

WEE WISDOM

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



MURRAY & BICHARDSON & CO.

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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Greeting from 'Nine T. Nine.

BY E. H. H.



I'm little baby New Year,
Come to stay with you
For this joyous twelve-month—
Receive my greeting true.

I bring you every treasure
That minds can ever think,
A cup of joy, filled to the brim—
You only need to drink.

I shower these blessings o'er you,
Oh may they brightly shine
Through you and unto others,
Your happy,

'NINE T. NINE.



Della's Prayer.

THERESA B. H. BROWN.

Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy lived on a farm in the country. They had no little children to brighten their nice comfortable home, and so one day they went to an orphan asylum in a large city, adopted a little girl, and brought her home with them to love, feed, clothe and train as their own daughter.

Her name was Della, and they gave her the name of Pomeroy, so that our story is about little Della Pomeroy.

She was a little dumpling of a girl, four years old, with blue eyes and soft flaxen hair that was cut short, but curled in tiny rings above her fat little face, rosy cheeks and pretty mouth.

She had been in the orphan asylum two years, and when she first came to Mr. Pomeroy's she missed the kind face of the mairon, who was all the mother she could remember; she missed the music of the city streets and the companionship of her many playmates, but she soon became acquainted with the colts, calves, pigs and chickens; with Tabby, the cat, and with Jip.

Jip was her favorite. He was a beautiful shepherd dog, with hair as silky and curly as Della's own. He was a very useful animal and had many duties to perform. He brought the cows from the pasture at night, kept the pigs and chickens out of the garden, found the stray lambs and brought them back to their mothers, and when Mr. Pomeroy was at work in the far off fields Jip carried his lunch to him and brought the basket home again.

When Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy brought Della to their home, Jip was delighted and expressed his joy in dog-language not to be misunderstood. She was his especial care and the two spent many happy hours playing together.

When our story opens, Della has been a member of the Pomeroy household a little more than a year. She has seen the waving fields of grain planted, reaped and stored, the apple, peach and cherry trees bear their lovely blooms and fruit.

All through the golden Autumn she with Jip followed Father Pomeroy from tree to tree; and she was very proud because she could do some things Jip could not. She could help Father Pomeroy gather the fragrant apples from under the trees and put them in the baskets ready for the cellar. She always carried home her arms full of golden rod, sun-flowers and purple wild asters. Sometimes she would fill the basket with the brilliant Autumn leaves and red berries, and Mother

Pomeroy taught her how to carefully brush them over with mucilage and then dry them away from the dust and thus preserve their lovely colors.

She let her send a box of them thus prepared to the orphan's home and this made little Della very happy as well as the many, many little girls and boys in the home.

Although Mother Pomeroy was a dear mother and very kind to little Della in her own mind, it had been a long, long time since she was a child, and as she had not lived with little children there were some things she had forgotten—not really forgotten, because they came to her, and she grew into a perfectly beautiful mother to little Della.

It was the day before Christmas, and Mrs. Pomeroy is in the kitchen making good things for the 'morrow. There are rows of pies, several beautiful cakes, a jar of cookies—but just think of all the good things that stand on the shelves of the pantry the day before Christmas, of any well regulated farm house, and I assure you it is on Mrs. Pomeroy's pantry shelves.

Della is standing by the window looking out upon the fields of snow. She wants to play outside, but her mother has said "no;" so she watches Jip, who frisks and barks and runs back and forth over the snow, doing all he can to brighten the little face at the window.

"I wonder," says Della softly, "if Santa Claus will bring me a doll."

"What put that into your head?" said Mrs. Pomeroy.

"Cousin Polly told me all about it the last time she came here," answered Della.

"All about what?"

"'Bout Santa Claus—'bout his reindeers, his great big sled, his lots of dolls and candy and pretty things for all the little children in the world. I 'spects he'll bring me a doll, 'cause I want one so much."

"Mother, 'spose I ask God to please tell Mr. Santa Claus how bad I want a doll, do you think he would bring me one?"

Mrs. Pomeroy is a tall, slender woman with dark hair, dark eyes and sallow face. She is very busy just now washing dishes, and they rattle in the pan with an unnecessary clatter as she answers kindly: "Why, Della, you have everything you need, nice warm clothes, good things to eat. It seems to me it would be silly to ask God such a question."

The child fixed her large, blue eyes earnestly upon the slim face of her mother.

"Good old Santa Claus brings dolls to little girls, and God doesn't think he is silly. God loves him. Cousin Polly said so," replied the child.

Della turned again to the window, and Mother Pomeroy put away the dishes with a clatter and bang quite unusual to her, for her way was quick and deft, but very quiet.

That night Della was rocked in her Father Pomeroy's arms: her chubby arm was around his neck, her cheek pressed against his sun-browned face, one fat little foot with toes tinted the pink of the seashell, and a part of the dimpled leg showed beneath the white night-gown. She was very dear to both foster parents; the home with Della in it seemed more like home. Father Pomeroy was a lover of God's life in all things; the horses would come at his call; all the animals of the farm seemed to bask in the sunshine of his kind grey eyes.

He rocked back and forth as he sang "Annie Laurie," "Highland Mary," and many other songs. Mother Pomeroy sat erect, the firelight playing upon her knitting needles. She worked while she silently enjoyed the songs.

