TO ENGLOW

"TE are of God, little Children. . . .

Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world."





Vol. 5.

KANSAS CITY, MO., DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 5.

WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.

"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that beholdeth Good Always.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

— Jesus.



VOL. V.

KANSAS CITY, MO., DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 5.

Dorothy's Christmas.

LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.



N TWO little rooms up stairs in a little frame house Dorothy lived with her father. Every morning her father went to his work, and Dorothy, left alone,

felt her way about their tiny home, doing her household tasks. Felt her way; yes, because Dorothy's big brown eyes could not see, and her little hands thrust out before her had to be both hands and eyes.

Dorothy was all that her father had left to him, and he loved her greatly. All the money that he had saved up he spent in the hope that Dorothy's eyes might see; but the doctors at last said that she must always be blind. He was very bitter in his heart, and thought that God was not kind; and he would feel sad when little Dorothy would put her arms about his neck and say, "Papa, don't feel bad; some day I'll see; I know I'll see."

When winter came her father would take her with him when he went to work, for he feared to leave her alone with the fire to attend to lest she might be burned.

"God is here. I am ever so sure He won't let me be burned," Dorothy would say.

But her father had not her faith; so she would put on her cloak and hood, and take their dinner basket and go with him down town. He had a tall desk in the back of an office, and there he stood all day working at bills that he took from big, cruel looking hooks. It was dusty and dark in the corner where he worked, but he did not care because his little daughter had to live always in great darkness.

Men passed in and out of the office, and that Dorothy might not be in the way, for the place was small, he placed a little chair underneath his tall desk; and the little blind girl would creep in under and sit in her chair all day knitting. But sometimes the work would fall from her small thin fingers and they would fold themselves together, and everything under the desk would be very still. Dorothy was not praying then, but she was thanking God because He was so good to her and some day would let her see.

One day when winter began to come in earnest a lady came into the office to speak through the telephone. Dorothy knew it was a lady because she could hear the soft rustle of her skirts; and then her voice was sweet and firm, like the voice of a strong, loving woman.

Dorothy felt drawn toward her, and she put out her hand and softly touched the lady's dress.

"Why, what dear little mouse have we here, hiding in this dusky nook?" said the lady, stooping and patting Dorothy's cheek.

"It's just me," replied Dorothy.

"Knitting, too. How industrious the little mouse is to be making these pretty brown stockings," said the lady, taking the busy little hands in both her own.

"Brown? Is brown a pretty color?" asked Dorothy. "I do not know. I cannot see. I am blind."

"Dear child, dear child," said the lady caressingly. "Little one, you shall see."

"I know I will some day," said Dorothy, softly. "I used to ask God if I might n't

see some day, and He seemed to answer yes, though I never heard anything; I just felt the yes. So now I never ask Him if I may n't see some day, because He has told me I should. I just thank Him 'cause I am going to see."

"Dear child, dear child," said the lady again; and she took Dorothy's face between her hands and kissed her lips, and then the

lids of the sightless eyes.

Then she arose from the dusty floor and spoke to Dorothy's father; and she told him that she was a relative of his manager, that she lived in another city and that she wanted to take his little daughter home with her for awhile. He thought how lonely he would be without his little girl when he went home at night; then he looked at Dorothy's white face and thin little hands, and he said, "Dorothy, do you want to go?"

"Can't you come, too, papa?" she asked.

"No, dear."

"Then who'd talk to you when you ate your supper? who'd you read the paper to at night? And I'd like to know who'd stick knitting needles into your knee when you won't talk to me." And Dorothy laughed through her tears; for this is the way she attracted her father's attention to the little blind mouse beneath his desk.

But it was settled that Dorothy was to go home with the sweet-voiced lady for a visit until the New Year; and that night she and her father packed up her little bundle of clothes and he led her down to the office, and then the lady came, and after Dorothy had cried with her arms about her father's neck and he had kissed the little face again and again, the lady took her away; and Dorothy's father turned to his desk and brushed away a tear.

It was very lonely, working there all day with no sweet, mischievous little daughter beneath the desk; and it was lonelier still going home at night with no Dorothy to chatter to him, and flit about with her quick little hands before her, doing so many little things that children with wide, bright eyes never thought of doing. Yes, it was lonely without Dorothy.

And thus Christmas drew near, and one

white, beautiful morning, the big, golden sun told people to wake up, because it was Christmas Day.

How her father missed Dorothy. The woman down stairs sent him up his breakfast on a tray, and he ate it, then wished it was not Christmas Day, so he could go to work and forget how lonely he was. He sat down before the fire with his newspaper, but he could not read. He always read better when he had Dorothy to read to.

Was that a knock? Why, there was somebody opening the door, for the cold air blew in. He turned, and Dorothy bounded to meet him; and he stooped and took her into his arms.

