

WEE WISDOM

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



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.

WEE WISDOM

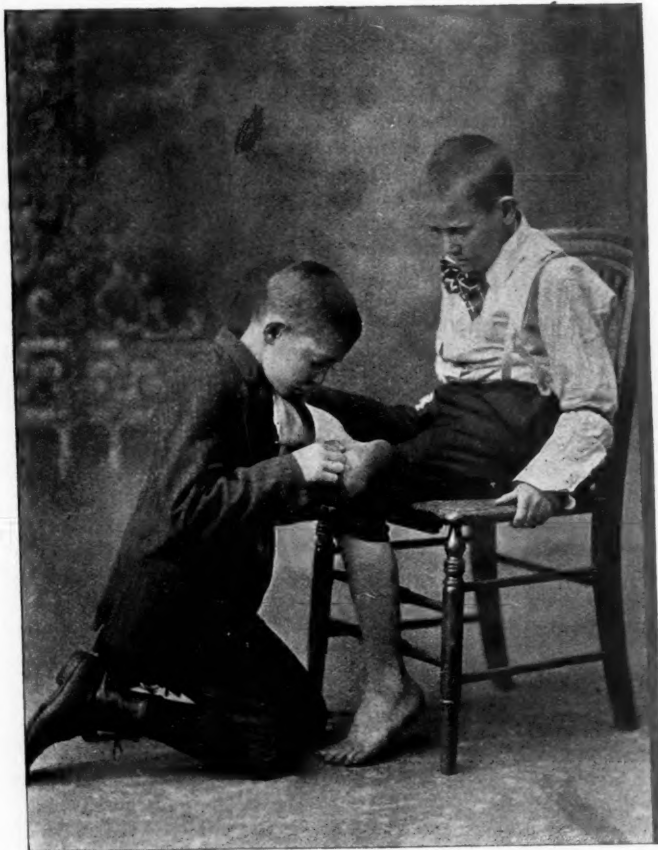
"Little Children Love One Another." "Wisdom is Justified of her Children."

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The Good Samaritan.

EMMA H. HARRINGTON.

While Tom and Jim were conning
o'er

A book of ancient Bible lore,
Said Tom to Jim, "Now, don't you
think

It would be mighty nice,
If we could give that cup to drink,
Which Jesus talked about?"

"Or be that good Samaritan,"

Said Jim with twinkling eyes,
"And bind the hurts of that poor
man,

Whom robbers pounded so?"
When in popped Bob in dire dis-
tress—

His foot, it "hurt" so.
A great big "sticker," nothing less,
Was what was paining so.

Then Jim, with many an anxious
look,

The little surgeon played,
And from Bob's foot the "sticker"
took—

A good Samaritan.

*A Story of Real Life.**Or How One Boy Became a Man.*

FLORA P. HOWARD.

I want to tell the folks of WEE WISDOM a real story of how one boy became a true man. Now, there is a great difference between being a man and having true manliness.

So is there a great difference between dominion over others and having true dominion. Having dominion over another by force, or might, or power, is not the true dominion—true dominion is by Love alone.

A boy may grow into the stature of a man, but that does not make a *man* of him. To be manly is to be firm, brave, undaunted, dignified, noble and, last and greatest, God-like.

God-likeness expressed in mankind is nobility of character and shows itself in everything and to every one it comes in contact with.

This boy I am going to tell you about was one of this stamp, and if by chance this story should come to his notice he will recognize himself as my hero.

I'm writing this story of an actual fact of an unfolding idea who came under my ministry in the first school I ever taught. I feel that since then I have lived many lives.

Many years ago in a small town in the back woods among the mountains of Vermont, near the Canada line, there lived a widowed mother and her five small children—one girl and four boys.

The eldest boy, my hero, was then in his thirteenth year. The youngest boy was just four years old, and a namesake of our famous General Seigel.

The father of these children had fallen on the battlefield of S— (in the Civil war) and the broken hearted mother was left with these small children and no means of support except a little farm among the rocky hills of mountainous Vermont, and even this was mortgaged. With her load of grief and trouble, her brain seemed to give way and they called her insane.

It was at this time I came to teach the small country school in their district.

Poor, dear, mother heart! She had not learned to cast her cares upon God. Her distressed mind saw her children needy—wanting for food and clothes and education—she could only see the dark side and feel that it would be better for them all to rest with their father. The gloom her sad, dark thoughts cast over her home would appeal to the stoutest heart.

Now, little ones, and big ones too, when we dwell, as this dear mother did, upon anything but the All-Good, we have a diseased mind too. Ease of mind comes from thinking upon the good alone.

When we understand that troubles and trials, so called, are only lessons in life—only just so many steps upward, or God-ward, we will make of experience a teacher to help them on to Truth. When we enter into the Christ part of our nature it is revealed to us that there is a power that supplies all our wants, even as It supplies us with the air we breathe. We trust for that, why shall we not trust for food and clothes? Some trust this Power for health but not for wealth. Some trust It for the saving of their souls but not the saving of their bodies. Many, like this overburdened mother, think that God has forsaken them here and now, but is going to do some great and wonderful thing for them after they die. Isn't it better to claim this wonderful saving-after-death-power right now and right here?

