

WEE WISDOM

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





50 cents per year. 5 cents per copy.
Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings per year.

Published monthly by
UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,
1315 McGee St. Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

January, 1901.

New Year!
Isn't it queer?
You came from nowhere to come here.
And when you're all worn out you'll go
where?
Back again into the nowhere.
A queer
Old Year.

We will visit many new readers throughout the coming year as a Christmas gift from loving friends. And we know that the Good will bless you all.

The report from the Wee Wisdom little Club House in Merchantville came too late to get much of it in. Things are going forward ever so lovely. "Uncle John" and all send New Year greeting to all Wisdoms.

Our new booklet, "Wee Wisdom Library. Vol. I," was in great demand during the holidays. It is a pretty booklet of sixty-four pages filled with beautiful illustrated stories, and we know you will all wish to read it and own a copy. Its price is 25 cents.

Harmony, of San Francisco, is one of the really good magazines which teaches that God is Infinite and ever present. We are delighted to note that the publishers are offering *WEE WISDOM* and *Harmony* for a whole year for only \$1.05, which is but five cents more than the regular price of *Harmony*. This is the most liberal offer we have seen — just think! *WEE WISDOM* only five cents a year! The address of *Harmony* Publishing Co. is 3360 17th Street, San Francisco, Cal.

CLASS VERSE:

Ye know God but as Lord,
Hence Lord His name with thee.
I feel Him but as Love,
Hence Love His name with me.

If you desire not to miss a copy of *WEE WISDOM* be sure your subscription is renewed before the date which appears on the label with your name. We are obliged to stop *WEE WISDOM* when subscription expires as a very large number are paid for just one year by other persons as gifts to their little friends. So send in your renewals before expiration.

There have been a great many requests for our excellent Sunday School lessons to be published in regular Lesson Leaves. We think this would be a good thing to do if there would be a sufficient demand for them to cover the expense of publication. Our special rates make *WEE WISDOM* for Sunday Schools as cheap as Lesson Leaves, besides containing a large amount of other interesting and instructive Truth reading. These special rates are:

10 to 24 copies, 30 cts. each per year.
25 to 49 copies, 25 cts. each per year.
50 to 100 copies, 20 cts. each per year.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME
UNTO ME."

KATHRYN WALLACE.

"The Master comes over the Jordan today,"
A mother in Isreal was heard to say.
"And I with the children will join the
throng,
E'en tho' I wait the whole day long:
If He lays His hand on their heads, I know
A blessing will follow wherever they go."
So over the hills of Judea she came
And joined in the crowd of halt and lame.
She heard a voice above the din,
"Forbid not the children, let them enter in;
Suffer the little ones to come unto me."
And Ruth He sat upon His knee,
He placed His hand on Rachel's head,
When, lo! the pain and fear had fled.
Little John sat down at the dear Lord's
feet.
The mother stood by, as was fit and meet.
The Spirit of Truth to each was given,
For unto such is the kingdom of heaven."



Love's Roses.

LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.

THERE was once a land where thoughts were as visible as flowers, or nettles, according whether they were good or ill. Good thoughts form lovely flowers, and evil thoughts, nettles and noisome weeds all around us, only we have not eyes to see them. But in this land of Once-upon-a-time a loving thought bloomed like a rose. "How beautiful!" you say; "that land must have been full of flowers." Oh, no, it was not; it was hardly different from our own. But you say that you would have had a garden, oh, so full of fragrant roses, heavy with the weight of their great velvet petals! Thoughts would have been worth something then, would they not? Old Mr. Close-fist would have tried to raise some special marketable variety.

This land of Once-upon-a-time was ruled by a beautiful queen, even more good than she was fair. None but a very good queen ever reigned in this land of Flower-thoughts, one who filled the palace garden with a rapture of radiant, sweet flowers. She now wore a crown of silver hair, and her gentle hand trembled like a lily in the wind. Some said that the queen had seen the planting of the century oak, but that her thoughts had kept the rose in her cheek and the violet in her eye.

One June day the queen sent an invitation to all the maidens in the land to visit the palace on a certain morning, wearing crowns of their own loving thoughts. For the one who wore the twelve most beautiful roses she had a rare gift, and a lesser gift for each of the other maidens.

On a green hillside Thelma lived. Thelma's garden was full of flowers. You would have known that had you seen Thelma's face. When she received the queen's invitation she began to prepare her garden, and she looked into her heart to see what thoughts of loving kindness were there which might form beautiful roses. She intended to wear roses the hue of the soft dawn, which love-thoughts unfold. There was a large bush by the window, and this, she knew, would bear the roses for her crown.

Her mother stood in the door-way watching Thelma count the tiny green knots wherein abode the beautiful roses.

"My daughter's wreath will be the most beautiful, and she will receive the queen's gift," said the mother.

"No, no," laughed Thelma, "many will wear fairer wreaths than mine. Ah, mother dear," she said tenderly, "I would it were you and not I who were bidden to the queen's palace, with a rose-wreath on her brow. 'T were fitter to place on hair grown silver in a life of loving deeds."

As she spoke a beautiful rose unfurled upon the bush. Thelma laughed joyously. "I think this must have opened for you, mother," she said; and as she spoke again new petals formed in the rose.

Among the sweet boughs of a hawthorn tree a thrush was singing to the summer day, but now above the notes of his morning hymn came the plaintive sound of a child's voice. Through the garden of flowers came a little maid singing for her daily bread.

"I will bring you something to eat, little one," said the mother, thus adding a flower to her bed of pinks.

"That song was sweet," said Thelma. "Little wandering bird, have you no nest?"

She stooped and gathered the child into her arms.

"Look, look," cried the little singer, and Thelma looking saw that a rose of wondrous beauty had opened upon the bush.

"Dear little heart wants a flower," she said, plucking a narcissus for the small hand, and adding new petals to her rose.

But the child looked wistfully to the rose.

"Be satisfied," said Thelma, "I have given you enough."