"My dear, dear papa," she cried. "Oh, how beautiful you look to me, so kind and good, my own dear papa!"

"What - Dorothy!"

"Yes, papa, I see, I see! God gave me a new pair of eyes for a Christmas gift. Oh, I always knew He would. Dear papa, aren't you glad?"

For answer he went down on his knees and thanked his heavenly Father. He was

crying for great joy.

"You see," Dorothy said as she nestled in his arms, "the beautiful, good Christ is still here healing, though so few know it, and ask God to be healed. If we just ask, and believe it will be, why, it will be. It's ever so easy. And every day the dear lady and I would sit, Oh, so quiet, and thank God 'cause it was going to be, 'cause it was. For I kept seeing and seeing and by and by I could see her beautiful, kind face; and I could see the sky and the white snow, and at night the stars. Papa, aren't they pretty? Just to think," she added, "a brand new pair of eyes for a Christmas gift."

"Was that how my little girl's sight came? There was no doctor, no medicine, no operation?" asked her father, scarce believing.

"There was nothing - only God," replied

Dorothy, softly.

They were very happy all that beautiful Christmas Day in their little home, and when evening came her father took Dorothy in his arms and said: "Dear little one, God is good. I, too, have a brand new pair of eyes for a Christmas gift."

The Garden, the Gate, and the Key.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER IV .- THE LOSS OF THE KEY.



HE next day Prudence met Faith and Patience in the meadow.

"Well, Prudence, have you your key?" asked Patience.

"Yes, right here," answered Prudence, patting her throat. "I shall never, never part with it."

"Come, then," said Faith, "as we all have our keys safe, let us play with our dolls here on the grass. Mother has lent me this small table-cloth and we can have a picnic."

"That will be great fun," said Prudence.

"Your child Ruth may sit here in the shade of this tree, and, Patience, Lucinda might sit opposite, and my Mehitable Ann at the side."

"But what shall we have at the picnic?"

"I have some crackers in my pocket," said Patience

"I have a doughnut left from my lunch," said Faith.

"What have you, Prudence?"

"I haven't anything but three little tiny pieces of candy, but I don't want to play with that; it's all I have, girls, I want to save it."

"Each one of us gave something," said Faith.

"Yes, I know, but if we eat this candy now, then I won't have any."

"Some other time you'll have some," said Faith.

"No, I won't give you my candy, so there!" said Prudence, and she perched her head back as she said the words. Then she put her hand to her throat—"Oh! Oh!" she exclaimed—"I've lost it!"

"Lost what?" asked both girls together in a breath.

"I've lost my dear little key," and Prudence began to cry, throwing herself down on the ground.

"Oh, you'll find it again," said Faith soothingly.

"You'll never find it if you cry, for you

won't be able to see where you've dropped. it," said Patience.

"Come, don't cry," added Faith, "I'm sure you'll find it if you look."

But Prudence would not be comforted, nor would she play any more, but lay in the long grass sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Please don't cry any more," pleaded Patience, it makes us all so unhappy. Let us try and play. See! we can put these leaves about for plates; they are so pretty."

"But what will we put on the plates?" asked Prudence, wiping her eyes and lifting her head a tiny bit.

"Why, the doughnut and crackers," said

"You shall have half my doughnut for your Mehitable Ann," said Faith sweetly.

"You are real good," said Prudence, slowly dragging herself up from the grass and putting her hand in her pocket.

"Girls, I'm sorry I was mean; here's my candy; we'll divide it," and she held out her hand with the candy in it.

"Oh, Prudence," Patience exclaimed, coming nearer. "What's that in your hand all stuck over with candy?"

"I believe it's your key, Prudence," said Faith. "Look and see!"

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Prudence, looking into her hand; "it is my key. How did it get there?" and she gave a little cry of pleasure. "I'll try and not lose it again. I suppose it was because I was so selfish that I could not find it. I'll not be so mean again."

"Come, girls," called Faith, who had been busy spreading the cloth and putting things on it, "the party is all ready; now each of you talk for your child and I will for mine."

"Oh, are n't these cunning," said Patience, "just lovely for the dolls' tea—dear little acorn shell cups. Where did you find them, Faith!"

"Why, under that big oak tree, and see, I've piled the acorns together at this end of the table, and we can play they are baked potatoes. May I help your Lucinda to a baked potato?"

"Oh, thank you." answered Patience. "She is very fond of potatoes."

"Oh, here comes Rover," exclaimed Prudence. "Now he's sure to run over the cloth with his dirty feet and spoil it all."

Rover seeing the children gave a bark and bounded through the grass and rushed over the picnic cloth, wagging his tail and barking as if he had done quite the proper thing.

"O Rover," cried Patience, "how could you?"

