WEE WISDOM.



Vol. 8. KANSAS CITY, MO., NOVEMBER, 1903. No. 4.



THANKSGIVING SUNSHINE.

"We've formed a society, mamma, and we're making sunshine by the barrel," was the astonishing news Nell Blake burst in on mamma with. Mamma looked up with a twinkle in her eye, but asked very seriously.

"How can barrels hold sunshine? And how can little girls make sunshine anyway, it takes the sun to do that?"

"Oh," said Nell, "this is the kind of shine that comes out of you when you do something for somebody," and then Nell rattled on at a great rate, telling of the things a Sunshine girl had told them over at Bell's house. Mamma got enough out of it all to understand, that six little maidens had been inspired with the desire to make somebody happy, and were very anxious to get about it. So she suggested that Nell invite them all over the next day after school to talk it over.

Well, they were all present and all full of enthusiasm, but how to begin was the question at hand. Mamma Blake asked if the school ground might not have some little folks on it that had need of some of this love and attention they were so eager to give to somebody. Then Maud remembered a pale little girl that had just entered school, who wore poor looking clothes, and who seemed always by herself. And Nell thought of a freckled-faced girl who was always making faces at them; and together they counted up at least a dozen right there in their room at school to do something for. They went at it with a warmth that melted away all barriers. And though it would do you good to hear some of the times they had, yet this little Sunshine Corner isn't near big enough to tell it in, and so you will have to try it yourself to see how it works. Well, by Thanksgiving the whole school had joined the society and they were *all* in touch with Mrs. Alden and all the other Shiners. And "the pale, little girl in the poor dress" was now a happy, rosy little girl in nice warm clothes, for the Sunshine had entered her home and had shone her sick mamma into health, and her papa had taken courage and found plenty of good paying work. The freckled-faced girl had been placed in a home where *love* had opened up the wealth of her generous nature. And it does seem as if *Thanksgiving* found a whole *town* full of sunshine and thanksgiving. And as Nell said to her mamma, "*When everybody begins to do for everybody it seems like there's plenty for all.*" And this is how six little girls captured Millsville and put it into their Sunshine Barrel.

WEE WISDOM
"Little Children Love One Another."
"Wisdom is Justified of her Children."

VOL. VIII. KANSAS CITY, MO., NOVEMBER, 1903. No. 4.

One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did.

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

CHAPTER III.

HELPING MOTHER.

AUNT Rachel's letter was not a very cheerful one. It told of a neighbor who had lost her little all in the burning of her house. Aunt Rachel had taken her right into their home and fed and clothed her, and this meant a sacrifice. So she wrote asking her sister, Mrs. Evans, if she could not spare ten dollars.

"I must send it, children," said Mrs. Evans, "and of course that will necessitate our staying here a shorter time than we had intended."

At these words Jack began to howl, while Harry looked on the floor and groaned under his breath.

Evelyn came to the rescue with her bright smile and the cheerful words, "I've thought of a way, a fine way!" She clasped her hands ecstatically.

The mother shook her head. "I'm afraid it's not possible, my dear."

"Oh, but mother, you told us yourself, 'all things are possible.' God will show us the way. I thought of my plan when I was down on the beach.'"

"Well, what's your plan?" asked Harry, looking up.

"It's two or three things."

"Jack, do be quiet," interrupted Harry, impatiently, "and stop that blubbering. We can't hear Evelyn."

Jack drew in his breath, stiffling his sobs and listened with the rest.

"We can gather things off the beach



"We can gather things off the beach."

and sell them," began Evelyn.

Harry looked at her dolefully, remarking, "People can gather those things themselves."

For a second Evelyn's face clouded. "It's hard work to get the abalone

off the rocks. Everyone can't do that, and we can if mother will let us take that little hatchet I saw in the wood-box."

"You may take it if you'll bring it back," replied Mrs. Evans.

"Evelyn, look here, people can buy those shells in the stores. I saw them." Harry looked at his sister doubtfully.

"We'll sell them for a little less and we'll look real pleasant and people will buy from us, I feel sure," Evelyn hastened to assure him.

"You'd better send Jack out here," said doleful Harry. "Look at his face."

Jack was smearing tears across his cheeks with two dirty fingers.

Evelyn laughed. "Oh, Jackie doesn't cry all the time." She drew her little brother to her, and kissed him on the forehead, the only clean spot visible.

Jack grinned sheepishly and clutched his sister's neck.

"Well, you children may try," said Mrs. Evans. "It will give you something to do, anyway."

At this the three brightened and the mother smiled a little, as she turned away to answer their aunt's letter.

"We'll begin tomorow," declared Evelyn as she began putting dishes away.

[*To be continued.*]

MILDRED'S DREAM.

BY WALTER S. WELLER.

MILDRED Vincent was a nice little girl six years of age. She had a very beautiful dream one night. She was in a beautiful garden full of lovely flowers, and she heard them all talking together.

The daffodil was saying. "What a sweet child dear little Mildred is, isn't she?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the daisy, "but sometimes she is very naughty, and allows error to overcome her."

