

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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A CAKE OF MAPLE SUGAR.

POLLY was tugging home the molasses jug, one morning, when she heard a window open and her own name called softly—

"Polly, Polly Jackson! Please come here a minute."

Polly knew that soft voice belonged to Miss Frisbie, a little plain but very good-hearted old lady, who was always doing queer, pleasant things for everybody.

So Polly went up to the window.

"I have the dressmakers here today, Polly," said Miss Frisbie, "and I want some one who is ready and nimble to run errands for me. Can you come?"

"Oh, yes'm!" cried Polly, with sparkling eyes, "if mother's willing. I'll ask her."

And away she sped as fast as ever she could with the heavy jug to carry—away to a tumble-down little house on a dirty street, where she lived with her father and mother, and Peter, and little lame Tony.

Polly's mother was a pale, quiet woman, who never said "no" when "yes" would do as well.

So she put a clean apron over Polly's not very clean dress, and let her go.

There were a good many errands to run—for a bit of silk here, and a spool of twist there; but Polly found plenty of time to look through and through again the beautiful picture books which Miss Frisbie hunted up for her.

When it was time to go home Miss Frisbie said with a little twinkle in eyes:

"You've been a good girl, Polly, and

I've had Bridget make you this. It's much nicer than those sold at the shops."

What do you guess it was? A little scalloped cake of maple sugar.

Polly took it in her hand and made a courtesy.

"Thank you, ma'am," she said.

But she was a little disappointed.

"I'd rather 'twould have been five cents to buy Tony one o' them tops that spin both ways," she said to herself, as she scampered home. But when she saw how lame Tony's eyes brightened at sight of the dainty, sweet morsel, she wasn't sorry after all.

She got the mallet and a case knife.

"There's going to be four pieces," she said to Peter who was tugging at her dress; "one for mother, and one for Tony, and one for you and one for me." But the knife wouldn't go through. Polly looked to see what the matter was.

Just one look, then, "Oh, my sakes!" and Polly went spinning round and round in a wild little dance.

It was only another of Miss Frisbie's queer, pleasant things. Imbedded in the little brown cake were four new, shining silver dimes.

"It's just the way I said," cried Polly, "one apiece."

So they ate the sugar, well content, and Tony had his top.

— *The Little Wanderer.*

"A larger kindness give to me,
A deeper love and sympathy.

Then oh, one day

May someone say—

Remembering a lessened pain—

'Would she could pass this way again.'



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Story About Pearl Drop.

BY M. ALICE SPRADLIN.

CHAPTER IV.

LESSON OF THE CURRENT AND THE MOSS.

“WELL, I declare, here I am in my own element!” said Pearl Drop. “See the Water Drops all around me. But they don’t seem to recognize me in my shiny robes. But I am sure they will help me to free myself, and then I can have a happy, joyous time,” for this thought was ever uppermost in Pearl Drop’s mind, and it was only when it was interfered with that she was miserable.

The stream was somewhat muddy, and Pearl Drop recognized many of her companions of the storm on the night before. This made her hesitate to ask help, for somehow she felt that she got them into trouble and then forsook them at the first opportunity. And then she did not like to let them know that she was tangled up in a worm’s slime, even though that worm had proven himself to be gentle and noble, a kind friend, on the back of whom she had ridden to her own element. Poor little Pearl Drop had much to learn yet. But selfish

pride could not long outdo selfish enjoyment, and she made bold to ask the crowd around her to help her free herself.

“You will have to apply to the Current of the stream. We can only do his orders,” responded a drop who was passing by.

It seemed to Pearl Drop that everyone was in a hurry, and she was catching the spirit, too, and longed to go with them, but try as she would she could not free herself from the slime that still clung to the body of the worm. Finally throwing out an earnest thought she attracted the attention of the Current who asked her what she desired.

“I want to be free from this slimy robe, and become a round Water Drop,” eagerly replied Pearl.

“That I cannot do for you,” briskly responded the Current. “It is one of our un failing laws that so long as anything is among us it must be kept moist, therefore someone must stay with this mesh of slime. Why not you as well

as anyone? If it is not agreeable to you, why do you want others to do it in order that you might be free? Besides we have no power to transform. We can only change from place to place. We can wash the mesh away from the body of the worm, and send you down the stream or you can cling to it and be eaten by a fish, and be transformed into a Blood Drop or a bit of flesh, if you think you would like that better."

"No, no! Wash me away quick, quick," cried Pearl Drop, "I don't want to be eaten by a fish."

"Just as you like," responded the Current, as he sent a rushing flow against the mesh of slime until its hold was broken, and it floated down the stream. Pearl Drop sailed away in her glistening robes, with a sense of relief.

"At least I have more freedom, and can see different things as I float along," she thought.

But just then she floated against a moss-grown stone, and was held fast.

"Well, it does seem I never enjoyed anything in my life but what it was taken away, and it seems I can never do anything or be anything that I really desire. I don't like my father, and I can't get back to my mother; truly this life is a miserable life. And yet I must go on living whether I want to or not. What can all this misery mean?" thought Pearl Drop wringing her hands.