"Let's tie him up to this tree," suggested Prudence; "then he can't do any more mischief."

"Oh, no, Prudence, that would be so cruel. We would n't like any one to tie us up, and besides he wants to play with us. We'll just have time to play two or three games of hide-and-go-seek with Rover, then I

must go home and practice my music lesson."

"We'll fold up the cloth first," said Patience. "Now, come on," and away they ran, each one behind a tree or bush, and Rover chasing after to hunt out each one in turn. They had great fun with the big dog, and you may be sure Rover enjoyed himself quite as much as they did. After five or ten minutes of this play they all started for home.

"We never went into the garden today," said Prudence.

"No, we could not go today," said Patience. "Don't your emember you lost your key and that made us forget we could go until it was too late. We might all go in together to-morrow after school."

"Yes, that's a good idea," said Faith.

"Well, girls, here we are at my gate," said Prudence, stopping before a little white house.

"Well, good-bye, Prudence," said the two little girls, and here they parted.

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

CHAPTER VI.

How I came into this purse I cannot tell you, for I passed through many hands since I left those Sunday Schools you have read about. But I know how I came out of the purse—a sudden jar, a bounce, and I found myself lying in the mud. Then I heard these words: "Yes, I am all right; not at all hurt, only my purse flew out of my hand with the sudden stopping of the car. Will you look and see if there is a dollar somewhere in the mud. Oh! thank you, I believe that was all I had."

Here the voice ceased, and though I cried loudly, "Here am I!" no one came to where I was lying. I was left by myself all night in the dirt.

The next day I heard the patter of little feet near me, and then a child's voice, "Oh. I have found a nickel!" and a small hand took me up from the dust and held me fast and warm as she ran home.

"O mamma, I have found a nickel. I'm

going to wash all the dirt off, and won't it be fun to put it in Grace's birthday cake," said the child, holding me up for her mother to look at.

"That will be lovely, dear; and it is your own thought, my Tiny, and I am sure Grace will be made very happy by it," answered the mother, who was seated near the window sewing some lace into a dainty little dress.

Now Tiny ran to the kitchen, and taking a little tin basin from its hook near the sink, and filling it with water, gave me such a bath and such a scrubbing as I had never had before in my life. Why, I fairly shone, and I felt smily all over. Next I was slipped into the side of a beautiful pink frosted cake, upon which were ten pink candles all ready for lighting. Here I rested until afternoon, the time of the party.

Now, one side of me peeped from the

cake so that I saw all that went on. Indeed it was a happy little company that gathered about the pretty table which was all decorated in green smilax and pink rose-buds. Grace sat at the head of the table in a pink dress, and little Tiny at the other end in a white dress. Their three little friends, Artbur, Roy, and Nellie, were their guests.

Grace and Tiny were both such dear little girls that I couldn't tell you which I loved the best, and I hoped that one of them would cut the piece of cake that held me. Grace cut first and then passed it, and Roy took the piece of cake that held me. How surprised he was, but he wouldn't think of keeping me.

"Oh, no," he said, "this is Grace's birthday. It would make me so happy to give it to her, Mrs. Bartlett."

So Mrs. Bartlett, who is Grace's and Tiny's mother, let her accept the nickel.

"Thank you, Roy. I don't want to take it from you, but I'll tell you we'll let this nickel do something very, very good."

"That will be so nice," said Arthur.
"I'd like to help your nickel with one I earned when I weeded mother's garden for her."

"Yes, and I will give a nickel I have here in my pocket," added Roy.

"I have a nickel at home," chimed in Nellie, "and would like to give that; uncle gave it to me for staying head of my spelling class a week."

"The nickel Tiny found in the mud has surely drawn to itself many friends," said the mother.

"Tell us, Grace, what are we going to do with all the nickels?" asked Roy.

"I'll tell you," said Grace, as she put her spoon back into her empty ice-cream saucer, for they had ice cream at her party, pink and white and brown—you little children who read this will know the names. But to go on with my story. Grace said: "You all know little Fred Meeks who lives in that tiny house back of our school; you know he has been sick for such a long time, and his mother is so poor. Well, we'll save these nickels and put some more with them and buy him a wheeled chair."

At these words Arthur exclaimed, "Oh, don't do that!"

Every one looked at him in surprise. "Why, Arthur?" asked Mrs Bartlett.

"Because you see, Mrs. Bartlett, God doesn't want any one of His children to have to ride in a wheeled chair. He made Fred to walk and run about, not to sit still all the time."

"But, my boy, little Fred can't run about now; since he had that fall he hasn't left his bed."

"But God can make him well. A lady who lives next door to us knows a lot about God, and how he loves every one. She says every one is God's child, and God's child is never sick. I think that lady might go and tell Fred that, and then he would get up out of bed and run about the way we do. Wouldn't it be nice?"

