WELLS OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

"TE are of God, little Children. Greater is Un that is

in you than he that is in the world."





VOL. 3.

KANSAS CITY, MO., DECEMBER, 1898.

NO. 5.

WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.

"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that beholdeth Good Always.
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The joy and gladness that are fullness of life and health.

"In Thy presence is fullness of joy......
Thou wilt show me the path of life."

The truth that frees from the clutches of race heredity.
"One is your Father, even God."

The knowledge that Jesus Christ is the subjective spirit of every child. "The kingdom of God is within you."

The understanding that our word is the builder of our environment.

"For without the Word was not anything made that was made."

Be ye therefore perfect, :: :: :: :: Even as your Father in heaven is perfect.

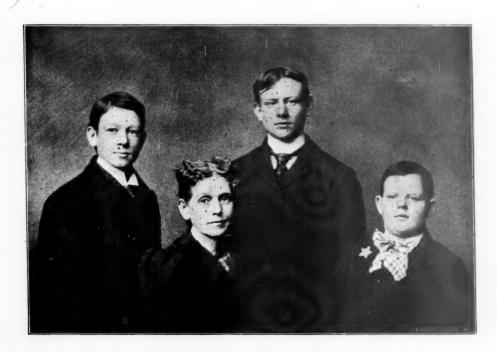
—Jesus.



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No 5.



The Editor of Wee Wisdom and her Three Boys.

To the dear Wisdoms everywhere, greeting:

"On earth peace and good will to every living creature," is our Christmas salutation. We are glad to visit you, one and all, and meet you face to face in your homes and Sabbath Schools. It seemed quite an undertaking when we planned this numerous visit. Part of a precious Saturday was cheerfully given to its preparation, though these boys do feel that it requires more courage to face a camera than a cannon, especially when the camera is pointed toward them and the cannon is not. But all obstacles are met and vanquished and here we are. As this roguish-eyed boy at our right states it, "The funny part of it is, mamma, we'll be everywhere at once." And so we are, which proves our om-ni-presence. We've had great times talking over this wonderful tour and what it means to visit all the way from the Northern Seas to the Southern Oceans, to find ourselves entertained in homes from Denmark to Australia, from Alaska to South America; to become guests in every state, country and clime—even to far off Japan and the islands of the sea. The everywhereness of our visit means that in the joy of Christmas we are one.

Lady Chrysanthemum.

HARRIET LOUISE JEROME.

One day, about a week before Christmas, someone sen Lady Chrysanthemum to live in a house where there were five quarrelsome children.

"How I wish I could teach them to be happy," thought Lady Chrysanthemum, and the next morning when the sun looked in to greet her, she said at once, "Oh, sun, you have lived so long, please tell me what to do, Doesn't it trouble you to see children cross and selfish? What can we do about it?"

The wise old sun smiled down upon the anxious little Lady and said, "My dear, it won't help the children one bit to have you worry over them. You will become withered and wrinkled before your time, and cannot be your own best self."

"But should 1 think of myself when these children need some one to teach them?"

"You need not think about yourself, Lady Chrysanthemum, but you must not think of these children's faults."

"Then what shall I think about?" asked the little Lady.

"Think of all the good things you see them do, or hear them say. Think of the noble men and women you hope they will become. Dream beautiful dreams about them, and think of all the delightful things you want them to know."

"But how will that help the children?" asked Lady Chrysanthemum.

"You will see," promised the sun, "just try it."

Then he hurried away to look in at another window
and help someone else.

"If anyone but the wise old sun had asked me to stop worrying about these children, and just believe in them and think only of the good things they do, I should feel as if I was "...ing my duty," thought the Lady, "but he knows, he knows."

A "Oment one of the little girls teasingly knocked down the log house her brother was building, and quick as a flash he struck her so hard that she cried.

At first this worried Lady Chrysanthemum so much that she forgot to send food up her long stems to the bud which was nearly ready to blossom, until it hung its head from weakness.

"It is hard to see anything pleasant about those children now," she thought. "Why, yes, I can be glad that the sister did not strike back, and that the other three are trying to make peace—and, yes, that little boy is beginning to feel sorry already.

Before long I'm sure he will do something kind for the one he hurt."

This thought filled Lady Chrysanthemum's heart so full that the joy overflowed from it and went surging up to the little buds, carrying them just the food they needed to help them grow large and strong.

The next day after a quarrel the same little boy went to his sister and helped her in her play just to show her that he was sorry.

Throughout the following day there were not so many quarrels among the five children, and on the fourth day they seemed so loving and merry in their play that Lady Chrysanthemum's heart was so full of happiness she wanted to laugh out her gladness. She felt as if there wasn't room in herself for all her happiness, and all her buds grew larger and fuller until before the close of the day the largest one had become a beautiful, great, golden blossom — Lady Chrysanthemum's first child.

The children were overjoyed when they saw the Chrysanthemum child. They went and stood beside it quietly, for it was very lovely. All Lady Chrysanthemum's little leaves quivered with joy as she saw their admiration. She beamed upon them, thinking, "What loveable children! What a pleasure it is to know them!"

Soon beautiful thoughts about the little Lady began to come to the children.

"Tomorrow is Christmas," said one. "Let's play that the Chrysanthemum blossom is our little Christmas guest."

"We will," agreed the others, and they explained to the younger ones that the blossom was to be just like a new playmate who would hear all they said and see all they did and enjoy it with them at this Christmas time.

"Hope her'll stay lots of days," said the youngest. "I will be dood to her, I will."