"You do not seem to be happy," whispered the Moss, "will you tell me your troubles?"

"Happy!" tartly answered Pearl Drop, "Happy! when you hold me here and will not let me float down the

stream? How can you expect me to be happy?"

"Was it not you that cried to the Current that you did not want to be eaten by a fish?" asked the Moss.

"Yes, it was, but what has that to do with it?"

"Well, it was because you expressed that wish that I caught and held you here in shallow water where fish do not come."

"And you really mean this as a kindness?" asked Pearl Drop, with confusion.

"Yes, all the experiences that come to any of us come in the spirit of kindness, if we will but accept them as such."

Pearl Drop could not quite understand, but she felt hushed and remained silent, and at last began to think. This was, indeed, a good sign, and the wise old Moss, who had learned patience and contentment through many years of waiting and growing, was too wise to disturb her.

This was the first quiet opportunity Pearl Drop had taken to recall her experience with the Earth Worm. Gradually the simple truths that he had spoken, and the kind, gentle spirit he had shown, even when cruelly tortured by a stronger hand, all came back to her, and she became calm and quiet, and, for the first time in her existence, she felt deep down in her heart of hearts that she would like to know the great secret of contentment.

"Is it for me ever to know it, I wonder. The worm was different from me. He seemed to be something that could move and go around at will. To be sure, he could not move very fast — not

as fast as I have moved," as she thought of her experience in the storm, "but I can't move at all unless something outside of myself helps me, and then I seem to be only a part of larger things. Here I am still entangled in a part of his body, and even my own comrades can not free me so I can mingle freely with them. Oh, there are so many things to understand! I feel faint and discouraged. If I could only ask Father Sun," and she was strangely conscious of a great longing to go to her father and tell him all.

Just then a bucket was dipped into the water close to the rock where Pearl Drop was held, and she was caught up, slime and all, and carried in a bucket and poured at the roots of some violets. The free drops soon trickled away under ground, but little Pearl Drop was held by her jelly robes on the surface. All that night she lay and looked up at the clouds above her, and wished that she might be there once again.

Early in the morning a bright sunbeam came to her, and said, "My child, I know your desire. I have heard your thoughts, and I shall free you of your earth's fetters for awhile, but don't forget that the greater part of your life's work is to be done on the earth and not above it."

With this the beam grew warmer and warmer, and soon Pearl Drop was once more mist floating off into the air, leaving behind her a fine network of a dried-up substance. But she was now a much wiser drop than when she first floated off from her mother's bosom.

[To be continued.]

THE SELFISH LITTLE MUFF.

BY LUCY KELLERHOUSE.



T was a little muff of white rabbit fur, just large enough for two small hands. Once a week Elsie Dorn carried it to Sunday School; and, on real cold days, to the Grammar School. It had always been much admired, both for its soft white fur and blue silk lining. However, the lining was now worn, but this Elsie did not mind, for she still loved her little white muff.

But one day, it was a week before Christmas, Aunt Mollie came to Elsie's home. She could not remain until that bright day, for invalid grandma would miss her; so she went down town and bought something for mamma, and something for papa, and for Elsie she bought a muff and tippet of gray squirrel fur.

This was too much for the little white muff. Through a crack in its box, it watched Elsie, too eager to wait for Christmas day, gaily flaunt the gray muff and tippet, and all alone it sulked out its little heart. Elsie's hands crept so lovingly into the new muff; and she declared, so loudly that the little white muff could hear, that the new one was larger and finer than the old one, and had a pretty satin lining. This deeply wounded the little white muff as it sat very still in its dark box, looking wistfully through the crack.

Christmas came on Tuesday, and on the Sabbath before, Elsie had counted on wearing her new muff and tippet to Sunday School. But mamma said no, she could not have them until Christmas; besides, mamma had purloined them to hang upon the Christmas tree. So some-

what disconsolately Elsie walked forth with the faded blue cord snuggled once more around her neck.

There were eight girls in Elsie's class; but only seven little muffs were there, and one pair of brown wool gloves hungry at the finger tips. As dear sweet Miss Lowry told the old, old Christmas story to the children, the little white muff sat in Elsie's lap and looked at the other muffs, and at the pair of brown wool gloves. Then a thought crept into its mind, a good little thought, which it tried to put aside.

"No," it said positively, "I belong to Elsie. Even if she does not need me any more, I'll sit in the box at home and look at her through the crack, and see how often she takes out the gray muff. I believe that she loves me just a little yet, and sometimes perhaps she will take me out with her, if only to keep the new muff nice. No, little brown wool gloves, ragged at the tips, stop looking at me. I belong to Elsie Dorn."

And so the white muff returned home with Elsie and cuddled into its box for the rest of the day, like a soft, sleepy cat. Yet all the time it was thinking hard about a pair of wool gloves out at the finger tips. It wondered if the fingers got cold through those holes, and ached. Seven muffs in the Sunday School class; now there were eight, but two belonged to Elsie Dorn. It was very nice for Elsie to have two muffs, for then she need never tire of one.

