

WEE WISDOM

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

Vol. XI. NOVEMBER, 1906. No. 2.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

SING A LITTLE SONG OF LOVE.

From "Wee Wisdom."

Ernst Krohn.

Sing a lit - tle song of love, Sing it ev' ry day; Sing it al-ways

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

when you work, sing it when you play; Sing it when you go to bed,

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

sing it when you rise; Sing it al-ways in your heart, It will make you wise.

The third system of musical notation. It concludes the melody. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.



VOL. XI.

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No. 4.

THE STORY OF STELLA—A STAR.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER III.

LOVE'S WAY.



NASTASIA gazed far off towards a shining path in the distance, where the children of the meadow, with others taller and older, were gathering and forming in long lines—so long as to be out of the vision of an ordinary sight.

"Join them, Stella, and Auntie will call thee later if thou dost still feel that God hath called thee to work for Him in that distant land."

Stella stooped and kissed Anastasia's hand, then flashed down the glade like a veritable star.

Francesca stood in the path awaiting her, with outstretched hand.

"Here thou art at last. We thought thou wert not coming. Dost hear the chimes? It is practice now."

Stella caught Francesca's hand and skipped joyously beside her. They had soon reached the little band and filed in behind them as they neared the white steps of a large temple.

"Is it to be music?" enquired Stella.

"Yes, the children are to sing," replied Fran-

cesca cheerily, "in the temple, where we can find place for all in orderly tiers."

Francesca was a mere girl, appearing to be about sixteen years, with light, flowing tresses, not so pale as Stella's; her eyes a soft brown.

"Oh, Polly Frances!" laughed Stella, "We're always in order; how very funny!"

"Yes, it was funny, dear. Ye are good babies; but it's funnier, that name thou hast for Francesca."

"That's 'cause thou hast taught me the French, Polly, and it says pollay frances."

"That is not quite the way, but, Oh, here we are!"

Together they entered the vast building, open to the air and shimmering light. In one great body they stood and sung. What a volume of sound was that! How sweet and entertaining! Words can give you no idea of the melody.

On the stage, or platform, stood their leader—a tall lady of rather slender build, with great violet eyes that gleamed like twin stars as she sang.

"That is Mariana; she sings always for the children," someone whispered to Hyacinth, who was in a new element, learning new things.

After the singing, as they dispersed, Anastasia met Stella at the entrance to the temple and led her away to a dear little cottage surrounded by a garden of untold species of flowers. Like the meadow, here also there was no fence to close it away from the sight of those loving beauty and sweetness.

Taking Stella by the hand, Anastasia drew her down beside her on a rose-strewn couch, and there told her the plans for their journey.

"The first time thou dost go, dear, as thou art so little and tender, we shall have to make it very easy or thee."

"How can that be?"

"Precious, thou hast heard of the tunnel?"

"Yes, Auntie Taysie," and Stella drew in her breath eagerly.

"Well, we have called together the young men and the maidens, and they are to form a tunnel through which thou and Anastasia may pass safely."

"How do they do it, Auntie Taysie? Canst thou tell me?"

"'Tis a tunnel made of pure souls and bright flowers, for as yet thou couldst not breathe the earth air. There thou wouldst unlearn, if not cared for by the angels, thy many beautiful teachings. After awhile, in order that thou perform thy mission to that Star, it will be necessary that thou blend with them, but not on this first trip."

Stella's eyes opened wider, but she spoke no word, not understanding Anastasia perfectly.

"So, darling," added Auntie Taysie, "if thou art still desirous of teaching Love to the children of earth, thou shalt go; but kneel here and pray to thy soul's God, to be led by Love alone."

Stella bowed her head in sweet child reverence, and Auntie slipped silently away, leaving the little one, her face buried in the living white and pink roses of Anastasia's couch.

(To be continued.)

"Build a fence of trust
 About today,
 Fill it in with loving deeds,
 And therein stay;
 Look not through its sheltering bars
 Upon tomorrow,
 God will help thee through what comes,
 If Joy or Sorrow!"

THE LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE.

*Here's Master Johnny Mur
phy,*

*I think he's four or five
He's full of wit and wisdom,
And very much alive.*



*Sometimes he frouzzles up his hair,
And gives his nose a twirl;
Wears "duds," and then John
Murphy's
A naughty little girl.*

*Sometimes he plays at make-believe,
Wears dresses and a curl,
And then you'd think John Murphy
Was a pretty little girl.*



*Sometimes he dresses up in rags,
And from his face leaves joy,
And then John Murphy poses
As a little beggar boy.*

*But all this time John Murphy
Knows there's One we can't deceive,
We're all God's blessed children
How'er we make-believe. —M. F.*

OUR YOUNG AUTHORS.