"We can't do anything very bad when the little Chrysanthemum girl is smiling at us," said another. "She looks so happy you want to be happy, too."

All through that night Lady Chrysanthemum was so happy that when the sun looked in upon her next morning he found that she had two more beautiful, laughing blossom children for him to kiss.

"Good morning, merry sunshine!" cried the five children dancing up to the window where the Lady stayed and looking up to the sun, "We wish you a merry Christmas! See our little Christmas guests. They are Lady Chrysanthemum's children!"

Then the sun sent some of his little sunbeams to whisper to the children and soon one of them said, "Why we never knew that it makes a difference to plants whether there is love in their room or not." "Do you think now that it does?" asked their mother.

"We are playing that Lady Chrysanthemum and her children are our Christmas guests," said the oldest little girl, "and we play that when we are cross and selfish it hurts them."

"Yes," added another, "and we like to play that every blossom that comes is larger and prettier because we are growing more loving, you know."

"That is a very good play," said their mother.
'May I play it with you? While I sit near Lady
Chrysanthemum I will think of all the pleasant
things I know about my friends, and all the beautiful gifts I would give them. That will be like
sending them a Christmas gift of pure love. I am
sure I should be happy to receive such a gift from
each of my friends."

Then the Lady's heart rejoiced more than ever. "Dear sun," she said, as he peeped in through a western window for a good night word, "you were right. If I had worried over trying to help these dear children it would have killed my own little buds and the children would only have been disappointed in me. I could not have influenced them. You have taught me that the way to help people is to see all the good you can in them, and then look for more and more until you love them with all your heart."

"You have learned one of life's greatest lessons," said the wise old sun. "It is God's Christmas gift to you, and it is your Christmas gift to the children."

Then the sun slipped away for the night, and the happiest day that house had ever known was ended. The beautiful Lady Chrysal themum stood smiling still, and in all their after lives the children never forgot her or ceased to love the great golden blossom children who came each year from her glad heart to be their Christmas guests.

The Healing of Bobby Shafto.

A Christmas Story.

HELEN A. FUSSELL.

Early on Christmas morning Little Miss Muffet and Margery Daw stole softly out of bed and tiptoed down the stairs into the dining room, where a fire already burned brightly in the grate.

But early as they were, their father had been before them, for wreathes and garlands of bright holly, mistletoe and laurel were hanging in the

windows and over the picture frames, and long festoons of the pretty evergreens were draped from nails to the chandelier.

The effect was so beautiful that the children could scarcely refrain from exclaiming in loud "oh!"s and "ah!"s.

But happy and pleased as they were, they knew they had not time to stop and admire the decorations, for the two little girls had a secret which they were enjoying greatly, and in which Mary, the maid, evidently shared, for she seemed as interested as they, as she helped them arrange an extra cover on the breakfast table.

At last all was ready, and the children had placed loving little bundles of Christmas gifts at each plate. How lovely and homey everything looked! A little Maltese kitten purred contentedly near the warm hearth, and a hardy Christmas chrysanthemum bloomed in the window.

"Will not papa and mama be surprised to see Bobby Shafto come down," said Margery Daw.

"Yes," answered Little Miss Muffet. "Let us go up now and help him get ready for breakfast."

And as silently as they had come down they now tiptoed up the stairs to the nursery, where the excited little brother awaited them with flushed cheeks and bright eyes. Together the three children waited and listened to hear their parents descend to the dining room.

"What will they think when they see five places instead of four?" laughed Margery Daw.

But Bobby Shafto was so impatient that he could hardly wait. At last they heard the door of their parent's bedroom open, and then heard them go softly down the stairs.

"They think we are not up yet, and are going to fix a surprise for us," whispered the children among themselves. "They are wondering whom we have invited for breakfast," laughed Little Miss Muffet.

But Bobby Shafto was no longer to be restrained for he heard his mama's voice, and breaking away from his sisters, he ran lightly down the stairs, and flew to the arms of his surprised and delighted mama. The joy of being able to walk and run again was so great that the child burst into tears in which he was joined by his astonished and overjoyed mama.

"What does it mean, and how did it happen?" asked his papa and mama, both at once.

"Why, a little girl at school told us how a lady healed her little brother just by telling him he was well, she told us all about it, so we healed Bobby Shafto, so that now he is well and strong and will never suffer any more," explained Margery Daw. "How did you do it, and what did you say?"

"We just said," explained Little Miss Muffet, "that he is well, and well, and well, on Christmas morning he shall rise and walk."

"And I said myself: 'I am well, and well, and well, on Christmas morning I shall rise and walk,'" chimed in Bobby Shafto, jumping up and down to assure himself that he was not dreaming.

Perhaps there was not a happier family in Chicago on that Christmas day than the family of little Bobby Shafto, and though they all received a great many other and beautiful presents, the one that made them all the happiest was the healing of little Bobby Shafto.

Lucie's Happy Christmas.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Lucie came rushing into the room where her mother was busily sewing. "Oh, mama, mama," she exclaimed, slamming the door behind her.

"Why, my little girl, have you forgotten to be gentle?" asked Mrs. Rose, as she looked up from her work.

"Really I am sorry, mama; I didn't mean to shut the door so hard, but I want to tell you about those two little Brown girls who live in that green house down our street. They can't have any fun Christmas because they're so poor. I wish I could do something for them. If only they knew about having things the way we do. I told Nellie Brown that the Good was our supply, and that Love would give her a happy time, but she just looked at me and said, 'I guess if you were poor as we are you would not talk like that.' I tried to make her understand but she didn't seem to know what I meant. Can't we do something for them, and then may be they'll have more faith in God's love. I have saved some money in my bank. I didn't want to spend it all for them, but I s'pose I ought to have faith, too, and know that God will give me some more when I need it."