"That gray squirrel muff is not half so pretty as I am," said the little white muff. "It is a little Quaker, while I am white and blue and fair. No, I was never meant for little rough red hands,

but for the soft white fingers of Elsie Dorn."

And thus through the day it reasoned; for the thought of the wool gloves, out at the fingers, would not be put aside.

Now the little white muff began to wonder what was on the Christmas tree beside the gray muff and tippet. Yesterday, through the crack in its box, it had seen a doll almost a yard high, dressed in pink silk, and a shining pair of skates, being taken downstairs into the mysterious room where the tree stood. Then reluctantly it thought of a small stocking hanging behind a kitchen stove, and of what would be put within it. Perhaps some candy, a bright ribbon, and a handkerchief with a blue border.

"Maybe," it added hopefully, "there will be some new wool gloves, or a pair of red mittens."

By-and-by Elsie took the white muff from the box. She hung the blue cord around her neck and tucked her fingers into the soft interior.

"I shouldn't look so well against an old black coat as a new tan one," it said, as Elsie pressed her soft pink cheek against the velvet fur. "Ah, no one will ever love me as Elsie does!"

And the little white muff sighed happily as Elsie returned it to its box. Yet it persistently thought of the wool gloves which had looked so appealingly at it that morning.

"I am sorry," thought the little white muff, "but I cannot help those holes. Dear me, ragged woolen gloves have no business to be in a select company of fur muffs. I certainly prefer the delicate touch of Elsie's kid gloves."

But there was the new gray muff

awaiting her on the Christmas tree, and no muff would hang on the nail behind that kitchen stove, for the owner of that stocking had no father.

"Yes, I am sorry," it thought. "If I were really sure that Elsie did not want me—but no, she will have plenty of use for me yet. Besides, I was given to her, and no one should find fault if she has two muffs."

Yet, after all, suppose that a muff should hang on that nail! How happy and proud would the owner of the wool gloves be! That night the little white muff had dreams of Christmas, and loving and giving; and in the morning Elsie took it from its box, and brought out a piece of soft new garnet silk that Aunt Mollie had given her for her doll, carrying both to her mother.

"I shall look like new with a new lining," thought the little white muff, "and the owner of the wool gloves need not feel hurt."

In the evening Elsie carried the muff box to the cottage in the lane. She felt now that she loved the little white muff with its pretty new lining, very much indeed, far more than she did the gray one. Perhaps someone else would love it, too, and her joy far outweigh Elsie's loss. The little white muff hoped so, as Elsie tapped on the shabby door, whispering to the wan mother who opened it, as she slipped the box into her hand, "I can't stay, for it is getting dark; but be sure you hang it up to-night, and don't let her see it before Christmas morning."

And on the morrow the little white muff sighed happily as a pair of rough red hands cuddled into it, like two contented robins.

CHILDREN OF JAPAN.

[MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I send you a letter from Mrs. Militz, written especially for the Sunday School here in Alameda. After I read it to the children they all voted to send it to you, and ask to have it printed in the *WEE WISDOM*, so they could have it to keep. I am sure the children in all the Sunday Schools would be glad of it. So if you can give it room sometime they would all be very happy. Yours with love,

CLARA E. LORD,
Home of Truth, Alameda, Cal.]

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

MY BELOVED LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE
HOME OF TRUTH:

I send you loving greetings across the thousands of miles of waters, and I know you get my love-thought this instant, and know I am with you all the time because of my spirit, though this body that the world calls me is far away. Your good teacher, Miss Lord, thinks you would enjoy a chat from me about your little brothers and sisters over here in Japan, so here it is:

Someone has called this, "A paradise of babies," for nowhere else in the world can one see so many happy, gentle, merry, lively little children of the people who work hard for a living, and have little to give their babies except what is necessary. The streets swarm with them, and their pretty plays and sweet songs and bright dresses make most attractive pictures. They do not have yards to play in, but must go on the streets, but these are bright with sunshine, for the houses are not any higher than our front doors, so they do not make much shade. And they are quite safe on the streets, for everybody looks out for them, and the moment they hear a call to run out of the way they scamper like little quails, for they are always obedient. You hardly ever

hear a baby cry, and when the tiny tots tumble down they jump up quickly and soon straighten out their faces, and are busy again at play.

Almost every little girl or boy that is three years old or over has a baby strapped to its back, and it watches the games and laughs, and sometimes it is big enough to talk to its little nurse all about the things they are seeing together. With these babies on their backs they play "tag" and fly kites and make mud pies and spin tops, and most of all play throwing up several balls like the juggler at the circus. They have seasons for their games just like you, and they have two great children's holidays. One is "Girl's Day," on the 3d of March, when there is a grand display of dolls dressed like court ladies and people in history. The toy stores in the big cities then are filled with dolls of all kinds, and people send presents of them to the little girl friends. Some of these are very fine and expensive, and they are kept and only shown on this day, and they pass down in the family from generation to generation. The "Boy's Day" is the 5th of May, and they celebrate by hoisting upon poles flags like great fish made of paper and cloth. They are like long hollow balloons, and when the wind blows they swell out and wiggle just as fish do in the water. They are big, and sometimes there are half a dozen on one pole.