The child dropped her longing eyes. A tiny cloud was in the fair sky of Thelma's face, and she saw that a blight was upon the rose.

"Here, little one, the flower is for you," she said softly.

"It is not so pretty as it was," said the child, looking at the rose in her hand. But a tear from Thelma's eye fell upon it and it was more beautiful than before.

When the little singer had left the garden Thelma saw that there were still two roses upon her bush; the new rose having the tint of the softest after-glow in the evening sky, while its breath was like that of the early morning.

And so the roses bloomed upon Thelma's bush, and on the tenth day, two days before the journey to the queen's palace, there were many flower-jewels ready for the maiden's crown.

"Mother, I need but two more roses," said Thelma, counting them.

"Aye, child, do not delay your thoughts of loving kindness," said her mother, anxiously.

Thelma sighed. "I fear I think over much of my wreath," she said; "I am hoping so that my rose-crown will be the fairest, and the good thoughts do not come. Today I found a canker-worm on the velvet bosom of a rose."

On the eleventh day Thelma washed her long brown hair and dried it in the sun.

"My daughter's hair will glisten beneath her roses," said the mother.

Thelma shook her head in the sunlight so that a thousand little gleams of gold ran through it.

"The queen will be glad to look upon my daughter," said the mother.

"Mother, I would love you for your sweet words, but my heart is full of my rose-wreath," said Thelma. "I can make no more roses bloom; my words come only from my lips."

Then she sat beside her bush weeping because no more roses would blow. Lifting her eyes she saw a long, sharp thorn on the stem of her last rose.

"You will spoil your roses with your tears," said her mother, reprovingly. "My child, think of someone with love in your heart."

"Never mind, mother, 'tis meet that someone else should win the queen's gift," said Thelma gently, and she saw that a new rose had bloomed.

Thelma went to bed with the birds that she might arise early for her journey to the queen's palace. She opened her eyes at the soft kiss of the dawn, and opened her casement in sweet welcome to the morning. As her eyes fell upon her rose-bush she gave a cry of surprise, for she thought that there was a new rose, white like a snow-bird, among its blushing sisters. Then she saw that it was a little hand, soft and white, stealing through the emerald leaves to pluck a rose.

"Stop, stop!" cried Thelma. "how could you wish to take one of the roses which are for my wreath!"

Like a timid bird the hand slipped back; and a maiden, wearing on her soft hair a wreath of roses, stepped from behind the bush. She was like a rose herself, so fair and frail and small, with pale gold hair mantling her white shoulders. She took the rose-crown from her head. "See, there are only nine," she said, "I thought you could spare me one. I have tried to think loving thoughts, but the thought of my crown and what the queen would say to me have been ever in my heart. I have tried, but, oh, it has been so hard!"

She replaced her crown of flowers; and putting her hands to her face wept softly.

"I fear it has been thus with all of us," said Thelma, gently. "Sister, come hither."

Leaning from her casement she wound her gentle arms around the other, pressing her cheek softly against the sweet fading roses, giving them new life.

"I know how you feel," she said, "for I, too, could think of nothing but my crown, and what the queen would say to me."

She reached and plucked a rose from her bush, the fairest one that she could see, and wound it into the girl's scant wreath.

"Now we shall each have ten roses," she said, brightly. "If you will wait for me, I will weave my wreath; and together we will go to the queen's place. My name is Thelma; and yours —?"

"Is Laurel. Dear Thelma, I dare not wait for you; the way is long, and I fear my roses will fade."

"They will draw new life from a loving heart," replied Thelma. "If you will wait for me, we will cross the valley, which will shorten the way."

"I fear the darkness of the valley, and its piercing nettles," said Laurel, shuddering.

"Then farewell, sister, for you must be on your way," said Thelma with a parting smile.

When Laurel had gone from the garden Thelma saw that there were still eleven roses on the bush, and the eleventh one was like a flower of paradise.

She hastened to adorn herself for her visit to the queen's palace. Then she bowed her head, crowned with the fragrant rose-wreath, for her mother's parting blessing. She went down the hillside and bravely entered the shadowy valley where flowers never grew but only nettles and poisonous weeds.

Where the shadows clung darkly and the nettles grew thickly a man was at work in the valley cutting down nettles and weeds. Heavy chains hampered the movements of his feet, for he was a convict.

As fast as the man cut down the nettles they sprang up around him. When the valley was cleared of them he would be free, but he feared he would never be able to cut them all down. Raising his eyes

from his hard task he saw a maiden approaching through the shadows with a rose-wreath upon her head. The flowers made a soft radiance about her like the halo of the dawn. The man started, surprised at her, for he had never seen anything so lovely in this desolate valley.

"Friend, what are you doing?" asked Thelma, as she approached him.

"Friend!" laughed the man harshly. "Your 'friend' is trying to cut these nettles down; but it is like trying to empty the sea, with ten thousand rivers always pouring into it."

"Think one kind thought," said Thelma, "and it will be more efficient than one hundred strokes of your heavy scythe."

"Then I will think of you," said the convict.

He cut down a nettle, and it did not spring up again.

"But they who put me here I bitterly hate," said the man, and the nettles began to grow close about him.

Thelma's eyes grew misty with rain. "You cannot help it," she said pityingly; "I wish that I might help you!"

Her hand rested on a thorny bush; and beneath her soft fingers a rose unfolded.

"How beautiful it is," said the convict. "If it were only mine I could work harder, and the nettles would not spring up so fast."

"It is for you," replied Thelma. "I am well content with my eleven roses, and will let some better maiden win the queen's gift."

A tear of gratitude crept into the prisoner's eye, and where it fell a small blue violet sprang from the earth. It was pale and stunted, but it was his own thought-flower, and the prisoner's eyes dwelt with more delight upon it than upon the peerless rose.

"Take the rose and the violet," said Thelma; "cherish them in your heart, and a ray of sunlight will find you out in the shadows."

Cheerfully continuing her way she soon emerged from the valley upon the sunny highway. Here she met Laurel, and the two traveled joyously to the queen's palace.