"Oh, yes," said Tiny, "and we can give her all these nickels."

"I think she doesn't ask for any money," said Roy, who was Arthur's brother and knew all about it.

"Yes, but you know," said Grace, who was a thoughtful child, "it would be nice to give the lady something for her trouble. We pay doctors."

"That is true," said Mrs. Bartlett.

The children were so interested over the idea of helping their friend Fred that they talked some time about it. I haven't room to tell all that was said, but after the party was over Grace and Tiny went with Arthur and Roy and Nellie to call on Mrs. Frank, "the lady who knew so much about God," as Arthur said.

Mrs. Frank was at home and gladly put on her things to go with the children to see little Fred.

Grace carried me in her hand all the way with my friends, the other nickels. She put us into Mrs. Frank's hand, but Mrs. Frank said she would bless us and leave us with Grace to add other nickels to, and that when we had grown into a number through their thinking about riches and the good things God loves His children to have, we could purchase a nice warm coat for Fred to play about in, for he'd be able to run about long before Christmas; and

it all came about just as Mrs. Frank said. That very day Fred got out of bed and sat for a little while in a chair, and in a little over a week he was walking about in the sunshine. His mamma who thought herself poor before this learned that there was plenty of work in God's world for her, as well as for other women.

Grace and Tiny were so happy over it all. I heard Grace say to Tiny when they were on the way with Mrs. Frank to buy Fred's coat: "How lovely that you found that nickel, Tiny; it is doing lots of good with all the other money people have given us. How kind every one has been, and you, Mrs. Frank, have taught us the beautiful Truth that we are all God's dear children everywhere alike, and that He wants us to be well and happy. Mamma says the little drops make the buckets full, and that's true, for see how many nickels we have, and those with all the ten-cent pieces and quarters will buy a nice warm coat for dear Freddie."

These were the last words that reached me from Grace; and I have made up my mind to go on and do all the good I can wherever I may be.

- MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

OUR HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS SONG.

Tune - "CAPTAIN JINKS."

Oh, Christmas time comes once a year!
It is a time of glad, glad, cheer!
We welcome all our dear friends here
With joyful, happy greeting.
One Christmas eve, long, long ago,
Some shepherds watching sheep below
Saw all the skies above aglow
As if it were coming morning.

Сиовия —

And angles sang and sang again—
"Peace on the earth, good will to men;"
Joy, joy and peace forever reign,
For Christ is born in a manger.

And so we sing, and love to sing
Of Truth and Good and everything
That makes our happy voices ring
With praise and loving kindness.
And so with gift and Giver near,
The angels sang no better cheer
Than we who know our Christ is here,
And our happy heart's His manger.

CHORUS ---

And so we sing and sing again —
Of "peace on earth, good will to men,"
Of joy that ever must remain
When our happy heart's His manger.

-K. C. Wisdoms.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

AUNT SEG.

There was once a little girl who dearly loved other people and wished to make them happy.

When Christmas came she could hardly enjoy her own lovely gifts because there were so many people whom she saw who had no one to give them presents. Now, it was again nearly Christmas time and she could see her mamma and aunties whispering and nodding their heads over something, and little Helen knew that they were considering what they should get for her, and, while she was always pleased, there was still a little feeling of discontent in her mind as she thought of the many children who could not have nice things.

Now, Helen had one bad habit, her mamma said, and that was giving away her Christmas things, one by one, until they were all gone.

"I can't help it, mamma, dear," she would say; "I give them away before I think, and then when I do think, I can't take them back; that would'nt be nice, you know."

Then mamma would say aside to Aunt Kate, "Isn't she an odd child? I hardly know what to make of her, or what to do with her; she isn't a bit like me."

No, Helen was not like most people, for she let the Spirit of Goodness have Its beautiful way with her, and so she did unusual things.

As I was saying, Christmas was at hand, and Helen was thinking of other people's happiness. She went out with her mamma to see the shop windows, but at nearly every window there were very poorly dressed children looking also, and her tender heart was questioning why all children couldn't be rich and happy, and under the circumstances Christmas things did not look so very beautiful to her.

When mamma tucked her into bed she said, "Why does my little girl look so sober?"

"I'm thinking about the poor little children, mamma," and she sighed heavily.

"What nonsense, Helen; somebody sees to them, of course."

