life—God's Life, you know—and then you opened your eyes."

"What?" The old man then opened his eyes again, very wide this time. "Well, well, there are new things coming up all the time! But I am not making fun. I'll remember that—God is my life; hum! well, that is true. There's my home," he pointed to a low old rambling house, "and my wife'll be much obliged to you. Come in and see us sometime, and we'll have another talk about when we were boys together. Oh, my name's Maltern," and he went off chuckling to himself.

"He's a jolly fellow. Let's go and see him sometime," said Earl as they drove away.

[To be continued.]

### MRS. WASP TELLS HER STORY.

I AM only a mud-wasp, but I am rather fond of children myself, so I am telling this story for all the little folks to read.

First you must know that I have been building a neat little mud house, with one cell to hold each of my babies. It is just beneath Harold's piazza roof where it will be cool and shady for the little dears during the hot summer days.

Who is Harold? Why, you must know him! He is that dear little rosy-cheeked boy in a sailor suit who trudges off to kindergarten every morning with

his little lunch-box in his hand and a posy in his buttonhole. He used to look up every day to see how my house was progressing. "Goodby, Mrs. Wasp," he would say, "hurry and finish your house, for I want to see your babies." And I said goodby to him, in wasp fashion, of course, but I think he understood. Boys and girls generally do.

The other day—it was nearly noon,—I was flying about here and there looking for a nice new supply of clay for my house, and pretty soon I found myself near a large building. I felt at once that there was clay, wet clay just such as I wanted, quite near at hand. I was excited now, thinking, of course, how nice it would be to get the house finished for my babies.

I followed the sweet smell of the wet clay, and where do you suppose it led me? Right in through a great open window into a large airy room. And what a pretty sight I saw there!

Long rows of bright-eyed little boys and curly-haired little girls sitting in cunning little chairs at cunning little tables. And all the dear little hands were patting away at moist clay, making clay apples, if you will believe it!

There was a pretty young lady talking pleasantly to them and showing them how to mold the clay. She did pretty well with the moulding, but of course she couldn't do as good work as we wasps can. We have been moulding clay all our lives, you see.

Well, I flew about and was just settling down into the jar of clay that stood on the floor by the window, when a little girl pointed at me and exclaimed

[Concluded on page 10.]





# Tom Stories

As told to  
five-year-old Tom  
by Aunt Myrta

## CHAPTER III.

### THE GARDEN, AND WHY LEO COULDN'T STAY IN IT.

When Leo entered the garden he thought he was surely in fairyland, for it was the most beautiful place he had ever seen. Leo always loved flowers, so he was very much delighted with the beautiful flower beds. There were such cute little beds of pure pink flowers in the shape of hearts; and there were white and yellow ones that looked like stars. One little bed had all the colors of the rainbow, and was in the shape of a rainbow, too.

There was the sweetest little lake of blue water, with an island right in the center of it. The island was covered with trees, and the trees were full of roses, some white, some red, some pink, some yellow and some blue. The roses were covered with shiny stuff that looked like diamonds. Two little boys rowed up in a boat that looked like a pure white swan. They told Leo to get in and go and see the Island of Love. He asked Peace if he could go, and she said yes, if he would be very good.

She sat down on a seat beside a fountain of water, with a bed of roses on the other side, to wait for Leo. Leo got into the boat and sat down on a little velvet seat beside the boys. They had no oars to row with, but they whispered something to the boat, and it

started along over the clear, smooth water as nice as could be. In a few minutes they came to the island, where they got out and walked up a little hill. They left the boat right on the water and it did not float away, but waited for them.

The boys showed Leo some wonderful playthings that were kept to amuse the children who came there. There were horses and wagons that went by electricity, bicycles and tricycles that you could ride on without working at all. "Just get on this bicycle, Leo, and sit still and say, *Life and Power*, and it will go wherever you want it to." Leo tried it, and was delighted to find it worked nicely. There were only a few of that kind of bicycles, and they were soon all in use, for there were children coming in boats all the time. They would stay and play a while and then go away, for nobody seemed to live there all the time.