"I'm sleepy, Father; I'd like to say my prayers now," said Della.

So together they said, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and after the close of that pretty old prayer they said, "God bless Cousin Polly, Cousin Ned, Uncle Ned, Aunt Sally; God bless Mother and Father Pomeroy, and the little children in the orphans' home—Don't say 'Amen' yet, father," said Della, "I want to pray some by my own self."

"Father Pomeroy, with a smile, said, "Go ahead."

She had prayed in her own way at times before, and he was always interested.

"Dear God," she said, as she slid down into his arms, folded her dimpled hands and rested her rosy cheek against "father's" rough coat, "I'm glad you love me, and I'm so full of happy'. I thank you for my warm clothes and nice home and our Christmas dinner, the cakes and pies and everything. I thank you for Jip, dear God; he is a good dog, and loves us all very much." The little voice was sounding sleepy. "I—I—Dear God—want a doll. Please tell Mr. Santa Claus to bring me one; he won't think it's silly. He has plenty of dolls, and you have everyfing, so if there's not enough to go 'round you will give him more, and I'll have—a doll—in—the—morning."

Father Pomeroy looked grave; he pressed a kiss on the face of the sleeping child and carried her to her little warm bed; then he came back and stood by the fire, watching the knitting needles as they flashed back and forth in the hands of his industrious wife. The clock ticked on the mantle. On the wall above, the beautiful face of a child gleamed out from an old-fashioned gilt frame. Around it

hung a wreath of Autumn leaves. The face was not that of Della. It was a dark face with crimson cheeks, smiling brown eyes and auburn hair. It was a glowing face and Mrs. Pomeroy's eyes rested on it.

Father Pomeroy drew a deep breath as he said, "Rachel, I—I wish we had bought the child a doll with some of the butter money."

"Nonsense, David!" replied his wife, "I don't believe in spending money for foolishness. Brother Ben spoils his children, and when Polly was here last she fairly turned Della's head with her talk of Santa Claus. She will soon forget all about it. I mean to bring Della up sensible, the same as I would have tried to bring up our Dorcas if the Lord had left her with us."

Mr. Pomeroy wiped his eye with his sleeve as he replied, "Well, Rachel, I can't argue the case, but, somehow, to give the child a doll don't seem like foolishness to me, I 'spose you're right though."

Christmas morning came bright and beautiful. The snow lay crisp and sparkling everywhere. It was a white world, and with the whiteness a hazy blue seemed flashing all around in the out-door air.

Mother Pomeroy went soberly about her household duties. Father Pomeroy was dressed in his "Sunday clothes." He had finished his chores at the barn, and was helping his wife do the little things. He, too, was very grave. Somehow, neither of them could forget the childish prayer of the night before.

The door opened and Della rushed like a breeze into the warm kitchen carrying her clothes in her arms. Father Pomeroy opened the outside door and invited Jip into the house.

That was an unusual occurrence, and any other time Mother Pomeroy would have said, "No;" but somehow she felt as anxious as father to divert Della's mind, and Jip was only too glad to bound into the house. But what was that square parcel he was carrying in his mouth? He walked gravely up to Della, and laid it at her feet.

"O, my doll, my doll!" she cried.

Father Pomeroy took off the string with trembling fingers, while Jip wagged his tail. Presently there came into view a lovely doll with real hair.

"I knew it; I knew it!" cried the little girl as the father placed the doll in her arms. "I told God I knew He would send it. I guess Mr. Santa Claus was too busy, so God sent it by Jip."

Her blue eyes sparkled with joy, the rich, warm color came and went on her cheeks. She danced to and fro, and Jip frisked and barked.

There was no word of reproof from Mother Pomeroy; tears of relief fell over her face; a heavy

burden was lifted from her heart, and to herself she said, "I intended to do right, but God understood better than I did the heart of the child. Praise his holy name!"

They finally managed to dress the little girl and Jip was allowed to stand by her side and share her breakfast.

"Jip," said Della, "It's Merry Christmas and Happy New Year this morning."

"Yes," said father, "and after breakfast, if mother is willing, we will harness the horses to the sleigh and skim over the snow to Uncle Ben's, and Jip and Della shall play with Polly and Rover."

Mother Pomeroy gave consent.

"May I take my dolly?" said Della.

Mother nodded.

Once mother whispered, "Some one has lost the doll, David; it is not ours."

But father shook his head as he answered: "That doll is Della's. If we find the owner, I will replace it with one as good or better if it takes a horse." And mother knew that when David spoke in that tone it was settled.

I should like to tell the readers of WEE WISDOM of Della's beautiful day at Uncle Ben's, and how one week from that day Polly spent the Happy New Year with Della, of the games they played, of their toys, and all the lovely happenings, but there is not space. But I must tell you that the doll Jip found had fallen out of a sleigh late Christmas afternoon. It was one of a large number destined for a neighboring Sunday School Christmas tree and as there were several dolls more than the number required to supply one to every little girl in the school this doll was not missed, hence it was as Polly said, "Truly Della's doll."

Let us take one more look at little Della. It is New Year's night. Polly and Rover, Cousin Ned and Uncle Ben have said their "good byes" and are gone. Della is standing in front of the fireplace, one hand resting on Jip's shaggy head, the other clasping her doll. Father Pomeroy remarks, "One thing, Rachel, I have decided, and that is, now that we have a daughter, I shall follow the example of your brother, Ben. I shall never again, at Christmas time, neglect to communicate with Santa Claus."