Helen lay very still a long time and looked at the stars, as she could see them from her window. "They seem a long way off," said she, "I wonder what keeps them from falling? I suppose God made them and keeps them in their place. Why does n't He take care of all children as He takes care of me? I'm tired of thinking about it; I'll ask Him what it means," and she folded her hands and said in her little untaught way: "God, you are very great and rich, and you must be good to do so many good things, but perhaps you've forgotten about the children, and don't remember them, 'cause you are so busy making stars and worlds and things. Now, I don't have anything else to do but to think of these things, and please, Great God, send the poor children beautiful things, and drums and lots of nuts and candy and new shoes, and kid - yes, and kid gloves - I don't know as they are very warm though and the little girl that looked into the window at the big lady doll with a white satin dress and white furs, just give her that doll, please, and the little - boy - with cold - fingers" --- and little Helen slept and dreamed she was looking at the stars, when her window opened wide and a beautiful boy from outside beckoned her to come out.

"I'm going to make some Christmas visits," said he. "Don't you want to come?"

Of course she did, and taking his hand they went through the air just like two birds.

"Let's go down here," he said, and they went right through the window of a house and into a room where a beautiful Christmas tree stood ready to be lighted, and it was fairly loaded with rich and beautiful gifts. There were wonderful dolls and trains of cars and jewels and pictures.

"Come," said her guide, and they went up stairs and through splendid rooms until they came to the family room where the children were. Helen expected to see radiant faces in such a beautiful home, but there was not a single happy face there. Two children sat at a table disputing over

a game. Another was tormenting a beautiful greyhound, pulling his tail. A tall girl was saying, "If papa doesn't give me diamonds this Christmas, he need not give me anything;" and another answered, "You are a selfish pig, Henrietta; you are never satisfied."

"Well, Master Ben, are you?"

"No," he answered, "I am not; but I have the grace to keep it to myself."

"Come, Helen," said the guide, and again they sped through the air.

"They have everything," said Helen.
"What makes them that way?"

"Things do not make people happy," said the guide.

"What does?" asked Helen.

"Goodness," answered the boy.

Helen looked at him curiously. "Are you good?" she asked.

He turned and smiled upon her, and his smile was so dazzling that she forgot to repeat the question.

They went into the kitchen of another house where two stockings were hung over the fireplace. Helen peeped into them and found an apple, an orange, a mouth-organ, and two pair of mittens, and that was all. They entered the bedroom (there were only two rooms) and approached the bed. There lay the little family—three in one bed; the mother with her little son and daughter and each had cuddled close to her-

"She supports them by sewing," said the

"They look happy," said Helen. "See how the little girl smiles in her sleep."

The mother was dreaming. "Yes, children," she said, and she also smiled in her sleep.

"What makes them so?" asked Helen.

"Love makes them so," answered her guide, and again they went through the air,

Now they came to a very dark ugly place among sheds and hovels into a very poor cold room where a boy was sleeping, and his bed was an old piece of carpet, and his pillow was a bundle of newspapers that he had not sold.

"Oh!" said Helen, "is n't he cold?"

"No, he is used to it; he gave his supper to another boy who had no dinner."

A lovely light began to fill the cold dark room and Helen saw her guide bend over the sleeping newsboy, and - was that wonderful Being her boy-guide? Why, he was a great angel, she thought, and he blessed the sleeping boy so that he looked rosy and warm, and the room was like a palace of light and beauty, and she heard a tender voice saving: "Blessed, thrice blessed are the pure in heart. Blessed, thrice blessed are the merciful. Blessed, yea, more than blessed, is the heart that loves God more than things." The scene began to fade before Helen's eyes and she cried, "O you beautiful angel, who are you? Tell me, tell me,"

The boy asleep on the old carpet made glorious by a Presence divine, and the beautiful angel, were rapidly vanishing as she heard a whisper that seemed to come from afar, "I am — I am." She could hear no more, and — awoke sobbing with disappointment.

Now Helen did not forget this wonderful dream, and the lesson she learned was that no earthly thing can create happiness, but that Love—unselfish love—is all the heart needs to make heaven anywhere—everywhere.

MEARNEY, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have written a
Christmas verse for December WEE WISDOM which I made up myself.

Yours truly,

FRANK E. BIRDSALL.

Now it is November,
Next month will be December,
When snow is lying thick on the ground
And Santa Claus will be traveling
around.
To fill the stockings hung for him,
He makes himself so slim
To crawl down the chimneys small
With toys and dolls, and, of course, a
ball.
He gives things that make children
happy and gay,
To amuse themselves with in their
play.

If I want a happy day,
I can make it just that way.

—The Light.

The Supreme Besire Or my Soul is to manifest God

Is the December Truth Thought of the Wee Wisdom Society at Merchantville, N. J.

We had a good long letter from "Uncle John," telling about what they are doing in the little - house whose history we learned last month. He sends us photos of their December Truth Panels which he and another friend of the Wisdoms (whom we will know as "Cousin Fred") have made to hang on the walls of the little room. He says: "These panels are made by burning the words with a red-hot platinum point into the wood. There is a regular apparatus that comes for this purpose; they call it 'pyngraphs.' You will see from the Truth Thought given above how pretty the panels must look, only we have it here ever so much smaller!

