



A LITTLE BIRD'S SONG.

KATHRYN WALLACE.

There came to my window at break o' day
A dear little bird in specked gray.

He sang so sweet, and stayed so long,
I went to the window to hear his song.

He flew away, and up so high,
He seemed to pierce the very sky.

But he came back another day
And this I heard the birdie say—

"I'm always happy, I never fret,
Tho' the sky be dark and the day be wet.

"I soar and fly, and sing my song,
And glorify God the whole day long."

MARY'S UPS AND DOWNS.

AUNT SEG.

"**M**AMA, I'm just sick of going to school," said Mary Blair, in a very discouraged tone of voice.

"Why Dottie, what's the matter?"

"The girls call me queer, and funny and rediculas."

"And what have you done that is queer, funny, and rediculas, my daughter?"

"You see, Mama, they want me to do things that are not true, and I can't."

"Tell me what things, Mary."

"Well, they all seemed to like me at first, and I had a jolly good time, but one day, quite a while ago, they wanted me to pretend to be sick and get excused, to have some fun. They all had excuses but me. I didn't like very well to have them think I'd be so mean, and I told them so, but they just made fun of me and called me Miss Goody' and all that, and they didn't ask me to play again for a long while. But

I couldn't have done differently, could I, Mama?"

"Certainly not, Mary, but what else?"

"After a while they seemed to forget about it, and I had good times again, till little Charlie Hogan, the poor boy of the school, came day after day without his dinner and sat and looked on while the rest of us ate ours, for it was too cold to go out with his thin clothes. I couldn't stand it and so divided with him. That wouldn't have made them angry if I hadn't asked him to come and sit with us instead of going off by himself. Not one of them liked it, and Sue Jones said right out, 'You are the most rediculas girl, Mary Blair; you'd better take your company all to yourself, we don't want him!!!' Then they all went over to the other side of the room. Charlie felt awfully and begged me to let him stay by himself after this, but I looked the matter over in my mind to see what was the true way, and I couldn't see but what I was right, so I told him not to mind, I shouldn't. Could I have done any other way, Mama?"

"No, Mary, that was being true; and have you continued to eat with Charlie Hogan?"

"Yes, every day, but Mama, I hear them say mean things nearly every noon just loud enough for me to hear. One day I heard Molly Hager say, 'She is a fool to mix up with such trash. My mother says it was all right for her to give the boy what was left of her dinner, but she has n't any right to associate with him and then expect us girls to associate with her.' Then again I heard May Harris say in such a horrid tone, 'She's awful good, isn't she?' Today the lame fruit boy spilled all his peanuts, and his fingers looked so cold that I helped him pick them up, and I heard

one of the girls who was passing say, 'There's that queer girl that is always showing off to make folks think she's good.' Oh, Mama, do let me stay at home, I'm so discouraged!"

"We will talk it over, dear, and then if you still wish to leave school, you may do so."

"Talking it over won't make any difference, Mama; I just can't stand it."

"Mary, do you wish to live the Christ life?"

"Mama, you know I do."

"Do you know of any one who has ever done so?"

"Jesus did."

"And he was persecuted, was he not?"

"Yes, Mama."

"Do you know why the people persecuted Jesus?"

"He said they did not know what they were doing."

"Yes, Mary, that was the reason; he was patient with them because he saw that they did not understand real goodness. They must be taught what the good and the true is."

"I don't see how they are going to be taught, Mama, when their minds are set against the good and true."

"My daughter, the good and the true is *in them*, and if we hold very strongly to this truth it will soon become manifest for it is only waiting to be recognized. Now I wonder if my little daughter, while she has been doing good actions, has been holding hard thoughts."

Mary looked very sober for a few minutes. "Why, Mama, I must have been doing so every day."

"That is it, Mary, you have let it hurt you. We do not let things hurt us from those who know not what they do. Jesus did not condemn them, he only remembered that they did not understand what they were doing. Now, daughter, it was the mission of Jesus to accomplish the Christ life; is it your mission also?"

"Yes, Mama."

"Did he grow discouraged when he had many things to bear?"

"No, Mama dear, but he was so great and I am so little."

"The Christ in you is as great and powerful as you will let it be."

"Please tell me what to do, Mama."

"When any trial comes look straight at the Christ within and keep your thoughts there, holding on to the only power there is or ever will be. There is great joy, Mary, in being persecuted for righteousness sake, you remember."

"Yes, Mama, and I might have had lots of joy if I had n't kept feeling hurt."

"My dear little girl, all experiences that come in our way are our opportunities; we cannot afford to miss them."

"Mama, I think I'll keep right on at school, and perhaps I may learn to be patient with the girls, and happy even if they don't like me."

"I felt sure you would see it this way, Mary, and it is not so necessary to be happy as it is to be true."

"When Truth has had its perfect way, Happiness will come to stay."

SNOWFLAKE'S AUTOGRAPH.

A True Story,
By ELIZABETH SMALL.

Carol's mamma had gone out calling, so Carol and her little friend Florence were all alone. They were looking at books and pictures, and they came across Carol's autograph album.

"I am glad I have an album," said Carol.

"I wish every page was full."

After a short pause Carol exclaimed laughingly, "Florence, I'm going to make Snowflake write in my album."

Snowflake was the black kitten. She was called Snowflake because she had one little white spot under her chin.

"Yes, I'm going to have her write," repeated Carol.

"How will you do it," asked Florence.

"Oh! I'll show you," said Carol, going to the desk and getting pen and ink.

"Now you hold her."

They got Pussie comfortably seated in Florence's lap and then Carol gently took hold of Kitty's paw and put a little blot of ink on each toe, then Florence pressed her paw upon the page and there was the dearest little foot-print you can imagine.

Both children were delighted and I don't think Snowflake objected.



TREVOR FIELD, Secretary.

ALLIE LEWIS, Chairman.

JOHNNIE COGLE, Treasurer.

Endowment and Equipment Committee for Brightside.

BRIGHTSIDE.

RALPH FIELD.

THE great numbers of young people who eagerly read each issue of *WEE WISDOM* have often read about Brightside and the boys there. This month I want to tell you a little about this place, and why our boys love it so dearly. Brightside is to be a little town of shops and farms and schools, where boys whose parents are poor may come and learn to work and get a good education. We have already 320 acres of land only ten miles from the large city of Denver, and here we are building not only a little town, but what is more wonderful, beautiful lives.

It is named Brightside because we do not believe in seeing anything which is not bright and pure and true, and, dear *Wee Wisdoms*, all which you have been taught in *WEE WISDOM* has been proven true at Brightside many, many times. Many of our "Beauty-boys" come to us because their own papas and mammas could not keep them from doing foolish things, but when we give them some nice little pet name like "Dewdrop" or "Buttercup" or "Roly-Poly," and then "smother them with kisses," why they just can't help doing better. If you don't know how to get your little brother to do real nice things, just *smother him with kisses*. It is the best remedy for misbehavior that we have at Brightside, and we use it more than any other.