But to return to my story—

This mother, weeping and bemoaning the fate of herself and children, still went about her house, doing her work, in a way, with the help of her little nine-year-old girl.

She was a beautiful child, sunny and bright in her nature, and when away from her mother's gloom she laughed a joyous sparkling laugh. She had the care of the little brother.

But the cloud in the home told upon all the children, and it has never been my lot to see such sorrowful faces as greeted me when I visited that home.

Children, let me tell you, you can cast untold sorrow upon another by entertaining unhappy thoughts; you can give deep and lasting pleasure to another by a joyous, happy spirit of laughter and love. So we make or mar other lives beside our own.

As the laws of the state required the teacher to "board 'round," I became an inmate of their household for a short time. This I was glad to do, so I could help the poor mother and teach the children again at night.

They were all eager to learn, even to little Seigel, who would climb into my lap and say his letters till he went to sleep. This was one time I was glad to "board 'round."

But it is of the eldest boy, Noble, I am to tell you—of his noble boyhood and manly manhood, and how he kept on climbing till he stood at the head of everything he undertook. I saw what was in him and talked to him as I would to a man. As I have already explained, it is not the size of the body but of the soul that measures the man. As Watts expressed it:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the Ocean with my span,

I must be measured by my soul,
For mind's the standard of the man."

Today, you who are thirteen, may think it is the time for play. Noble thought it the time to think; it was a work day for him. I told him he must not only take a father's place in this family, but be a mother to these children also. He thought it might be best to leave school and work out, but I showed him the necessity of working his way up to a good education, if he wanted to work to the best interest of himself and the family.

He kept in school and worked for his board. During vacations he worked at anything he could get to do, besides helping his mother and the children with the farm work.

So he worked his way from common to high school, then into a normal school, teaching a part of the time to keep up expenses, but keeping up with his studies in the evening.

Still looking after his mother and the children and the little farm, giving advice and teaching the children and helping in every way possible, the children did come to look to him as a father for help and council, and he was the head of the home.

At last he was graduated from the normal school with honors and entered Tuft's college near Boston.

At this stage of his progress she had borrowed two hundred dollars. In the meantime he had helped with his courage and bravery, his advice and work on the farm till it had begun to support the family well, paying the taxes and keeping the children in school.

The mother's cares and worries being lightened through the masterful efforts of Noble and the other children, even to little Seigal, she came up out of her gloom, clothed and in her right mind—a happy, peaceful mother. I met her often years later. She was a truly noble woman. She spoke to me of the many things I had done for them which I had entirely forgotten.

I mention this to show what good we may do here and there in our life journey by a loving word or act of unselfishness, and how it is ever remembered by the recipient.

"A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken
And made a friend sincere."

We left Noble at Tuft's college. He paid his way by doing janitor work and teaching in vacation. He took two prizes in money which helped

along. He always stood at the head of his class, and he graduated with honors.

His invitation to the writer was accompanied by these words, "I well remember that you were the first teacher to inspire me onward, and also with what Christian spirit you always bore with me and other mischievous pupils."

He left Tuft's college a selfmade man. He became a teacher and set two of his brothers up in a small store of their own, and put the younger brother and sister into school—the sister graduated and became a teacher.

Today, Noble is president of a college in ———, a man of deep integrity of character which he formed in boyhood and which grew with his growth and stood by him as he ascended the roads of honor and success.

Noble started with the principle of right: "I will be the best in my class, the best in my school, the best in everything I undertake." There is no defeat when one takes such a stand, there is only victory for that one.

It all depends on how you take your stand in life to make it a success or a failure. If you concentrate your thought on victory, defeat is utterly impossible, for what you think you are.

Remember that if you have made your life a success, you have helped to make many others a success also, while if your life has been a failure you have dragged others down with you.

Cling always to the God-power. With yourself remains the outcome. You can't grasp a prize you have not won, even if you should succeed in holding it a time unworthily it would fall from your hand. Nothing is yours till you win it by your own work. Every day holds a prize for you if you are willing to work for it, your reward comes with the working. Think, speak and act with force. No one can place a limit on your power, or stop you from being just what you want to be. Apply for a first class ticket and keep on applying until you get it.

Any time you feel like giving up, read over this story and see what a brave boy has done and so know what you may do when you become alive within your soul. Don't fall, but if you should, jump to your feet again with new resolution. Count it a victory that you have gotten your lesson out of it and through it you can gain your freedom. Don't give up. Make your own life what you would have it.

"'Tis not the acres one may own,
'Tis not the gold he may possess,
But 'tis the good he does alone
That wins the price of blessedness."

The Baby Fishes.

FLORENCE HARNEY.

One Saturday afternoon, two brothers, a sister and a little friend started out for a walk. Water always seems very nice to small folks, and they four being no exception to the rule, trotted off to where they could see the blue sea dance and sparkle only a short distance ahead. A flat bottomed boat, old and looking as if it was not afraid of being scratched by little feet, lay on the beach, half in and half out the softly lapping water.

Into this the children climbed, balanced on the edge, pirouetted around in the middle, and had a fine time without any grown up people to say: "Look out! Don't tip us over! Sit still, or you will fall over!" or any of the rest of those tiresome things that big people say to small ones when in a boat together.