At length the pearly walls of the palace

rose before them, and soon they joined the rose-crowned maidens thronging through the portals. Their wreaths were varied as to hue and size and beauty of the flowers. Some were white, some yellow, some pink; while maidens with burning eyes wore roses of deepest red. Those who could boast of twelve roses, showed only small, imperfect ones. There seemed none to wear twelve imperial roses; indeed, the maidens' roses were not nearly so fair nor so plentiful as usual, for since the queen's proclamation vain thoughts had driven more gentle ones from their hearts. Each wished to be first in the queen's favor; so the gardens, which had been a sweet luxuriance of flowers, suffered from sudden blight. The rose-crown of twelve roses had seemed so easy to attain but had proved so hard!

Some of the rose-wreaths were fresh and fair though worn half the day in the golden sunlight; some were fading; thorns peeped sharply from some; and with some the blight had dimmed their loveliness.

Expectancy was in the faces of most of the maidens, disappointment in others. Some were proud, some humble, some sweet, some fretful.

Thelma and Laurel sat down in the great hall, waiting to be ushered into the queen's presence. Laurel was very weary from her long walk, and her tired head drooped upon Thelma's stronger shoulder, while her eyes, so full a moment before of wonder for the beautiful palace, closed dreamily. Thelma put her arm around Laurel as she slept; she drew the soft pale hair back from her child-like face, and doing so, she noticed Laurel's rose-wreath. The roses were pale and drooping like the weary little head. The words of Laurel returned to her, "I have tried, but oh, it has been so hard!" Hers had never been fine roses. No fragrance escaped their pallid lips; their petals were loose and few. But they were Laurel's best.

"It was harder for her than for me," thought Thelma. Then from Laurel's head she softly took the wreath and placed her own where it had been. A new rose bloomed on Thelma's brow.

Presently Laurel opened her bright eyes.

"I was feeling despondent," she said, "but now it seems as though I had drunk a glass of sunshine."

Thelma laughed so that the faded roses in her wreath swung like bells.

And now the magnificent purple velvet curtains were drawn aside, and they beheld the queen in the far end of a beautiful room seated on her jasper throne. Gold and silver and precious jewels flashed around the vast hall, but more rare and lovely than these were the queen's flowers, adorning every vacant place. The queen herself looked like a lily, whose leaf was her emerald mantle. Her scepter was a silver lily with stamen of gold, and in the priceless crown upon her head the sparkling jewels formed flower and bud. On either side of the hall were seated lords and ladies of the realm, eager to witness the bestowal of the queen's gift upon the fortunate maiden. A large door open at one side of the hall disclosed a room set with long white tables laden with viands. Hither the maidens, filing before the queen, were led for sweet refreshment.

Retainers in white and gold ushered the maidens before the queen, and each one stopped a moment for the royal kindly glance and pleasant word. But the queen looked vainly for the wreath of twelve supreme roses.

"The little maidens have found it harder than I supposed," she said to a lord near by, and he replied, deferentially, "Yes, your majesty."

Last came Laurel, with Thelma, who in her serene, quiet way, had drawn back for others to go before. As Laurel stepped before the queen a soft murmur of approbation sounded sweetly to her ears.

"You have done well, my child," said the queen. "There are eleven beautiful roses in your crown. The great gift was nearly yours. But take this from me in remembrance of one who loved her subjects as her children."

So saying, she took from her finger a pearl ring and placed it upon Laurel's hand.

Thelma's heart was rejoicing for Laurel's sake. She had forgotten the faded wreath

which she herself was wearing. She was still thinking of Laurel as she stepped before the queen, and did not suppose that the sweet incense of praise arising was for herself.

"My daughter," said the queen, in such a tone as mothers use, "my daughter, lift your timid eyes that I, too, may be blessed by the love that shines from them—the love that formed these noble flowers."

A flush crept into Thelma's face like unto the hue of her roses. For a moment she thought that the good queen was making gentle fun of her shabby wreath. Yet, as she was bidden, she raised her soft dark eyes to the queen's face. Beyond the queen was a great mirror, duplicating the gay, beautiful scene of the room. In this mirror Thelma saw her own reflection and crown of roses.

They were no longer poor and faded, but softly glowing with new life blushed tenderly among her dark tresses. It seemed as though each flower must have for its heart a flame of living fire, for each moment they shone brighter until a wreath of radiance seemed to encircle Thelma's brow.

"My daughter, thy roses are beautiful beyond thought, but there is one missing," said the queen, regretfully. "The great gift was almost thine. I would that it had been for thy face is even more sweet and beautiful than thy roses and thy heart must be fairer still. But request of me aught that thou wilt, and it shalt be thine."

Thelma stood in thought. She would have liked a ring like Laurel's, or perchance some rich embroidered garment; she would have liked a horse, handsomely caparisoned; or a beautiful house, with marble stairs; she might even ask for a castle, or a palace; then she thought of a vast stretch of sunny land on which to grow her flowers, and she was about to ask for this when she thought of the prisoner in the valley.

"Kind queen," she said, "between your royal palace and my simple home lies a dark valley where sunlight never enters. In this valley a man, with heavy chains upon his feet, labors every day—if day it can be called—among the dread nettles

and poisonous weeds. When the valley is cleared of them he will be free; but, dear queen, the longer he labors there in the darkness the faster the weeds and nettles grow. I ask that he may be set free, where the sunlight and flowers are. Then I think the nettles and weeds will die of themselves."

"And is this your wish?" asked the queen, gravely.

"It is my wish," replied Thelma.

"Not gold, nor land, nor jewels?" said the queen.

"Only this, dear queen."

"Daughter, it shall be as you desire. And now, my child, look up."

Thelma lifted her eyes, drooping modestly, to the queen's face, and beyond it to the great mirror. She had felt a stirring upon her temple; and now she beheld the unfolding of the twelfth rose, more beautiful than all, radiant so that it gleamed upon her brow more like a star than a flower.

"The great gift is thine," said the queen. "My daughter, bow thy head."