"She need not do that," said the rose, "she has only to remember the Allness of Good."

"I wonder what that means," thought Mildred.

"In other words, she must remember that the Good is always present, and can always be appealed to when we need its help," said the tulip.

"Now, thats just what I wanted to know," said Mildred. "Tell me more about the Good, dear flowers."

"The Good is everywhere, Mildred," said the jonquil.

"And you may call upon it at any time when you need its help," said the pink.

"I am naughty sometimes," said Mildred, "but I want to be good all the time."

"You can be, if you will only try to remember that the Good is always near you — right in your own little heart," said the violet.

"Oh, is it, really?" said Mildred.

"Yes, sweetheart," said the tulip.

"Oh, I wish I could be as good as Louise Dearborn," said Mildred.

"You can be even better than she is," said the violet.

"Can I? How?' exclaimed Mildred, eagerly.

"By making up your mind that you will be good when everything seems to be against you," said the hollyhock.

"There is your little friend, Louise, standing right behind you," said the rose. Mildred turned, and there was a beautiful child of three summers smiling sweetly.

"Come here, Louise," said Mildred, "and sit down beside me."

She came and sat down on the soft grass at Mildred's side. Mildred put her arm around her, and Louise gave Mildred a kiss.

"That's right, Louise," said the violet. "Love should be always supreme."

"It is supreme in Louise's precious little heart," said Mildred. "It ought to be so in mine, but it isn't."

"Tant oo be dood all time?" asked Louise.

"No, dearie, I only wish I could be," said Mildred.

"The flowers taught me to be dood," said Louise. "Oo has only to 'isten to what 'ey say."

"All right, I will try to remember that."

And here our little Mildred awoke. The sun was streaming into her room, and she knelt in prayer for a few moments, thanking God for keeping her through the night, and for another bright, pleasant day. She never forgot her lovely dream, and it influenced all of her life. She often told her dream to her grandchildren when they gathered around her, and begged her for a story.

AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME.

My teacher doesn't think I read
So very special well,
She's always saying, "What was that
Last word?" and makes me spell
And then pronounce it after her,
As slow as slow can be.
"You'd better take a little care"—
That's what she says to me—
Or else I'm really 'fraid you'll find
Some one of these bright days
You're way behind the primer class."
That's what my teacher says.

But when I'm at my grandpa's house,
He hands me out a book
And lets me choose a place to read;
And then he'll sit and look
At me, and listen, just as pleased!
I know it from his face;
And when I read a great, long word,
He'll say: "Why, little Grace,
You'll have to teach our district school
Some one o' these bright days!
Mother, you come and hear this child."
That's what my grandpa says.

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE FEARFUL THOUGHT AND THE COURAGEOUS THOUGHT.

BY HATTIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

Henry was a boy who feared nothing. Frank was not that way. One night it was about dark; Henry did not know that there was a guide-post at the road when he went out to take a walk. Ugh! right before him stood a tall white something, but he was not afraid, and went right up to it. Frank, who was with him, stood back. "Oh!" said Frank, "run! run! a fright! a fright!"

"Pshaw!" said Henry, "it's only the guide-post, you coward!"

Henry told the truth. Frank was a coward.

"Henry, you've taught me a lesson I shall long remember," said Frank.

"I hope so," said their father. "I always thought you were more of a coward than Henry."

Their mother said, "Let's sing a song about courage and not of fear; let's hide fear."

"I think," said their sister, "brother Henry taught Frank a lesson of courage."

I think so, too.

[*The end.*]

DAILY AFFIRMATIONS.

MONDAY — I will to think only thoughts of good this day.

TUESDAY — I will to see only good in all my eyes behold this day.

WEDNESDAY — I will give all my services to the Good this day.

THURSDAY — I will, in the strength of my own I AM, to lift every burden that comes to me this day.

FRIDAY — I will to stand firm and steadfast, invincible in Truth this day.

SATURDAY — I will to consecrate every thought, word and deed of my life to the Great I AM, who is the Life of all things.

SUNDAY — Amen! It is finished! The perfect will is done in me.

ONE DAY WITH "CORAGEOUS THOUGHT."

N. H. D.

"HELLO there, Gladys."

"Why good morning, Cousin Harold."

Two children on their way to school met face to face at a corner of the street. "Boo-oo-oo. My, but I'm nearly frozen, ain't you?" said Harold.

"I hadn't even thought it was cold," replied Gladys. "Why, Harold, no wonder you're cold; you're all humped up like a chicken."

"Whenever I get all humped over like that papa says, 'Gladys, straighten *up*. Do you not know that the fire in your stove can't burn when you stand like that?'"

"Stove," said Harold, "where's your stove?"

"Why! my lungs of course, and my mind is the fire builder."

"You see my mind says straighten up, now don't be afraid; close your mouth and breathe hard; bring your chest out just so, and give the flues good chance to work."

Harold straightened up, shut his mouth close and drew several long strong breaths.

"Why I'm warmer already, but the wind is cold."