The boys who had come with Leo, and whose names were Royal and Truth, had been helping all the other boys and girls find bicycles, and so they were left without any. Leo was riding all over the island as fast as he could go, and thought he never had such fun in his life. He stopped once in a while to

look at the flowers or birds, but he soon started on again. He finally came back to where his friends were sitting under a rose tree. "Why don't you ride, too?" said Leo. "Oh, we are having a good time watching the rest. When you get tired we can take turns riding your wheel, for you see that kind are all in use now. Everybody likes them the best."

Leo had been riding for a long time, and something told him that he ought to get right off and let the other boys ride. There is always a voice whispering in our hearts and telling us what we ought to do, if we will only listen to it, but if we do not listen we cannot hear it. Leo heard it, but a selfish thought came to him that he would like to keep on riding himself. He was usually a very unselfish boy, but sometimes he liked to please himself instead of trying to please others. He thought he would take just one more ride around the garden, so he said, "Life and Power" to the wheel, but what do you suppose happened? The wheel didn't go at all, and Leo found himself lifted up and carried away, and in a moment was beside his sister, Peace, for you see he could not stay in the garden of Love when he was selfish.

Now Peace knew all that had happened, and she said to him, "Leo, you must sit in the Silence and fill your heart with Divine Love the first thing you do." But Leo looked cross, and the first time in his life he began to cry real loud. That was a sound very seldom heard in that country, and Leo never knew what made him do it, or how he learned to cry, but when he got started it seemed real easy, and he kept on louder and louder.

He never could tell how it happened,

but the next thing he knew he was sitting on a rock all alone in the middle of the ocean. There was nothing to see but the big bare rock and the water; there was nobody to talk to or to hear him cry. He was very much surprised and wondered what had become of Peace and the garden. Then he thought about his papa and mamma at home, and wondered if he would ever find them again. He got up and walked all over the big rock, but there seemed no means to get away. He was a brave little boy after all, and he knew it would do no good to cry now. He had always been taught that it *never* did any good to cry about things, and that the people in the Kingdom of Harmony never did such a thing.

He had heard that way off in heathen countries the children cried and fretted, and were selfish and quarreled, but he never wanted to see any of that kind of children. He had heard that in those countries the people were sick a great deal, and they never knew that it was all caused by thinking the wrong kind of thoughts. He had heard that these strange people took medicine when they were sick instead of asking God to cure them, and he thought he would not like to see such people or to be with them.

Now Leo remembered that when he was in trouble, the way to get out was to sit still and ask for help. So he shut his eyes and held this thought in the Silence, *I am God's perfect child, and I know just what to do.* Then he recalled, too, that he had forgotten to say his true words when he first got up that morning, and that was the reason of all his trouble, so he made up his mind that he would never forget it again. He also remembered that he had been taught that nobody could live in the Kingdom of Harmony when they were cross or selfish, so he knew he must have gotten clear outside the Kingdom.

As he sat there thinking, he became very still, so still that all the cross feeling went away and he was very

happy. He knew now he was God's child wherever he might be, and he could never go where God was not. He felt, too, that God was the Spirit of Love and Truth in him and all around about him, that it was only because he had forgotten he was God's child that all this had come to him.

As he thought of this a fairy appeared to him, though his eyes were shut. She was very beautiful with long golden hair and a pink crown. Her name was Love; and she whispered into his heart, *Love! love! you are filled with Divine Love; you love everybody!* Suddenly Leo felt full of love and joy, then he opened his eyes and found himself sitting in the parlor at home, and his mamma was just coming into the room. He was so glad to see her he ran and threw his arms around her neck, and whispered, "Oh, mamma, I am so glad to be home again, but I have had a lovely time."

"You have learned a lesson, too, haven't you, dear?" his mamma asked as she sat down and took him on her lap. "Yes, mamma, and it wasn't very nice for a little while, when I first found myself on the big rock, but as soon as I remembered my Truth words, I was all right. I don't want ever to get outside the Kingdom of Harmony again, mamma, for it makes me feel so lonesome; I am *sure* I won't ever cry again."

"I hope not. I never want to see my little boy on that rock of discord again. You know, though, it must all depend upon yourself, nobody else can ever save you from it. Here comes Peace." Then they all went to the piano and sang, "God is Love," and were very happy.

Leo wondered if they would ever get clear to the top of that big Patience tree, and Peace said they would try again sometime. Leo said he would like to know what they'd find on top of it. His sister told him that it was a long way up there and it took lots of patient work to reach its height. Leo

was so very happy to be at home again, that he felt like being very good to everybody.