The queen arose from her throne, and taking the jeweled crown from her head placed it in the midst of Thelma's roses. Then in Thelma's hand she placed the lily scepter, saying: "Thus I bestow upon thee the great gift, which I trust may not be too heavy for thy fair young brow. My feet have nearly reached the door of the sunset. Thou art fittest to take my place. Thy loving thoughts have made the queen of the land as they will make the queen of all hearts."

And with one accord, all cried, "Hail, Queen Thelma, of the Loving Heart!"

*The happy face
Will always tell
Where gentleness
And kindness dwell.*

*The loving heart
Will always seek
In kindly, gentle
Words to speak.*

"Pleasant words are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones."

THE GIANT.

CHARLES MACKAY.

There came a giant to my door,
A giant fierce and strong;
His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long.

He scowled and frowned, he shook the
ground,

It trembled through and through;
At length I looked him in the face
And cried, "Who cares for you?"

The mighty giant as I spoke
Grew pale and thin and small,
And thro' his body as 'twere smoke
I saw the sunshine fall.

His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies,
He whispered soft and low.
"Is this," I cried with growing pride,
"Is this the mighty foe?"

He sank before my earnest face,
He vanished quite away;
He left no shadow in his place
Between me and the day.

Such giants come to strike us dumb,
But, weak in every part,
They melt before the strong man's eyes,
And fly the true of heart.

NATURAL LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

BY "PAPA HARRY."

IX.

MORE HOME FRIENDS.



WHEN Orion and Albert moved with their papa and mamma to their present home, they fenced off one corner of the yard for the Buff Cochin Bantam chickens. The rats concluded this arrangement was made for their especial benefit and they moved in and dug nice little tunnels and door-ways so as to get underneath the sidewalk and into the sheds. Orion and Albert thought it great fun to watch the rats, and they placed food for them so that they soon learned to expect a fresh supply each morning. Some of the rats would come out and sit up around Orion while he was feeding them or the chickens. As they showed individual characteristics, the boys

soon had many of them named and could easily point out "Scout" or "Biggy" or "Littlely" or any other of the band. Soon there were rats of all sizes; cute little fellows about as large as a mouse, half-grown know-it-all ones, and old large ones—regular grand-daddies. They became very tame till the boys concluded it would be fun to play at catching lions and tigers with them, and setting figure-four traps they caught quite a number, and carrying them around in fruit jars played at circus with them. The rats did not seem to enter into the spirit of the play at all, but made their escape as soon as possible and ran away as fast as they could. One ran under a rock by the creek and two frogs and a cray-fish came scrambling out from under the rock looking excited and frightened. It took quite a while after that to regain their confidence, but now they are as tame and as amusing as ever. When the traps were set it was very funny to see the caution of the old fellows and to watch them advise the younger ones to keep away, but, like the little boys and green apples, the temptation was too great. This summer the rats and chickens have lived together in peace and harmony, and although many little hens were set in the shed neither an egg nor a chick disappeared. Once some of the rats came into the cellar, but with proper treatment they were induced to move into the yard again.

One thing the rats could not appreciate was the attention given them by the pet crow, "John." John likes to hide and jump out at any rat or chicken that comes along and say, "Ca" ("boo")! This never fails to greatly frighten the rats or little chicks, but sometimes John makes the mistake of jumping out at a rooster and then he gets his ears boxed and is compelled to run for his house. Still the roosters always jump and yell, "H-A-W-K!" so John has a good laugh anyway.

For some time there were no mice on the place, but the boys' grandmother, who lives near by, caught some in traps, and Orion brought them home and turned them loose and now they have two flourishing colonies, one in the cellar and the other in the shed.

They are such exquisite little people—so timid and dainty, with pretty little pink hands and rounded ears. One has learned to dance on its hind legs and thus repays the boys for its daily supply of food that is put down in the cellar for it. One day Orion heard a little mouse sing a beautiful song while sitting under a Celoria plume. They never do any harm, but are a constant source of pleasure and amusement.

The English sparrows seem to think that everything on the place belongs to them. They sit in a row on the fence and engage in fierce arguments—evidently on religion or politics. The amount of corn they eat is surprising, but as the corn and the sparrows both belong to God nobody objects. The sparrows and the rats each seem to think that the others are intruders, and the way they look at each other and say things is very ludicrous. The sparrows are the very embodiment of life, and are always cheerful and happy and seem determined to make this world as lively as possible.

Another race of little people were on the place long before the boys or any other human being came. They dress gaily and usually attend to their own business. They are spiders, and pretty intelligent little creatures they are. Great black and yellow ones built large "winding stair" webs of light among the flowers; little gray ones weaved pretty little lace-patches among the grass blades; green, drab and black ones lived on the fences and trees, or built little balloons and flying machines and floated around above our planet, waving little white flags as if asking the boys to come and take a ride. Large black and brown fellows lived underneath rocks and boards and ran around carrying their babies in sacks, slung over their shoulders. Countless billions of little red and yellow spiders lived on the hollyhocks and sunflowers. Some spiders lived on the flower blossoms, turning the color of any blossom upon which they were resting. But of all the interesting ones, a little drab spider was the best. He came along and dug himself a cute little cave in a bed that had been planted with nasturtium seeds. This cave was dug straight down about three inches

and was about as large around as Orion's thumb. It happened (whether by accident or otherwise) to be built right over a seed which grew straight up through the cave, and made a bower over it. Mr. Spider used the stem of this flower for his stairs. Over in the next yard was an apple tree in full bloom, and every night this spider built up a wreath of blossoms around his home. As the sun dried them up each day he would replace them with fresh ones, and thus had a fragrant and beautiful home. After awhile the blossoms all passed away and then he substituted pretty little green elm seeds. He certainly had an eye for the beautiful. Large red spiders built their homes up under the porches, and smaller gray ones took up their abode in the house. It is commonly supposed that all these spiders bite people, but how few have ever known them so to do.