Some day big grown up folks will learn that they must not say these kind of things to children, unless they want to put into the children's minds, the thought of falling, which just makes them go tumbling right over into the water. God dwells within the children just as well as the big grown up people, and if they know that God is taking care of them, nothing will ever hurt them.

The little friends decided on a game of house, and what a beautiful time they did have, jumping in and out the old boat, for at least an hour. Finally one of the children while leaning over the side of the boat saw what seemed to her a tiny baby fish, and then another and another, and by the time the other children had come in answer to her cry of wonder, there was a whole family of babies swimming around the outside of the boat.

Little Emma said, "I guess their mother must be the old woman in the shoe, 'cause she has so many little children she don't know what to do."

"Let's catch some!" suggested Tom, "I've got a fish globe at home." As quick as lightning his trousers pockets were turned inside out, and a small tightly rolled ball of string found among his treasures. The pocket held no fish-hooks, but Nell had mended a tear in her apron with pins before leaving home, and these the children turned into fish hooks by bending them in shape. To each bent pin they fastened a piece of string, and dropped it in the water. They sat very still with their legs dangling over the side of the boat, and their faces rosy with the good times they were having catching fish. Tom told them they must not talk or they would scare such babies so they sat as quiet as four little mice, waiting to see who would get the first nib-

ble. If these little children had known how to listen to the beautiful voice of the Christ-child, that dwells within every little boy and girl, they would have heard something like this, while they were sitting very quiet. "Little children, look all you want to at these cunning fish which God made, but don't catch and kill them; they are too small to eat, and they are so happy swimming around; you would not want a big giant to grab you, just to see you wiggle. Watch them, how softly and quietly they swim; you can't hear them at all. Do not hurt anything God has made, for even such tiny fish could not swim and live without life from God; and God is life, you know."

These children knew how to be still, but they did not know how to listen for the loving voice that tells us just what to do, if we will only listen. By and by they even got tired of sitting still, for not a single fish came near their pins.

Neil climbed down first with a little sigh because she had not caught a fish, and commenced hunting on the beach for treasures. She found an old oyster can with which she began to dig. First she scooped out a nice little hole, then she thought she would make a pond. Next, she made a cunning little creek, so that the water might fill her pond from the blue sea.

The tiny fish that had been laughing in their sleeves at the efforts of the children to catch them saw the cunning little creek, so they thought they would take a swim into Nell's pond and see what they could find. Alas! for the little fish, for they were indeed only babies in sense, and when once in the pond they could not find their way out. As Nell's eager little face, full of excitement at the quick way the baby fish had made use of her pond, bent over the tiny pool, her yellow curls touched the water which so frightened the fish that they swam around and around in wild excitement, but did not know enough to swim back by the little creek that would have brought them out the way they came in. Around and around Nell's little pond they swam; in vain they called for their mamma who lived in the shoe, but no mamma came.

Next Nell took her can and started to put some water into it from her pond. As she did so one of the water-babies swam into it, and Nell shrieked with delight because she had caught a fish. Her scream of joy brought the other children to her side and right off three little pair of hands set to work digging three ponds. They were no sooner done, than more of those silly fish swam right into them and in a few moments all four little ponds were filled with poor frightened fish swimming around, too dizzy with fear even to see the nice straight road out to safety.

If those little fish could only know enough just to stand still a moment and be quiet they would have seen the nice road there was back to their own home. That is just the way with little children, when they get awfully frightened, and let fear make them forget that there is nothing to be afraid of, they do just like these silly little fish which swam around the tiny ponds so fast they could not see the way out.

No matter what trouble we get in there is always a way out if we won't be afraid like these baby fish but just trust and know that our Heavenly Father will always show us the way out; all we have to do is to be still and trust.

The children hunted on the beach to find something in which to carry their fish. Tom, to their great joy, found an old pail, and it did not take the children long to catch at least a hundred of the baby fish. They filled the old bucket with water nearly to the brim so as to give the fish plenty of water in which to swim, and started off home, each child taking a turn at carrying their treasure.

Tom was lugging away at it, when Nell who was walking behind said: "The water is leaking out pretty fast. I hope none of the fish can get through the hole."

When Tom's arms ached, Nell took her turn. It is hard work to carry a pail of water, and as Nell walked along she was so small that she couldn't help letting the water spill over the top of the pail. One or two little fish fell out too, but baby Emma saw them in time to save them by picking them up and putting them back into the bucket. As she did so she looked into the pail and exclaimed, "Oh see! the water is nearly all gone." Sure enough the fish were down in the bottom of the bucket all piled on top of each other, with hardly any water left.

Tom said, "O my, what shall we do, for God made fish to live in water and without any they will die? What shall we do, go back and get some more?"

"I know what to do, cried the younger boy, "lets hurry up and reach the brook. There we can give the fish some more water, and we can get a drink, too."

"A good idea," said Tom. "Come on, I will carry the pail," and away they started for the brook. Little Emma's short legs could hardly keep up with Tom's long strides, but they all trotted along reaching the cool refreshing brook in a few moments.

Tom took the old oyster can from Emma and quickly filled it with the pure fresh water which he threw into the pail for the tiny fish.