So he went out to the wood-shed and brought in wood and cobs for his mamma without being asked, and mamma told him he was a dear good boy. He was glad to see dog Bruno, who thought lots of him, and stayed out on the grass a long time talking to Bruno. Do you suppose Bruno understood him? He went out to the barn, too, and talked to the horses, and then hunted up his pet kitten who was generally looking for him, but had gone for a walk down the road. Leo told all of them about the beautiful places he had seen, but he didn't say much about the rock in the ocean.



Cunning little Victor,  
Standing here alone;  
Talking to his papa  
Through the telephone.  
"Hello papa's baby."  
Papa says, "Hello"  
Answers little Victor,  
"Dood-bye, time to do."

—N. D. H.



## THE LITTLE MAID'S "AMEN."

A rustle of robes as the anthem  
Soared gently away on the air—  
The Sabbath morn's service was over,  
And briskly I stepped down the stair;

When, close in a half-lighted corner,  
Where the tall pulpit stairway came down,  
Asleep crouched a tender, wee maiden,  
With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled was I by the vision,  
But gently to wake her I spoke;  
When, at the first word, the small damsel,  
With one little gasp, straight awoke.

"What brought you here, fair little angel?"  
She answered, with a voice like a bell,  
"I tum tos I've dot a sick mamma,  
And want oo to please pray her well!"

"Who told you?" began I—she stopped me;  
"Don't nobody told me at all;  
And papa can't see tos he's cryin',  
And 'sides, sir, I is n't so small.

"I'se been here before with my mamma—  
We tummed when you ringed the big bell;  
And ev'ry time I'se heard you prayin'  
For lots o' sick folks to dit well."

Together we knelt on the stairway,  
As humbly I asked the Great Power  
To give back health to the mother,  
And banish bereavement's dark hour.

I finished the simple petition,  
And paused for a moment—and then  
A sweet little voice at my elbow  
Lisped softly and gently, "Amen!"

Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward—  
The little maid's tongue knew no rest;  
She prattled and mimicked and carolled—  
The shadow was gone from her breast;

And lo! when we reached the fair dwelling—  
The nest of my golden-haired waif—  
We found that the dearly loved mother  
Was past the dread crisis—and safe.

They listened, amazed at my story,  
And wept o'er their darling's strange quest;  
While the arms of the pale, loving mother  
Drew the brave little head to her breast.

With eyes that were brimming and grateful,  
They thanked me again and again;  
Yet I know in my heart that the blessing  
Was won by that gentle, "Amen."

—Expositor.

## Mrs. Wasp tells her Story.

(Continued from page 5.)

in a frightened voice: "Oh, dear! There's a wasp! He'll sting us!" (She didn't know us, you see, or she would have understood that we never sting except in self-defence.)

"Oh," said the pretty teacher, "he is a mud-wasp, and he wants our clay for his house! Come, let us see him roll up his ball of clay and carry it off!"

Then they all crowded about the jar and watched me, all except the one little girl who was afraid. She hung back and held on to the teacher's dress.

I rolled up a ball neatly and quickly for them, and—well—most of them jumped back a little when I flew up (I'm sure I didn't mean to frighten them), but they watched me as I flew straight for the window and for home.

Just as I was leaving the room, I heard a familiar voice say: "I do believe that's my own wasp that's building his house under my piazza roof."

I looked back, and sure enough, it was my little Harold!

Of course when I had used up that clay ball, shaped it, and patted it, I flew directly back for more, but the big window was shut tight. I looked in, but the teacher and all the children were gone. Then I had to hunt about till I found more clay down by the edge of the water, all I wanted to finish my house.

I passed all the kindergarten little folks that day on their way home, and I heard them talking about me.

One little fellow said he thought it the funniest thing in the world that my babies should be fat white grubs instead of wasps like their mother!

Another said: "How does she know

enough to sting spiders and put them in the cells alive for the little grubs to feed on?"

A little blue-eyed girl spoke then. She said: "I don't think I should like spiders to eat. But isn't the mother wasp nice to know how to mould such nice clay houses without ever being taught!"

Then my Harold, who is a lively little fellow and never keeps still a minute, said: "I'm glad little boys don't have to be shut up in a cell like baby wasps, and stay there all alone and never move a bit till they grow to be men!"