One very cold night four years ago, when we still lived in the city of Denver, our door bell rang just before bedtime, and when I answered I found a little eight-year-old boy there, and he said, "Is this Brightside?" "Yes," I said; "what can I do for you?" "Why, I want to stay here," was the reply. "I am such a bad boy that no one can do anything with me; I run away from school all the time, and stay out on the street at night, and won't mind my mamma at all, and she thinks I had better come here." That was Johnny Cogle, who is the treasurer of our committee. He is a darling boy now, and is a wonderful help to me.

Allie, the chairman, is learning to be an engineer. He gets up at four o'clock in the morning to make steam in the big boiler which heats our house and makes our electric lights.

Trevor, my son, is learning to be a printer and editor. He draws funny little cartoons which make most everyone laugh, but the one which I like best makes tears come to my eyes, for it represents his papa as a lighthouse on the edge of a great rough sea and all around it are boats which represent boys, and many of them are sinking until they turn toward the lighthouse. He drew it and sent it to me one time when he had been doing unwise things, and when I asked him about it, he said, "Well, Papa, I felt as if I was one of those little boats

that was sinking."

Do you know, little friends, that there are many thousands of boy-boats which are drifting and sinking, and we want to send out from Brightside such a steady, clear light that they will steer this way and learn the safe course to follow.

And so Allie and Trevor and Johnny have decided to raise one hundred thousand dollars for Brightside, so that we can take more pupils and teach them a great many more things. They have it all divided up into small sums, so that even little children can help. Their first gift was \$5.00 from a working girl, and the next was \$5.00 from three little children who gave all their spending money for six weeks. The boys hope to get a great deal of the money this month, so that it can be used before spring. Perhaps several of you wish to be included in the 1,000 who are each to give \$5.00, and maybe your parents would like to give more than that. If you do, send the money to Johnny Cogle, Brightside School, Denver, Colorado, and the boys will write to thank you. Here is the way the committee is raising the money:

1,000 persons each give \$	5 making \$	5,000
800 " " " "	10 "	8,000
300 " " " "	25 "	7,500
100 " " " "	50 "	5,000
50 " " " "	100 "	5,000
20 " " " "	500 "	10,000
10 " " " "	1,000 "	10,000
5 " " " "	5,000 "	25,000
1 person gives	25,000 "	25,000
TOTAL,		\$100,000

What Are Little Folks Made Of?

HELEN A. FUSSELL.

"What are little folks made of?
Sugar and spice
And everything nice,
That's what little folks are made of."

Of all the queer things
That Mother Goose sings,
That is the queerest
As well as the dearest.

But I'd just like to add
Of each lass and lad
That love is the spice
That makes them so nice.

"My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth."—I John 3:18.

PET HUMMING BIRD.

LETITIA MILLSAPS.

I am a little girl, and I have a little nephew named Verne, big enough to play with me.

He loves ants, birds, bees and all kinds of animals. He loves them so ants never bite him and bees never sting him.

One day last summer we saw a little humming bird in the flowers. We wanted to tame it, so we tried to go up to it, all the time trying not to frighten it, but we could not get very close to it. The next time we saw it we tried it again and again, each time getting a little closer, it seeming less afraid. After a few days it would stand on our fingers and suck the flowers. One day it got tangled in the bushes and could not get out. Verne helped it out and it seemed to know that he had let it loose for it flew all around him. We wanted to feel of its wings but we were afraid it would hurt it, so we did not. We played with it several weeks and then when the weather turned cool the bird left. We never tried to cage it.

[I wrote this for WEE WISDOM and I would like a moss card, if you please.—*Letitia Millsaps.*]

Little Earl Landfair lives in Ohio, and he was four years old last August. He loves to play with his little hammer and saw, and the other day he was hammering away and missed the mark and hit his finger a hard crack. What do you suppose he did? Cry? Not he. He's a Scientist that is a Scientist. He just said to himself, "That's nothing; it can't hurt me," and went on playing. A moment later his mamma saw his finger was hurt, and said, "What's the matter with your finger, Earl?" He didn't reply, but went away and was gone quite awhile, and when he returned he went to his mamma and held up his two hands and said, "Now, Mamma, which finger was hurt?" and she couldn't tell. He had treated it well.

UNITY and WEE WISDOM for a year \$1.50. Sample copies of WEE WISDOM and UNITY are sent free.



"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN."

By C. B. REYNOLDS.

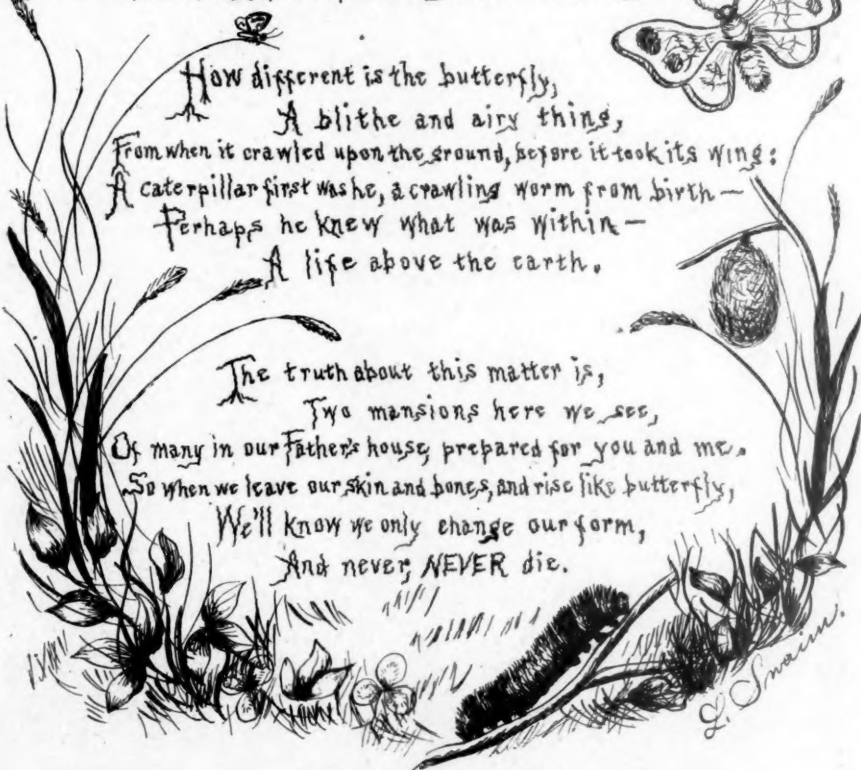


The caterpillar did not die
While changing to a butterfly;
He only quit his coat of skin, eight-legged house that he lived in.
The butterfly had truly been in caterpillar's fur and skin;
But born again to wings of air, it took no thought, it had no care
For caterpillar's lowly fare, of what they eat or what they wear.