Emma stood watching the fish for awhile, after the pail was full, when she said, "Oh, see! The fishes swim so funny, mostly on their backs, and they go away down to the bottom of the bucket. They don't seem to like the cold water."

The children all gathered around the pail and their faces became very much distressed when they saw something was surely the matter with the cunning baby fish.

"Perhaps they are lonesome without their mamma who lives in a shoe," suggested Emma.

A big tear splashed into the bucket from Tom's eyes, for he did want so much to carry home the fish and see them swimming in his fish globe.

"Why, we have killed them somehow," said Nell, and she buried her face in her apron and wept.

The younger children, seeing the big ones crying, began to pucker up their little faces in sorrow.

At this moment a gentleman with a book under his arm came along, and seeing the children in so much trouble stopped and asked them what was the matter.

The children poured forth their story of woe as he lovingly sat down beside them to see how he could help.

After hearing their story he said, "God, who makes everything has made two kinds of water, salt and fresh water; these little fish you have caught are not baby fish, for they are minnows and will not grow any larger. God has made this kind to live in salt water, and you have given them fresh water and that is why they are dying.

"I am so sorry" said Tom, "because I wanted them to live in my fish globe."

"What! All these fish in one globe!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Why you must have at least one hundred; fish have to have air to breathe, and there are so many they would smother each other. Although minnows are small they need plenty of air, and must have a big place in which to swim."

"If we took them back quick, would they get well again?" asked Emma.

The gentleman looked into the bucket, and then glanced at the distance to the salt water. "Well, we will try it any how" said he, as he caught up the bucket. Away they all flew, their minds and hearts bent on saving the lives of the fish. When the gentleman reached the water's edge, he gently emptied the dying fish into the salt water. At first these all sank to the bottom, but pretty soon the little fish began to move, and finally to the children's joy one fellow came up to take a breath of air, and then another, and pretty soon nearly all were swimming as happily around as if nothing had happened. A few of the fish had been killed, but as most were saved, the children felt the afternoon had been a very happy one.

Putnam in "Sunnay" School.

This is a picture of little Putnam, three years of age, who loves to do all he can to give every one pleasure.

Not long ago Putnam went to Sunday School for the first time, and there he heard the children sing.

Putnam is very fond of music, and when he heard the voices of the other children singing out in sweet song, he thought he also would like to sing. Now Putnam knew only one song and that was "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," which was not at all what the other children were singing. But, nevertheless, Putnam began in his clear, sweet, treble voice and sang "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" with all his lusty might, so loud that all the other children had to stop and wait for him to finish.

The teacher who was a sweet and loving friend to her little pupils had quite a hard time to repress her own smiles and those of her tiny scholars as they sat and watched Putnam's grave little face while he sang his melody clear through to the end.

Then she thanked him and told the pupils why it was that, though Putnam was singing with such good intentions, yet he was not singing in harmony with the other voices, and that all little boys and girls as well as grown people must try to notice what other people are doing, so as not to clash in other people's lives. Then there is another lesson to be learned from Putnam's song, and it is that no one can live to himself alone. No one can live so he does not either help or hinder others, for life is all harmony, and if one person sings out of time it disturbs a great many other people. —HELEN AUGUSTA FUSSELL.



Little Alice's Sermons.

MARY B. DE WITT.

Not many days later, little Alice was in my room with paper and pencil busily engaged on her second sermon and here it is for you all to read:

SECOND SERMON.

God is Love. God is Good, and I live in God, and God helps me. God gives me good strengf. God helps me and I don't like to be naughty. I am good all the time. I won't be naughty. I am going to mind my mother,

God gives me good foughts. God gives me good strengf.

Truth is Good. God is Love and helps me. When mother tells me to go down stairs quick, I go down and don't wait.

God loves me. God is Love and God is true. God helps me and gives me strengf.

Love is God. God loves me and I love Him, and I live in God. God tells me to do what fings is right. God teaches me not to be naughty.

God is good. God is Love. I like to mind God, for He keeps care of me. I have to mind mother. I got a sister 'at's good. God is Love. Good is true. I am good, and I won't be naughty.

Good is Love. God aint naughty. I don't like to be naughty. God is Love, God is true. God is true. God is kind. God helps me, and I like to be good, and I am good too. God does help me. God makes me mind. I don't like to be naughty. God is love. God is true. Strengf is wif me.

—ALICE SAUNDERS.

The Duck.

BY RALPH GRAY, 9½ YEARS OLD.

The duck is a very queer animal. The duck is not as a hen, and has quite a long beak, and sometimes it holds it in the air as if it was trying to catch a fly or bug.

The little duck is a duckling and they are very cute. They quack and quack, and spatter in the mud, and then go to the pond and wash off. And when they get tired playing by themselves they go and plague their mother.

The duck is saying to the bird, "Do not you think this is a very happy world?"

"I think this a very happy world." said the bird.

"I hope that we will never be parted," said the duck.

The bird said, "I hope so too."

"Will you come down and have a bath?" asked the duck.

"I think it would be nice to have one," answered the bird.

"All right, come and have one in the pond whenever you like."