Well, I don't believe he would have enjoyed it, but there, we wasps are used to that, you see, and we don't mind it.

I finished my house the day after that, and then I laid my eggs, one in each cell.

Of course I put in a plentiful supply of spiders, so the little things wouldn't go hungry.

Now I have the dearest little family of babies you ever saw. Why don't you come and see them?

— M. L. HAMMILL in *Practical Ideals*.



Here's Ronald with his dashing steed,  
Right merrily he goes;  
Armed with that charming little smile,  
He'll put to flight all foes.

"For smiles are better far than guns,  
And loving words are too."  
I'm sure this little knight would say,  
If he could speak to you.

— N. D. H.

## THE JOYFUL CIRCLE.

The Joyful Circle sends you all greetings.

What is the Joyful Circle? Why, it's a band of workers in the Unity Sunday School at Kansas City, who make it their business to enjoy themselves, and see that everybody else enjoys himself.

This band works under a set of by-laws framed by its members.

The purpose of this society is to bring the young folks together, and create a live interest in the work. It is also to help express the joy of the School in songs of gladness.

This society meets, until further notice, at the homes of its various members at 7:30 every Saturday evening. This early hour of meeting gives them a chance to practice their songs and transact their business before it grows late.

This happy crowd has met three times, and its numbers are constantly growing. A boy who plays the cornet, and his sister who plays the violin, have just joined, and other musicians will soon follow. With Mrs. Jessie Sloan and Mrs. Edith Haseltine to direct the music, the Circle has done well in its songs, and will continue to do better and better in the future.

Why not start a Joyful Circle in your town? Write to the Joyful Circle, care of WEE WISDOM, if you are interested, and a copy of its by-laws, with any suggestions you may desire as to the work, will be sent as soon as possible.

The work has just begun, but the interest is rapidly growing. The Circle expects to give a special Hallowe'en party.

— THE SECRETARY.



*Class Word*—WE PRAISE THEE, OUR BEAUTIFUL, BOUNTIFUL GOD.

*Jewel Word*—GRATITUDE.

*Verse Word*—

All is yours, 'tis but by asking —  
E're you send your silent plea  
Heaven unlocks her richest treasures  
For your waiting eyes to see.

— "Truth in Song," No. 70.



## WEE WISDOM'S LETTER TO YOU.

DEAR WISDOMS — You are so good to write me letters. I thought I would write you one and tell you how glad I am to visit you in your homes and see all your dolls and pets, and hear your happy songs. Maybe you never stop to think about my being anything more than a little white paper just lying around wherever you put me, so I want to tell you I am really and truly more than that. *I am a friend in need.* I am come to your house to help you be *wise and well and willing.* And while you sleep I am putting pillows of down under your heads, and holding over you my words of love and truth. I never forget that I come to your home to bring harmony and blessings to it, and whatever I may hear, I go right on loving and blessing you and your dear home just the same. I tell you this so you may always remember I am, Your loving

WEE WISDOM.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have been thinking of writing to you for a long time, so will now put my thought into action, and write to you in hopes you will receive it for the Thanksgiving number. As Thanksgiving is almost here I enclose 25 cents for a Thanksgiving offering. I find I am not helping much in getting new subscribers, but must get at it. I have been troubled with my eyes a little, but am better now. Mamma says the Truth must shine through them. The Truth is Christ, for Christ said, "I am the way, the truth and the life." I hope you will become acquainted with me, and I know some good thoughts will be sent as is sent to all the Wees to help them live close to the Good. Let us always begin by choosing the Good, for by choosing the Good we will live with the Truth. Yours with love,

ALTHEA SNELL.

[WEE WISDOM returns thanks for your thanks-offering and love, Althea; it will help somebody else be glad.—ED.]

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FT. MEADE, FLA.

DEAR UNITY—Enclosed find 50 cents for one year's subscription for WEE WISDOM. I am a little girl nine years old. I have one brother and three sisters. I am the oldest. I have one little sister six years old named Myrtle, after Mrs. Fillmore.

Yours, EFFIE SMITH.

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COOPWOOD, MISS.

DEAR EDITOR—It has been a good while since I have written to you. I am so glad to get the little paper to read. I like to read the little letters and Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons, and all the rest of the pieces and stories in WEE WISDOM. Well, I would liked to have been with the Wees on WEE WISDOM's birthday. I am glad all had a nice time. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I am in the Bible Class, and we have a nice time. I hope to see my letter in print. I thank you for that extra copy you sent me. Well, I will close for this time. With best wishes to all of the little Wees. I will write more next time. I remain ever, Your friend,

MARY ROBERTSON.