A VISIT AT MAMMA'S AND PAPA'S OLD HOME PLACE.

BY EVA LAY. (Age 11.)

I have been back to Kentucky this summer to visit my grandpa and grandma that I had never seen before. They had a picnic for us. There were seventeen grandchildren. All of my cousins and I had



EVA.

a fine time. Then we went over to my uncle's and aunt's. We would go down to the old spring house and wade, and chase the geese out of the branch. Then we went into the forest and saw the little baby pigs and gathered beautiful ferns and May apples, and found some shiny rocks with moss on one side of them.

You can find all kinds of pretty rocks there. I wish all the little Wees could see the big trees. We would swing in the big swing, and climb haystacks and then roll down them.

One of my cousins has a big pet rabbit which is very cute. One day my brother Cecil and my cousin, whose name is Willie, went out in the wheat field where my uncle was working, and under a haystack they found two little rabbits. They brought them to the house, and said they were going to have them for dinner. One of my younger cousins, Arley, and I told them they should not kill them, but they said

they were going to have them for dinner, and we asked Willie how he would like for us to kill his pet rabbit. No, he would n't have that at all. Then we told him that those little rabbits' life were just the



CECIL.

same as his pet rabbit's life was, but they *would* kill them, and after they had killed them they weren't fit to eat, and then they saw they had taken the little rabbit's life for nothing.

I told all of my cousins that they ought to come to Kansas City and come to our S day School, and learn how

to love all living creatures and not kill anything; and they said they would like to come, and two of my aunts said they would bring them out next spring, if they could come; and if they do, I am going to bring them to Sunday School.

THE TALE OF A PUMPKIN.

BY FLORENCE PFREMMER. (Age 10 years).



NCE there was a big vegetable garden, and in it lived many things; such as Miss Turnip, Mrs. Squash, Mr. Onion and Mr. Pumpkin; but the one our story is going to be about is the latter.

All the vegetables had been dreading the coming of Thanksgiving, for, as they said, "We shall have to leave the garden and be cooked for somebody's dinner."

The pumpkin was the only one who was contented. He said, "I thank God for the sunshine He has sent down upon me, and would like to make

somebody's dinner better by being made into a pumpkin pie, or else giving some children fun by being made into a Jack-o'-lantern."

Pretty soon Thanksgiving day arrived. Some men came and gathered some of the vegetables, and among them Mr. Pumpkin. He was very glad to think he was going to do some good in the world. When he was carried into the house, all the children clapped their hands and said, "What a large and beautiful pumpkin! Mama, may we have it for a Jack-o'-lantern?"

"Yes, my dears," said the mother.

The children were delighted. No wonder the pumpkin was beautiful when it had such happy thoughts!

That morning they made the Jack-o'-lantern, and a happier looking one you never saw. The children took it out on the street and had a big time. That day at dinner, they had Mr. Jack-o'-lantern placed in the center of the table. "For," as their mother said, "it will make the table brighter." When they were thanking God for all the blessings He had poured upon them, the Jack-o'-lantern, too, sent up his thanks to God for the jolly time he had had.

The children said they were going to keep him as long as he lasted. "Because," they said, "he is the happiest looking lantern we ever had."

And the Jack-o'-lantern lasted as long as he could. He could not help but be happy with such such happy thoughts.

Hark! hark! the dog's glad bark,
The people are coming to town;
All in health and all in wealth,
Without a single frown.

—L. H.

A decorative border made of repeating floral and leaf motifs, forming a rectangular frame around the section header.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THOUGHTS WHILE STARGAZING.

As I lie gazing into the deep blue, star-sown heavens which seem to reach down and hold me to the earth, I idly wonder—wonder if the “Great Dipper” were not made to dip from the “Milky Way.” I wonder what good the “Little Dipper” is, if the “Great Dipper” does all the work. I wonder if the “Southern Cross” is not really a knife to cut the “green cheese” off from the moon.

But as I gaze longer, a feeling of awe steals over me. I cannot comprehend the vastness of it all. To think that the blur of light, called the “Milky Way,” is really countless thousands of stars, many of them much larger than our sun, with planets revolving around them, just as around our sun! Before the contemplation of this, our earth fades into a mere speck. Besides this blur of suns and worlds we call the “Milky Way,” there are millions of stars too faint to be seen with the naked eye, and millions more too distant to be seen even with the aid of the telescope.