How different is the butterfly,
A blithe and airy thing,
From when it crawled upon the ground, before it took its wing:
A caterpillar first was he, a crawling worm from birth—
Perhaps he knew what was within—
A life above the earth.

The truth about this matter is,
Two mansions here we see,
Of many in our Father's house, prepared for you and me,
So when we leave our skin and bones, and rise like butterfly,
We'll know we only change our form,
And never, NEVER die.



NATURAL LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

CONDUCTED BY "PAPA HARRY."

III.

WILD BIRDS IN A CITY YARD DURING
THE YEAR 1899.

"Birds—birds! Ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings;
Where shall man wander, and where shall he dwell,
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?"



ORION, Albert, and Papa entered into a grand triple alliance, defensive of all the birds that might come to visit them during the year 1899. They agreed to encourage and protect them, regardless of race, color or previous condition of servitude. Invitations (by thought) were sent out to all their little feathered brothers and sisters of the air to come and make their homes in the trees of the yard, and a plentiful supply of wheat, ground corn, bread, oats, etc., were scattered around, and boxes and tin cans was placed in convenient places for such as choose to build in them.

The first arrival was the English Sparrow. He came and brought his cousins and aunts and uncles, his mother and father and children; also his grand-children and great grand-children, and all his friends and their friends and a few other friends. They immediately took possession of all they surveyed and held a banquet. They are a noisy, happy, care-free lot of little beings, and although their ideas of propriety may not always agree with the ideas of their human brothers and sisters, still they make bright and pleasant many an otherwise dark and gloomy corner. They built nests in the holes of the old Elm tree, raised their little ones, and became the special care of Mamma and Albert. Their relations with the other birds became strained and thereby they lost the sympathy of Orion and Papa. They declared war with the boys' chickens and it has raged fiercely all year and neither side seems to want peace. The chickens formed a coalition with Orion's pet rat, "Scoot," and his band. The

Sparrows do not seem much afraid of the Chickens, but when the Rats charge out from under the sidewalk there is a retreat all down the line. The Cat country lies east of and adjoining the big yard and the inhabitants of it are a wild and warlike race of people that has declared war against the Rats and the Sparrows. Early in the Spring the Chicken people, the Rat people, the Cat people, and the Sparrow people were all at war with each other, but the Chickens have signed a treaty of peace with the Rats and the Cats. The boys and their Papa and Mamma have extended the good offices of their government to bring about an end of the war with honor to all concerned, but so far their offer has been ignored. It is believed, however, that peace will reign by next spring.

Mr. Hairy Woodpecker came in the Autumn and proceeded to excavate himself a home in a dead limb of a Maple tree just back of the house. Here he lived till nearly Spring, when the trees were trimmed by some men who cut down Mr. Picus Villosus' home before Papa noticed what they were doing. Villosus sat up on the back porch and probably said many uncomplimentary things of "tree butchers," and flew away and refused to live with the boys any more, although he came back looking for something to eat occasionally. The cute little Downy Woodpecker, Mr. Picus Pubescens came many times to see the boys and his queer tappings and cheery squeaks were welcome sounds.

The Red-headed Woodpecker, Mr. Melanerpes Erythrocephalus, was present all summer, very busy eating or gossiping with the Red-bellied Woodpecker, Mr. Centurus Carolinus, who sometimes came over. Mr. Colaptes Auratus paid several formal visits and inspected the work of his cousins in taking care of the trees. He is a much betitled American who is called Flicker, Golden-winged Woodpecker, Pigeon Woodpecker, Yucker, Highholder, Tipup and Yellowhammer. For exquisite perfection of beauty, the Flicker, with his "coat of many colours," can probably be surpassed only by one other North American bird—the Cedarbird. The brown, gold, yellow,

black, scarlet, olive, lilac, white, ash, cream and mauve, all so interblended and each color fading so quietly into another that the more it is examined the greater is our astonishment at the divine beauty of this shy and intelligent being of the air, whose ringing cry stirs the responsive life within all who hear it, making them love nature, and loving nature, love up through nature to nature's God.

A very distant relation of the Woodpeckers, the Yellow-billed Cuckoo, frequently called and uttered his loud jerky cries, which made the boys laugh heartily. He is sometimes foolishly called Rain Crow. The sad fact that the only Missouri representative (Carolina Paroquet) of the Parrot division of Climbers was not recorded was probably because that too many women vainly imagine that the skin of an unfortunate little bird is a fitting crown for an unthinking intellect. Largely to this error is due the disappearance of over eighty per cent of the feathered race during the last fifteen years.

Many White-breasted Nuthatches came and one pair took up lodgings in the big Elm tree and have lived with the boys all winter. The peculiar method of this Creeper of walking down a tree head first, and laughable cry, have made them great favorites. They are very curious and quite trusting and tame, and will always come down the tree to "investigate" anyone who may stand under it. When Orion sits very still, they will sometimes perch on his knee, look intently into his face and utter their peculiar cry. The other day one took a piece of walnut out of his hand and ran up the tree with it.

Blue Jays are always present, and hunt around over the ground for food, examining carefully any can, box or bucket that happens to be left out. Their cousins, the Crows, fly over every night and morning, but do not condescend to come down.

The Oriole family was much in evidence all summer, Baltimore Orioles, Orchard Orioles and Bronzed Grackles (Blackbirds) doing their part to make the boys happy. The Baltimores built their home in the next yard. The pretty red and black Mr.

Orchard brought his plain yellowish wife and examined the ground many times but finally decided to build elsewhere. The brilliant-hued Grackles built across the street, but came over whenever they felt hungry.

This Spring a Ruby-crowned Kinglet stopped and examined the buds on the trees, and finding them in good order, winged his way to the unknown North. The House Wrens attempted to build in a tin can in the Elm tree, but took such a dislike to the English Sparrows that they left in disgust and built in a hole in a house across the street, but came over every day and sang to the boys. Next Spring the boys intend to induce these active little sprites to stay.

Occasionally a Mourning Dove would come and send forth its mournful notes from the top of a tree, then take its flight to other regions. This bird is sometimes erroneously called Turtle Dove. The Dove has the peculiar habit of feigning a crippled wing when the nest is discovered, and fluttering along the ground will lead an enemy away from the nest to a safe distance, where it will take wing and fly serenely away. Mr. Bob White (Quail) called, helped himself to the wheat and practiced his whistling on the lawn.