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CARBONDALE, ILL.

DEAR MR F.—I thought I would write to you and thank you for treating my leg. It is nearly well. I am now in Carbondale with my grandma for a few weeks' visit. The doctors said it would be five or six months before I could walk, but I could walk by the middle of the third month. I can walk fine now. I feel that by your prayers I am saved from being a cripple for life. Your loving little friend,

ROBERT A. WILLARD.

[Robert's home is in Old Mexico. He has come a long way to be with the dear grandma

who had the healing truth spoken for him a few months ago when Robert was run over by a car, and this blessed little leg he tells of was apparently crushed and broken. We are so glad for Robert that he is free and happy again, and we know his grandma will teach him the secret of keeping so.—ED.]

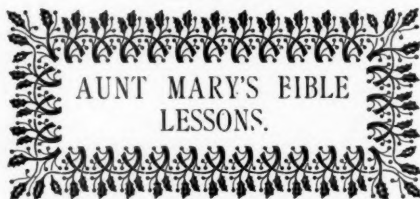
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BATH, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As I have two new subscribers to WEE WISDOM, I will forward money for same. Am I not entitled to the book of "Elsie's Little Brother Tom"? Very kindly yours,

JENNIE C. SCHOFIELD.

[Yes, Jennie, and your book has been sent. We thank you for these new friends, and trust there'll be more to follow.—ED.]



## LESSON VI. NOVEMBER 6.

Joash, the Boy King—11. Kings 11:1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT—*When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice.*—Prov. 29:2.

No good thought or idea is ever lost. It lives always somewhere. We read that Joash was kept hidden for six years. Then he was shown to the people and hailed as the King's son.

We may shut away a good thought for a time, but some day we open the heart's door and let it come forth, and thus call it out, as it were, and allow it to do good work.

The soul is the King's house, and here dwells the King's Son, the Christ. The King's Son, the Christ within, is always protected and cared for by legions of angels, that is, by heavenly thoughts. We might call these soldiers, for they protect, as in the lesson. The temple is the body, and the soldiers, or protecting thoughts, are hovering about the body to keep it from harm. "No harm shall come nigh thy dwelling."

Atthaliah represents the false thought that tries to pull down the good. But the untrue thought is soon made powerless in the presence of Divinity. She (Atthaliah) was first a *no-thought*. God protects His own, and His own are good at heart.

This story teaches us that good thoughts are all-powerful, that they are protected, and that the people are joyous when the good is uppermost, reigning over all. Joash was supported by God. *There is only one power, the power of good.*

## LESSON VII. NOVEMBER 13.

Joash Repairs The Temple.—II, Kings 12:4-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*We will not forsake the house of our God.*—Neh. 10:27.

Keep in your mind always that the body—your true body—is the real house of the Lord, the living temple of God.

This lesson has a great meaning for us, so let us find the real, and not just read the chapter as we would a fairy story.

First, Jehoash or Joash, made up his mind to improve his time by restoring the house of the Lord. Had not the people forgotten God in a great measure? How could they best remember Him? Why, by giving up the best that they had—money seemed what they considered best, as told in the lesson. Hard thoughts were put away, and great love was given—the free-will offerings. The priests were to do the work of gathering this in.

Did you ever know a boy or girl who kept putting off doing his or her lesson, so that when the time came for the teacher to say, "Now, let me hear you recite," no lesson had been learned? Then the child felt ashamed.

So the priests put off and put off, and let time slip by, and the house of the Lord still needed repairing. There were false thoughts flying about making trouble. After Joash reminded one of the priests, they went to work with a greater will gathering good, storing it, and then giving it forth to the good work of repairing the house of God and paying the workmen, also.

The people had been worshipping idols. Now they turned to follow God, thus making their own bodies a fit place for the Lord's indwelling. This lesson teaches you to give freely to God. Never be afraid of loss, for in giving to God you bless yourself.

## LESSON VIII. NOVEMBER 20.

Isaiah's Message to Judah.—Isa. 41:9, 16-20.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Cease to do evil; learn to do well.*—Isa. 1:16, 17.