"There, that's what WEE WISDOM calls a 'Fearful Thought,'" said Gladys. "You want to say 'Mr. Wind, the faster and harder you blow the faster and harder my fire burns, and so you can't harm me.' I just like to face a big wind like this, when I think and 'stand straight.' My thoughts go so fast and I think of so many good things, and if I am on my way to school, I just know the arithmetic problems will come out right and"—here they had reached the school grounds and joined the rank of children ready to march in.

But Harold kept on thinking of what Cousin Gladys had said and concluded that she must have spoken the "Courageous Thought" he had heard of. Anyway, it was courageous, and it did seem as though he did get his lessons better when he sat up straight and faced them just as he had faced the wind that morning.

After school he walked briskly with head erect towards home. Just as he came near the corner where he had met Gladys that morning, whom did he see but the big Brown boy who had promised him a good licking the next time they met, just because Harold had accidentally ran against him at recess. Somehow the Brown boy reminded him of the wind and he straightened up even more and looked the Brown boy *square* in the face, and the Brown boy just "grinned" and walked on.

Harold concluded that the "Courageous Thought" must have looked out of his eyes and walked into the kitchen where mamma was preparing the Thanksgiving good things, (tomorrow was Thanksgiving day) more erect than mamma could remember having ever seen him before.

"Harold," said she, "papa has sent down so many nuts and oranges that I'd like to have you take some of them over to Mrs. Jennings."

For just a moment Harold hesitated, as he had to pass the Brown boys' house on his way there, and for a minute too he thought of the cold. Then the "Courageous Thought" came and another good thought along with it. "May I give Nat Brown a few nuts, mamma?" "Of course, my son, you may," said mamma. And Harold walked so fast and whistled so merrily that he was right up in front of Nat Brown,

COURAGEOUS THOUGHT AND FEARFUL THOUGHT.

BY N. D. H.

Courageous Thought and Fearful Thought
Were walking side by side.
"Come, go with me," said Fearful Thought,
"And view my kingdom wide."

He led the way through alleys foul,
Where Want and Woe held sway,
And into mansions dark and grand,
Where Mis'ry loved to stay.

He tarried at the drunkard's home,
And in the prison cell;
And oh! the dread abodes of shame
Through which their pathway fell.

Until at last Courageous Thought
Said, "Let us backward tread.
You bide outside while I *within*
Will meet those visions dread."

Thus Fearful Thought obedient,
Awaited at the door.
The while Courageous Thought stepped in
The places viewed before.

She hovered oe'r the sick man's bed,
And coaxed from him a smile;
And soothed to rest the mother's sighs,
And woke sweet Hope the while.

She glided into mansions grand,
Dark Mis'ry took its flight.
She spoke within the prison cells,
And flooded them with Light.

She stopped at homes of want and woe —
Plenty and Joy stepped in;
And o'er the drunkard's couch she bowed,
And Lust took flight with Sin.

She sped through alleys dark and foul,
And Order came with Light;
And everywhere she took her way,
She left a pathway bright.

So bright, indeed, that Fearful Thought
Dared not to follow on,
And, lo! the kingdom that was his,
Became her very own.

---

who stood out on the walk, before he knew it, and Nat who was accustomed to making the smaller boys afraid of him looked queerly into his face.

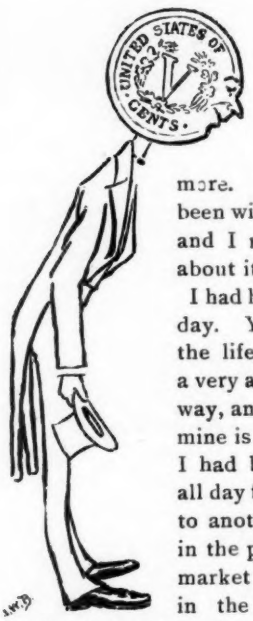
Not a wave of fear did he see as Harold stopped and reaching in his pocket brought out a handful of choice nuts which Nat eyed hungrily.

"For me?" he said doubtfully. "Say I don't believe you are a bad chap after all, and you're not a 'fraidy,' either.'"

"Oh bother," replied Harold. "I made up my mind you wasn't half so bad as you tried to have one think you were, either," and walked on down the street whistling more merrily than ever.

The Au-to-bi-og-ra-phy of A Nickel.

CHAPTER X.



Quite a long time ago, in the course of my wanderings about the country, I visited the Unity Sunday School in Kansas City, Mo. It was at the time of an Easter service given by the school, and it made such an impression upon my me(n)tality that I have had a desire ever since to see those dear friends once more. Well, I have been with them again, and I must tell you about it.

I had had a very busy day. You know that the life of a nickel is a very active one anyway, and it seems that mine is very much so. I had been traveling all day from one place to another, one time in the purse of an old market woman, then in the pocket of a school-girl, again in the money-drawer at a candy store, and finally ending the day, as I thought, in the pocket of a street car conductor who was off duty for that night.

I was dozing, I think, although usually wide-awake, when I heard a sweet voice say, "Papa, are you going with me tonight down to Unity Headquarters to the Sunday School festival?" "Of course, Sweetheart, if you want me to, said papa. So he put on his hat, took the little girl's hand, and went to the car to go down to "Unity."