Another source of pleasure for the boys was a rain barrel that stood in the yard. They found that something built a lot of little skiff-like boats that floated around on the surface of the water. These boats hatched out into a lot of little creatures they called "wiggletails" that swam around in the water. Albert and Orion fished some out and examined them under a microscope and found that they were "fearfully and wonderfully made." Each look added new wonders about these creatures, and when they found these wiggletails changing into mosquitoes their wonderment and interest increased. The mosquitoes would cover the sides of the barrel and the boys would knock on it and see them rise up and fly away.

Altogether, the rats, mice, sparrows, spiders, mosquitoes, flies, etc., behaved themselves exceedingly well last summer, and they and the boys are becoming better acquainted with each other every day, and each is learning to respect the other's rights and all have become pretty good vegetarians, except the spiders, but a course of lessons will be given them next summer and it is hoped that they will prove apt pupils.

Rejoice evermore.



*When you think, when you speak,
When you read, when you write,
When you sing, when you walk,
When you seek for delight —
To be kept from all wrong,
When at home or abroad,
Live always as under
The pure eye of God.*

* * * *

*Whatever you think,
Never think what you feel
You would blush in the presence
Of God to reveal.
Whatever you say,
In whisper or clear,
Say nothing you would
Not like Jesus to hear.
Whatever you write,
In haste or in heed,
Write nothing you would not
Like Jesus to read.
Wherever you go,
Never go where you fear
Lest the Great God will ask,
"How comest thou here?"
Turn away from such pleasure
You'd shrink from pursuing,
If God should say to you,
"What art thou doing?"*

— Selected by Bertie from his scrap-book.

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

New. Wee Wisdom Library. Illustrated. 64 pages. 25 cents.

THE GARDEN, THE GATE AND THE KEY.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER V.—UNCLE NOBLE LEARNS SOMETHING.

When Prudence went into her house she found her mother watching for her from the bedroom window.

"Come here, Prudence. I have something for you; Uncle Noble was here, and left this box for you. He said he had gotten a block away from home when he remembered leaving it, so then he went back to get it."

"What is in it?" asked Prudence, going over towards her mother.

"It is a box of candy. You might eat a few pieces and save the rest for to-morrow and share it with your little friends, for it is not nice to eat it all alone."

"Will you have some now?" asked Prudence, holding the box open before her mother, for she remembered not to be selfish.

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Pearly, taking a piece. "Now close the box, after you have had some, and put it away until to-morrow."

"Yes, I'll do that," said Prudence. "Mother, do you know, I was awfully mean to the girls today, then I tried to be unselfish afterwards, and I think that is the reason Uncle Noble remembered to go back for the candy, for at first I would n't share what I had. I wanted to keep those lemon drops I had just for myself, then afterwards I was sorry and gave them for our dolls' picnic."

"Yes, little daughter, you are right, the good comes to us when we think first of others, and mother is very glad you learned your lesson so well. Now run and wash your face and hands, for Uncle Noble is coming back to dine with us and I want you to be all ready when he comes."

"Why! here he comes now. I see him coming up the walk. I'll hurry," and Prudence left the window to run to her own little room, where she was soon busy washing her face and hands and brushing her

hair. It was not long before she appeared in a fresh white apron with pink bows on the shoulders and ready to greet her uncle.

"Well, well, if here isn't Prudence, looking just like a little pink flower, and I suppose you are a happy girl?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, and, Uncle Noble, the candy is so nice, I thank you very much."

"I suppose you and your playmates will have a party to-morrow under the trees?"

"Yes, Uncle Noble, that is just what we'll do. Won't you come?"

"Perhaps I will come, then I'll see what good girls you three are, and I'll hear all the secrets."

"Oh, but, Uncle Noble, I'll tell you a secret now. Put your head down, for no one else must hear," and Prudence pulled her uncle down to her and whispered, "I know where there is a beautiful garden. I'll tell you all about it, if you would like me to. Shall I tell it?"

"Yes, indeed, I am very much interested in gardens, especially flower gardens."

"All right, I'll tell you all about it after dinner, for there's the bell now," said Prudence, taking her uncle by the hand and leading him across the hall to the dining room, where her mother awaited them.

A little later seated in the parlor with the little girl upon his knee Uncle Noble asked to hear about the wonderful garden.

"Faith and Patience and I found it," said Prudence. "And oh, it is just beautiful, but, Uncle Noble, you have to find your own gate and a key before you can go inside."

"Won't you let me go through your gate, and lend me your key? for I think you have found a key," said the uncle.

"Yes, I have found the gate and the key that fits, but I can't let you have mine. It wouldn't do for you, you are so big, you will need a big gate and a big key."

Uncle Noble laughed. "You are right, Prudence. I'll begin to look for my gate right away as soon as I can. Will you help me?"

"How can I help you, I am so little?"

"Of course you can help me. Did you never hear how the mouse helped the lion?"

"No. Oh, tell it! tell it, do! Mother,

Uncle Noble is going to tell me a story," called out Prudence to her mother, who sat across the room from them looking over some papers.

"Well, once upon a time," began her uncle, "there was a big lion, and while taking a walk one day in the forest he walked right into a large net all made of rope. Now the lion found that he was held fast by the rope and he tried many times to get out, but every time he'd move the rope would wind the tighter about him. Now a tiny mouse came along and seeing the lion in so much trouble set to work at once to help him. The kind-hearted mouse gnawed the rope with its sharp little teeth so the lion got safely out and away."

"Did he thank the mouse for letting him get away?" asked Prudence.

"Yes, I think he did, for he was a very polite lion."

"Did you thank Uncle Noble for the candy?" asked Mrs. Pearly looking up.

"Yes, a long time ago, before we had dinner," answered Prudence.

"Now I must go, Prudence," said Uncle Noble, rising from his seat, "and I'll look diligently for my key, and tell you if I find it."

"I thought I was going to help you look for it," said Prudence, looking disappointed.

"Why, you've helped me already, little Prudence, so that I shall know just the right direction in which to look," answered her uncle soothingly.