One reason that this is a paradise for children is because they make it a paradise for the grown-ups. They are so polite and smiling all the time. They are never rude to each other or rough to anyone. I have never seen one snatch away anything from another or slap

another or push against another. One day I saw five of them playing; they were wrestlers, and the little fellows that were beaten would jump up laughing, and step aside to let another take his turn. And they were quick and strong, but no one was hurt.

Their parents do not need to teach them to be polite, for the little ones see that father and mother bow and greet friends and strangers continually, and so they do it naturally. Little babies bow and bow and join in with the rest saying, "*konichi-wa*" (good day! good day!) to us as we drive past them in our carriage. They always say, "Thank you," in their language, "*Aringato*," at the right place, and "*Sayenara*" (good by) will be sweetly piped after you, when, perhaps, you have forgotten that they were by.

Why are these little ones so happy and so dear? Because this nation has been taught for years and years to have respect for each other, especially for fathers and mothers and all elderly people. And most of the poorer people have a religion that makes them believe in the *soul* of the babes God has given them, and they think as we do, that no matter how small and young your little body is, your spirit is old and wise and good, and knows what is right and true to do. You never hear the older people say, "Don't," to the little ones, or scold them or punish them. Yet the children obey immediately, and they run so quickly on their errands, and do their chores so smilingly and willingly that one is sure they love to do things, and never grow tired or cross about any of it. But these little Japanese are not quite angels yet, and in

some things they could learn lessons of their New World brothers and sisters, but we will not talk on that side, for we wish to see only the God-self of every one.

My letter has grown and grown, and I have not told half about the many queer toys they have and funny candy, nor about the candy men that go around with drums, and cook the candy and roll it on the end of a little stick for a penny, or the man who tells fairy stories while they sit around him as thick as bees round a honey jar. But I have said enough so that you can see that you might love these dear little people just as Christ does, and sometimes speak a little prayer for them that God will keep them

kind and gentle and desirous of blessing the world with their fine artistic nature and skillful hands forever and ever, and keep them from being spoiled by the greed and cruelty of the dark side of the world. And now, dear children, join with me in a short silence while we think of our little Japanese brothers and sisters being held in the arms of the Lord Jesus Christ, and being blessed by Him with all the good that our heavenly Father gives to His children: Peace and plenty, life and freedom, health and happiness, while we breathe this little prayer, "*Love keeps you good forever.*"

Lovingly your sister in Truth

—ANNIE RIX MILITZ.

OUR LITTLE AUTHORS.

WEALTH MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

BY EDITH YOUNG. (Age eleven).



ONCE upon a time in the town of Genoa there lived a little boy and his mother, and her daughter. The boy's mother was a widow, and very poor. One time the boy was invited to a party given at his aunt's house. Teogorge (as that was the boy's name) was so ragged that his mother was afraid that he could not go, for she was a wash woman, and did not have any time to make him clothes, nor did she care, for he had a sister who was very pretty, and his mother paid no attention to him, but gave all her attention to her daughter. The same day the invitation was received his mother became angry and put him out doors, and said she would not let him ever come in. Just a few blocks away lived a rich girl, his only playmate. He went and told her all his sorrows and troubles. She told her mother, and her mother said she would adopt him. After he had lived at the house of his playmate a month he was more happy than he ever was living ten years at his mother's. So, as I say, wealth makes no difference.

GOLDENROD.

Tell me, sunny Goldenrod,
Growing ever, where.
Did fairies come from fairyland
And make the dress you wear?

Or did the angels flap their wings,
And drop their glitter down
Upon you, laughing Goldenrod,
Your nodding head to crown?

Or are you clothed in sunshine, caught
From summer's brightest day,
To give again in happy smiles
To all who pass your way?

I love you, laughing Goldenrod,
And I will try, like you,
To fill each day with deeds of cheer;
Be loving, kind and true.

—Sunshine Bulletin.

Youth's Department.

CONDUCTED BY THE JOYFUL CIRCLE.

MUSIC AND MUSIC MAKERS.

SKETCHES BY HARRIET AYER SEYMOUR.

II.

JOHN SEASTIAN BACH—1685.

Bach came of a long line of musicians—organists, fiddlers and pipers, and it was as natural for him to play as it is for most of us to breathe. When he was ten years old Bach's parents died, and he went to live with his elder brother. Under this brother's direction he commenced to study the clavier, and he learned very

quickly, and was soon ready for bigger work, but his brother being one of the old-fashioned sort, who move in a set and settled way, could n't appreciate the fact that we are not all made just alike, and refused to let little Johann go any faster than his other pupils. But Bach was nothing daunted, and spent hours and hours when the rest of the household slept copying his brother's difficult music, which he found safely stowed away in the garret.