Why? Whither? Whence? I question, but the stars merely smile and wink their eyes, nor offer a word of explanation; nor even a hint toward solving the eternal question, a question which has driven philosophers mad, and created interstate and even international wars. All is still mystery.

As I see that no one knows positively much more

about it than another one, I begin to ponder and speculate. If we are such small fish in such a vast sea, I ask myself if it is worth while to be ambitious and try to excel my fellowmen. Our personalities are but grains upon the sands of time, that sparkle proudly in the morning sun and are then swept by the tides of mortality into the vast unknown. The answer to my question seems inevitable. If so, why not live a life of pleasure seeking? Why not yield to the temptations of the world and become a degenerate? What is the use of trying?

At this the stars seem to break my silence; though I think that it really is a voice from *within*: "*You are what you make yourself. You not only make yourself, but help make your fellowmen, though you are but a grain of sand; mountains above the tides may be created by your efforts, for mountains are made of grains of sand.*"

I see it all. Like light streaming through an open door, the true meaning enlightens me. The questions "whence?" and "whither?" fade into the past and future, their respective homes, and the PRESENT stands out boldly to answer the question, "WHY?" We are here to fulfill our duty, and until we do it, happiness will be but a "will-o'-the-wisp." Happiness comes not in pride, not in wealth, not in amusement, not in selfish aims; but in the uplifting of ourselves and fellowmen.—ROYAL FILLMORE, in *O Joy!*

Look for the true, the good and the beautiful, and you help the world to become truer, better and more beautiful, and at the same time you develop those qualities in yourself.—*Washington News Letter.*

WEE WISDOM.
YOU CAN IF YOU WILL.

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BY VERA BROWN.

HAROLD always was at the foot of his class at school. His mother at first thought that he did not try hard enough, and scolded him. But Harold could not or would not make any improvement.

Thus things went on until Aunt Louise came.

They were out walking together one day, Harold and his aunt.

"My dear nephew," auntie was saying, "what is it? Would n't you like to be at the head of your class? You look bright enough to do it."

"Now you are going to scold me like mama does," he answered rather crossly, for this question was not a pleasant one to him.

"Harold, when you are talking to me, won't you please drop that cross tone? No, I am not going to scold you, but to help you. But you did not answer my question."

"Well, you see —"

"See what, my boy?"

"Well, the other fellows are so much smarter, but then you know, none of the boys are at the head of the class."

"So you are going to let the girls beat you? Why Harold, I'd never have thought it of you," and his aunt laughed merrily.

"But girls do so much studying and boys would rather pl—, I mean, don't have time to study," replied Harold, trying to defend himself.

"Where there's a will, there's a way, you know. I am sure, in fact I know, that you have plenty of time to do it in. Instead of teasing little Susan at night and making both her and yourself unhappy,

why don't you study?" Aunt Louise paused as her nephew looked up quickly.

"Make me unhappy?"

"Yes, no boy should be happy who makes his little sister unhappy, for want of nothing to do, or better, instead of amusing her. All that I am going to say now is that you can get to the head if you want. I will help you every evening, if you like, and beside," she added mischievously, "I would n't let the girls beat me, if I were you!"

"I don't want them to, but then, what can a fellow do?"

"If you want help, keep repeating this verse:

'All things I am, can do and be,
Through Christ the truth that is in me.'

Now please repeat it, so you will not forget it."

"I can't," began Harold doubtfully.

"Oh, yes, you can. Just try and see."

"All things I c-ca —."

"Go on."

"I can't think of the rest," said Harold, nevertheless surprised at his own progress.

"Yes, you can. Try again."

"All things I am can do and be — thr —"

"Yes, that's right. Go on."

"Through Christ the truth that is in me," finished Harold triumphantly. "Why, I didn't think I could do it!"

"Always say 'I can,' instead of 'can't,'" remarked his aunt.

"But how long will it take for me to get head though, aunt?"

"It may take months. It may take weeks or days." Several days passed by.

"Aunt Lou, I have been trying your way, but it does n't seem to work."

"Don't get discouraged, my dear. Keep on saying what I told you and remember that if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

"I will succeed."

"That's right! Keep on, and you will at last attain the place you seek. But, remember, it may take months. You have probably fallen so much behind that you will have to study quite hard. Don't overdo yourself though."