Of the birds of prey, a few Hawks flew over and one Sparrow Hawk alighted in one of the trees, looked at the Sparrows a few minutes and then flew away. The little Screech Owl could be heard every night making weird noises among the trees.

Chimney Swifts built in the chimney a pretty little basket-like nest of twigs, broken from trees by the birds while on the wing, and glued together by a glue secreted in the Swifts' mouths. The Bank Swallows and Purple Martins evidently had their homes near by, as they were constantly flying around.

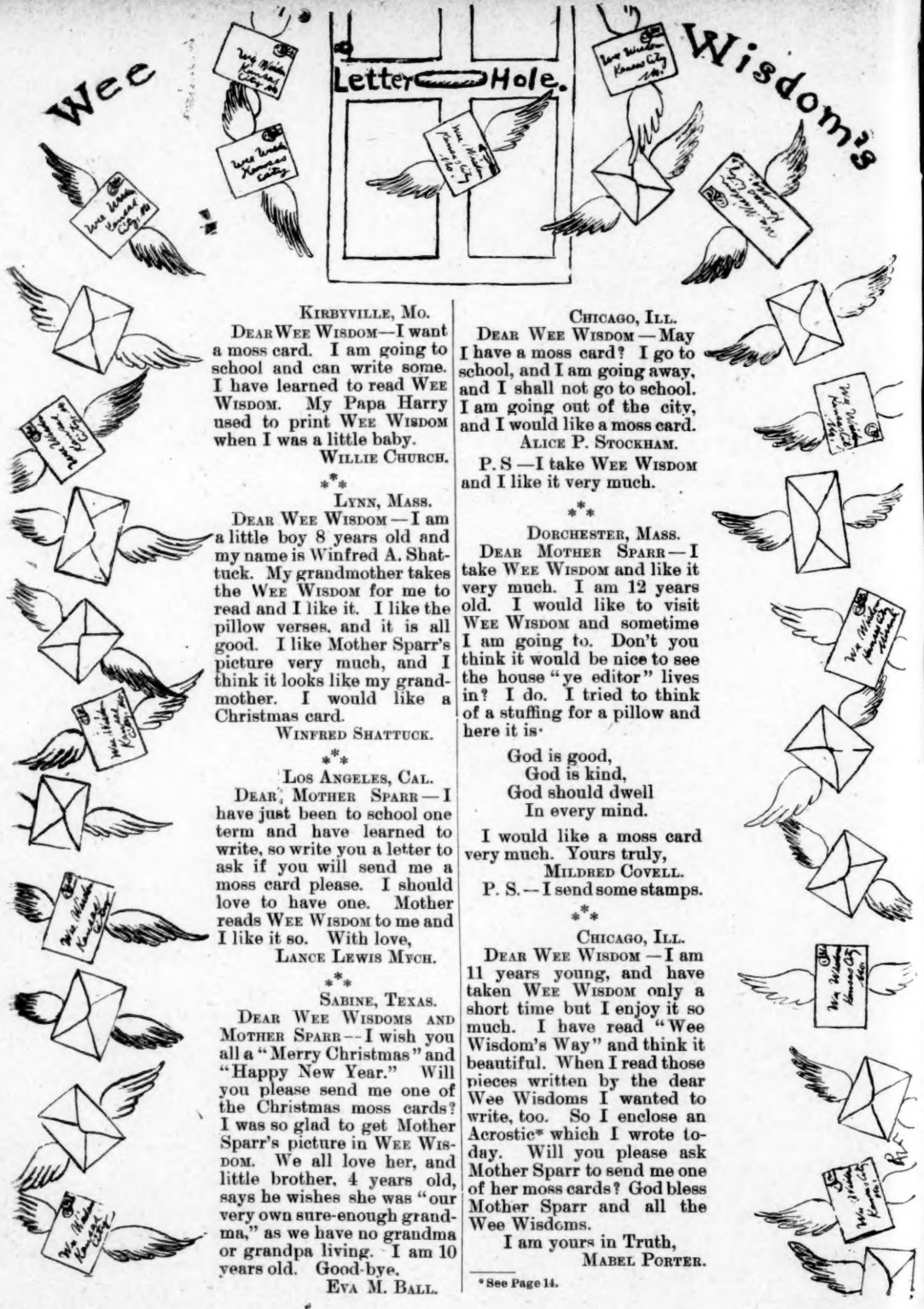
Belted Kingfishers were sometimes seen flying over, and the Ruby-throated Hummingbirds were among the flowers all Summer. Great hopes were entertained of the Hummingbirds building a nest on the place but these little flower fairies had other intentions.

(Continued on page 12.)

Wee

Letter Hole.

Wisdom's



KIRBYVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I want a moss card. I am going to school and can write some. I have learned to read WEE WISDOM. My Papa Harry used to print WEE WISDOM when I was a little baby.

WILLIE CHURCH.

**

LYNN, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little boy 8 years old and my name is Winfred A. Shattuck. My grandmother takes the WEE WISDOM for me to read and I like it. I like the pillow verses, and it is all good. I like Mother Sparr's picture very much, and I think it looks like my grandmother. I would like a Christmas card.

WINFRED SHATTUCK.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR—I have just been to school one term and have learned to write, so write you a letter to ask if you will send me a moss card please. I should love to have one. Mother reads WEE WISDOM to me and I like it so. With love,

LANCE LEWIS MYCH.

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SABINE, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOMS AND MOTHER SPARR—I wish you all a "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year." Will you please send me one of the Christmas moss cards? I was so glad to get Mother Sparr's picture in WEE WISDOM. We all love her, and little brother, 4 years old, says he wishes she was "our very own sure-enough grandma," as we have no grandma or grandpa living. I am 10 years old. Good-bye.

EVA M. BALL.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—May I have a moss card? I go to school, and I am going away, and I shall not go to school. I am going out of the city, and I would like a moss card.

ALICE P. STOCKHAM.

P. S.—I take WEE WISDOM and I like it very much.

**

DORCHESTER, MASS.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR—I take WEE WISDOM and like it very much. I am 12 years old. I would like to visit WEE WISDOM and sometime I am going to. Don't you think it would be nice to see the house "ye editor" lives in? I do. I tried to think of a stuffing for a pillow and here it is:

God is good,
God is kind,
God should dwell
In every mind.

I would like a moss card very much. Yours truly,

MILDRED COVELL.

P. S.—I send some stamps.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am 11 years young, and have taken WEE WISDOM only a short time but I enjoy it so much. I have read "Wee Wisdom's Way" and think it beautiful. When I read those pieces written by the dear Wee Wisdoms I wanted to write, too. So I enclose an Acrostic* which I wrote today. Will you please ask Mother Sparr to send me one of her moss cards? God bless Mother Sparr and all the Wee Wisdoms.