JOHN SEASTIAN BACH.

The foolish brother discovered it just as he was adding the finishing touches to his work of love, and straightway *burned* the copy. What a foolish thing it is for us to try to limit each other! Bach was too great a soul to be discouraged, and went bravely on. When he was fifteen he used to walk miles and miles, sometimes as many as fifty, to hear noted players.

When he was twenty-three he was famed as the greatest organist of his time, and from this on his fame grew. He became the friend of princes, honored and loved by all. There were always some of the critical ones on hand, however, among them, of course, those who could do nothing themselves; and so had to keep busy pulling the doers to pieces. What a stupid occupation! One of the charges brought against Bach was that he had allowed a *woman* to sing in the choir! Bach had a great many children, and after

he and his wife had put the little ones to bed, the rest used to play and sing together. They were very religious, and Bach used to sign his music, "*In nomine Domini.*"

Every piano player ought to play some Bach. It seems dry at first, but the more you play it the better you like it, and the better your fingers go. The queen of Roumania says she plays a Bach fugue every day, and has done this for years, and that she is still finding unexpected beauties. The fugues and the Passion music are Bach's greatest works. Do go to hear some of Bach if you have a chance, and remember that his music was a part of himself — noble, heartfelt and undying.

NEW THOUGHT AS APPLIED TO HIGH SCHOOL WORK.

BY ELSA KATZMAIER.

The work in high school is very different from the work done in the ward schools of a city. The most important change, it seems to me, is that the pupil is put so much upon his own resources. It is good for him, of course, because schools merely train us to meet life better, and a boy or girl will not always have a teacher or parent to decide for him, or help him with his work. First of all, there is the course of study to be chosen. In order to do this wisely, a pupil must know himself, what his desires, his ambitions, his talents, and the work of his life are. A father or mother can advise, but not decide absolutely for the child. Now, does not the New Thought, above all things, help a person to know himself? By concentrating in the silence, he can find out what his powers are, as well as what he lacks. When this is once found out and the course clear, a person only needs courage, persistence and truth to lead him to his life's aim.

Another thing in high school life is that the lessons are prepared at home. The time for study should be properly divided. It takes wisdom to do this. We decided in our Sunday School class that Wisdom is the first faculty to be developed. With this once obtained, we will know how to develop our other faculties. As a thought for the week we held, "I am one with Infinite Wisdom." It is a mighty thought, and when properly held, will and must do its work. Now, in studying lessons, a pupil is too apt to put the most time on the subject he likes best. This should not be, for, according to his plan, each study is necessary or at least a help along the line he has chosen. It is a great help to keep up with each day's lessons as they come, for all of our experiences show us that the longer we stand still, or the further back we slide, just so much harder is it to catch up.

In high school a pupil is allowed to choose his teachers to a certain extent. Now, we cannot always have what we want. Sometimes a person cannot have the teacher he likes the best and admires the most as a teacher. But all teachers are good, and we should realize that we can love everybody, and that we can do good work with anybody and anywhere, for after all it lies mostly with us. The

teacher can help, but he can not learn it for us. With this realization we will not grow indifferent or blame the teacher because we ourselves do not work or try hard enough.

But it is not only the teachers we must love, but all the pupils as well. In high school one sees so many people and criticizes so much, when perhaps if more time was spent in keeping one's own self true and straight, the world would be better off. Hating, envying, or finding fault with a person, only hurts the person who hates. We should try to be more Christ-like; and, holding fast to this ideal, achieve our end, and be love and kindness all through. There is many a chance to help some poorer person in school, if it be but by a smile or a kind word.

High school pupils are apt to think that they are too old and wise to be obliged to obey all the rules. Every time we break the merest law we must suffer, and not always by a low department grade. If we are put more on our honor, the better we should be. It is by living up to the law, by steadfastness and nobility of purpose, and by being truly kind, that a pupil can gain the most from his four years of high school work. This is the higher side of study.



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEES—I am eleven years old. I like to read you very much. I hope my letter and poem will be printed. My poem is not very long.
Your friend,
DORIS JENSEN.

ROBIN'S PLAY DAY.

Little robin, go out and play,
For this is a very nice day.
Little robin found a worm,
And then with a little squirm
Jumped on a twig,
And danced a funny jig.
Said little robin, "I like to play,"
And just then he flew away.

D. J.

BARKER, MONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am going to write and tell you how I have enjoyed your visits for over a year, and not long ago I sent you an invitation for one more year. I know I shall enjoy your visits more than ever. Only you don't come as often as I would like you to come. DEAR WEE WISDOM, you have always come to Monarch, Montana, before, but I am going to go to school at Great Falls, Montana, this winter, so you will

have to come there to visit me. The beautiful leaves here are putting on their golden dresses now. There is snow on the ground this morning, and it is still snowing. I thank dear Myrtle Fillmore for the sweet letter she sent me when my subscription expired. I am baking bread today, so I must close now and work it.

With love to all the little Wee Wisdoms, I remain ever your friend.