We rebel against God and disobey when we do not listen to the voice within, the Christ voice that can lead us into all good.

Judah means *Praise*. The good Isaiah saw how miserable and sick the tribe of Judah were when they forgot to rejoice and be glad and give thanks to the Giver of Good. To believe in the power and presence of evil is to believe in a false god: to complain and to give up to evil conditions is to bow down and serve evil. "*Cease from evil.*"

"If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land." Think of always living upon good! and why not, since *God is good and God is all?* When we turn away from God, we turn away from our life and health, for *God is Life*. To rejoice in God is to rejoice in our life and

health, and so to eat the good of our land and be strong and well. When we learn to do this we *learn to do well*, for we put our whole trust in the Giver of all good, and are willing to express more and more loving obedience to the Wisdom that knows. It is easy to cease from evil when we keep praising the good. Praise brightens and magnifies and blesses and increases till there is no end of good.

Since in God there is no evil, I refuse to believe in the reality of evil.

God is the fulness of all my Good; in Him will I trust.

## LESSON IX. NOVEMBER 27.

Temperance Lesson.—Isa. 28:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT—*They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way.*—Isa. 28:7.

There is no real evil anywhere, for good is everywhere present, and fills all the universe. What evil or wrong there is comes from man's thought alone. "'Tis only thinking makes it so." What we believe to be wrong we must keep away from, and hold only to what we know is good.

By thinking of food and drink and what we are to wear, continually, we cannot think of God, and if we don't remember God we are apt to bring trouble upon ourselves.

You know that if you pick a great many peaches and keep eating and eating until you are so filled that you are uncomfortable, you are disobeying your parents; trouble follows. You keep thinking how wrong it was to disobey and be so gluttonous, therefore your stomach begins to cry out and you are very uncomfortable. That is intemperance. We must never be extreme in our actions. One peach is all right, but ten peaches stuffed down is all wrong.


We must be wise, using what is called common sense. No one need run into trouble and danger, but each one can keep out of such things by asking for more wisdom. If you are God-like, you will be satisfied with one or two peaches, and a sensible amount of anything. God is satisfaction.

I heard once of a little girl who owned one hundred dolls. To me, that seems as far from God-like as drinking too much wine. This child could not play with all her dolls at once, but she could have made many little girls happy who had no dolls. I was told this little girl was very unhappy, never satisfied. Her happiness would have shown itself if she had learned how to make others happy. What joy it is to be able to bring pleasure to others!

Be unselfish. Be loving. Declare, *I am God's unselfish, thoughtful child. I love Truth. I love to give love.*

"Goodness is beauty in its best estate."





### YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



ND still the flowers bloom and the grass springs up fresh and green, and Winter postpones his annual coming. It's real good of the frosty old fellow to let us have the companionship of these bright children of sun and and soil a little longer. Do you know these flowers speak to us in a language of their own? Those plumes of scarlet salvia wave me back a wonderful message of life every time I look their way. And that cluster of pink vincas whispers of "love, love; love," while the graceful vine trailing over the fence tells through a hundred little purple trumpets of "power, power, power." How can I forget the presence of Life and Love and Power with all these tongues of color proclaiming it continually to my senses? When the Winter comes, what then? Who knows but down under the ground, where all this growth-life keeps its winter home in peace and safety, there be not schools where these fair children are taught more and more excellent ways of proclaiming in form and color the beauties and wonders of Divine Intelligence.

When we get our minds awake and our eyes wide open, we will find that the whole universe is telling us something about the Ever-Presence of Harmony and Intelligence. We will learn that everything knows with us, and there is response everywhere to our thought and word. Let us, then, like the flowers, speak forth only that which shall glorify

the presence of Life, Love, Wisdom and Power, and make bright and beautiful our world for whoever comes into it.