I am yours in Truth,

MABEL PORTER.

* See Page 14.

Wee Wisdom.

NATIONAL CITY, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I love WEE WISDOM very much. I thought I would write for one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. We have a Truth Sunday School at our house, and take WEE WISDOM, and we have such a good time when the new papers come. I will be nine years old on October the 12th. I live by the same ocean that Mother Sparr does. My name is Cella Pearl Slocum. Mamma is a Scientist. I go to the beach sometimes and get moss, but I want one of loving Mother Sparr's moss cards, because she is so good. I think it is very kind of her to make these pretty cards for us children. My brother Harvey has a little dog named Hobson and he seems to understand everything we say to him. For about a year I have wanted a bicycle and now I have got it because I held the thought for it. Good-bye. Your loving friend,

CELLA PEARL SLOCUM.

I am Cella's brother Harvey. I would like a moss card, too. I like WEE WISDOM, too.

HARVEY SLOCUM.

WILLIAMS, ARIZONA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I want to thank you for coming to see me, and I want to send fifty cents so you will keep coming, and two cents for one of Mother Sparr's moss cards, which the boys and girls seem to love so dearly, so I have to write a letter. I hope the children who write to you will excuse me if I don't write so well as they, for this is the first time I ever wrote to a paper. I have a happy home, and my papa and mamma are both in the Truth. I have no little sister or brother, so I claim all the boys and girls in the world as my brothers and sisters, and mamma says I must love them all. I love the dear little paper so much, and read it to my little playmates and they love it too. I like dear Mother Sparr's house, and I am sure she is a dear, good, loving mother to us all to do so much to make us happy. I am 10 years old and go to school every day. I am in the third grade. Mamma says my letter is long enough, so I will say God bless you and all the dear, dear children.

BIRDIE FLOYE TAYLOR.

APPLETON CITY, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I love to read the little stories that are in you, and they make me feel so good. I am the oldest girl in the family and there are five children. I have a brother two years older and a sister two years younger and two twin brothers nine years younger. One of my twin brothers is an invalid and has been sick all

his life; he can not talk or walk. We have had him treated by mental science and he is better. Mamma and papa are both Scientists. I wish to tell you what you have done for me. This Spring when it was stormy and we were having so many storms, I would get you and read you when it looked stormy, and now I am not afraid at all. I would like to have a moss card I read of in the paper. I am your loving friend,

NELLIE LESLIE.

CENTRALIA, WASH.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I hope your paper, WEE WISDOM, will grow into a big wisdom soon. It seems like a ray of sunlight when it comes every month. I live about a quarter of a mile out of town and have a good many pets—three birds, two cats and a cow. Once I sprained my ankle, then I held "God is health, God is strength, God is everywhere, I can have no pain." Soon the pain left and I was running and playing again. Papa sends a poem to WEE WISDOM named "Ye must be born again." I would like ever so much to have one of Mother Sparr's moss cards.

Your loving friend in Truth,

VERA REYNOLDS (age 11).

HERNANDO, MISS.

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY—I am a teacher and use WEE WISDOM in school for supplementary reading. Everything in it is so refreshing, and I enjoy it quite as well and even more than the children. If I am not too young (I am something over half a century), please send me a moss card. Find enclosed stamps, and oblige,

MRS. MARY A. BELL.

FONTANELLE, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Mamma takes you and UNITY and I love to read you. There are so many nice stories in you. Mamma is a believer in Science. I will tell you about a thought I held. A big storm came up and mamma and I were alone, for papa and my brothers were away. The wind was blowing the trees to the ground and I was so frightened that I trembled and cried, but mamma was not a bit frightened. She told me to say, "I will not fear, for thou art with me." I was not afraid after that, and it did us no harm. I would love to have some of Mother Sparr's moss cards. I wish you would write and tell me about Mother Sparr, I don't hardly understand about her. I was twelve years old two weeks ago. Well, I will bid you good-bye for this time, dear WEE WISDOM.

Yours lovingly,

EMMA LEWIS.

BLOOMFIELD, ONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a girl twelve years old. I do not take WEE WISDOM myself but a kind friend sends them to me. I have a little sister two years and a half old. When she was thirteen months old she was taken very ill. We had three doctors, but they all said she could not live, but a friend told us Christian Science would do more for her than all the doctors. We had faith, so mother left grandma with baby Coral and went to see a healer, who was then visiting her friend in Picton. When mother came home we told her that the baby began to brighten up at a certain time, and she said it must have been about that time Mrs. P—— said she would treat her. This is like the nobleman of old when Jesus said his son was well. He went home and his servants said that his son was well. He then asked what time it was when he got well and found it was the same time Jesus said he was healed. From that hour she began to recover until in two weeks she was quite well again. She used to like to have me sing "Peace, Baby, Peace" to her, but now she can sing it herself. I would like one of your pretty moss cards. Yours in Truth,

AUDREY WALLACE.

**

WALNUT CREEK, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—In my meditations these simple words came to me out of the silence, and as they relate to Wisdom's ways I send them for WEE WISDOM:

Let wisdom in thy heart
Assert her sway;
She will never deceive thee,
Nor bring thee dismay,
But with love and with mercy
Will show thee her way;
And with blessings forever
Thy joys she'll increase;
Thy soul will rest ever
In bliss and in peace.

—J. R. YOUNG.

**

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Well, well! I wonder who was most surprised, Mrs. Fillmore or I, when those three little mischiefs slipped into WEE WISDOM. I was real hungry for a sight of them and Orion and Albert and Roy and Lena and ever so many more. I opened the paper and there they were smiling at me. I threw them every one a kiss. I wonder if they felt it? Lovingly, THERESA B. H. BROWN.

**

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I take this paper and enjoy it very much. My sister and I

say the pillow verses. I have written a little story which I enclose.* The kitten is ours, and my sister Carol is the little girl that made the kitty write. I am yours respectfully, ELIZABETH SMALL.

**

[These dear little letters, precious as can be! Each one as dear and interesting as the other to "ye editor," but it looks as if we'd have to "snug 'em up" pretty close, Mrs. Printer, to get near all of them in, so you needn't mind the looks, just crowd in all you possibly can—the more, the merrier.]

Frances Sibly, Silver Creek, Ill., writes that she has been reading the WEE WISDOM of a friend and "likes it very much," and wants a moss card.

Ralston and Leslie Pharo, Tuckerton, N. J., write dear little letters, telling of their pet cats and chickens, want moss cards, and enclose 12 cents in stamps.

Mary Poteet, Alaculsy, Ga., says her papa is a farmer. They have the postoffice at their house. She has four sisters and a little Shepherd dog called Curry. She never gets tired reading WEE WISDOM. Sends love to all the little readers, and wants a moss card.