Harold had brought home some books that night regretfully. When his Aunt Louise began to question him, however, he was quite surprised to find how much he had forgotten.

"But why couldn't I study lessons ahead, instead of back lessons?" asked Harold one evening.

"Because, dear," answered his aunt sweetly, "because the first lessons form the foundation for the rest. Perhaps I can illustrate my meaning a little better to you by telling a story. This one for instance. There was once a man, who being tired of city life, thought to try his hand at farming. He bought a fertile tract of land in a pretty little valley. He planted the same things every year in the same field. A few years later this man began to notice that his wheat and other crops were not doing so well as usual. 'Oh, well,' he thought, 'this is because I have had so much success. Perhaps next year things will be better.' But the next year, his wheat and corn crop failed, and he lost a great deal of money. 'Why is it,' he asked of an old farmer living a few miles away, 'that your crops are so fine and mine so poor?' 'Because,' answered the farmer, 'you did not learn everything about farming, when you first

started. I've often thought to myself that this would come to happen. But, have not your farm hands suggested to you, that it would be better to plant your wheat and corn, etc. in different fields?' 'Yes,' replied the other, 'they have, but I would n't listen to them. But prithee, why should this be done?' 'It is the way,' answered the farmer. 'Suppose that you depended for a livelihood on the fruit of a certain plant. Supposing that in a few weeks you had eaten all the fruit. Perchance you would die, but that is no reason why other things may not live there. Perhaps some little animal may live on its leaves. Perhaps something else may live on its sap. But unless you had other sources from whence to get your food, you certainly could not live. So it is with your wheat. The crop of wheat that had been planted before this crop, had eaten up all the nourishment, so that there was nothing left for it to feed on. Perhaps your corn could find a substance in that same field, which the wheat could not use, but which may be very necessary to the corn, or perhaps other things as well. Do you see what I mean now, my good man?' 'I do, I do, indeed, sir, and thank you for your help, and may you prosper all your days.' With that the two separated, and went their ways.' Do you see what I mean now, Harold?"

"Yes, Aunt, I do. Because the man had been unwilling to learn, he failed. But did he prosper afterward, Aunt?"

"Why, of course. Don't you see that the ground was still fertile, but that he was unwilling to learn a back lesson, so to speak? So if you don't want to learn back lessons, you too will have to know how to do things."

"Is that why they put manure on the lawn — to give it nourishment, I mean?"

"Yes, and now you see how necessary it is to know certain things, which at the same time they are spoken, seem insignificant, but are of great value in after life. But as I say, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.'

Every evening after this, Harold and his aunt studied together, or had interesting talks.

Time went by and Harold had not yet succeeded. Two months went by. Then it was that Harold almost gave up.

"Aunt Lou," he cried despairingly, "I can't do it. I am no nearer than the day I began. I am going to give up."

"So you *are* going to let the girls beat you after all!" exclaimed his aunt, laughing. "I'm afraid that you have forgotten your verse lately."

"All things I am, can do, and be, through Christ, the Truth, that is in me.' Why, no, I haven't forgotten it. What do you mean, Aunt Lou?"

"I mean, my boy, that you have not been keeping it in your mind, lately. Have you?"

"No'm, I haven't."

"You must keep on doing it."

The next day, Harold went to school feeling very downcast indeed, and did not try to study quite as hard as usual.

"Keep on trying, Harold, and you will soon pick up," whispered his teacher to him that night, as he was going home.

So she also knew that he was trying! That was encouraging indeed. After this, things seemed to go better, and Harold took heart once more. He did not seem to advance much, but instead of for-

getting things, he began to learn them. He did not study ahead, but learned the work he was behind in. This stood him in good stead, as we shall afterwards see. In his home work he progressed fast.

It now began nearing the end of the school term, and examinations were forthcoming.

"For examinations," the teacher said one morning, "you will probably have anything that you have had in any of your studies. I think I know of one pupil, who is not going to find the work hard, even though he is among those at the foot of the class. I do not think he will come quite as high as pupil A No. 1, but very near there indeed."

It was as she said. Harold found the work comparatively easy. But he did not agree with his teacher, when she said that he could not be A No. 1. "For," he said to himself, "I've promised Aunt Lou to get at the head, and I will do it this term too."