Mother Pomeroy's hands are, for a wonder, resting in her lap, her eyes are fixed upon the picture above the mantel, but her face gleams forth brightly and a tender light shies from her eyes as she turns to her husband, nodding approvingly.

"Oh, God is just as good to muncake with as Santa Claus," said Della. "He tends to everything."

Father Pomeroy smiled, Mother Pomeroy again nodded her head and Jip wagged his tail.

My Pet Bird Lynn.

FLORA P. HOWARD.

DEAR WEE WISDOMS—Really I am not sure but you are *big* Wisdoms. Bigness does not consist in the largeness of the body, but in the greatness of the soul. You have heard people say, "He is a large-hearted man," or "She is a great soul;" they mean the grandeur and nobility of the character, that is, the standard we should measure people by, and not by the size of the stature. Mind is the standard; on that alone depends the growth of the person.

But this is not writing my story, which is a true story too. I don't believe in writing an untruth, for I do not want anyone to tell me one. You see it is measure for measure. If you do right by others, they will do right by you, this makes it even. You have played "odd and even?" Well, I like being *even* with everyone, and *odd* too. One don't want to be like everybody else, that would be only an imitation. I like to be myself best, then I can grow, and if I try to be like anyone else, I can only grow as they grow; when they stop, it would stop me. By imitating another, you limit yourself. Our great, noble, whole-hearted Emerson said, "Better be a nettle at the side of your friend than his echo." Don't be anyone's echo. Do your own hollering, then the echo will be your own. Do your *own* living, growing and being, and what's more don't try to do another's for him. Do not be afraid of anyone or anything. Push the devil, fear, out of you by holding these words, "I am strong and fearless, brave and true." Let me tell you, though it is a secret, you will grow strong and big by holding that thought. Try it and see, and then report to the other Wee Wisdoms.

But now for the story. I had a pet canary bird named Lynn. The door of his cage was always left open, and he went in and out as he pleased. If he heard me say, "I guess I'll close Lynn's cage, so I can open the outside door," he was out of that cage like a shot, and what is more, he would not go in it soon again. If he were hungry, when dinner was ready he always came to the table to eat when we did, and was the first one there too. I like being first, it shows promptness and willingness. If you are first, you don't get left. I do not like getting

left. If I had the table set a dozen times a day he was always on hand, and ate of everything provided. He would eat of the butter, then the bread; though if I had a slice of bread already buttered he came to my plate and ate of it. Standing on the edge of my plate he would eat from it, and from my knife as well. If he saw an egg, he could not wait for me to open it, but would go at it himself and pick a hole in it with his little bill. I could not leave an egg in his sight, for he would pick a hole in it if it took a day or more.

Do you see his perseverance? his persistency? Well, you too have got to have it if you expect to make your efforts count for good. If you are persistent, you will not get left.

When I took a custard pie from the oven he was on hand and would have a nibble of that pie before it was set down, hot as it was. If he saw me with an apple, he was on hand for a piece of it. The seed was the hardest thing for him to crack, it was so slippery it would fly from under his little foot, and then he would beg and beg for me to crack it for him. I would pretend not to see him; he would fly all around me, and as a last resort pick my ear. Then I opened it for him.

I did not hold sick thoughts over him, by being afraid he would eat things which people say are not good for birds. He ate what he liked. Nuts were his delight, taking them anywhere about the house, for he had the whole house. His baths were something fine, for he had the whole sink to bathe in; a sun bath followed, and how his feathers did shine!

He would alight upon a basket of fruit as I carried it out doors, and then away he would fly into the tree. He had just one fault—he was jealous of other birds. Many of us have the same fault. We can overcome it through love, for where there is *real love* there can be no jealousy—only trusting. I turned Lynn's jealousy to good account when I wanted him to come in from outdoor, for I had only to bring in another bird. When he found I had another bird he could not get in fast enough, and the other bird had to get out too.

I had a mocking bird given to me. His name was California. [I called him Calla. He was as large as a half dozen canaries. Now, Lynn was not going to have Calla in the family, that settled it. He would fight Calla big as he was, and Calla was afraid of him too. I concluded to take Calla away into another room, but there was a transom between the rooms. Lynn would go there and make such a noise that he would frighten poor Calla, and then I put a paper over the glass so Calla could not see him, but Lynn, the little scamp, had picked a hole in the paper. I at last took Calla away and a

happier bird than Lynn you never saw. He would sing on my head, on my hands and my lap trying to tell me I did not need any other bird but him. He was all right when not disturbed by another bird, a good deal like us, we are real good too when nothing disturbs us; it is easy to be good then, but to be good when you are disturbed is the point. Now, the way to be good is to not be disturbed. Do right yourself no matter what others do.

I have not told you half the tricks of my pet canary. Just enough to show how intelligence is in all creatures, and how everything responds to love. Every loving creature—yes, even the flowers, even the clothes you wear, everything in this universe responds to love. Remember this. Breathe forth love to everything and every creature, and love shall be measured unto you in return. Live your own life well. It will keep you busy.

Baby Logic.

She was ironing her dolly's new gown,
Maid Marian, four years old,
With her brows puckered down
In a painstaking frown
Under her tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday, and nurse, coming in,
Exclaimed in a tone of surprise;
"Don't you know it's a sin
Any work to begin
On the day that the Lord sanctifies?"