Ruby Stimson, Portland, Ore., writes a nice letter and says she is 8½ years old. Her aunt sends her WEE WISDOM and she loves it. She goes to Mt. Tabor school, a mile from home, and likes the walk. Of course she wants a moss card.

Ruth and William Irving Myers, Lowman, N. Y., have each written their own letters on dainty "Maud Humphrey" paper. Ruth is 10, and William Irving expected to be 8 the day after he had written. They both love WEE WISDOM and get the pillow verses. They have also returned thanks for moss cards, later on, and sent stamps. They rejoice because the dear healer who saved the life of a member of the family and teacher there is one of "ye editor's" old-time friends.

Henrietta Noecker, St. Louis, Mo., goes to Mr. Schroeder's Sunday School, reads the little stories in WEE WISDOM, feeds her pet birds every morning, and wants one of Mother Sparr's moss cards.

Lenore Denison, Seward, Neb., sends a new subscriber, and says she and her sister Edna live with their grandma. She is 11 years (young), likes WEE WISDOM very much, and wants a moss card.

* See Page 2.

Kitty Winship, Amboy, O., says: "I love WEE WISDOM and all the dear people who make it so nice. I used to be sick all the time, but papa wrote to Mr. Fillmore to treat me and now I am well. I have two kittens and some chickens. I think from Mother Sparr's picture she has a dear face, and if she please would like a moss card."

Selmer H. Solberg, Big Timber, Mont., loves WEE WISDOM, is 8 years old, has a little brother and sister, who would like moss cards, too.

Ethel Bennett, Bellow Falls, Vt., writes her first letter, is nine years old, goes to school, "loves WEE WISDOM very much," and wants a moss card.

Eddie and Katie Myers, Iowa Falls, Iowa, each write a nice letter. They have moved onto their new farm about two miles out of town. There are about five other families interested in Science there beside their own. They have Science meetings in Iowa Falls every Friday afternoon. Eddie and Katie are 14 and 12, love WEE WISDOM, and want moss cards.

Hazel Faustina Estey, Winham Depot, N. H., is a little maiden of five who loves WEE WISDOM and Mother Sparr very dearly, and wants her mamma to write and tell it. She is very true to her faith, and when anyone speaks of sickness she says "There is not any sickness; God is all; there cannot be any pain or sickness." If she burns her little hands, she always heals them with some word of truth. She wants a moss card, and sends two dollars (\$2.00), one for Mother Sparr and one for a free-will offering to WEE WISDOM. [Your generous measure, little Hazel, is meted to you again.]

Lyman Covell, Dorchester, Mass., enjoys WEE WISDOM very much, has taken it "whenever it has been printed," has read all the stories and likes some very much, wants a moss card, and wishes us all success. He sends four cents in stamps.

Henrietta Vincent, Cherry Valley, Ont., says she is so thankful for the moss card and wants a Christmas one; would love to help Mother Sparr gather them. Says she is "six years young," and when she is good her auntie calls her a little Mother Sparr. (The auntie encloses 10 cents.)

Lamont S. Beels, Wessington Springs, S. Dak., says he lives $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the postoffice, is far from any big city, is 12 years old, has no brother or sister to play with, but has some pet cats. There is a neighbor with three children and so he has some play-fellows now. He wants a moss card.

Ruth B. Conrad, Woodland, Wash., is only five, so mamma writes for her. She has a brother Carlton and sister Ethlyn and a little puppy called Tipacano. She went to Portland and rode on the street car. She had a little friend named Eldon Hart and they had nice times playing together, but he moved away. She likes the stories in WEE WISDOM and learns the pillow verses, and sends some money she got for berries last summer, and asks for some papers for her little friends. She wants a moss card, of course. Ruth's mamma on another sheet tells some beautiful sayings of the children which we will find place for sometime.

Godfrey Horner, Kansas City, Mo., writes his very first letter and it can be read, too. He loves the good, and wants a moss card.

Belle Poteet, Alaculsy, Ga., wants to tell how much she loves to read WEE WISDOM, and how very much she wants a moss card. Her mamma is a believer in this beautiful truth, Belle says, and she sends love to WEE WISDOM, Mother Sparr, and all the little readers.

Sadie Fine, Seattle, Wash., says to dear Mother Sparr that she is attending Dr. Melissa Gideon's Sunday School and has learned some pillow verses. She likes WEE WISDOM and wants a moss card.

Patie Zettler is another one of Dr. Gideon's Sunday School scholars. She addresses "Dear Aunt Seg." She likes the Sunday School and the WEE WISDOM that was given her and wrote off all the pillow verses. She says, "Dr. Gideon knows dear Mother Sparr, and maybe she will send me a moss card."

Rhoda Guisevrite, Lancaster, Ill., wants very much to have two of Mother Sparr's moss cards, "one for sister Lena and one for me." Her grandma takes WEE WISDOM and she likes it very much.

Helen Moyer, Glen Echo, Md., writes her very first letter. She is 7 and loves WEE WISDOM and thinks the story of the "Real Santa Claus" was the prettiest story she ever read. Her little sister prints a letter and puts it in too and just calls herself "Helen's Sister." Of course they want moss cards, or *did*.

Helen Horton, S. Gladstonburg, Conn., says she is 7 years old. Her mamma has read her the little Christmas stories and she likes them very much. She has a pet black kitty, and a dog too old to play with her. They have hens and chickens and her brother lets her help feed them. She wants a moss card.

Natural Lessons in Natural History

(Continued from page 7.)

The Cowbirds called several times but were recognized by the English Sparrows as enemies and were driven away. These strange birds lay their eggs in other birds' nests. One egg is usually laid in a nest, and generally hatches before the eggs of the nest's owner. After the foster parents have raised the young Cowbirds the true parents take them and the whole family of Cowbirds go South. When the Cowbird lays its egg in the Baltimore Oriole's nest, the Oriole destroys all the eggs by sticking a hole in them, and sometimes the Oriole builds a new bottom to the nest over the eggs and proceeds to lay and hatch a new set. Other birds use many intelligent devices to avoid hatching the Cowbird's egg.

The Crested Titmouse, the Blue-gray Gnatcatcher and the Black-capped Chickadee formed a merry little band that came and went all the year. Of all birds the Blue-gray Gnatcatcher makes the most beautiful and best finished nest.

Many representatives of the Sparrow and Warbler families came, and among them the Blackburnian Warbler, Yellow Warbler, Song Sparrow and Chipping Sparrow. The latter attempted to build in a Pine tree, but left the half-finished nest and selected a site elsewhere.

The Flycatcher family had many relations present during the Summer. The first to arrive was a Pewee, who came early in March, sending forth plaintive notes and sitting around, pensive, until the weather became warmer, when it probably built a nest of green moss, mud and hair, in some stone culvert, where it is so damp the moss continues to grow, making the nest a green bower.