The bird flew down to the pond and what a splashing they made, they chirped and quacked, all the time. The bird came to the pond twice a week. The bird and the duck were good friends all their life because they were of God.

Tessie's Treatment.

Tessie is four years old. One day Tessie's mamma thought she was sick and nervous, Tessie said to her. "Mudder I'll treat you.

"God is all. God is all. There is no sickness. God is love."

"Now, get up mudder and flop your wings and run." While Tessie showed her how to do by making her own little arms go up and down like the movement of bird's wings.

*Our Little Brothers and Sisters.**A Toad Story.*

One day my father, sister and I were out in the garden watching a little toad.

My father took a little stick and very, very gently scratched one side of the toad and then the other.

The toad seemed to like it, for he would roll from side to side and blink. I was so interested that when they went in I took the stick and did as my father had done. I thought if he rolls from side to side as I touch him what would he do if I ran the stick down his back.

I did so, and what do you think happened? His skin, which was thin and dirty, parted in a neat little seam. There was a bright new yellow coat below. Then my quiet little toad showed how wise he was. He gently and carefully pulled off his outer skin. He took it off the body and legs first and then blinking it over his eyes, till — where had it gone? He had rolled it in a ball and swallowed it.—Adapted from *Our Dumb Animals* by School and Home.

*Bird's Trades.**I.**The Mason.*

The swallow is a mason,
And underneath the eaves,
He builds his nest and plasters it
With mud, and hair, and leaves.

*II.**The Weavers.*

Of all the weavers that I know,
The oriole is the best;
High on the branches of a tree
He hangs his cozy nest.

*III.**The Carpenter.*

The old woodpecker is hard at work,
A carpenter is he;
And you can hear him hammer
His nest upon a tree. —Child Garden

Apple Blossom.

Apple Blossom sat in a tree,
Out of a little green bud came she.

Her dress was made of pink and white,
Cut in five petals so soft and light

And over this a coat of of green,
Cut in five sepals, might be seen.

She took her food from a bright green cup,
That the tree, each day, with sap filled up.

Her lap was full of stamens of gold—
Just as many as she could hold.

Her friends were the wind, the sun, the bee,
And the robin who had a nest in the tree.

Each morning robin would sing her song
And she was happy all day long.

Down on the grass one bright spring day,
Apple blossom came to play.

On a branch of the tree she left her green cup
And when she was done she could not get up.

But what do you think, after that
The cup grew pretty, rosy and fat.

And so it happened one day in fall,
Little Jack sat by the old stone wall:

He held in his hand an apple red,
From a branch of the tree just over his head.

"How pretty you are," said little Jack,
"I am glad the blossom did not come back."

A. J. in *School and Home.*

If anything unkind you hear
About someone you know, my dear,
Do not I pray you, it repeat,
When you that someone chance to meet;
For such news has a leaden way
Of clouding o'er a sunny day.
But if you something pleasant hear
About someone you know, my dear,
Make haste — to make great haste 'twere well —
To her or him the same to tell;
For such news has a golden way
Of lighting up a cloudy day.—*Selected.*



I am God's child, made in His image and likeness; He has freely given me all things.

*Perfect wisdom, perfect joy,
Perfect peace without alloy;
Perfect goodness, perfect grace,
Perfect beauty of form and face;
Perfect freedom, eternal youth,
Perfect happiness, perfect truth;
Perfect purity, perfect health,
Perfect wholeness, abundant wealth;
Lasting friendship, enduring love,
Perfect light from God above.*

I am filled with divine life and surrounded with divine love; nothing can be added to or taken from Spirit; Spirit is perfect, entire, wanting nothing.

—Frances.

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

Epistles.

SAN PEDRO, CAL.

Dear Wee Wisdom:

In truth and love the good work goes on. You are all so good to me I have nothing to give but the little moss cards.

I love children and you are all so good in WEE WISDOM. I thought you were all close by so the cards could be handed to you, but I see you are all over the world, and I am thankful there are so many of you. I will make you some nice ones this summer and give some stamps to send them with, so you can remember your old friend by the sea. I would like to write you some things, but you see I can't write well enough. I will send you one of my pictures sometime, but I want to make you some nice cards first. I love to make them, it is no trouble at all.

I love to keep working all the time and give them to you. Your mother and grandmother.

MARY SPARR.

Isn't she lovely, though; and we have found out that she has learned to read and write English, since she was—is it 60 or 70 years young, Mother Sparr?

BATH, N. Y.

Dear Wee Wisdoms:

I will be seven years old the second day of April. I have never been to school but I thought I would write as I would like your moss card. We are enjoying your paper very much. I am going to school when I am seven.

JENNIE C. SCHOFIELD

Jennie's little letter shows its genuineness and is very good for such a little girl, she will be quite a good scholar when she starts into school. The moss card is yours, Jennie.

ST. PETER, MINN.

Dear Wee Wisdoms:

Dottie and Harold say, Mamma must write and thank you and Mother Sparr for moss cards. They were so pleased with them and all love WEE WISDOM.

Success is with it always.

Harold is only three years old, but he seems to understand well. He likes the story of Fairy Good Thoughts, and he asks every body who comes in, if they have Fairy Good Thought in their heart, for she will make them very happy.