All this, however, did not bother pupil A No. 1. Had she not held her place for a year now? Who would be likely to try to get as high as she did? Nor did she study much. "For being at the head of my grade, what is the use of studying?" she replied in answer to her mother's queries and her teacher's advice. You see, like the rich man she failed to take a suggestion.

The last day came. Parents and children alike waited anxiously for the credits and promotion certificates to be given out.

After the exercises were over, Miss White, the teacher, came forward.

"I guess you wonder what makes me so happy," she commenced. "I am happy because there is at least one in this class who has tried hard all term,"

(here glances were cast at pupil A No. 1) "to advance. I had been very much afraid that this pupil was going to be one of the many who go through life without learning anything. But to my very great astonishment he has suddenly made a big effort to arouse and make something of himself. You have often made fun of this pupil, because he said that he had made up his mind to be the first in his class. I need not fear for him now. He will go through life with a firm and steady purpose to carry out. I need not tell you that pupil A No. 1 is Harold Maynard."

His Aunt Lou met Harold at the door when he came home.

"I've got it, Aunt. I did it!"

"Oh, I knew you could! Oh, Harold, I am so glad!"

When little Harold grew to be a man, he always looked back to this period of his life as the gate or opening through which his great success afterward came.

"You also can be at the head of your class *if you will*. I know it takes some patience, but *you can if you will*."

"There are three kinds of people in the world: the will's, the won'ts and the can'ts. The first accomplish everything, the second oppose everything, and the third fail in everything. Nothing else is so contagious as enthusiasm. It is the real allegory of the lute of Orpheus. It moves stones. It charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity and truth accomplishes no victory without it.

— BULWER LYTTON.

Epistles.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOMS—Here you find your Aunt Mary in another part of the state, and a very pretty part it is. Santa Barbara is a pretty little town, nestling among the mountains, the blue, blue Pacific washing its feet. Children love to come here,

for they can bathe and swim in the hot water tanks or in the surf, or go horseback riding and driving. There is one main street where all the stores are, and sometimes we go down there to shop, and when it is very warm go into a large store where we sit at cunning little tables and have ice cream soda or ice cream, and take home some candy.



AUNT MARY.

You must forgive me, that you did not receive the Bible Lessons, I wrote them, but, alas! I addressed them incorrectly, so they went to the dead letter office.

I must tell you about the grape vine, said to be the largest in the world. It is ten miles out in the country from here, so we drove there to see it. Sometimes a bunch of these grapes will weigh as much as fourteen pounds. The grapes are black, called the Mission grape, and wine is made from them, sometimes jelly. The trunk measures nine feet and nine inches, and one limb is four feet around, so you can imagine it is pretty big. The vine covers a trellis 95 x 115 feet.

The picture enclosed is one taken of me while I was in Pacific Grove last spring, where I started the story of Stella, which I hope you will all enjoy. Your very loving,

AUNT MARY DE WITT.

COLORADO, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Someone has just sent the August number of WEE WISDOM to my helpless brother, Landon, and we enjoy it so much. My father is a farmer, and I have to help him in the field; as my mother is an invalid, I work in the field all day and then work in the house until bedtime. Sometimes I think I have an awful hard time, as I can't go about like other little girls. I see the Editor wants names of shut-ins, that is why I am writing this. I hope to see this in print as it is the first time I ever wrote for a paper. I am thirteen years old; I haven't been to school much. I try to study all I can at home. I will close with just lots of love for all the Wees and the Editor too.

EXIE WATERS.

[We will have Exie entered as a subscriber to WEE WISDOM, and then they will all learn *health* at her house.—ED.]



LINDSAY, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will tell you about my vacation in the Giant Forest. There are very large trees there, and beautiful meadows and large rocks. The meadows have pretty flowers and running streams of water. The children press beautiful flowers from the meadows. There are immense trees; the oldest known in the world. The largest tree up there is named General Sherman. There are big fallen redwoods that are hollow, that people ride through. Well, WEE WISDOM, I will have to close soon. I like your paper very much. I am seven years old.

From

LAURA HOPPING.



JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

EDITOR WEE WISDOM—Some months ago you published a poem by a fifteen-year-old girl whose first name was Ida, but whose last name I have forgotten; it sounded as though it was a German name. The name of the poem was, "The Sunshine Angel," and after it you added the words, "Ida would like someone to make a tune for these words of hers." Well, I have done it. You see, my name is also Ida, so I took an interest in doing what I could to please that other Ida.

Cordially,

IDA GRIFFIN KOOKER.