The Pewee was soon followed by the active and warlike Kingbird, who made everything lively around the yard whenever he called. Next came the quiet and shy Wood Pewee and then the Great Crested Flycatcher, who builds a nest in a hole in a tree and hangs a snake-skin out of the hole to frighten intruders away. The harsh but glad some notes of the Kingbird and the Great Crested Flycatcher

pealed forth daily after their arrival.

The Black Snowbird often called last Winter. The beautiful Indigo Bunting called twice and regaled the boys with its sweet but short song. The Black-throated Bunting called and said "chip-chip-chee, chee, chee!" and flew away to come no more. The Cardinal Grosbeak, (Redbird) paid one visit, and the Rose-breasted Grosbeak did likewise. The domestic little Bluebird called in only a few times. A few years ago the Bluebird was one of our most common birds, now it is one of the rarest.

A single pair of Cedarbirds stopped in one day. They usually come in immense flocks. They are such sweet and lovable little birds, being so intelligent, so gentle, so loving, so considerate of the comfort of their fellow-beings, so quiet and yet so stately, dignified and grand. Most beautiful of all birds, well did Coues say, "There is no demarcation of color whatever, and the tints are scarcely susceptible of adequate description." The Cedar Waxwing, Cherrybird or Carolina Waxwing, as he is sometimes called, is a perfection of coloring that no tongue or pen can describe. The general color shades from clear pure ash through olivaceous-cinnamon into richer purplish-cinnamon on the upper parts. On the under parts the color shades through yellowish into white. Frontlet, lores and stripe through the eye, velvety black; chin the same, soon shading into color of breast. Line on side of under jaw, white; a narrower white line bordering the black frontlet and lores; lower eyelid, white. Quills of wings slate-gray, blackening at ends; inner quills tipped with red horny appendages which hang pendant like little crimson bangles. Tail feathers tipped with yellow. It frequently happens that a row of Cedarbirds will be sedately sitting on a limb of a tree, when one will find an exceptionally fine cherry or hack-berry. The finder will most graciously offer it to the nearest bird, who refusing it hands it to the next bird, who in turn refuses but hands it to the next, and so on down the line to the end, when it is returned to the finder, who, when he cannot find a fellow

willing to deprive him of a share of his delicacy, eats it.

Of the Thrush family came four species. First came the Robin, so familiar to all. They came early in January and stayed all Summer, and this Winter they have not left at all. During the Spring and Summer the Robin's "slow inconstant chime" was heard at each sunset and sunrise. After the snows and ice had passed away came the Brown Thrasher, who ranks second among the great song-birds, being excelled only by the Mockingbird. Then of the Thrushes came the Catbird, the third greatest song-bird, and its peculiar mewings were very interesting. The Wood Thrush next appeared. The Wood Thrush, which occupies the same place among birds that Man does among Mammals, the Brook Trout among fishes, the Ant among insects, and the Daisy among plants, is the greatest in intellect, the nearest perfection of form, and the sweetest of songsters. Audobon says, "How often, as the first glimpses of morning gleamed doubtfully amongst the dusky masses of the forest trees, has there come upon my ear the delightful music of this harbinger of day, and how fervently on such occasions have I blessed the Being who formed the Wood Thrush." In the evening its sweet, soft, liquid, plaintive notes can be heard as they float out upon the still warm atmosphere, over the meadows and through the woods, making all life awake to the knowledge of a better and higher existence where love is the supreme law. May all the little boys and girls learn to know and love the Wood Thrush, and loving it, learn to love and respect the life that pulsates through the bodies of all little feathered beings, with which an all-wise Father has seen fit to bejewel His earth.

"One there lived, who, Lord of all
Keeps our feathers lest they fall;
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow."

"The fruit of the Spirit is love."

JUVENILE BIBLE LESSONS.

The First of Jesus. John 1:35-46.

GOLDEN TEXT—*They followed Jesus.*
John 1:37.

Your teacher can tell you all about the *historical*—the story part of this lesson—and the *geographical*—the place in Judea where Jesus taught the truths about life and living—but if we too would "follow Jesus" in spirit and in truth, we must *know* these truths which he taught, and *live* them, even as Jesus did.

Believing Jesus was good will not make us good, any more than believing in the skill of our music teacher will make musicians of us. We too must practice the Good just like he did, and say "No" to every appearance of *evil*, and believe in God. He said God had but *one* kingdom and that was within us. We were the one who must make God visible or manifest. It did n't make any difference about the lowly birth of the body, *we were to know* ourselves as we are in Spirit and in truth—God's children, seeing only God's everywhere presence through the purity of our hearts and minds.

Jesus and Nicodemus. John 3:1-18.

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

In this lesson Jesus tries to show Nicodemus that there is just one way to do the works of God, and that is to be *born of God*.

Nicodemus and his kind always hold rigidly to what the Scriptures say about God, and they look *out and away* from themselves for the very God who is filling all place and space, and is an ever-present Good, free in its coming and going as the air of heaven. It is like shutting one's self up in a house, with all the doors and windows closed and refusing to believe that the air and sunshine are still waiting to come in when the doors and windows are opened, to believe in somebody else's God.

How beautiful to know *God is our life* and that there is none beside. Just God and God-manifest—God and the *Son of God*. Spirit is the only begotten of Spirit. God can only beget like Himself—Good. To know *this* is to know that which saves from evil. “He that hath the Son, hath life.” “As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given the *Son* to have life in himself.” “Ye are of God, little children.” “Let no man deceive you, he that doeth good *is* good, even as *he* (God) is good.”

Jesus at Jacob's Well. John 4:5-26.

GOLDEN TEXT—*God is spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.* John 4:24.

Here we find this great Teacher of Truth giving another lesson on God as the everywhere present Spirit of Good. He wanted it understood that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob had not monopolized God, nor could God, the great all-pervading Spirit, be shut up in temples of stone. There was just one way to know and worship the living God, and that was to *know* Him as the fountain of life springing up within and satisfying our great thirst for the good.

How beautiful his lesson! How could he explain what Spirit was like to those who had never opened to it? It was like the *air*, which no one can live without. It is like the water, without which we would perish of thirst. No one can breathe our air for us, as no one can satisfy our thirst for us. So can our Spirit be satisfied only with breathing and drinking in the Good, which is our very own.

“Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.”

Jesus Rejected at Nazareth.

Luke 4:16-30.

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

In this lesson we are shown that the Scriptures are only useful to those who accept them as bearing testimony of the God-man. Jesus said, “These are they

who testify of me.” He also said, “I came to save that which was lost”—lost sight of this truth, that all that man had done he could do, and *all* that God was to his world he forever is to it.