"I am glad my little girl thinks of having faith herself, for we can't teach others till we learn ourselves. You may empty your bank, and buy something for the little girls, and mama will see what she can do to give them a good dinner, and then how would you like to ask them over to see your Christmas tree, and you could put the presents for them on the tree?"

Lucie clapped her hands in delight at this lovely plan. "Just the thing! Indeed I would."

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It was two or three days before Christmas when the Rose family were all gathered together in their sitting room after supper. Mr. Rose had been reading the news, when laying down his paper he called his little daughter to him. "Well, Lucie, I heard, the other day, of a little girl who is doing some good work, and I think I'd like to see that bank of yours, for I want to hear how it sounds when I drop something heavy into it." Lucie came smiling, and carried the little red bank to her papa.

Mr. Rose put his hand in his pocket and then held it over the little red bank. Clink, clink-a-clink rattled something down into the bank. "Now tomorrow you may open it, and mama will take you shopping."

Lucie was delighted, for "Now," she thought, "I can buy papa a Christmas present." Lucie turned to her mother. "Oh, mama," she said, "God filled my bank again." Her papa laughed: "Why, I thought your papa filled it." "Oh, but God is in you, and made you think of it, and it is so good of you to listen to the Good within you."

Three days after this was Christmas. Lucie went over to the Browns in the morning, with her nurse, Mamie, who carried a rather heavy basket. They knocked, and Nellie came to the door. "Merry Christmas!" cried Lucie. "We want to leave this basket here; it is a present from Love; and you and your sister are to come over to my house at four o'clock, if your mama says you may. Good bye, we must go now."

How glad Mrs. Brown was when she and Nellie and Susie opened the basket. In it were eggs, sweet potatoes, rice, and canned corn and tomatoes, cranberry jelly, bread and tea, a sponge cake, a pie, and a box of candy. "If here isn't everything for a Christmas dinner," exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "Now all we have to do is to cook the eggs and vegetables and warm up the pie."

'Mama, Lucie said Love sent it to us. What did she mean?" asked Nellie.

"Well, dear, I guess she meant God, for the Bible says 'God is Love,' and indeed He is good and loving to us all."

At four o'clock that Christmas afternoon a happy group stood around a beautiful Christmas tree— Lucie, her mama and papa, nurse Mamie, Mrs. Brown and Nellie and Susie were all there.

Pretty soon after they had looked at the tree, Mr. Rose called out the names on the presents. Nellie had stockings and handkerchiefs from Lucie, Susie had a doll in a blue dress and a picture book, and Mrs. Brown had a warm cape from Mrs. Rose.

Next Mrs. Rose was called. She had a pretty pincushion Lucie had made all herself. Next came Lucie's turn. Lucie had a work box and gold thimble from her papa, and and a pretty new dress from her mama. Papa Rose had a cup and saucer, from Lucie to drink his coffee out of, and Mamie had a picture of Lucie and some handkerchiefs. Lucie said it was the best Christmas she ever spent.

When Nellie said good night she whispered to Lucie: "I'm always going to believe that Love gives me good things now." When mama tucked Lucie into her little bed that night, Lucie said: "Oh, mama, I am so thankful to Love for this happy time, and I hope the little Christ-Child will always show me the way to help others. This has been a very happy Christmas."

Epistles.

The following letter was sent in our care to Mother Sparr, and we intercept it long enough to let our little friends read it, just as it was written:

Dear Mother Sparr:

I read in WEE WISDOM about your love cards of sea moss and I thought I would write a little about my experience. I am a little boy 11 years old. My mama and grandma is Scientists. When I was a mama and grandma is Scientists. year and a half old I fell and hurt my leg and ever since that I had to walk with a crutch or cane. I read the story of Gaby's healing and I wish I could be cured like Gaby. When I was visiting my grandma we went out to dig asparagus and we got in some poison murcury, but it never hurt us at all because we claimed a higher power and we never received a pimple. I love everything and everybody and I am trying to learn more about wisdom and I am trying to live the true and right life, and I want to learn how to grow out of the way I am in with my leg, and I love to read WEE WISDOM and I send my love to all the little Wee Wisdoms and all of the big ones, and especially to Mother Sparr. Now I will close and hope to here from you soon. HURLEY E. WALTER. Yours in love and truth,

No. 440 West First St., Bloomsburg, Pa.

Home of Truth, San Diego, Cal., Dec. 2, '98.
Thanks for your suggestion about "Brightside."
The children of our Sunday School went to work at it, and learned many lessons in unselfish giving, and at the same time helped the boys by a Thanksgiving offering to them of \$5.00. Lovingly,

HARRIET H. RIX.

A year's subscription to Wee Wisdom makes a nice Christmas present for a little friend.



Love suffereth long, and is kind;

Love cavieth not;

Love vaunteth not itself,

Is not puffed up;

Doth not behave itself unseemly;

Seeketh not its own,

Is not provoked,

Taketh no account of evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity,

But rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things,

Believeth all things,

Endureth all things,

A Good Habit Established.

The little lady in question was a born investigator, and doubtless would have fallen into many more errors than she did, were it not for the positive teaching which formed so large a part of her mother's training. For example, her mother would let her run up the road until a slight hill hid her from view, when she would call, "Ethel, Ethel, come quick! Mama wants you." When the child came, the mother would explain how she wanted the little girl to stop the instant she heard the voice calling. turn, and come back at once. "Now, run up the road again and see if you can come faster." Put in this way, with no particular desire of disobedience on the child's part, she soon acquired a habit of quick response, which will some day stand her in good stead .- From "Positive vs. Negative," by Dr. Elizabeth Jarrett, in the New Crusade for November.