Then lifting her face like a rose,
Thus answered this wise little tot:
"Now don't you suppose
The good Lord, he knows
This little iron aint hot?"

—*The Advocate.*

Bunny is four years old.
Huldah is three.
Bunny is always wanting to know things.
Huldah knows that she knows everything.
They are walking among the flowers. They pause by a bed of carnations.
"Huldah," says Bunny, "how does God make the flowers?"
"He des takes His little saw and saws 'em yite out," she replies.



*Love suffereth long, and is kind;
Love envieth 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,
Hopeth all things,
Endureth all things.*

Epistles.

GEORGETOWN, S. C.

Dear Wee Wisdom:

I like the nice pieces papa reads me from you, and I want to ask all of the Wisdoms, little and big, to help me be whole. I am eight years old, and I love to help papa, but I can't use but one hand. I haven't used it since I was a wee baby. I am asking our good Father, God, every day to give me the use of my hand, and I know I will get it some day. Please help me.

I am your little lover of truth.

CHARLEY ABNER LEONARD.

Indeed, we will all turn right in and help this dear Wisdom know how perfectly free and whole God's boy is. The little arm and hand are no longer in the sling of an untrue thought, that was what held them helpless. God's life is everywhere.

God's life fills and thrills every fibre of Charley's being. Charley sees himself one now with the Great Life, and there is no part of him shut out from it. Charley and the Father are one.

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

Dear ———:

I am very happy every time UNITY and WEE WISDOM comes. It helps me so much in school. We cannot explain how much this blessed Truth has done for us ever since my mother was healed by Mrs. Ada A. Hill, Peoria, Ill., four years ago. She had been sick for six long years, and all the medicine doctors could do no more for her. She is now well and strong, and able to do her work. We have no teachers or meetings here, except when Mrs. Hill comes and calls on us. Mamma says it would be so nice if we had a teacher here. We hope Mrs. Hill will come this year again and make us a long visit. I must close my writing for this time. With kindest regards from us all,

Yours in peace and love,

ALMA ANDERSON
(Ten years old.)

Good for Alma. She finds Truth helps in school and everywhere. It isn't any more right to believe we don't know and can't learn right off, than it is to believe we have sick bodies. God is intelligence, as well as life and health. I know some boys who are learning about the All-Intelligence, and they get their lessons because they know that mind already knows and don't have to learn. Isn't this wonderful? But it's so, isn't it Alma? And the dear mamma gets well by knowing the Allness of the perfect life. Your Teacher is with you always. Listen, and you will know.

WOODLEY, I T.

Dear Wee Wisdom and Mother Sparr:

I shall love to have some of the moss cards I read of in WEE WISDOM. I think you are so kind to send the letter writers these cards. It makes a little girl way down here in the territory glad to see moss that you have gathered from the big sea. I wonder if you are the Mother Sparr my mamma read about in UNITY, who fell down the stairs and I think you must have been so full of the All Good that you were kept by the Good. I loan my WEE WISDOMS to the neighbors, and when they return them I send them to my four orphan cousins at Fayetteville, Arkansas. I am a little girl nine years old.

Your loving little friend,

MARY COMFORT PRICE.

What a nice name. I feel like spelling it Merry Comfort, because this old world needs a lot of that kind of Comfort, and it would be worth a good round Price to the home folks. "A merry heart doeth good like medicine." Better than that, we have found out, it is medicine itself, real healing medicine. So little Merry Comfort you are of good

Ye Editor's Sanctum.

SANCTUM. A sacred place; hence a place of retreat for privacy; as an editor's sanctum.—Webster.

NOW, that's all Webster knows about it. He was never in the editor's sanctum with three boys or he'd stretched his definition to cover out-of-school hours, when this "place of retreat for privacy" is liable at any moment to become a retreat for boys and Privacy to retire. Privacy, somehow, objects to boys, and gets out when boys get in.

I've decided to let you all come in and look over the editor's shoulder once in awhile and see what's going on in WEE WISDOM's sanctum. Your editor had a surprise sprung upon her the other day, and it looks as if these two younger boys had literary intentions. This nine-year-old came in and possessed himself of ye editor's desk and pen, and after a season of wriggling and contortions of face, body and pen, he announced that he had made a "pillow verse," for which he demanded 'one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. The verse was duly submitted, and accepted, to his delight, and you will find it in Saturday's pillow. There's a little joke, though, on its author, for all the capital G's had their backs turned to the rhymes. "Aunt Emma" laughed heartily over it when she went to put it into type and said, "They were just a little bashful at first." But do you know this young author's ambition became so stimulated that he took another turn of gyrations at the desk and ended up with a story which he announced was "A conversation between the wind and the leaves," a story to go through the year, and he'd only charge a dollar for it, and collect "when 'twas easy." I think his charges are for the punctuation, for he says "Its lots of work to make all the quotations and question marks in these kind of stories." But he seems to have caught the idea that secures success for a continued story, for he has piqued our curiosity as to what the wind will say.