I want Dottie to write something for WEE WISDOM, but she seems to be a little timid about it.

WEE WISDOM has come forth, and will grow in Wisdom and truth and gladden many hearts, and lift the burdens off the little ones, and bring joy and gladness to all. God bless you all and keep you in his Holy of Holies.

DORA C. ROGERS.

WEE WISDOM is a joy in our house.

Our little boy and girl are learning the lesson that only the *good is true*. It is such a dear little paper and will do so much good.

When I can I mean to have it to hand out to all the little boys and girls of our place.

I know the good seeds will grow in the children's hearts."

"My girlie, five years old, is a dear little Scientist, and applies it in a way that is a great stimulus to me. She says she is writing a letter to you now.

A while ago she wanted something which I did not feel that we could afford, and so I told her, that when "our ship comes in," perhaps she could have it. She looked at me in the gravest, sweetest way and said, "Why, mamma, God is our ship; We can have it now," and we had it you may be sure.

She says she has written you about Christian Science. I think you will need a translator, however.

F. C. M., CONCORD, N. H.

I'd like to have all the Wisdoms here, while we translate this dear, little letter the mamma refers to and inclosed with her own. It's the dearest, tinnest envelope, with an original, "hand made", pencil postage stamp upon it and lots of "W's" and then a real plain "C-A-T" on the inside. The rest of the writing is in a foreign language to "grown ups" but not to us, we feel what it says, and it feels life and love and good and that's the real language after all.

Dear "little girlie," we answer you in the same kind of writing, love and good, and you have earned your moss cards and you shall have them too. God bless you, and your "ship" is always loaded.

"Dora, my Science girl, I like to call her, is now four years old. She is learning the truth about herself and things generally. When any thing or any one seems to be out of harmony she will run and get the Bible and her paper and sit down by herself for a time and then come to me and say, 'I 'member 'bout God is love and life and health, mama?'"

Quickly the cloud will lift and the sun of peace shine in our midst. She is a perfectly healthy child, fears nothing, has had measles and some other appearance, but never has been given any material remedy. None of our family seem to think of medicine in connection with Dora."

N.F.

"Our little boy complained of the stomachache one night, I told him to be very still and ask the "Good man" to make him well; he did so and in a few moments was all right. To day his little sister complained in the same way, he said to her "Ask The Good Man to make you well." I have heard no complaints since.

How infinitely better it is, for the "God-man" to figure in our management of the children, healing and blessing them, than for that horrid scarecrow set up by ignorance, and called "the bad-man" to be given a place in our family vocabulary.

"Tell the little boy who wrote the Saturday "pillow verse" for January WEE WISDOM that his verse is the best in the collection."

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

Lesson 6. May 7.

The Vine And the Branches. John 15:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT. *I am the vine, ye are the branches.*
—John 15: 15.

Once upon a time there was a beautiful vine and it went trailing over the ground in many directions for it had ever and ever so many branches.

This vine bore beautiful clusters of grapes, some of the clusters were small, and some large.

One day a man with kind and gentle eyes and a sweet smile passed by this vine, and there were other men with him.

The Holy One said to the others: "I am the vine, ye are the branches."

Now this man was Jesus Christ and he was teaching his disciples that God is All, for the vine is the whole plant you know. Jesus also wanted his disciples to know that just as the vine needs its branches so God needs His children to do His will.

We are instruments in God's hands, and must work for Him, and bear good fruit just as the branches of the grapevine hold their bunches of grapes.

If we do God's works we will send out our good thoughts in all directions; and what do you think these good thoughts will do? Why, they will feed and clothe and heal people. We not only must help God with our thoughts, but with our hearts and hands as well. We must love people and run errands for our friends and help them in many ways. If you give a little girl a drink of water, and see that she is helped first before yourself, then you are doing a good deed for God. This is the way the Christ-child does. Think of others first, and self last, for God, the Good, is always thinking and doing for us. If we remember we are God's children and live in Him it will be so easy for us to do good deeds and help others. Then too we must often think true, holy words of Jesus Christ, for these help us to be good or to show forth our true selves.

We are bearing rich luscious fruit when we are thinking beautiful thoughts.

Here is a thought to think: *I live in God, and Christ dwells in me.*

Lesson 7. May 14.

Jesus Betrayed and Arrested. John 18:1-14.

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

There are some people in this world who do not seem to know about the Good, and when they see anything that is beautiful and good they at once want to kill or destroy it. Such people do not know that the Holy One, the Christ, dwells within their hearts, nor do they think much of God.

Once I saw a little boy take a sling shot, and shoot a dear little bird, who only sang joyful songs as he flitted from tree to tree. Now that boy never again heard the bird sing his happy little song.

Another time I saw a little girl stamp her foot upon a caterpillar. Now this child never saw that little worm spin his pretty palace, and come out a beautiful butterfly, for by one naughty act she had put him out of her sight forever.

When we do such things we are like the men who took Jesus and nailed him to the cross. We must never try to kill anything.

We know about God, so we must love all of God's creatures. The animals, the birds, and the insects all belong to God, so we must be very kind to them all.

When Jesus was upon earth some of the people did not love him, for he was so very good and told others that they too must be good. Some of the people could not understand that they were children of God, and must be like God and do His will.