OUR BRIGHTSIDE PAGE.



BRIGHTSIDE SCHOOL.

HERE is a picture of the Brightside School and here are some of the Brightsiders.
Wouldn't you like to look over their scrapbook with them? They look just as if they were waiting for us to come and join them in a jolly, good time. Mr. Field is real kind to let them make

"Merry Waters" gives the following description in Brightside of the scene here depicted:

"Like a dream from Whittier's poetical allusions to his boyhood days, the sweet engraving of five happy Brightside boys monopolizing the moment over a large scrap book, awakens pleasant reminis-



us this Christmas call, he has also written us this letter:

Dear Wee Wisdoms:

The Brightside boys wish to thank you for their Thanksgiving. We have received about \$10.00 altogether. We will send you something about our boys so that you may see what nice fellows they are. When any of you visit Denver be sure to come and see us.

RALPH FIELD.

cences of childhood, its joys and its loves, its anticipations and its pastimes.

"Free as a bird and pure as the mountain air is the typical American boy. Each of these Brightside lads is a representative, truly, of this freedom and purity.

"We think Mrs. Field thought so, at least, upon entering the little sitting room belonging to herself and Mr. Field, and finding them thus, for she captured all the beauty of the thought portrayed by the scene and put it 'down into the dungeon in the round tower' of her heart.

"In this little sitting room where the boys are wont to gather, for sympathy and entertainment hours and hours have been spent by them pouring over the scrap book alone, which, like hundreds of other things, was prepared to meet the demands of child consciousness, ever yearning for objective suggestion, realistic and artistic.

"While the Brightside School is not conducted under the name of a home it is homelike in all the details of its departments. It affords to homeless boys all that home implies. The children have the same pleasures in their family lives that other children have. They are provided with the little, pleasant things that make home attractive and happy. Here is parental love, care and moral training. Everybody is taught to treat everybody right. A government based on the Golden Rule makes happy, patriotic subjects."

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The following describes some of the struggles and workings of the Brightside Home:

"Brightside is unlike any other school; it has grown unlike any other school; it was founded unlike any other school; its aims and purposes belong to itself and stand out without a rival.

"Brightside, until Mr. Wm. Church gave it \$5,000, was, so far as money is concerned, a pauper. Nevertheless, the boys were being fed full meals of wholesome food, they were reasonably well clad, they recited lessons to their teacher regularly every day, they were garnering good crops of Christianity, morality and self-reliance, while the superintendent, Ralph Field, serenely maintained that God would not allow them to suffer, but would in good time and in His own way supply them with all necessary help.

"As the school grew Mr. Field worked the harder. He would not permit a boy to beg. The first lesson he impressed upon each and all was that they were not charity children; that the work they did about the place earned them the food, clothes and education he provided. While he solicited, he didn't consider it begging. He was nerved with the conviction that his work was for the public; he was saving boys, both body and soul; he was making good citizens out of those who otherwise would prey upon society. To obtain food, clothing and shelter for such as these was compensation—his compensation; therefore, neither he nor the boys were in any sense dependent. Here is a record to be proud of: No boy has ever been turned away from Brightside.

No matter what his age, condition or offense; no matter what his poverty, his rags or his ailments; whether he sought shelter during the bright sunshine of day or the frost and darkness of midnight hours, the applicant has been taken in and cared for as the honored guest. Some stay awhile, others, after faithful efforts to reclaim them, are sent away for the welfare of the rest; but the most who come remain, for they learn to love their benefactor and comforter and they grow in manly honor, in application and wise ambition."

Mr. Field makes the following declaration of independence in his little paper, Brightside:

"We exhausted all our powers of imagination and description in our constant effort to get other people to do what they should do, and men and women by the thousands have looked on admiringly and said, "What a wonderful man Ralph Field is. I am so interested in his work." But the most of them were mistaken. If the interest was as deep as one would suppose, Brightside would have a hundred thousand dollars today.

"How weak and silly to endeavor to get another to do what one is fully able to do himself! We wonder at our own lack of enterprise, but it was a lesson that had to be learned. For several months new experiences have been coming to us. There has been, even in the midst of sickness and sorrow, a growing sense of power, a determination to master all circumstances, however unfavorable in appearance. And we have been learning, slowly and at the cost of great pain, that there is no difficulty which we cannot wade through and conquer.

"We propose to build Brightside, the town of Brightside we mean, just as we have planned it. We shall wait no longer for money. We shall fool away no more time. We have weakened all our powers by looking to others for the means to do this, but that shall stop. We propose now to earn the money to pay for our land, to build the schools of Brightside and to carry out all our plans.

"The money will come from this paper. We shall compel patronage by merit. The boys in our school have a way of saying: 'Mr. Field gets just what he says he is going to. Sometimes it's a good while before it comes, but he always gets it.' Now mark the prediction: This shall be made the most beautiful publication in America—and that means in the world."

"Our triumph shall be greater because of the seeming difficulties. We shall be stronger and fear shall cease to have power over us. We have walked through difficulties and found them shadows, not substance."

Wee Wisdom

Christmas Tide.

THERESA B. H. BROWN.

See the snow-flakes drifting o'er the barren field, Sifting, sifting through the frozen grass, Spreading, spreading, spreading, little flowers to shield— The little flowers that are sleeping while the cold winds pass.