The next boy came out with a surprise too. He'd been thinking about Santa Claus. "Thinking," he said, "in the night in his bed about how it all came around, and so wrote it out." And as it seems a little different from any account of Santa's origin we have ever had, and as he is only fourteen and this being his first effort, "Aunt Emma" thought we'd better let you read it. With just a little dash of fixin' up here and there, it is as he wrote it, and we have named it, "The Evolution of Santa Claus." He didn't know *you* were to read it; he wrote it "just for mamma."

As this is our place to talk about matters and things connected with WEE WISDOM, I want you to know that there is a "Play Room" and lots of new and good additions being talked of for the little paper. Cannot *you* add something? When we demonstrate a large subscription list, we'll call to our aid some of our dear friend artists who have offered their free-will services to help decorate WEE WISDOM. Yes, and the last bit of good news is that a composer of beautiful music has sent word he is at your service to write music for your songs, just for love of the good. Then Mrs. Brown, the lover of children, who healed "Little Gaby," is with us, too, and she is going to help think up good and beautiful ways that will help and bless you.

Price, and are a healing balm wherever you go. This is the same Mother Sparr. She is Spirit, and can not be hurt. We send some of her dear moss cards to you, and lots of love.

The Primary School.

—
THERESA B. H. BROWN.
—

"Benny, What is it to be good?"

"My papa is good," answers sturdy seven-year old Benny.

Violet, four years old, is listening with shining eyes. "My papa's dood," she echoes.

"My mamma is good," says Bertha.

Sam has his hands thrust into his trousers pockets. They are his first pockets. "My potets are dood. I carry my knife, stwings, pennies and

"They are good when they act good," quickly responds Nellie.

Miss Josie does not notice but continues, "The clothes we wear, the things we eat, the things we see around us are good."

"Eversing dood," says Maud, the smallest of the group.

Miss Josie kisses the sweet lips as she asks, "Who told you that, darling?"

"Dod," is the surprising reply. "He tell me ever-sing."

"What is God like?" says Miss Josie.

"Like my mamma," says one, "Like my papa," replies another, and then the answers rain thick and fast, "Like the flowers."

"Like singing," says Ruth.

"Like my kitty," says another wee one.

"Like eversing," says Maud with a long deep breath of relief.



tandy in 'em," he says.

"Candy is good," whispers Margie.

"I am good," says Nellie.

"Oh! oh!" cries Bennie, then he claps his hand over his mouth.

"My mamma says so 'cause I rock the baby," excitedly chimes in Nellie; she thinks that Sam is going to dispute her right to the title of good.

Grouped around a tall young lady are twelve children in ages ranging from four to seven years. The young lady is their Sunday School teacher, and we will from month to month become better acquainted with these Wee Wisdoms as Miss Josie plays, sings and and talks with them.

This morning she wishes to call forth in each child the idea of the every-where-present Good.

"Our mothers," declares Miss Josie, looking into the eager expectant little faces, "are good, our fathers are good; little girls and boys are good."

"Now children, listen to me," says Miss Josie, "I am going to recite very slowly some lines and you may repeat them in concert after me. Say each line over three times."

Then they all repeated after their teacher:

"Good is All and in All."

"God is All and in All."

"Good is everywhere."

"God is everywhere."

After they had recited the lines several times, Miss Josie said:

"It is God in you that makes you love each other, play happily together, rock the baby for your mamma, or do any other little labor of love for her.

"It is God in you, little boys, that makes you kind to your parents, to your brothers and sisters and to all living things.

"It is God in you, little children, that makes your cheeks red and your eyes bright, that makes you strong and well.

"It is God in you that makes you run, jump, sing and laugh."

"Does God in the birdies make them sing too?" asks Violet.

"Yes, and God in the flowers makes them beautiful," replies Miss Josie.

"And God in the fishes makes them play in the buful, buful water," says Agnes, who has been to the sea-side with her mamma.

"God is in the water, too," cries Frank.

"Course, He is ever' where," says Maud.

"Now children," continues Miss Josie, "I am going to put a long word on the board. It is for the other class to spell, but you may listen while they spell it." Then Mrs. Ames who had a class of older children comes into the room and when Miss Josie points with the long pointer to the word she has written she says, "This word, children, means present everywhere, and the word that the A class spells is

OM-NI-PRES-ENT.

Royal's Story.

One day in autumn, the wind was roaring and blowing leaves off from the trees.

A little leaf said, "What are you blowing us off for?"

The wind said, "I am freeing you instead of hurting you."

"What are you freeing me from?"

And then the wind tells all the story what follows.

(Continued.)

Betty, four years old, has caught her father's thought, and as he shows her the new baby she watches his face as she kisses the velvet cheek.

"Papa now has three darling little daughters," he says.

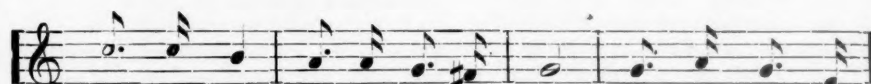
"I wish I was a little dod, I'd make you a little boy, and nen I'd have a little brother," was Betty's surprising comment.

I'm a Sunbeam.

BY AUNT SEG.



Children I'm a sunbeam, catch me, catch me, Al-ways on the
Up among the clouds am I, see me, see me, Ting-ing them with
I'm a lit - tle lovebeam, falling, falling, In - to ev - ry



wing am I, catch me if you can. I am go - ing
gold - en light in the az - ur - blue O - ver you I'm
lit - tle heart, like a snow-white dove. O - ver you I'm



yond - er, watch me, watch me, Chas - ing shad-ows out of sight,
shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, On your work and in your play,
dropp-ing, dropp-ing, dropp-ing, Loving thoughts and gen-tle words



leav - ing on - ly light.
I am here with you.
from my home a - bove.