(We return thanks for Ida and for ourselves to this dear friend, and shall be glad to publish the "Sunshine Song" set to her music.—ED.)



WILLIAM AND FANNIE.

DEAR WEE WISDOM —
This is my first letter. I
send all the Wees a love
greeting. My dog's name
is Fannie. She is a good,
kind dog, and I love her
very much. I love to go
to Sunday School, and
learn to live like Jesus
taught. I love Mrs. Fill-
more so much. Will all
the little Wees send me a
thought for intelligence
in my number work?

With love to all,

WILLIAM FORD.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM —
I know I have not written
to you for a long time. I
am very sorry that you

do not have the Bible Lessons any longer. Mamma and my little
sister Hester and I have a little Sunday School in our front room.
Mamma plays the piano while Hester and I sing. I will write a
little verse:

Father, we thank You for Your love,
As You smile upon us from above.

Your loving friend,

DORIS H. DREW.

(The Bible Lessons will be on hand, Doris, after this. Aunt
Mary explains why they were missing in September. What a
nice little Sunday School you have all by yourselves. Don't you
'spose some of your playmates would like to join you? — ED.)

LITTLE BO PEEP.

Little Bo Peep lost her sheep
They strayed away in the night,
She did not flurry, she did not worry,
And so they came home at night.

— L. H.

CHILD-GARDENING.

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

My dear Wee Ones:

Aren't we glad that we know how to be thankful every month in the year, and every day in the month and every minute in the day? Now comes the month when we are fairly bubbling over with thankfulness, for all the good things that are ours, and that are coming to us all the time.

At this season of thanksgiving there are many family and friendly parties, where we like to come together and "count our many blessings." At this time too, we like to hear about the very first Thanksgiving party, which took place a long time ago—as long ago as almost three hundred years, when there lived away across the big ocean, in the land of England, a great many good people. There ruled over the people, at this time, a king who wouldn't let the people talk to the dear heavenly Father as they wanted to. The people just had to mind the king or he wouldn't let the papas have the money they'd worked for, to buy shoes and bread and butter for the children.

At last the people thought they'd go away from that country, to a land where they could sing praises to God, the Good, and talk to the dear heavenly Father in their own way. So they packed up their things and went far away to a country called Holland. About this time they named themselves "Pilgrims." Pilgrims, you know, are people who go

traveling around hunting for a happy land. In Holland they were still unhappy, and after a great deal of thinking and talking and planning and praying, they decided to start for America. (That is our country, you know.)

They rented two large ships. One was called the "Mayflower;" the other was called "Speedwell."

Speedwell was not well made, and after she had started, the captain had to go back with her. The Mayflower went back too, and after the people (one hundred in all) had crowded on the ship, they started for the second time on their long ride over the big ocean. My, but they did get cold and hungry sometimes! The big ship would just rock way up and then way down. The children could hardly keep from crying; but the mamas would always talk to them in the right way, telling them that all would be well, that all things work together for good to those that love God, and that God, the Good, the kind and loving Father, was right in and through and all about them, when they were on the ocean just the same as when they were on the land. The children knew that there was nothing to fear, and always felt happier after these talks.

Oh, yes, I must not forget to tell you that when the Mayflower was half across the ocean, a dear little baby was born, who was named "Oceanus." This made the children very happy. At last, after two long months of sailing, they came to America one Saturday night in a storm of rain and sleet. The next day was Sunday, and although they were hungry, cold and wet, they spent the day in "counting their blessings" and in singing praises to God.

My dear Wee Ones, you do not wonder that we love to think and talk about our brave Pilgrim

fathers? The very rock upon which they first stepped, is taken care of now, and is called "Fore-fathers' Rock."

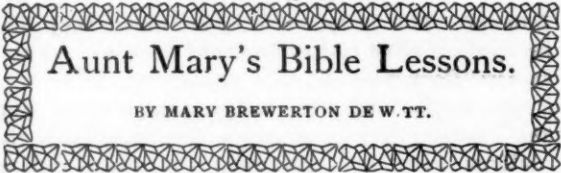
At last the long, hard winter passed away, and the beautiful springtime came. Oh, how happy the children were then, gathering the sweet violets, spring beauties and bluebells, chasing the pretty butterflies and listening to the joyous song birds.