Some of the people wished to keep on being naughty. They did not know what joy they would have in following the Truth that Jesus taught, nor did they listen to the word of God in their hearts or they would have tried to be good. Some did follow Jesus, and did as he had told them, Jesus had so much love that he did not get angry with the band of soldiers that came and took him away, but went with them quietly.

Peter grew angry and cut off one of the soldiers ears. But Jesus spoke to Peter telling him to put away his sword, then Jesus touched the man's ear and it was healed.

This lesson teaches us to be gentle and loving to all of God's creatures and to forgive every unkind word or deed; and to love every one.

Lesson 8. May 21.

Christ before the High Priest. John 18:15-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.— *He came unto his own, and his own received him not. John 1:11.*

If we really love God we will try to follow the teachings of Jesus, and never, never be afraid to let others know that we love God.

If you should hear a little boy or girl, or grown person, say an untrue word or speak carelessly and unlovingly of God you must not do the same, for you know you are a little Christ-child, and now is the time for you to stand up for Christ.

Now is the time for you to think your true thoughts.

Never do or say what is not true. No matter what others do we must try and show forth the Christ-child, and think our beautiful thoughts.

Peter was one of the followers of Jesus, but Peter was cowardly and afraid when he said he did not know Jesus. Peter had always been so brave

and had stood up for the right at other times, but when the young girl asked him if he had not been with Jesus, he answered, "No."

Peter did not let his true self speak or he would never have told this untruth.

But, by and by, the cock crew, and then Peter felt sorry for he remembered he had not been kind to the Christ.

We must never be afraid of anything anyone can say or do to us, but always speak the truth, for God, our Father, will care for us at all times.

Jesus was not afraid. He knew that God was with him. God always loves us and cares for us. Jesus loved God, and told us that we must do the same. God is all Love, and God loves us.

Lesson 9. May 29.

Christ Before Pilate. John 18:28-40.

GOLDEN TEXT: *I find no fault in him.*—John 19:4.

There is no fault or error in the Christ, for the Christ is the true holy self, and never did a naughty thing.

The Christ was not only in Jesus, but in every single heart, for the Christ is the true child of God.

Jesus was the only one who really knew he was the Son of God. That is why Jesus was so good. He did as God wished him to do. His words were, "I and my Father are one."

We must all try and be like Jesus, remembering God is our Father, and saying every day, "I am God's child." This will help us to act in a Christ-like way, and will make it easy for us to be good, obedient children. No one can be a good child without God's help, so we must think of Him often, and remember he is all Love.

Those people that wished to keep on in their naughty ways did not love Jesus, and called him bad, and said he had done wrong, and wished him punished.

Now these people were not looking at Jesus through their pure eyes, but were seeing the way we see when we put dark, smoked glasses over our eyes. You know everything looks dark and ugly through smoked glasses.

Sometimes I have known a little child to be disobedient and cross, speaking unkindly to everyone that comes near. Then that little child will say "Dear me, everybody is cross and ugly to me today."

Now if the child was a good and gentle child he would see that others are good too, but if we are cross and fretful everyone else seems the same.

That was the way it was with the people who looked at Jesus. They had done so many wrong deeds that they thought Jesus was the naughty one and wanted him punished.

Why, I once heard a little boy say to his dear little brother, "Now, you just stop that or I'll tell papa to give you a whipping." This was very unkind. I hope none of the dear Wee Wisdoms ever talk in this way.

I am sure you all want only good for one another, and that you see the Christ-child in every one.

Begin today and say: *I see the Good in everyone. Only the Good is true, for the Good is God.*

Practical Teaching for Wee Wisdoms.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT

Many are asking, "How shall we teach our children the new thought?"

"How shall Truth be made attractive for little ones?"

Knowing that Mary de Witt has solved these problems through actual teaching, we have asked her to give her method and here she has brought one of her little classes into our presence.—Ed.

Once a week the little ones come together to learn about the All Good. We meet at half past three after school hours.

What a pleasant room we have with plenty of sunshine and flowers.

There are as many as twenty children, boys and girls, from four years of age to thirteen.

First we sing. Then we have a happy little talk and hear about the good the children are doing.

One little girl says, "My Mamma had a headache and I thought for her. 'God is with you, you can't have a headache,' and then she was all better." Another one says, "I had my spelling lesson today and I didn't know how to spell a word so I said, 'God is in me, I can spell that word,' and I spelled it right; it came right to me." A little boy says, "I was naughty boy in school so I said: 'The Christ-child makes me a good boy,' and then I was good." After our little talk the teacher tells a story that helps all to know and think the Truth. Then we play games. We have many different games, but one we like very much is to take hands and make a big circle. Then we choose some child to step in the middle, next we dance around singing to the one in the center, "O Frankie, I love you; Frankie, I do; Frankie, I love you all the way through." Then Frankie chooses Nellie and Nellie goes in while he takes his place with the others in the ring. Then

we sing to Nellie and so keep on until every child has been chosen.

We also play a marching game, and every one has a tiny flag to wave and sing. "There is no evil anywhere. The Good is all there is; Life, Love are Omnipresent."