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Lesson 3. January 15.

Christ's First Miracle. John 2:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*And his disciples believed on him. John 2:11.*

To be a disciple means to be a follower. If we are disciples of Christ, or the Good, we will surely believe in the Good, and nothing can really frighten or harm us. Little children, only the Good is true. If we follow that Good, or the Christ within us, we too will be able to do most wonderful things, just as wonderful as the turning of water into wine. Jesus has told us that signs shall follow those that believe on him, and a sign is the same as a miracle. We find miracles, or wonders, everywhere if we only keep our eyes open. Some day when you are out in your barn yard, and have a setting hen, just watch those eggs of hers and see the little chickens break through the shell. Now that is a miracle, for no one can explain it. The little chickens are an outpicturing of life. The old hen has faith in the Good in those eggs, and she is very faithful in taking care of them, so by and by her patience is rewarded and out come the happy family. Remember this, and keep on thinking over and over a God thought until you see the good show forth.

Did you ever take a tiny seed and plant it in the ground, and keep watering and caring for it, until some day you see a little green shoot peeping up above the gray ground, later you will find leaves on the little shoot, and in a few more weeks you find buds and flowers? These are all miracles. They are signs of the Almighty Power of the Good that is working everywhere. When we help some one with our kind thoughts, to show forth health in place of sickness, then that is a sign we are disciples or followers of Jesus Christ, who left us his word to *heal the sick*.

Lesson 4. January 22.

Christ and Nicodemus. John 3:1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3:16.*

Jesus said, "I am in you." So God's only son is every one that lives. The Christ is in every heart. We must believe and know that the Holy One, or Christ, dwells within us if we wish to know happi-

ness. Just think what a great love God has for us, for each one of us is His dear child, and he loves all alike. Nothing can harm us while we think of God. No one is left out of God's kingdom, but if we are naughty and won't listen to God's voice speaking within us, and telling us what is right, then we push ourselves out of the kingdom. God, the Good, never keeps us out. When we are happy and well, and loving God, then we know we are living in the Kingdom of Heaven, for Heaven is within us. It is not away off, but right here now. When children scream and cry and throw their toys about, or grow impatient and say cross words, then they are not living in Heaven. To be in Heaven we must be gentle and kind and speak lovingly to all. No one ever really dies, for God's life is in His children, and so we go on living forever somewhere. If we want to keep happy, we must remember God, and thank Him every day for all His loving kindness.

Lesson 5. January 29.

Christ at Jacob's Well. John 4:5-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst. John 4:14.*

Do you know what it means by the water that the Christ gives. This is what is meant by a figure of speech, and water here means pure, true, and holy thoughts within us that fill and satisfy us. When we are very thirsty and take a good big drink of water, how refreshed we feel after it; this is the way we feel after thinking good thoughts. If we sit and think of the life of Jesus, or of the Christ-child within us, how happy and good it makes us feel. Truth is like a well of water springing up within the soul. This well of Truth is always there, but we must think of it often, and never forget that we have it; for Truth is God, and *God is Truth*. If you have any naughty thoughts in your heart, Christ will wash them all away and put true good ones in their place. When you feel naughty thoughts troubling you, say over and over, "I am a Christ-child; I think only true, good thoughts," and then you will find the naughty ones will leave you.

We cannot be satisfied with just toys and books and fine dresses and plenty to eat. These things are good, but we must first think of God, and think of Him often. Do not do anything without asking God's help.

Once there was a woman who had a sick daughter. She tried many doctors, but the daughter did not get well. At last a friend sent a healer to her. The healer said, "Your child will get well if you will believe that God alone can heal her. Why, God is the only one that can help us in anything,

even in threading a needle." But the woman laughed at the healer for saying this, and sent the healer away. You see the poor woman could not understand and did not know about God's love.

Lesson 6. February 5.

The Nobleman's Son Healed. John 4:43-54.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Jesus said unto him, thy son liveth; and himself believed, and his whole house. John 4:53.*

To do any good thing we must have great faith, or believe very strongly in the Good. The more we believe in the Good, or in God's love in all people, the more good we can do. A little girl that sits down and cries and frets, and says she "can't learn her lesson, it is too hard," has not much faith in herself, and will take a very long time to learn anything. But the one who smiles cheerfully, and says, "I will try; the Good helps me, and makes it easy," that little girl, or boy, will soon learn, and then will have so much more time for play. When you see, or hear of a sick friend, don't grow frightened and say, "Oh dear, too bad," but send out a happy thought like this, "God blesses you and makes you all well," then feel sure that the person is healed.

God is the only one that heals. Some people take medicine and get well, and think the medicine healed them, but the medicine did not do anything. It is the person's faith and thinking of the Good that heals every time. Some put their faith in medicine, but it is best to put our faith in God's power. Here are some healing thoughts:

God is the Good.
God is my Health.
God heals me.
God heals you.
God blesses you for
God is All Love.

Lesson 7. February 12.