One bright day, the Pilgrims were surprised by hearing a voice which said: "Welcome, Englishmen!" And there they saw a kind Indian whose name was Sam-o-set. After this, Massasoit, the Indian chief, came to make a visit, and he was kind too. After awhile another friendly Indian came and made a long visit. This Indian's name was Squanto. He taught the Pilgrims how to plant their corn and how to make their gardens. Then when the autumn came and the corn and grain had been gathered, the people were filled with "Thank you's." "Oh, let's have a thanksgiving party!" they said, "and let's invite the friendly Indians!" And they did.

First, they thanked God, the All-Good, for sending the sunshine and rain which made the grain and vegetables grow. They thanked Him, too, for sending the friendly Indians. For three whole days after this, the Pilgrims and the Indians spent a happy time together. The Indians brought five deer with them for the party. Besides this, there were wild geese, wild turkeys, wild ducks, fish from the sea and plenty of nice bread and cakes. Every Pilgrim and every Indian thanked God for His gifts before each meal during those three days.

Since that time there has been kept each year, one day, when all the people in the country stop to say "Thank you," to God.

Let us thank Him on that day by sharing our good things with those who are in need. Jesus says in the good book, you know, that when we do this, it is just the same as if we did it for him.



Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE W. TT.

LESSON V. NOVEMBER 4.

The Lord's Supper.—Matt. 26:17-30.

GOLDEN TEXT — *This do in remembrance of me.*—I. Cor. 11:24.

It is well for us to remember Jesus in the Lord's supper, but what we are specially to remember him in—is the manner in which we speak to others, the words we use, and remember him in the things we do.

Jesus was always kind, always tender and loving, with true sympathy for the troubles of the people, so much so that he healed all diseases. We are to follow in his footsteps, and to do these same acts of love.

Your teacher will explain about the passover to you. It is written of in the old testament, and was, therefore, a custom carried on in commemoration of a certain event, for the people in those days taught through symbols. Jesus found a different meaning in this symbol.

You know that bread stands for life, and as the life of man is in the body, so Jesus named the bread his body. He merely meant that it stood for life, for in another place he said, "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

The wine also represented life, so he called it his blood, for we need the blood to pulse through our veins, so long as we seem to be of the earth.

But the real life is the life of Christ, or, the word of truth, and Jesus spoke the word of truth for us to live by.

If this seems to be a difficult lesson to understand, you must ask mother or teacher to make it clear to you.

Ever remember that Spirit is the real, and that we cannot see the Spirit with these eyes.

LESSON VI. NOVEMBER II.

Jesus in Gethsemane.—Matt. 26:36-50.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Not my will, but thine be done.*—Luke 22:42.

Jesus prayed for strength to be firm and true when he was in the garden of Gethsemane, just as we are obliged to pray daily, so as not to give way to temptations. He could have easily taken himself away into another part of the country, and not have been crucified, but he knew that to help the people he must show them the nothingness of death by overcoming it, and to overcome the very expression of death he must allow himself to be buried, and then rise again out of the tomb.

It is an awful thing to be a betrayer. You have all read of Judas, how he had been the friend of Jesus and then turned against him and betrayed him, giving him up to the soldiers. Judas had apparently loved Jesus, and no one knows why he committed this act.

Sometimes at school a child will play nicely with another little girl, will share her lunch with her, and help her with her lessons; then, all at once, when the little girl does something that displeases that child, she will run quickly and tell the teacher. Do you think this is kind? Is it not betraying a friend?

Indeed, it is the act of a Judas to tell tales on another. And I have seen brothers who told on one another so that the other might be punished. This is all wrong, and not like the teachings of Jesus.

Jesus said, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Even today people are angry with Judas. What good does that do? Is it following the Christ? It is surely not forgiving. Poor Judas! He was sorry for that rash act. He regretted it so much that he could find no peace anywhere.

LESSON VII. NOVEMBER 18.

Jesus Before Caiaphas.—Matt. 26:57-68.

GOLDEN TEXT—*He is despised and rejected of men.*—Isa. 53:3.

The priests were afraid of losing their power with the people, also fearing that Jesus would rise above them, so they were glad to condemn him. This very fact shows that the priests

were not practicing the law of love. They did not know God.

Peter loved Jesus, so "he followed afar off." His fear would not let him come nearer. If Peter had realized that perfect love that casteth out all fear, he would have stood close beside Jesus all the way. He did not know the great power of God's love that was sufficient to protect him from any harm.

The witnesses against Jesus were false. They did not speak the truth, twisting his words to please themselves. That is the way it is in law courts to this day. The lawyers, in many cases, twist the meaning of words to please themselves, forgetting that they should work to show forth the truth of the case.