"Uncle John" says: "Our Class Verse for this month is *The True Prayer* as published in November Wee Wisdom. [You will find it again this month under scroll, page 11.] We have also decided to have a Truth Song for the month. We had quite a time voting upon this question, there being about five or six favorites. It was finally settled by choice of 'Jesus Blessed the Little Children' (Truth Song No 79).

"We have added another new feature to our month's Truth food, and that is a Thought Jewel. Our December Jewel is Joy. The little ones make the selections themselves. The thought jewel idea came out in the reading of Nov. 11 Bible Lesson, 'The Rich Man and Lazarus.' Golden Text: 'Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven.'

"They are also going to play pass-word like the men folks do in their secret societies. Every time anyone comes to the door and knocks for entrance they are



Our Father, who art everywhere,
Love is thy name.
Thy Kingdom is come.
Thy will is done in us
As it is in Christ Jesus.
Give us thy wisdom
That we may understand our temptations.

Teach us that mercy endureth forever; That thou hast forgiven us our trespasses As we have forgiven those who trespass

against us.

Thy peace which passeth all understanding

With gladness now fills our souls.
Thy kingdom is at one-ment,
The word is the power,
The Christ mind is the glory,
Now and forever. Amen.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

challenged for the pass-word. The word Peace for November entitles them to enter, and Joy for December. They think this good sport, and they are planning to carry out the idea in their work and play during the day. I pointed out how they must also challenge every thought that tried to enter the temple of the living God, and if it could not adorn itself in the Jewel of Peace, that it should be cast out as an unreality.

"The above arrangement of Class Thought, Verse, Song and Jewel, gives us about an hour's work. The children are expected to learn their lessons by heart, and if they don't know them we just keep

everlastingly at it until they do. We also take up the Bible Lessons and readings from 'Stories of the Life of Jesus.'"

"Uncle John" tells us in this letter how they are learning about the image and like-ness of the great Good, which is waiting in them, like the little germ in the seed, to quicken into beautiful action and use, and that the very greatest thing to be done is to desire (want) most of all to bring it out where it can be seen everywhere and all the time.

Now do you understand what you are saying when you repeat this Class Verse—
The supreme desire of my soul is to manifest God? I ask this boy at my elbow what he understands by it.

He says: "It's the biggest good thing you can think of that you want to be."

"Uncle John" says the very highest expression of Truth that you could make alive in your thoughts and actions should be to manifest God - the perfect Life, the perfect Love, the perfect Substance, and the perfect Intelligence.

Who is this within the "temple of God" which says the supreme desire of my soul is to manifest God? Is it the body or any part of the body that expresses these words of Truth? No. The bbdy is not me. The body is just the house in which God's child lives. Good St. Paul called it "God's temple."

Manifesting means bringing Life into living, Love into loving, Good into goodness, Intelligence into knowing, and Substance into having. We can all do that, can't we?

A new edition of Cady "Lessons in Truth" have been issued for the holidays. The cover is white with gold bronze. We will make a combination price of these three popular booklets and one year's subscription to Wee Wisdom of \$1.00 until the 1st of January, 1901—a reduction of 50 cents for this special occasion.

The first volume of Wee Wisdom Library will be out right away, ready for Christmas giving It will be made up of some of the best stories and poems from Wee Wisdom, and will be illustrated. Price, 25c; 64 pages.



HARRIET H. RIV.

LESSON IX. DEC. 2.

The Rich Young Ruler. Matt. 19: 16-26.

Golden Text—Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the Kingdom of God! Mark 10:24.

Do any of you children remember the commandment that Jesus said was the first and greatest one of all? This is it: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," and he also said that the second one was just like it, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Now, although these seem to be two commandments they are really one, for no one can truly love his neighbor who does not love God, and again, no one can truly love God who does not love his neighbor. If we love God in ourselves we will love God with our whole heart in everybody. Now you can run through all the commandments yourself and see that you will keep every one and never break any if you have nothing in your heart but love for the good.

One who loves God's life and all that He has made never could break the command-

ment, "Thou shalt not kill."

No one could ever think an impure thought or do an impure thing who loves God in himself. No one could steal, or lie, who loves the Good, and so it is with them all. Love fulfills the law.

When love fills your life and mind, you will never ask in a doubting way, "What good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" for you know all about eternal life, and its joy—you are gladly living it here and now. Life is always beautiful, free and joyous when love controls us.

How many of you know, so that you can repeat them, the ten commandments? If you do not, it would be a good task this week to learn them, for although that commandment about Love is all that your heart needs to know in order to live true and be good, still you will often in your life hear people talk of the ten commandments of Moses, and then you will want to know what they are talking about. You can find them in Exodus XX.