Christ's Divine Authority. John 5:17-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*This is indeed the Christ the Saviour of the world. John 4:42.*

God, our Father, will always show us the way if we will listen to the voice of his Son, Jesus Christ, that speaks within our hearts. God gives us all a work to do for Him, so wherever we are let us always know that the Christ self within is showing us the way, then our work will be easy to do. No one can do any good thing without God. Think of God's great love, it just fills our hearts and lives and gives us true happiness.

Every little child and grown person belongs to God. Every one lives and breathes in the Life of God, so everyone is the Son. Jesus said that we are all Sons of God, that means children of God. God never thinks His children are naughty, for God's eyes are so pure that they see only the Good. So if God sees good in us we must see good in ourselves, this will be judging as God judges. But when we see good we must remember it is all from God, for we cannot be anything without God. We must also see good in others, and if we should notice a mistake, we must not scold at them, but

remember the good, true Christ self is there all the time, whether we see it or not. By our thinking of the good in others it will make it easy for them to show forth their real self. This is true Love, the Love of God.

The Evolution of Santa Claus.

BY RICK.

A long time ago there was a carpenter who lived with his wife in the forest on the bank of a river. Everybody loved him because he was kind. The people in the towns around knew of his kind deeds. The animals of the forest loved him, too. The rabbits, squirrels, opossums, coons, and birds all thought him the best man in the world. But he wanted to find another home and so he built a house-boat. He loaded it with provision, fuel, clothing, boards and tools. His wife said there wasn't room to turn around, but she was afterward glad they took on such a load.

They floated for more than a week, and one night while they were asleep they passed the mouth of the river and drifted out into the ocean. When they woke up they found themselves far from land drifting with a current. This was before the mariner's compass was invented, and they could guide themselves only by the stars and by the rising and setting of the sun.

After several weeks they thought they saw land, and that the current was carrying them toward it. About this time the weather grew very cold, and still colder, until it took nearly everything they had on board to keep them warm. At last they reached the place where they had thought the land was, but they found nothing but ice; however, they landed, or it is more correct to say they iced—~~that is,~~ they left their boat and got onto the ice. They walked on and on, but could find nothing but a few stunted shrubs, so there must have been land under the ice, and plenty of polar bears. The bears they killed as they needed one, they saved the hides, ate the flesh, and burned all the parts they did not want for fuel. They were thus able to live in this climate.

They finally thought they would go back to the boat and go south before the long northern night set in, but they found that they were lost. They could see nothing but white fields of glittering ice. But they did not waste any time in fretting. After several days hunting they gave up finding the boat, and the man selected a large iceberg and with his pick, which he always carried with him with his gun and ammunition, he dug out the iceberg and it made a nice home. They had brought lots of provision, clothing and blankets, but they were in the boat, so they made themselves as comfortable as they could with bear rugs, and they did very well. But one day the man was out hunting; he saw a piece of wood sticking up out of the ice. On going up to it, he tried to pull it out but could not. He chopped around it with his pick, and lo! what do you think he found fast in the ice? It was his house-boat. He worked until he had dug out a passage to the door and then he went in. He found

everything all right. The water had frozen over and around it until it was all covered over with ice. This had made it so the bears had not disturbed it.

He went back to Ice Hall, that is what he called the iceberg house. He heard his wife singing before he got there, but when he told her he had found the boat, and took her to it, they both laughed and sang praises together.

They had grown used to cold weather by this time, and did not mind it at all. He chopped a hole in the ice, where the top of the house-boat was, for the escape of the smoke, and sometimes they built a fire, but the heavy coat of ice made the house-boat warm without a fire. Their boat was so covered with ice and snow there wasn't even a crack for the cold to blow through.

I would like to tell you how he learned to take the seals, and what nice food and fuel they made, and how he even caught a whale, and saved every bit of it, the blubber made good lamplight and kept the house-boat warm, too. He said, one day, that he wished he had some horses; if he had, he would build a sleigh and then they might ride out whenever they pleased. He had a set of good harness in a chest, but he had no horses. Then his wife told him that she had seen some reindeer when she was living at Ice Hall.

Now, this carpenter knew how to throw a rope, as well as to shoot game, and drive a nail, so he set out at once. He saw some reindeer feeding. He lassoed them, and threw them down on their backs one at a time; at first they would try to get away, but he was a strong man and held them tight. When he had one down he would throw snow on its back, and the deer thinking the snow was salt would become gentle. When he got home with them it was too late to dig them a stable, besides he said to his wife, "I am tired, and where can I put the deer?" She thought a minute and said, "Put them in the Ice Hall, and put a block of ice against the door." This he did, and went to bed.

The next morning he went to work on his sleigh; by the time he had it completed the deers had become quite tame, and although when he first hitched them up they bucked some, they soon went all right, and he and his wife had many a nice ride over the snow. They soon had plenty of reindeer to drive, and there was plenty of the feed they liked growing in patches here and there.

The man and his wife now liked their new home better than the one they had left. They had plenty of fish, bear meat, and seal to eat; the air was pure; and they were well and happy. The long winter night was coming on now and the carpenter began to think of the children and the people he had left

in the cities of his old home. His wife began to hint that flour and sugar, etc., would soon be gone. So he said that during the long night he would carve out toys for the children.