And the good old Saint—we call him Santa Claus—Glides down the frozen hill-sides to bring the children's toys. All the little children are looking toward the North, In their homes protected as the flowers in Mother-Earth.

God's tender love is brooding o'er every girl and boy, And filling, filling each little heart with joy. What if the ice king reigns without, and the winds blow wild, The baby Christ is cradled in the heart of every child.

Listen to the joy-bells ringing the glad and holy song,
The angels, too, are singing the echo sweet and strong.
Rising, rising, rising, as sweet incense on the air,
In praise, and thanks, and blessing, the little children's prayer:

"The Christ is born, the Christ is born,
Praise God! Amen."

From a recent article in *Irrigation Age*, whose editor knows from personal experience the kind of a help Mr. Field can be to a boy, we copy the following extract:

RALPH FIELD A GENIUS.

Brightside is not a "Home" as the word is used when referring to charitable institutions. It is an "Industrial School for Boys." Ralph Field works in a way to which people of large means, who support philanthropic institutions are not accustomed. About Brightside there are none of the evidences of rules and regulations and restrictions that so predominate at institutions where wardens and boards of managers and visiting committees control matters. After a boy has beaten his way about the country a little and acquired a taste for the Arab life, he will not submit to the restrictions of the ordinary institution; he will run away. But after these boys have been at Brightside awhile they lose their roving tendencies along with other bad habits and they come to love the atmosphere of home which surrounds them all, for they are like one great

family. When a person is a genius in any line he can do things in that line better than other people, and no one can explain why. Ralph Field is a genius in his particular line. His genius lies in an unfailing devotion to his work, in a love for the boys which no weariness can blunt, and the personal service for them and their welfare which is expected only from the missionary who is a martyr to his cause. Brightside is a school where boys of all kinds can get a home, an education and an industrial training without money. If a boy can work and earn money he is expected to contribute a little toward the expense of his keep. If he can't work he is just as welcome. Cleanliness, industry, and thrift are taught, not so much by precept as by practice. They are inspired by a love of everything that is good and noble, with the love of God and their fellow beings; their highest aspirations are awakened and they are taught to "Be good and do good." Morally, mentally and physically the boys are built up until they become noble specimens of manhood-strong limbed, broad minded, big hearted, intelligent, worthy of themselves and of their Creator.

THE HEART OF A CHILD.

In Four Acts.

LUCY CHARLTON KELLERHOUSE.

DRAMATIS PERSONE,

CHILD.

WEAKNESS.

FOLLY.

SORROW.

STRENGTH.

WISDOM.

HATE.

PEACE.

INNER VOICE.

LOVE.

JOY.

COSTUMES.

CHILD: A simple dress of white.

STRENGTH: Roman armor (made of tinfoil). Blue cloth.

WISDOM: Yellow drapery; star on her brow.

LOVE: Pink drapery.

WEAKNESS: Close fitting suit of gray; spoon and medicine bottle.

Sorrow: Black drapery.

FOLLY: Black and orange jester's suit. Bells. HATE: Mephistopheles' suit of red, with wings.

PEACE: White drapery.

(The songs are adapted to tunes in the Normal Music Course, Second Reader.)

ACT I.

Enter Child, slowly.

CHILD, Sings, Tune: "Don't Kill the Birds"
I am so small, and weak, and ill,
God's strength is not in me;
How it must vex the violet,
A ittle flower to be.
Beneath the cold of autumn moons
The summer flowers die,
And underneath the stress of pain,
I fear me so shall I.

Enter Weakness, tremblingly.

WEAKNESS

:
Whene'er you call d th Weakness
come,
To take your trembling hand;

You shiver like an aspen leaf. And you can scarcely stand.

Child totters.

Both: Perfume of flower is poisonous,
The bright sun rays are chill;

The whole earth swims in dizzy dance,
The whole world must be ill.

[Weakness pushes her down.

VOICE, Tune: "Field Flowers:"

Life is all-present,

Strength is ever nigh;

Will you just as lightly

As a zephy: die?

HIID, Tune: "School is over:"
Listen, for I hear a voice
Telling me, Be strong, rejoice!
Life is in the golden air,
Health and strength are everywhere!
[Weakness slowly withdraws.

Enter Strength.

STRENGTH:

At your bidding Strength is here, Victor o'er this child of Fear, [Draws sword on Weakness. Who had bound you with his thong. You are free. Stand up; be strong! [Exit Weakness,

BOTH: When you call brave Strength will BOTH:

Golden treasures from the King: Sword of courage, shield of might; Vanish Darkness, Enter Light! [March around the room. Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter Child.

CHILD, Tune: "Morning Hymn:"

Though the night hath passed away,
Sad for me begins the day;

Mists of morning shroud my soul, rrow doth her shade unroll.

Enter Sorrow.

SORROW: Little child, of your pure heart, Blighting Sorrow had no part; But you call me from the gloom,

Weaving darkness in your loom.

BOTH: Hand of Sorrow sadly clasp,
Droop like willow in her grasp:

Rain of tears doth cloud the dawn, All the light of hope hath gone. [Sorrow folds child in her mantle.

VOICE: Lift thy voice, singing, Joy, sweet Joy, to thee; Evil follows fearing— Hope will set thee free!

CHILD, Tune "Merry are the Bells."
Softly fall the raindrops on the Moth-

er Earth,
Fall they not as tears but for the
flowers' birth;
Softly falls the shadow, tempering
alloy
To the blaze of sunshine and the

light of Joy!