I was afraid he would take me to pay the fare with, for I wanted to go to the festival, and see my old friends, but I was made happy when papa took my brother, who was just beside me in his pocket, and I was left to go on with them.

Arriving at the Rooms we found them well filled with the members of the school and their friends, all having the most sociable time imaginable. The children were soon gathered by the Superintendent into the places reserved for them, and the exercises of the evening began, the children giving the entire program.

Songs, recitations, violin solos, etc., were all nicely rendered. One little tot, so small that she had to be lifted into a chair to be seen, recited two pieces in a charming manner. A professional whistler, and a professional elocutionist, who were present, kindly consented to favor the audience with some selections, thus adding much to the pleasure of the evening.

After this came the real purpose of the festival; the love-offering by the school to the Unity Building Fund, for it seems this society is planning to have a new home. I had noticed, grasped tightly in the hands of every child, queer looking little packages; some round and plump; some flat and thin. These packages were now held ready for something, I could not tell what, although I stretched my neck to see. Not having a rubber-neck I am not to blame for missing some things.

But I, along with several other strangers present, was enlightened when Mrs. Croft, the Superintendent, explained that two weeks before the

children had been given envelopes in which they were to put all the money they could save, earn, or coax their friends to give them, the whole amount thus gained to be presented at this festival, as the love-offering of the Unity Sunday School to the Unity Building Fund.

Each child who held one of these envelopes, some plump with pennies and nickels; some thin with paper money, now handed it to the Superintendent, who passed it over to a tall, pleasant-faced man that I heard them say was Mr. Prather, the Assistant Superintendent. He counted the money and gave the amount and the name to the Treasurer, who I learned was Lowell Fillmore, the oldest of the Wees who edits this paper every August.

I was so interested in all this, and so anxious to have a part in helping to build a home for Unity Society, that I jumped up and down until I am sure that I reminded my present owner that it would be a good thing to help a little, and he took me with some other change, and gave it to his little girl to put in her envelope. How happy I was when I was carried up and put with the heap of money on the table. I could not keep still for joy, but rattled against the other coins and made all the noise I could, which is a nickel's way of expressing its happiness. Now I would be helping this good work on. The whole sum given that night was $67.05 which included about $7.00 from the sale of the extra cakes, which were sold at auction to the highest bidder, Mr. Prather acting as auctioneer, in such a happy way that everybody thought it a privilege to buy a cake. Don't you think this a nice lot of money for the children to raise in so short a time? This closed the program, and everybody was then invited to the lawn to have ice cream and cake. Chinese lanterns were hung from the trees, and all around on the lawn, so it looked quite festive, and there was an abundance of cream and cake, free for all. A gentleman, whom I heard them call Mr. Haseltine, was everywhere present seeing that everybody was served and none overlooked, and with a pleasant word for all. Really, these people are the happiest folks I ever knew, and I believe it is because they are so full of love, anyhow, I know I like to be with them, and hope I may have that pleasure again soon. When I do I will tell you all about it. Until then—*Au revoir.*—A. NICKEL.

(By JENNIE H. CROFT.)

THE PICNIC.

BY COUSIN JO.

This picnic story is from life, and it was a great success, so I thought it would please the children to read it in WEE WISDOM.

Tom, wait a minute. Just come from the picnic; a tip-top, jolly good time, I tell you. Miss Cone decided to give the children of the neighborhood a picnic, a real American affair—old clothes—so the fellers could have a jolly good time. It was down by the creek, and willows are growing along the banks; so you can have shade for the lunch-table, and the water was clear and deep for wading.

We met at Carmer's and just before we started Miss Cone said, "Listen, children to the motto of this picnic, —'*I am trying to make everybody have a happy time.*'" Say, she said if we behaved well, and carried out the motto she would give us another soon. Off we started, everybody carrying a bag, box, or basket with part of the lunch in it. Who went? Why Helen and Carvill Carmer, Thornton and Margie Smith, Paul and Florence Beckwith, Fay Otis, June Chase, George and Ruth

Sant. Miss Cone appointed Miss Hole as marshall of the day, and we were to mind her promptly.

When we reached the creek everybody wanted to wade. Well, you should have seen those kids in the water! Such fun! Fay Otis found more pollywogs, and was as tickled as if she was picking up gold nuggets. Flo Beckwith was quiet, but she took it all in, you better believe. The way Miss Hole got those girls up for wading was a caution. She is *great*, Tom, with children. Why, she looked ten years younger at the picnic and she helped make it a success. O Tom, I shall not eat anything before tomorrow night; I am so full. My! Southern biscuits with cheese layers, made by Mrs. DuBrutz, struck the right spot, you bet. I do enjoy home-made things. Bakers' stuff never fill a feller up. We had oranges, peanuts, animal cakes, cup cakes, chocolate cake, mollases cakes. Ah! Fanny DuBrutz knows how to make candy alright. Sorry you were not invited, Tom. Get your mother to move into our neighborhood before the next one comes off.