His wife looked at a calendar by the blubber light, and she said, "Santa (that was his name), it is nearly three months until Christmas." Then he said, "All right, Mrs. Claus, I'll get to work immediately." He got out his tool chest and set to work. First he made a score or more of hobby horses, then he made a lot of jumping jacks and whistles. Then with Mrs. Claus' help he made dolls and mittens, they worked up the seal skin into muffs and capes and caps and coats. Mrs. Santa made socks in which to pack the gifts, and she made Mr. Santa a suit of bear's skin, so that he could not possibly get cold on his long ride.

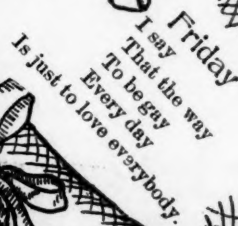
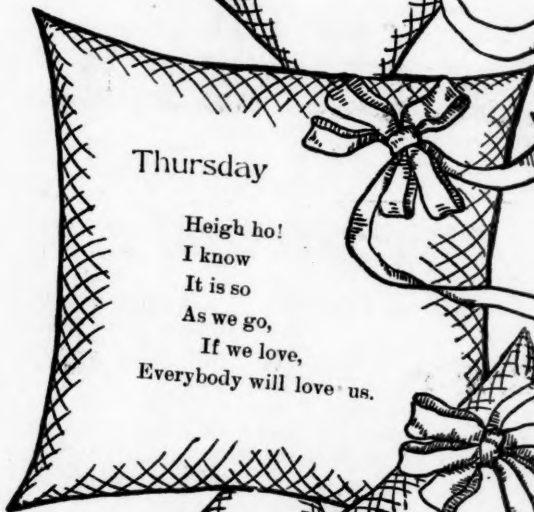
And while they worked, they sang and laughed. Mr. Santa Claus' round face was rosy, and Mrs. Claus was happy. She said she was not afraid to stay alone, God was with her, she had plenty of fuel and provision, and she wanted Santa to go. He had a long sleigh; he hitched four reindeer to it kissed Mrs. Claus good-bye, and went skimming south through the starlight. He travelled along and as he went further and further south the nights grew shorter.

When he got to the houses in the country, or in the town, the night before Christmas, if he could not get in the doors, he climbed the houses, went down the chimneys and left his gifts. They were not looking for him this time, and many had not left anything to put the gifts in, so he set the larger ones around but took the stockings to put the smaller gifts in; he filled them and hung them up; on the top he left a card, "From Santa Claus." And the next day everybody was talking about how Santa Claus had come in the night and left gifts for the children.

Then he filled his sleigh full of flour and meal, sugar and molasses, and new dresses for Mrs. Claus. She was very glad to see him, and to read the beautiful books he brought her.

This was years and years ago. People have lived and been forgotten, but Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus still live in their icy home. They spend nearly all their days fixing presents for Christmas times. Their hair has grown white like the snow around them, but their faces are as young as when they floated down the river so long ago. Santa Claus will never die. The children expect him every Christmas, and hang up their stockings by the chimney.

"Peace and good will cover the earth," and the children rejoice when their stockings are filled.





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We are indebted to Helen Augusta Fussell for the stuffin' of this month's Pillows, all but Saturday's and Sunday's.

Brightside, published in the interest of the Brightside School for boys, \$1.00 per year, or ten cents per sample copy. Address, Ralph Field, Brightside, Denver, Colorado.

We keep three or four copies of "Wee Wisdom's Way" passing around continually sowing the precious word of Truth. Many adults say they find the Truth in it so much easier to be comprehended than in anything they have ever read. We all praise God for the good "Wee Wisdom's Way" is doing in healing and bringing souls into the light. Waterloo, Iowa. — M. J. L.

There were some important items omitted in connection with the picture given of "the editor of *WEE WISDOM* and her three boys" in December number. First and foremost of which is that Mrs. Jennie Croft made you a present of us, that is, she wouldn't let us pay our own fare for this visit when we went to her nephew's gallery to "get took." I wish you could all see the photograph from which the plate was made. It is a really very-much-alive picture, and just such an one as this artist, Curtiss, in the New Ridge Building, Kansas City, Mo., always makes.

The plate was made by Carlton & Rose, and though good for a half-tone the expression of the eyes and faces are lost. The boy on our left was in great dismay when he saw the first proof, and said, "Why, mamma! they've left my eyes out." You will all understand, though, that the color and the eyes and the very-much-aliveness of this little group are to be supplied by you. What color? Blonde in the tallest boy, and in the other two intensely klondike. And what does that mean? Why, that their polls are *very* golden, to be sure, and their mother's on that order.

The cantata in December number, "The Heart of a Child," by Miss Kellerhouse, was originally written for the Divine Science Congress, held here in May, 1896, and was then presented by our "Wisdoms" on Children's Day. It was a beautiful thing, and rendered with a living grace that would do credit to any opera company. It set the folks to thinking, too. A friend overheard an old gentleman talking about it on the street car afterward, and he said he had been hearing about the power of the word, but never had realized, till those children brought it out in this cantata, how we got just what our word called for. You will see in this how as soon as "the child" thinks and talks about weakness, weakness appears. And not till the good voice from within calls to her does she remember that strength, too, stands ready to come at her bidding. And so on with all the goods and the bads that wait to be thought up and spoken of and so made to stand out and be seen.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the *issues* of life," dear hearts.

Books for the Little Ones.

"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 Fussell, 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.

"Johanie'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.