Enter Joy, dancing.

ov: You looked in the shadow, found a sunbeam fair;

can you be sad?

Look into your heart, a brighter sunbeam's there.

I am little Joy, so innocent and glad.

With a heart that's guiltless, how

They dance.

Sorrow fades before us, like the morning mist,

Sweetest Joy dispells her, with a sunny kiss:

[Exit Sorrow. Innocent and happy, every child

should be, With a voice like bell-tones ringing clear and free.

ACT III.

Enter Child, with books and slate.

CHILD, Speaking:

To send a little child to school, Is not to mind the Golden Rule. feel as idle as a dream,

More indolent than morning beam.

Voice, Sings:

FOLL

Sunbeam's not idle, For in golden hours, Work it doeth more than Gilding fair the flowers.

CHILD, peaks: Nay, I will not listen.

[Sings. Tune: "Spring Voices."]

Heigh ho! Heigh-ho! I would I were a flower,

A sweet, idle flower kissed by sun and rain; No books to ponder over;

The butterfly, fair rover, om off my lip the sweet to sip, And the bees to come again.

[Speaks.] Why, where is Joy?

merry.

Enter Folly, dancing.

Joy left you when you stepped aside from the path of duty. Joy follows not where there are idle wishe and indolence. But am Folly, a od companion; let us dance together. The day is fair, and our hearts are

Heigh-ho! Heigh-hol How nice to

be a rover,

A free, idle rover in the sweet, green wood

Воти:

Wee Wisdom

[Lifts up her face.

ACT IV.

Oh, strong is her arm, and serene is

[Child folded in Wisdom's arms

and of grace;

her face!

My books to tear to pieces [Throws them away. My dress to spoil with creases: With idle thought, which comes to

naught. I will never more be good.

Voter: Listen to Wisdom, Calling from afar; Folly leads to danger.

Deep the pitfalls are. CHILD, Tune: "Evening Music:"

Yes, deep is the pitfall I tremble to

Where thou, poor weak Folly, hath dared to lead me; But Silence pray stifle this siren-

sweet voice, For Wisdom, not Folly, shall now be my choice.

FOLLY, Speaks: Nay, come with me, There is dancing and music yonder. Hear the sound of cymbals; see the flashes of brilliant light.

[Child shakes her head. Wisdom can never find her way hither. The sounds of wild merriment will drive her away.

CHILD, Speaks: Wisdom will enter through the door of the Golden Silence Stands with closed eyes

Folly glides away. Enter Wisdom.

WISDOM: In the still of the Silence I come unto thee,

From dangers that threaten, thy leader to be. So follow my singing, which leadeth

thy feet, Through paths that are pleasant and ways that are sweet.

[Child follows with closed eyes.

True joy is in Wisdom, true peace in So silent she cometh, yet deep is her

Enter Child. CHILD, Speaks;

Barring calm Wisdom's way. Stood in my path Self-will, Blighting for me the day, Bringing me naught but ill,

Taking from me the Good, Leaving me thus bereft-Nothing but sin and pain, Nothing but evil left.

CHILD. Sings: Tune: "Up the Airy Monntain." Hateful is my teacher, hateful is my

> Oh, hateful is my lesson, and hateful is my slate;

Hateful, hateful, hateful thoughts come knocking; Heart of mine, open; in they come

Enter Hate

flocking.

HATE:

Come I at thy calling, like a threatening cloud; With all my thoughts so evil, I will

thy soul enshroud. Red Hate, dread Hate, shades the whole world over; Clouds of wrong thinking darkly

hover. [Shadows Child with clawed wing.

Enter Weakness and Sorrow. WEARNESS: Come I also with him; weakness follows Hate. And I, too, follow hate thoughts; SORROW:

dark sorrow be thy fate.

She beareth rich treasures of love | BOTH; Weakness, Sorrow. in mourning;

Let there be night-time, dark without dawning.

[Doleful music.

Enter Folly also. VOICE:

Child of the Father, Love will pierce the mist. As the vapors vanish Where the sun hath kissed.

CHILD Sings, Tune: "The Violet:"

Oh, like the ship that nobly sails Swift o'er the troubled ses, Sweet Love whose power never fails, Come, come thou unto me [Stretches forth arms.

Yes, I will banish all the wrong; Love: My scepter's in thy heart. I come in peace, but I am strong,

And victory is my part. [Evil withdraws,

Dear Love the Heavenly Father sends Воти: To sweeten human life; Oh, many a bleeding rift she me And stilleth many a strife.

Enter Strength, Joy and Wisdom.

STRENGTH, JOY and WISDOM: Thou art the sun that makes our day, When shadows backward roll;

We enter in thy radiant way To grace this human soul.

Enter Peace

PEACE, Tune: "Lightly Tread:" Lo, thy day of strife is o'er, Peace to thee is drawing nigh; Let the starlight beautiful

Jewel all thy slumber sky. Peace and Love thy soul possess, Nevermore let in the foes; God of sweet and loving thoughts Giveth unto thee repose.

Tableau.

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Lesson 12. December 18. The Captivity of Judah. Jer. 52:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT. - Ye shall me, and find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart .-Jer. 29:13.

If we fight against good and don't wish to know of the Good, and will not listen to the Christ-child speaking in our hearts we are doing what is not right, and are making ourselves very unhappy.

The true way to find God, or to know Him, is to think of Him. It is God who gives us all good.