Coming home, Fay Otis' dog ran into a corral after another dog, and such a scrambling for her dog, because the man called out that the cow would "chew it up." Miss Hole, Helen and Fay were chasing around like fury while we stood on the sidewalk and laughed. Tired? Of course, but I would go again tomorrow.

So long, jolliest time! Miss Cole said it was a good time, because everybody tried to carry out the spirit of the motto, that is, everybody tried to make the others have a happy time. I'll try to get you an invitation to the next one, Tom.

"Love and good will help to smooth our path to perfect bliss."

THE BACK PORCH FAMILY.

BY M. ALICE SPRADLIN.

ONE evening as Edith sat later than usual on the back porch, her attention was attracted by a small bird that flitted nervously from twig to twig, uttering an anxious distressed note. Noticing that the bird was a sparrow she concluded that it was having trouble with one of its companions about a roosting place, and did not give it a second thought.

The family had all gone on a long vacation and Edith and her friend were alone in the house. On this particular evening she sat, half reclining, in a long steamer chair looking out into the garden, absorbed in deep thought. Finally the little anxious chirp of the bird became so full of distress that it brought her back to her surroundings, and she realized that the little form was vibrating with terror at her presence, and yet seemed to be drawn irresistably on by some great desire. It would flutter nearer and nearer and then away again, only to repeat the action, coming perhaps closer the next time.

"Why are you so distressed, little Birdie?" said Edith. "I see nothing that should make you so. Does my presence trouble you or can't you find a suitable place to rest tonight?

But the bird only grew more anxious and distressed as the sun went down and a sharp chilliness was felt in the air.

Edith got up and went indoors, but could not altogether dismiss from her mind the little plaintive chirp of the bird.

"I do believe a sparrow has built her nest in the back porch," Edith remarked to her friend during the evening.

"I shouldn't wonder," replied her friend, "for I have seen them very busy

around here lately. They fly about with things in their bills, but I have never seen them come in the porch."

"Wouldn't Charley have a fit if he knew they were there?" said Edith.

"Poor little birds; their prospects for domestic happiness is much increased by his absence," replied her friend.

"But why should man think it in his province to ruthlessly destroy the happiness and home of a bird? Strange," continued Edith, "that some people do this who are keenly alive to the distress of their friends, and yet seem perfectly dumb to the note of sorrow expressed by the lower animals. Do you remember last year when Charley destroyed that nest in the front verandah? How the mother bird fluttered off with a faint scream as he punched out the nest, and the father bird came bravely to her rescue? Then, how they both fluttered about their broken eggs and demolished the nest uttering the most pitiful of chirps? Really I could not endure to witness their distress, and yet Charley did not seem to know that those birds were there, so intent was he in destroying the nest and clearing away the 'nasty mess' as he called it."

The next morning about eleven o'clock as Edith and her friend were sitting on the porch a father bird flew noiselessly in and lit on the ledge under the rafters. He cautiously spied around to see if he attracted any special notice, then darted into the opening under the eaves. He was gone but a moment, when he came out and flew on the clothes line where he was joined by the mother bird. They chirped and nodded to each other as if they were expressing their mutual satisfaction, and then flew off together to a neighboring tree.

"There are those birds again!" said Edith. "I really believe they do have a nest up there. I am going to see."

By standing on the railing Edith could reach the place where the bird had been.

"I can see nothing that looks like a nest and can only feel a few loose feathers away back in the leaves. I suppose he was prospecting," said Edith getting down.

But that evening when it began to grow cool the mother bird came again with that timid distressed cry and hopped about.

"She surely must have a nest here with eggs in it or she would not be so anxious to come in. I will push my investigation a little further under those feathers," said Edith climbing on the railing and running her fingers down through the feathers. "Yes, here they are! Four eggs!" And taking one out carefully between her fingers, it lay in her palm a tiny, brown speckled might.

During these proceedings both of the birds flew about in the greatest distress and fear.

"You poor birds," said Edith, "don't you know I would not hurt you nor your nest? See, I put your egg back, and you can come and keep it warm." And she laid it carefully in the nest and got down.

[*To be continued.*]

Dickory, dickory dock,
What a funny old clock,
To run without feet,
To go while it stands.
While its two busy hands
Have no fingers at all.
Has a face without head,
And yet it is said
It knows all the time,
So endeth my rhyme.

—MAMIE.



Class Word—WE PRAISE THEE OUR BEAUTIFUL BOUNTIFUL GOD.

Jewel Word—GRATITUDE.

Song Word—"ALL IS YOURS." (Truth Song, No. 70).

Praise and thanksgiving thrive just as well one time of year as another. This kind of seed needs to be sown every day. It is a perpetual bloomer and its seed-pods are very productive.

Praise always increases our good while complaining takes from it. One is a "sum" in addition and the other in subtraction.

It's a simple rule; anyone can use it. *Praise and you add to; complain and you take from.*



CRYSTAL SPRINGS, ARK.