The tune for the song is "Marching through Georgia." Some time we have crackers to eat and gay colored paper napkins.

The colors of our napkins teach us something too; for when one has a blue napkin we say "What is the blue for?" And Flossie answers "Blue is for Truth"

"Johnnie what color is your napkin?"

"Mine is pink" answered Johnnie.

"Who knows the meaning of pink?"

"Pink means Love."

"And red Carrie?"

"Red means Life."

"Edith what color is yours?"

"Mine is green and it means Growth."

"Carl has a yellow napkin see, well what does that teach you?" "Wisdom."

Yes, and what do you know that is yellow that teaches wisdom?" "The sun," Carl answered

And purple is for power; and white, purity; so we learn a great deal from the colors.

Now the crackers have been eaten, and the napkins are all carefully gathered up and laid away for another time.

Now our picture cards are given out.

Today we have a bunch of flowers on the cards, and underneath is written, "Love is everywhere," for flowers always teach us about Love, and Love is God.

Now we will say, "Good bye," to one another expecting to meet some other day.

Loving With All the Strength.

A little boy had declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength," and was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength." After some little time spent in reflection, he said:

"Well, I'll tell you. You see, we live away up here on the fourth floor of this tenement, and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept way down in the basement. Mother's dreadfully busy all the time and she isn't very strong, and so I see to it that the coalhod is never empty. I lug all the coal up four flights of stairs all by myself, and it's a pretty big hod. It takes all my strength to get it up here. Now isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"—*Selected.*



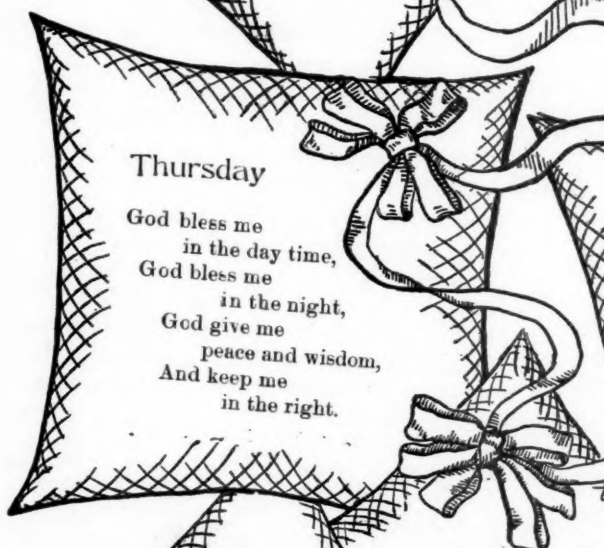
Tuesday

Be very still,
And you may hear
The word of God
Within you, dear.



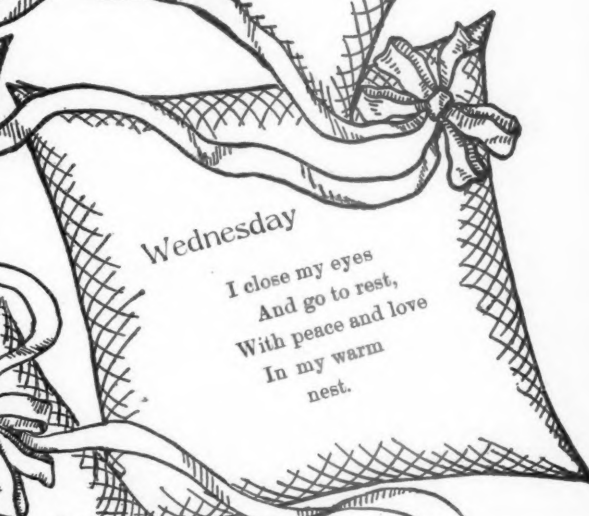
Monday

Rest in peace,
The night has come
With God's love
To every one.



Thursday

God bless me
in the day time,
God bless me
in the night,
God give me
peace and wisdom,
And keep me
in the right.



Wednesday

I close my eyes
And go to rest,
With peace and love
In my warm
nest.



Sunday

'Tis God's love fills me,
'Tis God's life thrills me;
I in God
And God in me—
This the truth
That makes me free.

Friday

If I am good
As I can be,
O what joys
Will come to me.



Saturday

I let my light shine
And thus see
the way;
And night time will be
As bright as the day.



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May!

Happy May!
Flowry May!
Full of bursting buds
And gay,
With the hum
Of happy bee;
With the song of bird
So free.
May, sweet May,
With beauty rife —
Full of love and full of life.

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, Box 1526, Denver, Colorado.

We are indebted to "*Brightside*" for the cut of the "young surgeon." Our "Aunt Emma" in the little poem accompanying it supplies what might have been the occasion which it illustrates. Not knowing the names of these Brightsiders she has given them some of her own.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WEE WISDOM is now mailed by itself on the *first* of every month. UNITY is mailed on the *fifteenth* of every month.

WEE WISDOM is 50 cents per year.

UNITY is \$1.00 per year.

Until August 1, WEE WISDOM will be sent *free* to all subscribers to UNITY who remit \$1.00. At that date, the beginning of a new volume, both UNITY and WEE WISDOM will be improved and different subscription rates prevail. Send all subscriptions to

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