If we are really and truly in earnest when we think of God and want to please Him, and to be His children, then we shall surely find Him; and we do not find Him away off, but very, very near us He is our closest and our dearest Friend, for He lives in the heart of every one. He it is who makes us want to be good and do good, for Jesus has told us that we are all sons of God, and God is our Father. Jesus said, "I am in you." That means the Christ dwells within each one.

Two little girls were once playing together at recess, for these children went to school. While playing, Mable grew angry and spoke crossly o Dorothy, and then wouldn't play any more. After school hours Dorothy came to Mabel and said: "I know you didn't mean what you said to me, for that wasn't the little Christ-child that spoke. I guess you just forgot." So Mabel said she was sorry and that she had not meant to be cross. Dorothy forgave Mabel, you see, for she remembered to let the little Christ-child speak through her. The Christchild never speaks an unkind word, and is always well and happy, and so let us all try and be Christlike children.

Lesson 13. December 25. A Christmas Lesson. Heb. 1:1-9.

Golden Text:—For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke 2:11.

Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and he lived on earth many, many years ago to teach the people that they too were sons of God. He also told the people that they must be perfect like their Father, God, but the people would not listen, only a few knew what Jesus meant, and those few, who were called disciples, followed Jesus, and went about with him teaching the people about God and healing the sick. We also must follow Jesus, for he lives in our hearts, and will show us the way, and teach us how to be happy and loving. Jesus was born on Dec. 25th, which we call Christmas, and so we keep the day every year, to remember the beautiful Gift that God gave to the world. That Gift is Truth, and the Truth is that the Christ is in every heart, but Jesus was the first to know this, and the first to teach the people. He taught that every one is the child of God and that we must be like God. The Bible tells us all about this in Jesus' own words. Jesus thought of God so much and so often that when he was only a little boy twelve years old, he was able to teach some of the old men in the temple, and the men were surprised at the wisdom of a little boy. But the reason Jesus knew so much of Truth was because he remembered all the time that God, his Father, was teaching him, and helping him do all things wisely and well. Other people thought of God before Jesus came, but they were afraid of God, which was not right. Jesus has told us not to be afraid, but to know that God is Love, and cares for all His children alike. We must love God always and remember His great love for us.

Jesus lived on earth to save us from sin, sickness and sorrow, and to teach us the Truth about God, and about ourselves, and the Truth is that God is all Love, and we are all children of pure, holy divine Love. So when we give presents at Christmas, we give them with love, and it makes us happy, for that is one way to show the love of God in our hearts. But there are many ways to show love, and so let us try to be good and true in all ways, and thus show forth the Christ Spirit.

Lesson 1. January 1.
Christ the True Light. John 1:1-14.

Golden Text:—In Him was Life; and the Life was the Light of men.—John 1:4.

Little children, the Word is God; how careful

then should we be to let God speak through us, for God's word is good, and does good. Ugly, unkind words are not of God, they are no words and come from not thinking of God. God's word creates or makes. If God's words are spoken through us, any good thing we wish will come forth, such as health and happiness, and the good shows forth in the things we have. Here are some God words for you to say over and over to yourself.

God is Good.

I love to think of the Good.

I love to do good.

If we give rich thoughts to every one and are generous then do we have plenty ourselves. The little girl who shares her candy or her dolls always has more candy or dolls given her. The little boy that gives his toys away always has plenty more toys. Our golden text teaches us about the True Life. The life in Jesus Christ is the life of God, and that life is in each one of us.

Is God's life not beautiful? We see it in all about us, in the daisy, in the rose, and in each person we meet, and yet we forget sometimes about God. I once heard a little one say, "I don't like Chinamen." Now the Chinaman has God's life in him just as much as you or I, whether he knows it or not. I heard a little boy say once, "I don't like darkies, they're black." It does not matter what color a person is, for God's life is in every one, whether black or white.

So we should try and see God wherever we look. If we do this we will be so helpful to all we meet, that we will be just like a beautiful light to them. Truth is a light to show us the way, so let us think, speak, and act as Christ-children who walk in the Light; and so be a ray of sunshine to all we meet.

Lesson 2, January 8, Christ's First Disciples. John 1:35-46.

Golden Text.—Behold the Lumb of God.— John 1:36.

Any one that really and truly loves Good will follow Good, and wish good to every one. When the two disciples, whose names were Andrew and John, heard Jesus speak they knew he was a good man, a Divine Man, and felt that he could teach them about God, so they followed him. Jesus was glad to have them follow him, and turned and spoke lovingly to them. These two men staid with Jesus all day, and learned from him, and then Andrew brought his brother, Simon Peter, to Jesus. Whenever we find any good thing, and learn that which makes us happy, we go quickly and tell our friends,

for we love to give some of our pleasure to others.

This is what the disciples did.

When John the Baptist said: "Behold the Lamb of God," he pointed to Jesus. He meant by that that Jesus was like a lamb that the shepherd so tenderly cares for. You know the lamb is very near the shepherd so that nothing shall happen to it. If any wild animal came along the shepherd would lift the lamb up and carry it in his arms where it would be safe. Jesus was not the only lamb of God, for every child is God's own little one. The Father loves all alike, but Jesus knew all about the Father's love, and that is why it is right that we should follow him, so that we too may know the Father's great love for His children. If we'truly follow Jesus we will obey the Good, and do as the Christ in our hearts tells us. Jesus lived to save us from sin and sickness, and he passed through death to prove to the world that there is no real death. Life is everlasting.

Don't.

Don't say don't. Your boy is tired of it. It does him no good. It makes no impression. It undermines your authority. It wears you out. It destroys your boy's faith in you. It kills your faith in yourself. It paralyzes energy in both. It effects no reform, it inculcates no truth, it does no good. It is negative, not positive; destructive, not corrective; evil, not good. It is powerless.

