

WEE WISDOM

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



The Snowbird.

Oh! what will become of thee, poor little bird?
The muttering storm in the distance is heard;
The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing black
They'll soon scatter snow-flakes all over thy back!
From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away?
And what art thou doing this cold winter day?

*"I'm picking the gum from the old peach tree;
The storm does n't trouble me. Chee, dee, dee."*

But what makes thee seem so unconscious of care?
The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare;
And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free,
As if danger and suffering thou never shouldst see,
When no place is near for thy evening nest,
No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no rest?

*"Because the same hand is a shelter to me
That took off the summer leaves. Chee, dee, dee."*

But man feels a burden of care and of grief,
While plucking the cluster and binding the sheaf.
In summer we faint, in winter we're chilled,
With ever a void that is yet to be filled.
We take from the ocean, the earth and the air,
Yet all their rich gifts do not silence our care.

*"A very small portion sufficient will be
If sweetened with gratitude. Chee, dee, dee."*

I thank thee bright monitor; what thou hast taught
Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought;
We look to the clouds; while the *birds* have an eye
To *Him who reigns over them*, changeless and high.
And now, little hero, just tell me thy name,
That I may be sure whence my oracle came.

*"Because in all weather, I'm merry and free,
They call me Winter King. Chee, dee, dee."*

But soon there'll be ice weighing down the light bough,
On which thou art flitting so playfully now;
And though there's a vesture well fitted and warm,
Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,
What then wilt thou do with thy little bare feet,
To save *them* from pain, 'mid the frost and the sleet?

*"I can draw them right up in my feathers, you see,
To warm them, and fly away. Chee, dee, dee."*



VOL. V.

KANSAS CITY, MO., FEBRUARY, 1901.

No. 7.

The Garden, the Gate, and the Key.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER VI.—UNCLE NOBLE LOOKS FOR A GATE.

WHEN Prudence went into the meadow the next day she found the two girls awaiting her.

"What makes you so late?" asked Faith.

"I had to stay after school."

"What for?" asked Patience.

"Oh, because—never mind," and Prudence held her head down.

"What are you ashamed of?" asked Patience.

"I'm not ashamed," answered Prudence, lifting her head up.

"Well, tell us why you stayed so late."

"Don't ask her, Patience, for she does n't want to tell, and perhaps she was helping someone hunt for their key."

"I was," answered Prudence.

"Oh, I know. you were helping that pale little girl learn her multiplication table. You need n't hang you head over that, for I think it was just splendid of you, for you knew it would make you miss half of your play time."

"O girls," exclaimed Prudence, changing the subject, "I pretty nearly forgot, here's a box of candy for us to play party with. My Uncle Noble gave it to me; and O girls, do you know he is going to hunt for a key to the wonderful garden! Uncle Noble didn't think it a bit silly when I told him about it."

"Why, of course he couldn't think you silly," said Faith, "for it is all true."

"Yes, but then sometimes grown people laugh at children, and call them silly little things."

"Yes, but only just a few that don't know any better," added Patience.

"Why, there's Uncle Noble now, coming this way, I wonder what he has in his hand," exclaimed Prudence, as she jumped up from the ground where she had been sitting.

"Hello, girls!" called out Uncle Noble, as he came up to where they were. "I have something here for three good children, an orange apiece—one for Faith, one for Patience and one for Prudence. I came up here today to tell you how I found my gate to the garden, the beautiful garden that Prudence told me of the other night."

"Why, did you come out here at night to hunt?" asked Patience.

"No, indeed, that was not necessary. You know this garden of yours is a rather large one, and I did not have to go far from my store to go in one side, and there I found a gate—yes, it was a big gate, Prudence," said her uncle, smiling down at her.

"And did you find the key as well?" asked Prudence.

"Now do not be in such a hurry. Give your uncle time to tell you about it. Yes, I found the key, but just be a little patient and I'll tell you all about it. I was standing in my store this afternoon waiting to see a gentleman who had promised to come in at three o'clock. You all know what my store is—it is where I sell flowers—for Uncle Noble is what is called a florist. Now back of my store I have a greenhouse and a big garden. Well, while I stood

there wondering if the old gentleman was not coming after all, in he came very much out of breath, and while wiping his forehead with a big silk handkerchief, for it was a very warm day, exclaimed briskly, 'How do you do, Mr. Comfort, how do you do, sir? Are those white pinks ready I ordered for a wedding—my son's wedding? and by the way, as I have a few minutes to spare, I'd like to have a look at your garden back there for I want to see the different varieties of carnations you have.' So I led the old gentleman back of my store and showed him my garden which he praised very highly, and asked many questions about planting slips and seeds, all of which I answered to his satisfaction. As the old gentleman was about to leave he paid me for the pinks, and then turning abruptly said, 'Young man, don't waste your time nor opportunities, and above all don't be selfish. I see back of your grounds a high hedge; no one can see through, nor know anything of the treasures that are hidden in your garden, nor do you yourself know it. Find the key, Mr. Comfort, find the key, and the flowers will reveal their secrets to you, for they are filled with wisdom.' At these words I began to think, and I wondered what can the old gentleman mean? And I looked about outside and realized that I had no gate, for the way I enter is from the back of my store. So after the old gentleman had gone I left my man inside to attend to the customers, and I took the big shears and commenced trimming the hedge. At last after cutting and clipping for some time I found a strange gate underneath a tangle of vines, a gate I never knew of before was there. I shook it but it would not open for me. Now, I looked at it two or three times, and soon I saw a big rusty key at one side. This key had not been used for so long that I had to try many times before I could succeed in opening the gate with it. I was surprised to find when the hedge was cut and the gate open that my garden seemed very new and strange to me, and what is more I discovered two flowers I had never spied before growing there, and each one taught me a lesson. Now that garden of mine is

another end of the garden you have found, but yours is yours and mine is mine. Now you see, little children, Uncle Noble could neither find his gate nor his key until he first went to work to give others a pleasure and this was done in cutting down the hedge, so that those who walked without might have a glimpse of the beautiful flowers that grew within. We must never be selfish with anything we have, for what we have is not for just one to enjoy but for all. I see by my watch now that it is getting near the dinner hour and time for all of you to scamper home, so good-bye."