I am going to tell you a little story Mrs. Cramer told one evening in one of her lessons here. A little boy had a bulldog, and one day the dog got into a fight with another dog, and got the worst of it. He came out a sad and sorry dog, all bruised and torn. His little master straightway took him to a veterinary surgeon and had his wounds and bruises bound up and treated. The mother of the little boy was a scientist, and he was a believer also. So his little comrades, knowing this, rallied him on taking his dog to a veterinary surgeon and having remedies applied, and his defense was: "Yes, my mother is a scientist, and I know she could cure the dog alright, but I don't want *all the fight taken out of him.*"

A dear little girl came into our class one evening. She was a stranger to us, but yet our eyes kept wandering over that way. The pretty white dress looked very fresh, and the hair and ribbons very dainty, but it wasn't that. She sat very upright in her chair with evident interest in her face, but the "sleepy man" would come round and it took a big effort to keep the nod-nods from making her lose her balance, but determination kept the little head pretty steady, and at last the lecture was over and then—Why! it was little Gladys Troy of New Mexico, and she had coaxed her mamma to stop off in Kansas City, on their way from the World's Fair, just to see where WEE WISDOM lived. It was such a little time to see her it seems almost like a little dream girl to to me now. But we know each other better don't we, Gladys?



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## MAMIE'S THANKSGIVING.

*Dear Lord, I am thankful, so thankful,  
That You are never away.  
I'm sure I don't know what would happen  
If You would go off and stay.*

*For Life would be sure to go with You,  
And then nobody could live;  
And the flowers and grass would wither,  
And the sun no light could give.*

*There would never be anything doing;  
There'd never be anything done.  
Without You, O Lord, there is nothing—  
Not anything under the sun.*

*So I'm thankful, dear Lord, so thankful,  
That You are with us today,  
For I know all the good and blessings  
Wherever You are must stay.*

— M F.

You were glad of Miss Rix's message last month! WEE WISDOM was just about ready to go to press when she came, and what should Ye Editor do but set her down in the corner with orders to bring forth something good for WEE WISDOM.

The promised book by our little authors is ready. Some little delay prevented its appearance in October, but it is on hand for Holiday uses. There never was such a production before. It

is "the only original," and *you* wrote it all yourselves. Everybody will want a copy. Our young artist has designed the cover and given it the title, "Droppings From Little Pens." We will get the authors' copies to them just as soon as possible.

## DROPPINGS FROM LITTLE PENS.

Is a little book by little authors, published by Unity Tract Society, is just out. Price, 25 cents.

Be sure and send for one and see what children can do.

## REMEMBER.

*Remember* to watch the date on your WEE WISDOM wrappers, and renew promptly. Unless you notify us it will be stopped at expiration of year. After this you will find subscription blank in the last number due you.

*Remember* each little contributor to WEE WISDOM will get an extra copy containing the story or letter he or she has written.

*Remember* to always give your full address in every letter you write us, or else you are liable not to get your extra paper.

*Remember* WEE WISDOM's address is 1315 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo., and always direct your letters good and plain.

*Remember* that for two 50-cent subscriptions you can have *Elsie's Little Brother Tom*; or *Wee Wisdom's Way*; or any one number of *Wee Wisdom's Library*; or an extra subscription to *Wee Wisdom*.

*Remember* WEE WISDOM always wants her little Truth lovers to send in their best and happiest thoughts, tell about their demonstrations and help others to find the way to be well and happy.

*Remember* every new subscriber you get, and every home you put WEE WISDOM in, you are sowing the seeds of harmony, health, happiness.

# PRETTY LEAVES.

First Verse by LeRoy Moore.  
Second and third by M. F.

Melody by LeRoy Moore.  
Accompaniment by Jessie Sloan.

Very Slow.

1. See, the leaves are fall-ing, fall-ing, Pret-ty leaves, pret-ty leaves;  
2. Hap-py chil-dren, sing-ing, sing-ing, Pret-ty leaves, pret-ty leaves;  
3. Hap-py fan-cies, com-ing, go-ing, Pret-ty leaves, pret-ty leaves;

Hear the spar-rows call-ing, call-ing, From the trees, from the trees;  
In their arms rich treasures bringing From the trees, from the trees;  
Lit-tle hearts are full of know-ing, Pret-ty leaves, pret-ty leaves

Lit-tle snowflakes soon will cov-er All the leaf-lets and the clo-ver,  
Glad with col-or bright and golden, Glows the earth so brown and old-en  
'Tis the love and joy of do-ing Fills the earth with one glad woo-ing

When the Au-tumn days are o-ver, Pret-ty leaves, pret-ty leaves.  
By thy lav-ish hues em-bold-en, Pret-ty leaves, pret-ty leaves.  
Ev-'ry one with Good em-bu-ing, Pret-ty leaves, pret-ty leaves.