Teach your boy. Tell him what is right. Tell him why it is right. Tell him that right doing has built everything in this world which gives him real happiness. Tell him wrong doing has never accomplished anything except to lessen happiness. Point him examples, in his life, in your life, in

every life you see.

Let the boy see the positive side of life. Talk goodness to him. Get him to believe something. Believe in something yourself. Believe in your boy. Belief in evil is paralyzing the race. You are suffering from it. Your boy is handicapped by it. Get away from it. Deny its power over you. Believe in God. God is omnipresent. He is all around you, in your heart, in your boy's heart. See God everywhere.

God is positive. All sin is simply negative. It cannot live. It has no real life, because it is not of God. Develop life in your boy and the evil will die out. You do not have to kill the evil. God attends to that. Affirm good, not evil; happiness not sorrow; success, not failure. Don't say don't to your boy.

—Selected.

An Extra Pillow.

HELEN AUGUSTA FUSSELL.

When I lay me down at night,
I know that everything is right;
I know that God is everywhere,
And so I offer up this prayer:
God, our Father, here in heaven;
Here within my heart,
I thank thee all is right with me,
Thou couldst not live apart.

A Laugh in Church.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear, wee woman of four:
Her feet, in their shiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good; she had promised,
And so with her big brown eyes,
She stared at the meeting-house windows
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey-bees
Droning away at the blossoms:
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of a broken basket,
Where curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies with fringy ears
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet;
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips.
The people whispered, "Bless the child,"
As each one waked from a nap,
But the dear, wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.—Selected.





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Holiday Books.

At these Christmas times our good people are looking for suitable books for the little folk, so we venture a few suggestions:

"A Gap in the Fence" by Miss Jerome is just out and is a sweet, pure, delightful story. Price \$1.25.

"Springwood Tales" by Helen Augusta Fussel, a book of stories and verses as fresh, fragrant and acceptable as "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra, la." Price \$1.00.

"The Wonderful Wishers of Wisherwell" is a little new book by The Harley Publishing Co., Chicago, and is a "truly" fairy tale by Mrs. Militz, warranted to help little folks get their wishers all straightened out. Price 20 cents.

"Big Truths for Little People" by Alice E. Cramer is announced to be ready by the holidays. This book is a collection of the excellent little stories and truth talks given by Alice Cramer in *Harmony*. Published by F. E. Cramer, 3360 17th St., San Francisco, Cal. Price 50 cents.

Then there is:

"Aunt Seg's Catechism," splendid for Sabbath Schools. Price 50 cents.

"Johnnie's Victory" by Sarah Elizabeth Griswold. Price 50 cents.

"The Story of Teddy" by Helen Van Anderson.
"Truth's Fairy Tales" by Julia Winchisters.
And for older children:

"A Slumber Song" by Nina Lillian Morgan. Two styles of binding 75 cents and \$1.00.

☐ "Koradine Letters" by Alice Stockham and Lida Hood Talbot. Price \$1.00.

"Wee Wisdom's Way" by Myrtle Fillmore. Price 25 cents.

All the children of Wes Wisdom, will like to read the charming new book, "The Gap in the Fence," by Harriet Louise Jerome. Even the "grown up"

reader becomes anxious to solve the "Mystery," find "A Lost Jewell," settle "A Quarrel," and to hear "The Captain's Story." He loves womanly Margaret, admires impulsive Phil, rejoices when Phil's dreams are realized, when Genevieve becomes a Christian and when Phil makes "His Choice." The individuality of each character is sustained throughout the book. The touches of pathos and humor are artistic, the sometimes naughtiness of these little people seems to bring into sight, more brightly, the shining of the pure gold of the real character, or Good, not only of Myrtle, Helen, Clover, and the others, but of every girl and boy in the world. The story is well told of exceedingly natural, every-day children, their trials, triumphs and development. It is as refreshing and sweet as the winds, when sweeping across the wide, open prairies, laden with the scent of wild roses. The following extracts are indicative of the work:

"See how the pussies grow, around and around, and all the time winding their way up the stem," said Helen. "And see, they have out-grown their brown jackets and are throwing them off to chase each other around and around up the twigs to the top," laughed Margaret. "Their little brown jackets are all worn shiny, anyway," replied Helen, merrily. "It is time they threw them off."

Margaret sat in silence, with a smile of great content on her sweet face. * * "Can I pick thome for mama?" asked Johnnie. "It's all God's garden," whispered Margaret. "I wouldn't pick it. I love to see it just where he let it grow, but you may pick anything you wish today, Johnnie dear. Perhaps the flowers and mosses love to feel themselves in little children's hands. Take all you like, Johnnie dear."

Clover danced about, peeping into nooks, hiding among the bushes, and springing across the tiny brooklet, laughing and chatting and singing like a little wild bird.

* * Genevieve had already begun to search for May-flowers. She wished to have the glory of finding the first cluster of blossoms.

All the birds, and the trees, and the earth, and the air, and the sky seem to be praising God this glorious morning.

In asking for a price on a dozen copies of "Wee Wisdom's Way" for Christmas presents for her Sunday School class a friend says: "It is a lovely little book. I know some would like it, but with others it will be quite a venture to give it, but I thought it would be one way to get the Truth before the parents." Another friend in Australia writes: "Wee Wisdom's Way" is being used by our society as a text book for beginners."

[&]quot;Directions for Beginners," price 10 cents.