Neither the priests nor the people understood the words of Jesus, for they supposed he referred to their house of worship as the temple, whereas he spoke of his own flesh body, the temple of God, which would pass through death on the cross, and in three days Jesus would bring it up out of the grave. Jesus would take no part in the argument. In verse 63 it says, "Jesus held his peace."

But when the high priest insisted upon a reply, Jesus answered, (verse 64). These words they would not understand not knowing the true heaven of happiness, which heaven is within man.

The *power* is that marvelous force within man, by which he can do all things. The clouds of glory are the beautiful holy thoughts of Christ.

Thus they condemned the only one among them who understood his God-power. And this power is the birthright of all, for it is the gift of God.

LESSON VIII. NOVEMBER 25.

The World's Temperance Sunday.—Isaiah 5:11-23.

GOLDEN TEXT—*I keep under my body and bring it into subjection.*—I. Cor. 9:27.

We are temperate in all things if we love God truly, for then we are not looking for evil, nor worrying as to whether we are good or not. We shall then remember that the Spirit within is good, being made in the image and likeness of God. One can overeat just as one can overdrink, or one can be angry and cross with another—all this is intemperance.

The real meaning of the text is that you are master over

your body, that is, that you keep it in a healthy, pure condition so that it expresses God, and you rule your thoughts so that you do not feel angry, but speak the kind, true word that brings happiness to another.

We are not created for just having a good time and to be thoughtless of others, but we are to have that good time understanding that all good is from God, and thus thinking of Him we will think of others; then our good times will be of more value to us, and will mean love, peace and prosperity, and doing good, instead of a selfish life; for those that live just for self, soon grow hungry and long for the knowledge of God, the Good. It makes one very hungry if he does not know about God, or if he does not serve Him. It fills and satisfies one to think of the beautiful love of the Spirit, for God is love.

IN THE MORNING.

BY FOREST HOPPING, (10 years old.)

(Original.)

One morning as I saw the sun rise,
And everything was bright;
The darkness in the skies
Had faded from the night.

There was a song in the breeze;
And the dewdrops on the trees
Glittered like diamonds bright,
As stars does in the dark, dark night.

The lily was fresh and fair,
For the sun fairies had been there,
And painted the lily with great care
That its beauty we might share.

Our baby girl, 3 years old, is a little healer. She treats everybody and everything. Her dolls are always getting hurt so she can treat them. * * *



WEE WISDOM'S WAY OF HEALING.

"GOD IS MY HEALTH, I CAN'T BE SICK."

Health is as freely given us as the air we breathe.
Breathe it in with your true thoughts and words.

ONLY THE GOOD IS TRUE.

Good reports are coming in from our work last month. Florence writes that Isabella Warren (we got it Claribel) has improved very rapidly and Mrs. Gladdin has left the doctor. We must take up the case of Landon Waters, Exie's brother, and help him find the sweet, strong life that will fill all his little body with health and usefulness. Exie will learn what a wonderful thing it is to be a child of the Good.

Russell Shepherd wrote a few weeks ago, after his broken arm had been treated, "My arm is almost well, but there are four sores on my left leg and one on my right. I ask you to treat them." He is all well now, and was at Unity Sunday School last Sunday as bright and happy as could be. He won't break any more arms, nor have any more sores now, for he is living the way of harmonious life. "My words they are Spirit and they are life."

Here is what a grandma says, in a private letter:
"My little grandson is now fully recovered from the distressing cough, and is enjoying perfect health. He still repeats the healing prayer. This is his fifth birthday, and I told him I would write and thank you for what you had done for him. He said, 'But, dear Grandma, first thank God; then thank all the good people who told you what to say to God for me.'"
MRS. M. C.



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A THOUGHT FOR THANKSGIVING.

We praise Thee our beautiful, bountiful God.

MAMIE'S GOOSE RHYME.

*Dickery, dickery, dock,
We've the queerest old clock,
It runs without feet,
It goes while it stands,
And its two busy hands
Have no fingers at all;
Has a face but no head,
Has no tongue, yet 'tis said
It tells all the time.
What'd you think of my rhyme?*

The editor is in Chicago when this issue goes to press, attending the World's New Thought Federation Convention, which is the reason why there is no "Editor's Sanctum" this month, but she extends loving greetings to each one of the happy Wees, this beautiful Thanksgiving month.

Gift Books.

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

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

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