Soon after her uncle had left, Prudence said good night to her mother, and went to bed to dream of the flowers in the wonderful garden.

(To be continued.)

UNITY.

A forty-eight page monthly metaphysical magazine devoted to Practical Christianity, including healing and regeneration. The interpretation of the International Bible Lessons are given every month. \$1.00 per year. Sample copies free. Address UNITY TRACT SOCIETY, 1315 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo.



HARRIET H. RIX.

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSON I. JAN. 6.

Jesus Anointed at Bethany.
Matt. 26:6-16.

GOLDEN TEXT — *She hath done what she could.* Mark 14:8.

Everyone who does what he can does the works of God, for God gives us the power to heal the sick and we should do it. God gave us the power to love, so we should love everybody. God gave us the power of the Christ, and we should prove it. We have faith that we can do great and good things, and we should be about it.

It is always a blessed thing to do the best we can, for each time we try to do well the next time we find we can do better. It is through doing the best we can that we grow. The little hard, tight rose-bud you see in the garden does the very best it can to be a beautiful rose; if it did not it would remain only the tight rose-bud and never blossom into the beautiful rose with its rich color and lovely fragrance.

This lesson is full of sweet perfume from hearts of love and shows us how every life can be full of fragrance. Your own little heart is your alabaster box. If you should keep the love there all shut in tight and never let it come out or be seen, it would be as though the rose-bud refused to unfold its petals, but true Wee Wisdoms will never shut the good away for they love to let it shine out and that is why their lives are so sweet and full of sweet odors.

God gave to each of us a heart of love and wants us to open it in giving out love and blessings all the time. I think that some children's hearts must be shaped like a lily, so white and pure they seem, and their fragrance is so delicate. Some I think have hearts of gold and crimson like the pansy, so thoughtful and kind they seem, and others I know are lovely to have around because the violet's meekness and sweetness is filling their alabaster box. Then, again, some of these little ones remind us of the rose or pink because of their richness and strength. Which flower do you love best? That is the one for you to be like in your thoughts.

Just as Mary poured out her precious ointment on Jesus' head and feet as a love offering, so let us pour out our heart's blessing on all; this is not wasting it for true love can never be wasted and every love thought that thus goes forth falls like warm sunshine in some heart to cheer and bless it.

LESSON II. JAN. 13.

The Triumphal Entry. Matt. 21:1-17.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.* Matt. 21:9.

There is something within everyone of us that comes in the name of the Lord, and that is the blessed Christ Spirit. It is always blessed and always blessing. When we know this to be the truth, then we can love everybody in the world and bless them in the name of the Good.

This lesson in the life of Jesus gives a beautiful picture of him as a king. Do you remember what the day is called upon which this lesson is celebrated? It is called Palm Sunday, and it falls, you know, on the Sunday just before Easter. It is called Palm Sunday because the people who were looking for a grand king thought that he had at last come to make them free, and so they rejoiced, the little children with the other people throwing down palm branches for him to ride over, and all sang out, "Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."

It is true he was a king and had come to make them free, but not in the way they thought. He came to teach them how to think right, for this is the only true freedom. How happy we are to know that Christ has come into the New Jerusalem, our minds, to be our king and rule our thoughts. We, too, can sing, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." We all find that after we let him in he has a work of cleaning to do before he can truly rule us. He must drive out the money changers, all our naughty and untrue thoughts must go, both big and small, not even one little selfish one can remain. But we are glad to let him do this, for it makes us feel so pure and free, and gives us the power to speak life-giving words to the sick, making them well and happy. We can open blind eyes and make lame people walk, for this is the kind of king Christ is, and this is the kind of work he does in hearts that will let him. Let your mind, little children, be a pure, holy temple for this great king.

LESSON III. JAN. 20.

Greeks Seeking Jesus. John 12:20-33.

GOLDEN TEXT— *We would see Jesus.*
John 12:21.

You notice, children, that in the twenty-fourth verse of this lesson it says, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit," and now let us see if this is really true.

Suppose you put a grain of corn in an empty box or on a shelf, it would never become more than it is, one grain, would it? It would not be of any use to anyone either, would it? But if you should take it and put it in the earth where the sun and rain could take care of it, a wonderful thing would happen. The little grain would turn all brown and ugly at first, and appear to be no good, but by and by, all alone there in its silent bed, its little life would be working, trying to make many hundreds of grains of corn just like itself. We all know how well it would succeed, for when its work was finished many people would be blessed by the work of that one little grain.

Now God is the hand that plants each one of us like a seed in the earth to work and love and bring forth a harvest of light and truth, but like the corn we cannot do this if we live all shut up within ourselves, refusing to come out and bless others. People who are selfish are like the grain of corn that lies on the shelf. We cannot be what God wants us to be, nor do the things He wants us to do, unless we let selfishness die away. No one who is selfish can ever see or know the Christ, or do the Christ works. This dying to selfish feelings and thoughts is what Jesus meant when he said, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Loving kindness lifts us and everybody around us; gentle deeds lift us above and out of all the hard, rough places of the earth into the glory of the true life.

LESSON IV. JAN. 27.

Christ Silences the Pharisees.

Matt. 22:34-46.

GOLDEN TEXT— *What think ye of Christ?*
Matt. 22:42.

The Pharisees and Sadducees, spoken of so many times in the New Testament, stand for thoughts that are not the highest, such as pride and selfishness.

As you all know, everything in this world stands for a thought, or is a picture of

something that is in mind. The beautiful things, such as flowers, the sun, the stars, and all things you love and that make you glad, are pictures of God's love, peace and harmony; while all the things that are not lovely, such as poisonous bugs and snakes, stand for error thoughts, like anger, hate, etc.

Some day when everybody learns to think only lovely and loving thoughts, and no one has any hate in his heart, and no hard cruel feelings, there will be no more poisonous plants or harmful animals, nor anything that hurts or kills.