JOSEPHINE K. LILLY.

NATURITA, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—It has been a long time since I wrote you last. The sweet, pure air of autumn has returned, and the fields are being harvested, and it makes the air so sweet. Some of the birds are going to their Southern homes for the winter. But there is one little bird which I do not think can go as soon as the other birds, for just the other day I went out to her nest and found four (if not more) little tiny birds. This is all, so good-by. With love to all the little Wees.

ELDA CHATFIELD.

LOCKPORT, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have read all your books. I like them very much. As this is the first time I have sent you a letter, I hope you will put it in the little paper. I live in Lockport, where they are making a large drainage canal. I have been all over the works, and it is very nice. They are making it so that a vessel can go from Chicago to Joliet. I will be nine the 15th of this month.

Your little friend,

ANNA KISSELBERG.

St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I haven't written for a long time, so I thought I would write to you. I hear that you have moved, and I hope you enjoy your new home. I would like to come to Kansas City sometime, and I will come sometime. Here is a verse that I think is very pretty. It is not my own, but is very pretty indeed. Here it is:

"Great wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast;
World you are beautifully dressed.
The wonderful air is over me;
The wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills."

I will close. Your loving friend,

ERIE MOORE.

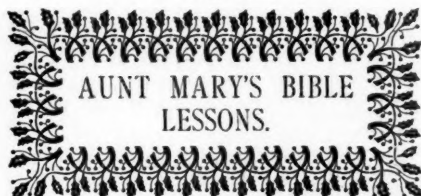


DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am writing you a letter and a short story. I am eleven years old. I was visiting a friend when I first read your paper. I have read so many, many interesting letters and stories that I thought I would try too.

Lovingly yours,

EDITH YOUNG.



LESSON VI. NOVEMBER 5.

Esther Pleading for Her People.—Esther 4:10-5:3.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Lord preserveth all them that love Him.*—Psalm 145:20.

We all know that when we love anyone we are willing to do everything for that one, and that we are made brave and courageous, and so are not afraid to ask for any good thing for our loved one. This is true courage to forget self in the doing for another.

So it was with Esther when she thought only of her people, the Jews, and did not fear to ask a favor of her husband, the king, when it seemed that it might mean death to her. Esther represents, or stands for, love in the Bible. She gave herself for her people, that is, she gave up every foolish fearful thought and went forth boldly into the king's presence to do good.

Would it not be good for us to feel so sure of the great love within us, that we would always forget ourselves in the doing for others? When

mother and father ask you to do anything for them, do not stop first to think whether you are going to be paid for the doing of it. That is not love at all, but a very selfish sort of doing. God gives us love without any thought of reward. Esther gave herself without any thought of reward to herself, and the reward, or good return, came anyway, as it surely must when one is sincere in an act.

In the lesson you will observe that Esther and her people fasted. The true fast is the giving up of all fearful and doubting thoughts, or false thinking, and is the believing faithfully in God—the one Good Power. This is what Esther and her people most surely must have done.

We bring to pass the good by good thinking, you know. We can not act naughty or cross, and think untrue, angry thoughts and then have good come into our lives. We bring the good about by good thoughts and deeds. The good is right here within us waiting to be called into expression. See how well Esther succeeded after her good thinking and her brave action in the matter, for the king held out to her the golden sceptre.

Our Good (our God) always holds out to us the golden sceptre, the wand of power. We may ask Him what we will, and if we ask in faith it is done for us.

LESSON VII. NOVEMBER 12.

Ezra's Journey to Jerusalem.—Ezra 8:21-32.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him.*—Ezra 8:22.

Ezra was the priest in the days that Artaxerxes was king, and this king had commanded that the people do as Ezra should tell them. The name Ezra means help, so you see this one was the help given by God to show the people how they might serve Him.

God is ever ready to show to us the right way if we are willing to listen, nor does God wish us to suffer, for He is good, and the Good knows nothing whatever of suffering or pain. God is always peace, God never afflicts, but we afflict or hurt ourselves by not listening to the still small voice within.

The enemy are the naughty thoughts that wait about us to jump in upon us like so many naughty little elves, or fairies. It is our part to drive them so far away that the good fairies may enter and assist us in all we do. The horsemen and soldiers stand for the strong thoughts, the thoughts of courage and power that God gives to help us overcome all fearful, foolish thoughts that would keep us from our good. Remember the good is always with you. God is with you and loves and helps you.

God has not wrath in Him, only love. Naughty people that do not obey God imagine that God is angry with them. God is never angry, for He ever gives good for evil, and enfolds us in His

love, but if we do not obey Him we cannot feel that rich love. God hears prayer always, for true prayer is praise and thanksgiving, with trust in God, knowing that He is ever near.

When we love God, we give Him of our best. We turn to our heart and know that He has filled it with only beautiful thoughts; and these we use by giving forth words of blessing to God's children, and these children are represented by all the world, for no one is outside of God. This is our free-will offering, our love thoughts, as well as visible gifts, and it is not enough for us to think kindly, we must act kindly and give to others generously in love.