Moses wrote those sayings as a blessing for all people, and when anyone obeys them he is blessed, but not fully blessed, as that young man in our lesson found out. The full blessing can only come after one enters into and becomes obedient to the teachings of Jesus Christ about Love.

"Little children, let us love one another."

LESSON X. DEC. 9.

Bartimeus Healed. Mark 10: 46-52.

Golden Text—Lord, that I might receive my sight. Mark 10:51.

Did you ever see that pretty little creature with soft fur, the mole, close enough to examine him? Well, he appears to have no eyes, does he not? for you can only see the least little crease where the eyes ought to be. Once upon a time everybody believed that the mole was made with the eyes left out, but now the wise men, who know all about it, tell us that years and years ago, perhaps a thousand, the mole had eyes to see with, but that he loved the darkness so much, and loved to crawl in the dirt away from the bright sun all the time, so that he slowly lost all power to see and now appears as you see him. He made no use of his eyes and so lost them. Now, that is the way it is with people, as well as animals; what we do not use we seem to lose. If you should tie your arm down to your side for six months and never use it, when you wanted to move it you would find you could not do so at first, but you would have to practice every day a little at a time, and then your arm would become useful again.

Now, many people are like the mole. God gave them beautiful spiritual eyes to see the light of Truth with, but they thought they did not love the Good and the True and so turned away from seeing it, and very soon everything looked dark and evil to them. Thus people get blind to the Good and seem to have no eyes to see health, love, peace and harmony with. But it is not true that they have really lost these spiritual eyes, because if they will with faith begin to look at the light of Truth within them they will soon heal their eyes. Everyone can see the Christ within who wants to see. Little children like you find it easy to look through spiritual eyes and see beautiful tihngs, because they have faith. Keep your faith bright and shining and it will keep those inner eyes always open.

Christ is always here ready to heal blind eyes and bring us every blessing, but we must have faith and do our part, then all will be well.

It is with your mind that you see God, love, beauty, peace, purity, etc. Use your

mind to see the good and you will see no darkness or evil to be afraid of.

LESSON XI. DEC. 16.

Zaccheus the Publican. Luke 19: 1-10.

Golden Text—The Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which was lost. Luke 19:10.

The older people often talk of how much you children have to be thankful for, and how greatly you are blessed in having this beautiful saving truth given to you while you are young. If you begin to use it now, putting it in practice every day, you will be saved much pain and sorrow that the very people who are giving it to you had to pass through before they knew better. It is not only what we know that counts in life, but also what we do. Some people get knowing and Joing all mixed up, for they often think that because they know a thing, they have done it, but you know this is not What Jesus knew he always acted out, and he says to all, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Knowing and doing are the two halves of life; put them together and you have a whole life, full and rich and good. "Knowing and Doing" are twin brothers who must never be separated. This is one of the lessons this story of Zaccheus teaches us. When he knew that Jesus was passing that way he made up his mind that he was going to see this great and good man. It did not seem an easy thing to do, but when he found he had to work for what he wanted, he did not sit down and complain and say, "There is no use of my trying, everybody gets ahead of me, and I have no chance." No, indeed, he found another way: he went to work and found a way to overcome the hard places.

Would you like to see Christ, children? Does it seem hard to always keep the Christ in view? I will give you a secret that all who have seen Christ know is true. Get up into a high place with the Good, above the crowd of pushing, struggling thoughts of morality, as Zaccheus did, and then you will see the Christ and the Christ will see you, and will say unto you, "Today I must abide in your house." right in your heart,

then you will be joyful.

Now the other point in the lesson is this: "When Zaccheus took Christ home with him, into his heart, the Christ began to teach him the truth about receiving and giving, and once more his knowing became doing, and he was ready to share all his good with others. Now, giving is the other half of receiving, which makes a perfect, whole life. Christmas is nearly here and I suppose you Wee Wisdoms are all looking forward to

receiving gifts, and while this is good, do you not think it would be well, while you are so happy in expecting the good to come to you, to also think of making someone happy with a real love gift, someone who will otherwise, perhaps, go without any Christmas cheer. Let us all look around us between this and Christmas, and find some one or more of God's children whom we can bless in this way — then we will have a real Christmas.

LESSON XII. DEC. 23.

Christmas Lesson. Matt. 2:1-11.

Golden Text — Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift. II Cor. 9:15.

Merry Christmas to all!

What a beautiful story this is of the birth of the Christ-child! It is the old, old story that has been told to thousands and thousands of little boys and girls just like you, but they never get tired of hearing it. And now that we know that it is not only about a wonderful little babe who came into the world with a glorious work to do but also about every one of God's children, it makes it doubly precious. The Christ-child is within all, and is the real one in all. This is the light that lighteth everyone who coming into the world bless you. The very love in your little heart for the good and the true is the Christ-child thinking within you. This love is the guiding star of each life that leads each to the Christ within.