Yes, and even today people are protected from all harm who are full of love. It is the Christ Spirit of Truth that does this for us, and this Christ Spirit loves to work through little children. When this pure one speaks then all naughty thoughts have to keep still. If you love the Christ with all your heart, then you will hush all complaints, all fault-finding, and silence every untrue and selfish voice that rises up within you. When we love the Good, and live the Good, no doubt or fear has any power over us.

What think ye of Christ, whose son is he? The Truth teaches us that Christ is not a man, and therefore no man like David can be his father. Christ is the Son of God, the Divine Spirit of Truth. You know, dear children, that your father in the flesh is only the father of your body, but not the maker of your real true self that we call your soul. God alone is the Father, and the Mother also, of this, and that is why you are a child of God.

You must know and think the whole Truth about yourself, about the Christ within you, for this is what we are here for.

Now let us all, because we know the Christ and the power of the Good, say to every sick thought, "Be still." Say to every fear thought, "Be still." Say to every proud thought, "Be still." This is the way we will use the Truth every day to silence them, so that they can never speak or show themselves any more.

"I'm the happiest child
That ever can be,"
Says little Farina Free.
"The great round world,
With land and sea,
Is n't a bit too big for me.
The moon and the stars,
And the shining sun,
Are the jolliest kind of fun.
The Maker of all
Has His throne in me,
And that's why I'm bigger than all
I see."


 YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

Happy New Year to you all!

Royal sends in his greetings and says tell you "It's all new this time — century, year and everything." As he does not tell you what this "everything" means, "Ye Editor" will have to rise and explain that the three boys have *new quarters*. Yes, a bran new half-grown-up house all their own — a kind of annex to the parent-house with a little hallway ("shute" they call it) connecting the two. You would laugh looking at it a little way off, and wonder if it would ever catch up and quit tagging on behind that way.

But, anyway, it is real cozy inside, and the boys are perfectly satisfied. Maybe they'll contribute some views of it, inside and out, some of these days, for they've caught the kodak craze and have an ideal dark room fitted up in one corner and are snapping up everything in sight. Of course they are open to New Year callers. Come in! Esther, Morris and Orion have already called.

You will hear of these new quarters henceforth as "The Den," and let us hope it will never be a den of growlers. The decorations are going on extensively and will only stop when all the pictures in the country give out. Send a thought of blessing to this den and deners, and *know* that only the *Good* has a place in this den.



Did you all forget that a New Year's story would be in season this number? Well, anyway, Miss Kellerhouse has given us something that will be new the whole year 'round, "Love's Roses." Let us not forget how they grow.



In answer to our request that the Alameda Sunshine Club should tell us all about their work and ways, we have received a letter by order of the president which states that the idea was taken from an article in *The*

Ladies' Home Journal, beginning last September. The club elect a boy president and a girl president (think of that!) and have a secretary to write down what is done at every meeting, and a treasurer to collect dues. And what do you think these dues are? Can you guess what kind of a treasury a Sunshine Club would be likely to have? Remember their object is to make happy, and so the dues collected are acts of kindness, something to "pass on." And many, many are made happy by the books and games and clothes that pass on with the loving words and thoughts of these sunbeams. And they have been shining away to help the Real Santa Clause visit homes that have never known him before. And oh! how the sunshine of love and loving deeds does brighten these dark homes and gladden the hearts of the little sunshine makers. Let's all join this club and work at sunshine making. Each can start a little center of shining and others will want to come and help. Why, I know a boy not far away, that above all the pretty presents he has received and all the joy of Christmas trees, shines out the little sacrifice he made for a couple of children who were eagerly looking at the glittering array of pretty things without means to buy, and were made happy by his bag of candy and some trinkets they were coveting in the windows — bought with his pocket money. It should never be called a sacrifice to give; why, it is joy! it is the most delightful thing in the world to forget self in seeing others made happy. When we forget self we are *one* with the Christ love, and then we are sunshine already made up.



You see Orion and Albert are making sunshine for all the little creatures that come about them. It is really wonderful what a loving little heart can do for every living creature. Once a dear, loving little child strayed up to the cage of a great lion who was so fierce that no keeper had been able to tame him, and they found her there, patting with her dear, dimpled hands his great head and saying, "Pitty kitty-cat, I 'ove oo." Even a lion is tame before innocence and love.



BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—When I visited your office in Kansas City I subscribed for WEE WISDOM, and after we reached New York mother sent you our address. I wish you would send the October and November numbers, because I was so interested in "The Garden, the Gate and the Key." I have seen a good many things since I was in Kansas City, but love Denver better and my own Sunday School best of all. I send love. Your loving friend,

KATHARINE OMMANNEY.

**

St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like one of your beautiful moss cards, if there is any left. I have a little sister and she is six years old, she would like to have one, too. I am nine years old. I am going to take the WEE WISDOM again. My papa takes the UNITY every month. My address is St. Louis, Mo., 1513 Clinton St. Yours truly,

INA FRANCIS.

**

"WEE WISDOM seems to settle right into the hearts of my little folks. My little boy, Bertie, wants me to send you some verses from his scrap book, which appeal to his understanding, he thinks they would make a nice motto-card to hang on the nursery wall."

MRS ROBERTSON.

[We will give you all a chance to share Bertie's motto with him. You will find it on page 10, under the scroll.—Ed.]

**

BATH, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am well and happy. I hope that you are the same. I thought I would write. I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school. I study reading, writing, drawing and arithmetic, spelling and geography, and the teacher asks me questions in physiology. I read in the Fourth Reader. I renew my subscription for WEE WISDOM, and mamma wants Mrs. Militz's Lessons.

Address JENNIE C. SCHOFIELD.

Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y.

[This is a real good business letter, Jennie; many "big folks" have not done nearly so well.—Ed.]

NOBSCOT, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am glad to write to you. I have six little bantams. The rooster gets up on the pen and looks at them. I let them out Sunday. Papa is gone to Boston. I had to feed them every morning, noon and night.

ROLL SANFORD CUTTING.

Six years old.