LESSON VIII. NOVEMBER 19.

Nehemiah's Prayer.—Neh. I:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.*—James 5:16.

We must ever remind ourselves that God does not punish us, but that we punish ourselves by not obeying the law. The Old Testament has been translated in such a way as to make it appear that God sends punishment and reward. God does neither, for that all lies with ourself.

Suppose you were going to have a party, and mother had baked a lovely chocolate cake for it, and placed it high up on the pantry shelf to cool. Suppose you should see the cake there, and should then begin to long for a piece of it, and say to yourself, "Just a little taste, surely that would do no harm!" You would drag a chair into the closet and climb upon it. Then you would reach for the coveted prize. Your arm not being very long, over would go a couple of tumblers and some other things, and down would go the cake, broken to pieces upon the floor. This might frighten you, for those that are naughty are usually afraid, so down you would go, chair and all with such a crash, and what was left of the frosted cake would be mere crumbs, and Rover, the dog, coming upon the scene of action, would soon devour those, and then how you would feel! Mother would say, most likely, "Well, there's no cake, so there can be no party." That is the way you would punish yourself. Mother did not do it. God did not do it. You did it all yourself, and so you made yourself miserable, for you lost your pleasure day.

We must all do the best we can and pray *all the time*, that is, think of *good* continually. Do not think of trouble. Thinking of good attracts or brings good to one. Nehemiah means, Jehovah comforts. Jehovah is a name for God. God always comforts, and prayer and thanksgiving are apt to bring one a feeling of satisfaction and content, for we are then able to realize our blessings, but if we complain and do not give thanks, we cannot know God's goodness.

Every unruly thought must be gathered in and turned to an angel of light. Then it will serve us, and we will be made glad, and we will feel our at-one-ness with God.

LESSON IX. NOVEMBER 26.

Abstinence for the Sake of Others.—I. Cor. 10:23-33.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.*—I. Cor. 10:12.

"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

If we follow this advice we cannot go far wrong, for in glorifying God in our every thought and deed we are fulfilling the command, that is, we are loving God with heart, soul, mind and strength.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." By this is meant that all people belong to God, and all things; so, if we do no more than take up the dust in a dust-pan, let us do it gladly, praising and thanking God for a neat and orderly room, a room made suitable for His presence, a room in which to worship Him. When you dust or sweep, it is a good plan to say as you work, "Now do I sweep away all disorderly, untidy thoughts, and let God's presence be known here."

Praise God in all ways, with eyes, lips and hands. Do not offend people, do not do things in their sight to disturb them, even if it seem good to you; but be ever gentle and courteous, speaking well of people and helping them in every way possible.

Let us not be conceited in our well doing, for then we are apt to fall (or make mistakes) as the Golden Text states; but be modest, giving God all praise for well doing. Without Him we could do nothing. We must serve Him in all our ways gladly and truly. We can never fall while we praise and thank God, giving Him the glory of our every battle won.

God is the only Power.

God is the only Good.

God is the real of us.

God is within us.

God is Truth.

God is the All.

We live, move, and have our being in God, the Good.

YE EDITOR'S SANGTUM.



WHILE Ye Editor was in Chicago she met the author of the little Truth prayer that meets the daily needs of our little Wisdom workers. In conversation, Hannah More Kohaus, for that is the author's name, said there was quite a history connected with the little prayer. It was first

written years ago, for a Chicago Truth magazine, then was copied and handed round till the author's name was dropped and forgotten. In time a generous soul thought it good enough for somebody to own and so put his name to it; but as Truth takes care of its own the mistake was soon corrected, and now we love to know it was Mrs. Kohaus who clothed these mighty statements of Truth in such simple, rhythmic garb that the tiniest tot can lisp them. We repeat them every Sunday in our Unity Sunday School, and everybody knows them and every voice joins in, from the least to the greatest. And we hear of demonstrations from the faithful remembrance and applications of them every week. One boy got lost in the mountains and was just about to cry when there flashed in upon him the verse:

"God is my help in every need,
God does my every hunger feed;
God walks beside me, guides my way,
Through every moment of the day."

And he found himself *guided* to the trail, and got home safe and sound.

Some of our school boys and girls have found, lessons would come easy, and things go harmoniously on the playground, when they remember to say:

"I now am wise, I now am true,
Patient, kind and loving, too;
All things I am, can do, and be
Through Christ, the truth, that is in me."

And many a little head has stopped aching and many a pain has taken flight when the tongue of the wise remembered to repeat:

"God is my health, I can't be sick,
God is my strength, unfailing, quick;
God is my all, I know no fear,
Since God and Love and Truth are here."

This little prayer will never fail you, when you remember not to fail in its daily use.

"A cheerful heart doeth good to everybody."



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THANKSGIVING!