Let the wise one, the one who knows that only the Good is true, keep the eye ever fixed on this star of Love, then will life be joyous, happy, and useful. When we first discover the Christ-child within us, it may seem like a very little babe, not able to do much, but by putting our faith in it and its power every day we will see it grow and grow, and get stronger in spiritual power until nothing is impossible unto it. How do you bring this about? By wisely giving all you are and have to the Good—this is

sometimes called consecration.

Now is the time for you to open the treasure of your heart to the Christ within you. Let us see the treasure your precious heart contains — gold, frankincense, myrrh. The gold is your good, all that you love, all that you value. The frankincense is your sweet disposition, the incense that comes from your gentle nature. Just as the rose gives forth to everybody its sweet scent, so you give your pure, best thought. And the myrrh is your faith in the healing power of the Truth.

When we thus give all we have to the highest Good every angel thought within us sings the glad song of "Peace on earth,

good will to all mankind."

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



DEAR Wisdoms, there is no place where you are so welcome and understood as right in here. We understand each other perfectly right in here, for we are

so close to each other, and it's so easy to feel all alike here. Those who believe in grownup-ness are too materially big to get in here where everything is to your liking. Do you know in here is my perpetual little girlhood just as it was, as folks say, "years and years ago." I think this must be Trixy's home, and she the hostess of this queer little place, where "ye editor" is always a-girl-ling. There's a tiny room in here which she called her own, and when she dropped the white curtain over the little window the room was flooded with white light, and it stood for something that bathed her soul when she came in here and sat down, and such wonderful, wonderful people and things came and went at her command, and her word was law here, and there was nothing too good to be true, and sometimes she'd try to write it all down, but it didn't read like it seemed. And when she'd go out into the folks' world again she couldn't understand why it had to be all so different out there, and why people were always saying when she talked like she wanted to: "What a funny child!" "What an imaginative little girl!" "Your head is full of air castles!" It felt chilly and hard when folks talked like that, and so she kept her little place in here more and more to herself. But now! Oh, joy! here we are thousands of us in here, and we know that there's nothing too good or beautiful to be true, and in here is our designing room, and we're making up the patterns for a beautiful, beautiful world, filled with lovely loving people who have all "become as a little child," ready for a new fresh world with wonderful impossible (?) possibilities springing up everywhere in astonishing ways and places. Oh! we'll fix it so folks can't crystalize and rut and get stale and stiff. We're making a world that's all alive. Things'll hum when we get our new world out! We will need to work close at our patterns in here. We must practice all the time out there with our world and work. When we talk about that which stands for the un-Good we are not building up our new, beautiful world. It is only loving, kind and beautiful thoughts and words that can handle the shining stuff of which our wonderful world is to be built. We must not forget, even for a little bit, what we have started out to do. And what is that? Why, to make the most wonderful-beautifulfairyland-world that was ever thought of by anybody but God.

Oh, yes, and that's what the Wee Wisdom Class Thought means: "The supreme desire of my soul is to manifest God."

J.

Christmas once more! There is a chorus of voices asking, "What are we going to do for Christmas?" Let's try putting ourselves in "Real Santa Claus's" place and give good gifts to everybody. Wouldn't you like the blessed privilege of going into every home and filling it with health? Well, right here in your little work-shop, where Thought is always busy and Words are always making something, you can make up a gift of Health for every home; you can fill your own home first, and then all the homes where there seems a lack of sound and jolly health. And then-Well, dear hearts, the very best and quickest way to do it will be to know that God is the health of every home, and speak the unseen good into the visible by declaring-

Health is the Christ-Gift to this home.

Plenty is the Christ-Gift to this home.

I give you the Gift of ———

You will know just how to shape the name of the gift you want to send to your dear friends, and the Living Santa will see that they are all distributed just where they belong. Love never makes a mistake nor miscarries. Fill the whole earth with the angel thought of Truth—peace and good-will!

Merry Christmas to all!

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MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

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You will smile at our Captain Jinks Christmas Song, but it was a familiar tune, and the children liked it, and so we fixed it up and sang it last Christmas.

There is a dainty little book on my desk called "Baby's Record." It contains a place for wee Baby's picture, with pages to tell all about little new Baby's advent into the home circle, about his first smile, first tooth, first Christmas, first step, first word, up to Baby's first day in school. It will be a wonderful little history for Baby when he gets old enough to read it. This little book is illustrated and has appropriate little poems leading each entry. It is published by the Wood-Allen Publishing Company, Ann Arbor, Mich. Price, 50 cents.

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