**

LAWRENCE, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl nine years old. I have a cat named Fluffy and two kittens. Fluffy did not like the kittens at all when I first got them, but I spoke to him in love about them and now he thinks they are very nice. I had only had them a week when one night I was surprised to see Fluffy jump down out of his chair at the supper table and play with them in a very lively way, and now he cares for them just like a mother. I should like very much to have a card. Lovingly,

MARION L. RING.

**

POPLAR BLUFF, MO.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR—I have seen in my little paper children writing to you, and I wish to write, too. I am a little girl that lives on a farm in the suburbs of the city. We have a nice horse and buggy and go driving real often. I have read so much about you, I know you must be a sweet woman. I have no sisters or brothers or papa. Mamma and I live with grandma and Uncle Ted and Uncle George. I have taken the little paper all this year, and like it very much. Grandma's friend, Mrs. C. Varner, subscribed for me. I have several pets, one dog, three cats, five dolls and one calf named Colie. I want to take WEE WISDOM as soon as my subscription is out, it will not be out till January. I have a table and some dishes. If you have a moss card to spare I would like to have one. Hoping to see my letter in WEE WISDOM I will close. Yours affectionately,

CLYTA TEAS.

[Mother Sparr's moss cards are all gone, but you shall have one of Mother Truth's motto cards soon.—Ed.]

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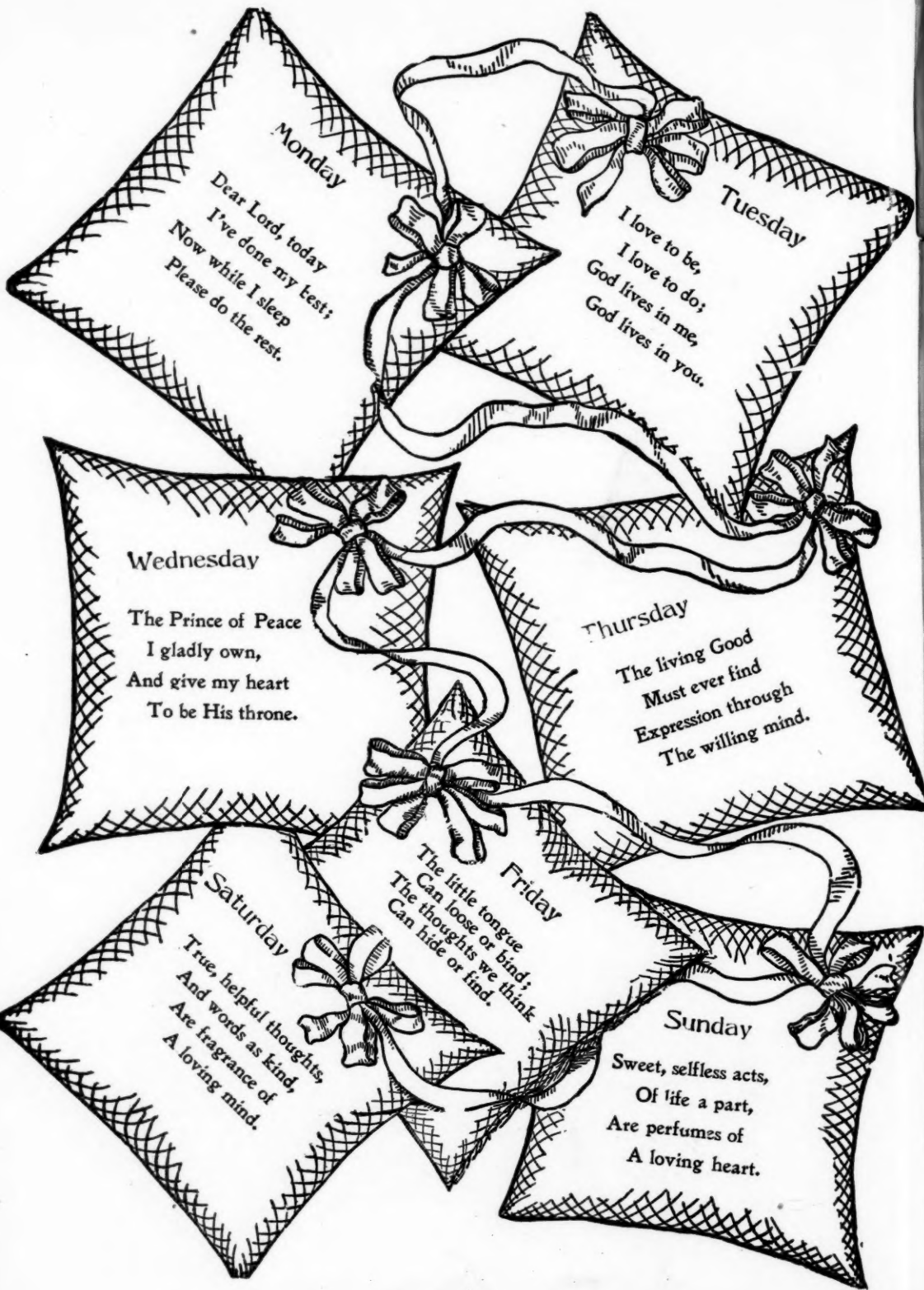
CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like you very much. There are many beautiful stories in you. I am eleven years old and in sixth grade. My sister and I go to a Truth Sunday School on Sundays. Please send me a truth card. Yours truly,

HERBERT PORTER.

5608 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—Please find enclosed twenty-five 2-cents stamps for WEE WISDOM.



Monday

Dear Lord, today
I've done my best;
Now while I sleep
Please do the rest.

Tuesday

I love to be,
I love to do;
God lives in me,
God lives in you.

Wednesday

The Prince of Peace
I gladly own,
And give my heart
To be His throne.

Thursday

The living Good
Must ever find
Expression through
The willing mind.

Saturday

True, helpful thoughts,
And words as kind,
Are fragrance of
A loving mind.

Friday

The little tongue
Can loose or bind;
The thoughts we think
Can hide or find.

Sunday

Sweet, selfless acts,
Of life a part,
Are perfumes of
A loving heart.