Jesus stood up and spoke a living truth when he said, “This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears.” They saw only Jesus, the son of Joseph the carpenter, speaking to them, and what right had he to claim that *he* could do these mighty works? That he was the Christ of God? But it is *true*, he did the mighty works, and said they were for all to do who would believe in the *Son of God* as our everywhere present Father of Good, “in whom is no changeableness neither shadow of turning.” God does not bring us good one day and evil the next. Let us forever hold to the truth, that *God is Good and God is All*.

When you can think of what is everybody's good, you are always thinking of what is *true* of God. So when we think and when we speak and when we *do* only that which is good, we are following the living truth, which is the Christ of God (the truth of good) in us, and we are saved from all evil (belief).

A little *fin de siecle* child
Was by its mother told
Of Heaven where the angels all
Played harps of purest gold.
He weighed the matter o'er and o'er,
Then shook his little head.
“Harps may be good enough for some
But I want wheels!” he said.

—N. Y. Journal.

MABEL'S ACROSTIC.

Wisdom is mine,
It may be thine;
So in your life
Do not have strife.
On in the pathway of light,
More truth with us day and night.

Mamma—“Why, Frankie, what are you running out after that kite for when I told all of you that you must not fly kites until this work was done?”

Frankie—“Well, I only tied my kite out to that stake so it would have a little fun while I was working.”

—Ex.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

Poor, much to be pitied, St. Valentine! *You* have only one day in all the year to tell your love in, while *we* are having them all. You will see from our letter page this month one boy's idea of how these every-day Valentines come flocking through the Sanctum door. It is Rick's Valentine to WEE WISDOM, and we leave it just as his busy thought and pencil brought it forth.

What a delightful day "ye editor" has spent among these waiting letters! No wonder our boy artist has put wings on them, for they have flown in like so many little carrier pigeons from all over the United States, alighting here upon "ye editor's" desk until it looks like a snow drift. But she has gotten them all ready to share with you. Such a time, trimming and squeezing them up so's to get all in, up to January! You see, we were 'way behind. But she don't intend to leave out even one dear little message. Blessings on every little soul that shines up through these dear letters! Such an army of you, standing for the Good and True! Remember, every truth spoken puts a thousand errors to flight, and two truths, ten thousand. Won't that soon capture the world for the Good? While we are speaking our truth-words, let us take a special one for this month:

*God is everywhere present Good.
God is everywhere present Health.
God is everywhere present Love.
God is everywhere present Plenty.
God is everywhere present Peace.*

Now, arm yourselves with these truths, and speak them wherever sickness, want, war, evil or anger seem spoken of, or seen. And, Oh, the thousands upon thousands of no-goods which you will put to flight and run clear out of your country!

On account of getting in all the letters

we omit the Pillows this month, but you can tuck one of these truth-words into your head and you'll rest all right.

The boy who had the Christmas "Slot" desires to return thanks for the abundance of nickels that came flowing into it from all over the country. They helped him play Santa Claus right Royal-ly.

Claude suggested one day that we have a continued story for WEE WISDOM and that every chapter should be written by a different boy or girl. It was a delightful idea, and "ye editor" immediately appointed Claude to write the first chapter. He hasn't done so yet, so I'm going to put it into *your* hands. It seems to me a real good title for such a story would be, "*The Story of a Nickel*." We might let the little coin tell its own story, or rather *seem* to. Who will write the first chapter for the March WEE WISDOM? It will be lots of fun! Think what strange experiences nickels must have, and such an endless number of them. It would be very interesting for the nickel to start out with telling all about how it got to be a nickel. Would'n't *you* think that would be a nice way to begin the first chapter? There is no doubt about our Wisdoms being able to write this story, and having a great many chapters, too. How long it would take *one* nickel to tell all about the people it meets and the homes it goes into! There has been another idea bobbing 'round in "ye editor's" cranium, too, so will *out* with it and see what *you* think about it. It is to have next August WEE WISDOM (that's the birth month) contain nothing but what *you* Wisdoms write. Let us hear from you on this matter.

Ever so many little photo visitors have arrived, and you are heartily welcomed, all of you, but the letters have the right-of-way this time, and then we'll bring you in and introduce you to one another. There is a great big "GOD BLESS YOU" and an ocean of thankfulness "ye editor" sends out for her Valentine to you.



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

February!
1900!

Truth's Valentine to All.

Love most tender, Love most sweet,
Love unfailing, Love complete,
Filling as the day with light
All the empty voids of night;
Quickening as the pulse of Spring
Barren hopes to living thing;
Filling, shining, quickening, warming,
Every heart with the adorning
Of that Love which doth fulfill
Life's completeness — God's sweet will.
This my Valentine to thee —
This the Truth that makes you free.

That New Year's call! It was such a complete surprise! It would n't sound very dignified to tell of "ye editor's" demonstration of delight over the unexpected call, so she will just tell you *she was too delighted for anything*, if you know what that means.

The Boy is a new eight-page paper published in Chicago. Its motto is a good one: "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure." The editor-in-chief of this little paper is a boy, and its mission is to save the boys of this country from the slavery of the cigarette habit. It tells how alarming this kind of slavery is becoming, and urges all *our boys* to be up and ready to drive away this enemy to the good and pure. It is published by the Anti-Cigarette League, 1102 The Temple, 184 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price, 50 cents a year.

Some More Letters.

H. W. Johnicon, Hernando, Miss., is 11 years old, goes to Mrs. M. A. Bell's private school and has a little brother, Blanche, who likes to read *WEE WISDOM*. Wants moss cards.

Vinnie Pearl Godfrey, Richter, Kan., is 5 years old, and likes the little verses, and has learned the little pillow:

"Like the lamp
That burns at night,
God will show
The path to light."

She and her little brother and sisters want moss cards. Roland, Charles, Maud and Andrew are the names of her brothers and sisters. Their grandma has taught them about the *good and true*.

Margaret Cooper, Denver, Colo., sends in a new subscriber, and enjoys *WEE WISDOM* so much; is nine years old; wishes us a "Merry Christmas," and wants a moss card.

Nellie Eve Leonard, Clatskanie, Ore., is a little girl nine years old. She says her papa gave her *WEE WISDOM* for a Christmas present and she likes it very much. She has never seen a moss card and would like to have one of Mother Sparr's. She thinks the pillow verses are very nice.

Mary McClure, Linnton, Ore., writes: "I am six years old, and have six pets. I am in the fourth reader, and in speller, and in arithmetic, and in geography. I have two brothers. Please send me a nice moss card. Please send my brothers a moss card."

Be sure you read the "Brightside" message. Here's a song for your pennies to sing —

"Help one another," the pennies say,
As they the Brightside call obey;
"I'll help you, and you'll help me,
And soon a dollar big we'll be."

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