DEAR WEES—As I have some time this afternoon I will write to you. I am so glad Aunt Mary has commmenced a continued story, and I like it very much. We are having very cold weather here now. I saw in WEE WISDOM that it was turning so cold the boys were getting out the Pillow Verses again. I send a story called "The Fearful Thought and the Courageous Thought." I go to Sunday School every Sunday. We are having a fine day school out here. With love to Aunt Mary and Ye Editor and all the Wees, I am in love and kindness yours,

HATTIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALI ,

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We received your kind paper last Friday. As we have no school today I think I will write you someth'ng and let you know that I am not asleep. For the last two months there was so much going on in a great city like San Francisco. The Grand Army and the Labor Day parades were very good. One day we went to the cliff and saw the seals and the sea-shore, but it was too windy to stay long enough to have a good time and so we walked from the cliff all the way through the Golden Gate Park between the nice flowers and trees to the play ground, then we enjoyed ourselves till late in the evening. So far we are all well and hope we will remain so. We pulled loads of sickness so we pray every day to God with faith to help us in every need, and let sunshine come in the smallest corner. I say good-night for this time with best wishes to you.

Yours truly, ADOLPH HARTMAN.

SAN JOSE, CAL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I go to the Home of Truth Sunday School in San Jose. We have quite a large class. There are four teachers in our Sunday School. I hope my letter will escape the waste basket. I love the little paper very much; it is so interesting and helpful. This is my first letter, so I will close for this time.

Yours in Truth, MERLE HARDY.

[Since our Wisdoms are so absent in letters this month, Ye Editor will give them a specimen of a letter "what is a letter." It appeared in April *Life*. It was written by a little nine-year girl in response to Mr. Barton's offer of a prize for the best letter written on the subject, "*Why I Give Thanks*."—ED.]

PRIZE LETTER.

When you read this letter you will know why I give thanks.

Our farm is on a nice high place, and when I look out I can see miles and miles of lovely forest, and I can see and hear many sweet birds, and can see the beautiful green grass and lovely little flowers springing up, and the pretty streams of

clear water. When I go walking with my dolls and my dog I often think about the Good who is the Father of all these pretty things, and of me, too, and I always think I can hear the voices of the trees and grass and flowers whispering, humming, so soft and low, and sometimes when I am out with the birds and flowers and grass, I have to laugh right out, because I am so happy. I went away up on a hill by myself the other day and picked some fine ferns, and while I was there all alone, I made up a little song about the ferns. I called it "The Song of the Ferns." I will tell it to you. Maybe you will think it is not so very nice, but you can just leave it out if you want to:

Once we were with the pretty grass,
  And lived upon a hill,
And listened to the merry dash
  Of an ever-running rill.

But from our slender stems
  Strong fingers came and took us,
And when they softly smoothed our plumes,
  They in a basket put us.

But well we know we'll ne'er be naught,
  For nothing ever dies,
We'll be the little maiden's thought,
  When hidden from her eyes.

I make lots of rhymes, and sometimes mamma writes them down. I think I will make a little book of rhymes when I get older. I wish you could see my lovely hens, and our nice cow, and we have two big brown horses, each with a white spot in the forehead. Their names are Mike and Fanny. They are gentle and kind. *Und Ich habe ein klein, schwarz hund. Er hat schon augen, und ein kurz schwanz. Sein name ist Button. Er ist ein schon hund.* ["Little Mac" has been studying German with her mamma, and has put some of it in her letter, you see.—ED.]

I was nine years old last Friday, March 6th. Mamma and papa gave me some pretty presents, and I had a fine birthday cake, but it rained so I could n't have any of the little girls here. It's so nice to have a good mamma and papa who never scold or whip. My mamma is my teacher, and, just think! I am in the Fourth Reader, and have never been to school a day in my life. There was a little girl visiting me one day, and I was trying to teach her to spell, and when I told her to spell "water," she said, "l-o-r-d, water." Mamma and I could not help laughing, but papa told her not to be discouraged, for he thought it was a very good way to spell *holy* water.

I am well and strong, and I try to do all the good I can to everyone I can. I am thankful that we don't have to beg for blessings, but just let ourselves be good, and then have the blessings just come anyhow. One day at dinner I asked papa why he did n't ask a blessing like other people, and he said we have the blessings already, and it would be foolish begging for something we already have. You see I have many blessings, and I give thanks because I can't help it, for when I am glad I am giving thanks.

With much love,

FRANCES M. MITCHELL.



LESSON V. NOV. 1.

David and Absalom. — II. Sam. 1:12.

GOLDEN TEXT. — *Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

Sometimes a naughty thought will rise up and try to take the kingdom of the heart away from Love, like Absalom did from David, and it may seem to win many thoughts to it for a while, but such a state will not last long. Love will always get back its throne.

When we talked about honoring father and mother, the little folks of Helen s class looked puzzled, but when we called it *love* then every little tongue was busy with telling how they loved papa and mamma and they couldn't see why God had taken the trouble of writing such a commandment in a big stone book for folks, when he had already put it into their hearts.

How could they help but love papas and mammas when they were just made to love.

And so they established their claims for "long days" in the land of the Lord. (A lesson by the Unity Wees.)