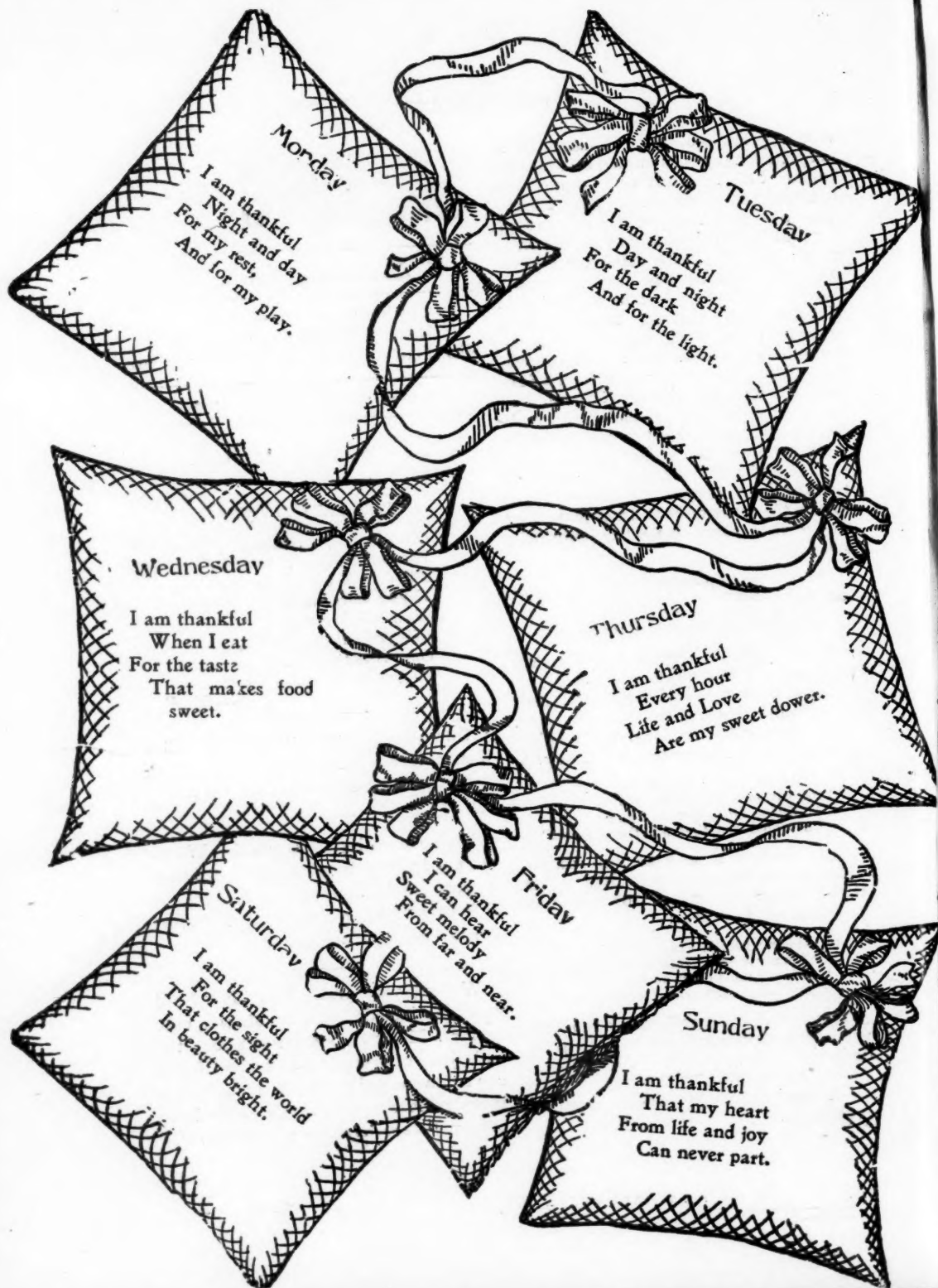
*Oh, Giver of our Good,
We thank Thee every hour;
Thy blessings wait our word.
Thy richest dower
Is ours before we ask.
Like fruit upon the tree,
Ours is the task
To gather-in from Thee.*

—M. F.

Our young folk will all enjoy Elsa Katzmaier's contribution. She is an active member of THE JOYFUL CIRCLE.

Not so many letters as usual. Where are our little correspondents? And not a word about THANKSGIVING DAY! Is it because you are learning that *every day* is a giving thanks day?

We are very grateful to Miss Lord and the Alameda Wees for sharing with us Mrs. Militz's good letter about the little Japs of Japan. You feel as if you can reach out and touch them, she brings them so close. We all join in the little prayer, "*Love keeps you good forever.*"



Monday

I am thankful
Night and day
For my rest,
And for my play.

Tuesday

I am thankful
Day and night
For the dark
And for the light.

Wednesday

I am thankful
When I eat
For the taste
That makes food
sweet.

Thursday

I am thankful
Every hour
Life and Love
Are my sweet dower.

Friday

I am thankful
I can hear
Sweet melody
From far and near.

Saturday

I am thankful
For the sight
That clothes the world
In beauty bright.

Sunday

I am thankful
That my heart
From life and joy
Can never part.