"The love of God is broader
  Than the measure of man's mind;
And the Heart of the Eternal
  Is most wonderfully kind.

"But we make his love too narrow
  By false limits of our own,
And we magnify his strictness
  With a eal He will not own."

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

YE EDITOR feels quite forsaken this month, and the Sanctum looks deserted, and she wonders if the matter of a *little card* can possibly make such a difference in the the interest her Wisdoms take in these receptions. Why, cards can be had anywhere, advertising agents keep the air full of them. But who, Sweethearts, can be so true to principle that they don't need to be bought into serving it? The very sweetest reward we ever get, is the feeling that comes to us from doing for very love's sake. How many have tried it? WEE WISDOM, you know, is your paper. Ye Editor has given her time gladly and freely that the good seed of the New Thought might be scattered among the children, for WEE WISDOM is the only children's journal of the New Thought published.

Now if *you* are vitally interested in the success of WEE WISDOM, you had better be showing it; else Ye Editor will think she had better give the time spent in trying to serve *you* to those who, not only appreciate her services, but sustain her, while she is spending her time and money in trying to keep up this little paper for her love of *you*. If she is willing to do all this, what are *you* willing to do? that is, if you love WEE WISDOM, and want her visits any longer. Ye Editor thinks she will leave it with *you*, as her interest in WEE WISDOM, hereafter, will depend upon yours. There is a great love for you that must always be yours, whether we gather together in the Sanctum any more or not. And then, there are these precious truths you must hold fast in your mind, if you would make life worth the living.

And right here, I must tell you about what our "two little Bears" have been doing (that's what we used to call two little Wisdoms by that name, who were healed after the doctors gave them up, and whose mamma is now a great healer). They moved to Oregon about a year ago, but we hear wonderful news from them. Their little dog had one eye hooked out by a cow; then Mamma Bear called the two little Bears in, and they together declared the Truth for their little dog. It got quiet right away, and in three days a little baby eye was visible in the place where the eye had been torn out, and in one week, would you believe it! there was a new eye as large and nice as the other. Talk about fairy tales! Truth goes ahead of them all, as many of you can bear witness. We ought to talk more about these wonderful possibilities. We ought to be so glad and full of praise that every day would be Thanksgiving.

It is n't a very high idea of Thanksgiving to stuff one's self till one is stupid. Better fill up on the real Substance, and there 'll be no danger of overloading with material food. It's all right, but you want the right thought back of it. We must always remember it is the *thought* that counts, and so we want to be sure and keep just the kind on hand that shall work out to our satisfaction. We are kings and queens when we rule our thoughts.

Daisy's mamma says that Daisy is having trouble with her music lesson on the guitar, because her third finger don't seem so skillful as the others; so the teacher gets out of patience, etc. Can't you see how it all comes? The dear little finger is not to blame, don't find fault with it any longer, Daisy, just send your little love thoughts into that finger and encourage it, and tell it the swift, glad life and intelligence belong to it, too, and you will find it the most skillful finger of all. You v'e blamed it instead of praising it, and so taken away its skill and joy. Never *blame*. Blame is like a blight upon the flower — it kills off all the joy and beauty of life.

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MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

November, 1903.

GRANDPA GOBBLE'S THANKSGIVING GRACE.

There was Papa Gobble and Mamma Gobble
And Gobble-de Gobble-de-dee,
And Grandpa Gobble and Grandma Gobble
And Baby Gobble-dees three.

There were Auntie Gobbles and Uncle Gobbles
And Cousin Gobbles galore.
Such a Thanksgiving Gobble-de-de-dee dinner
You never heard of before.

And oh! Such a table! If only you'd seen,
You'd know what the gobbles like best.
And you never, no never in all your life,
Saw gobbles at dinner, so dressed.

And such good table manners! You wouldn't believe
How quiet those gobbledees were,
When good Grandpa Gobble his gobble-de voice
Lifted in Thanksgiving prayer.

"Dear Lord of the gobbles, dear Lord of all life,
In praise and Thanksgiving we come,
We bless Thee for keeping us safe from the knife,
For Thanksgiving dinner at home.

"O Thou Author of life, who knoweth so well
The fall of a sparrow, must see
How precious is life and its living to all,
Even humble Gobble-de-dee.

"Thou surely must know, O dear Father of all,
Who metest out life by the span,
We'd much rather gobble ours out by ourselves
Than have it gobbled by man.

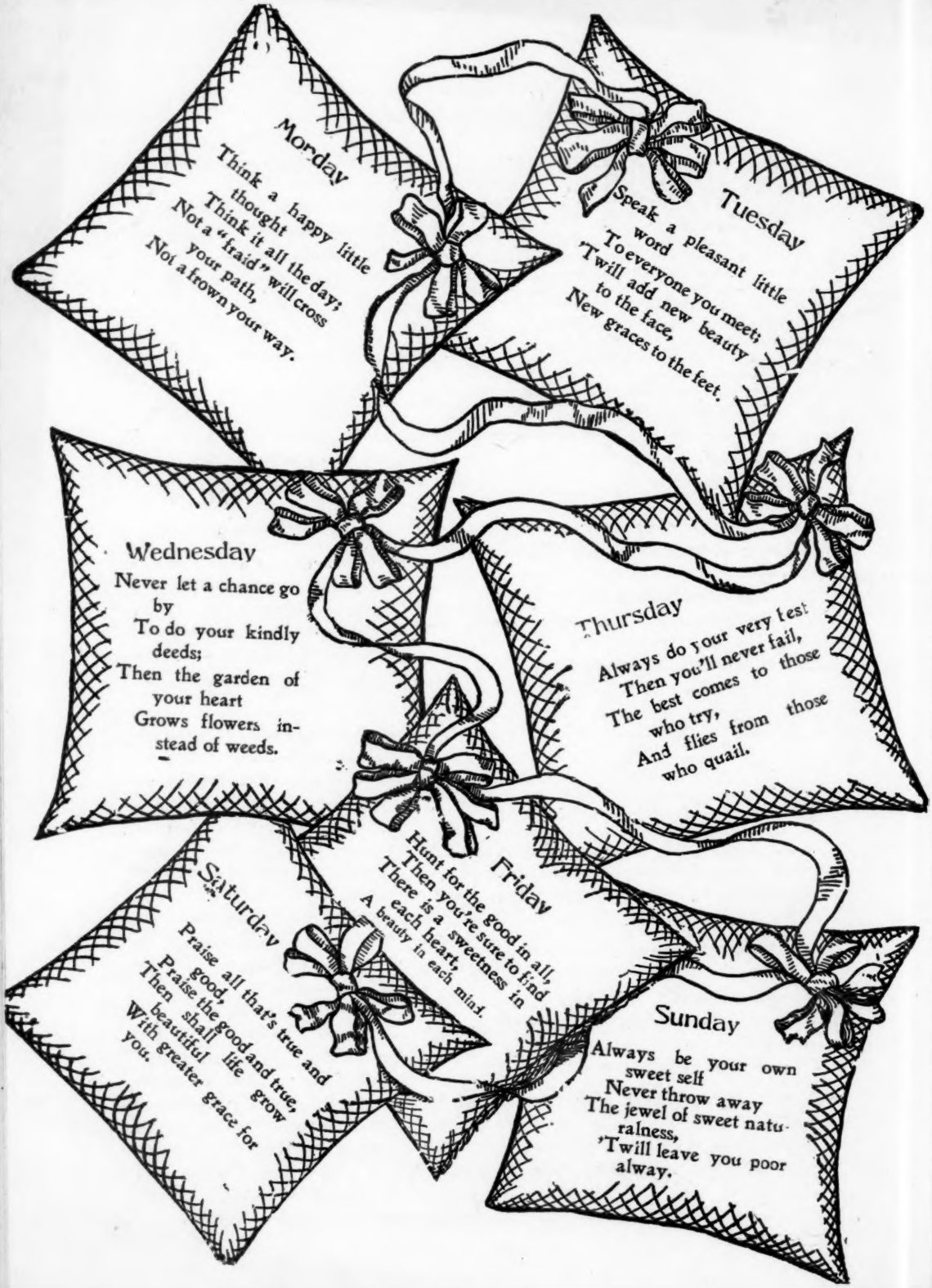
"Protect us and save us, O, Giver of good!
Through holiday season and then
Into lovers of fruit and lovers of grain
Transform thy mankind. Amen."

—M. F.

You must be sure and read Frances Mitchell's beautiful letter, "Why I give thanks," and hunt up your own "whys" for thanks and gratitude. You will find out how fast your blessings will grow when you count them over and rejoice in them.

The subject for December's competitive story will be, "*The Home of the Santa Clause Thought.*" Now, here is a subject that our Wisdoms can revel in. We shall expect some real good stories for we are all interested in the Santa Clause thought about this time of year. All the best stories written this year by the children are to be bound together in a booklet, and each little author to be presented with one of them.

If you want your mammas, and everybody's mammas to have something that will help them to be wise and happy mammas tell them to send $1.00 to Mary Wood Allen for *The American Mother*. Mrs. Allen is the author of "The Chamber of Peace," and her magazine is a chamber of peace and comfort for anyone's mother. There's a play room in it too, for children.


Monday
Think a happy little thought
Think it all the day;
Not a "fraid" will cross your path,
Not a frown your way.
Tuesday
Speak a pleasant little word
To everyone you meet;
'Twill add new beauty to the face,
New graces to the feet.
Wednesday
Never let a chance go by
To do your kindly deeds;
Then the garden of your heart
Grows flowers instead of weeds.
Thursday
Always do your very best
Then you'll never fail,
The best comes to those who try,
And flies from those who quail.
Friday
Hunt for the good in all,
Then you're sure to find
There is a sweetness in each heart,
A beauty in each mind.
Saturday
Praise all that's true and good,
Praise the good and true,
Then shall beautiful life grow
With greater grace for you.
Sunday
Always be your own sweet self
Never throw away
The jewel of sweet naturalness,
'Twill leave you poor alway.