"Uncle Noble, will you tell us about the flowers and the lesson tomorrow?" asked Faith.

"Yes, tomorrow I'll meet you here and tell you all about what the flowers told me," answered Uncle Noble.

I wished to reprove our Frances for something, so I told her to go upstairs and stay there until I gave her permission to come down. She cried for a few minutes, then she got quiet as a mouse. I thought she must be thinking it over with herself. Then she broke out into a Truth song, "Kind words are wonderful little seeds," to the tune of "Arbor Day." Her voice was a little husky, but she stuck it out until she had finished the entire verse. Then she called down to me asking if she might come down. I replied, "No." Then she struck up another Truth song. This time her voice was clear and free from sorrow. After she had finished she called down again asking if she might come down. I answered, "Not yet." Again she struck up for the third time. There was a ring of mirth and joy in her words as she sang, "Do you look for wrong and evil? You will find them if you do," to the tune of the chorus of "The Blue and the Gray." As she finished I called to her to come down. She was all smiles when she appeared—the cloud had passed away.

—UNCLE JOHN.

"Hasty words often rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar."

TO THE WEE WISDOMS.

LINNIE FAULKNER.

Were I a great magician,
 With power to give to thee
 The greatest treasure ever known,
 What would that treasure be?
 Would it be gold or land, think you,
 Or jewels rich and rare?
 Or would I place upon thy brow
 Fame's wreath of laurel fair?
 Ah, Wisdoms dear, though all of these
 On thee I might bestow,
 Still 't would not be the *perfect gift* —
 That gift which few below
 High heaven's vaulted archway
 In this earth life are given —
 The gift which, rightly understood,
 Throws wide the gates of heaven.
 Like One of old I would not give
 That which the world deems best,
 But rather grant thee *Perfect Peace* —
 That gem of sweetest rest.
 May He who marks the sparrow's fall
 Grant now this wish of mine:
 That 'mid the seeming storms of life
 His *Perfect Peace* be thine.

GEORGIE AND THE BEE.

AUNT SEG.

GEORGIE'S mamma invited him to go nutting with her one day. Georgie was delighted, of course. It was a beautiful quiet autumn day; the ground was covered with gold, crimson and brown leaves, and the woods gave out a fragrant, piney odor which brings to the heart a sense of restfulness and peace.

Such lots of shiny brown chestnuts among the rustling leaves!

Georgie ran here and there, and did not gather as many as mamma, who remained in one place and gathered all around her; but that did not matter, since she had brought Georgie along for a good time and he was to do what pleased him best.

"Oh, mamma!" he cried, "I've found a drate lot of flies wiv gold wings."

"Have you, dear?" she answered, going on with her work, when suddenly Georgia screamed and ran to her holding out his little hand —

"It bit me, it bit me!" he cried with a great shower of tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Why, Georgie, it must have been a bee, and it has stung your hand," said mamma.

"Kiss it, mamma," he sobbed, and mamma kissed it saying, "I know what will cure that sting, Georgie; can you guess what it is?"

"Does you mean the Good, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, for the blessed Good is everywhere."

"Can you see it, mamma?"

"Yes, indeed, right in my little boy, for if the Good is everywhere, surely it is in my baby."

"Is the Good in my hand? Why, mamma, it's all goned away!! it's cured!!! and sure enough the little hand was all right. While Georgie had been listening to his mamma he had forgotten the hurt, and mamma had been thinking some true thoughts about God everywhere, especially in Georgie's hand, so *Truth* healed the sting.

"How did the Good make it cured?" Georgie asked.

"My dear, is not the Good health and comfort and peace?"

"Course it is, mamma."

"Well, Georgie, where *is* health and comfort and peace?"

"Does n't you know, mamma? Why, it's ever' where, des where the Good is."

"Is your hand in the everywhere, Georgie?"

Georgie considered the matter, and answered, "I 'spect it is."

"Now, I suppose you are telling the truth, Georgie?"

"Why, mamma! does you fink I tell a lie?"

"No, darling, you are telling a great and beautiful truth when you say that you are in the everywhere Good, and telling the truth *heals*. There cannot be any hurt in God, and God is everywhere."

"But, mamma, the fly wiv gold wings did bit me."

"Well, Georgie, when you, and I, and *everybody* tell the truth about God *all the time* there will be no hurts or stings."

"Den I fink we better tell the truf, mamma."



LITTLE JOY BETWEEN HER TWO SISTERS.

Joy's Way.

VIRGINIA BELLE WADDINGHAM.



WISH every Wee Wisdom knew Joy! When I say Joy I don't mean a state of mind, for I am sure you are all acquainted with that joy; you wouldn't be Wisdoms if you were not.

No, the Joy I mean is a little girl. And of all the round, rosy, roly poly dumplings of girls, I think Joy is the roundest, rosiest, and roly polyest. I'm sure it would do you good just to look at her.

She has a round, rosy face, with two big round blue eyes peeping from under a cluster of round golden curls, and a perfect little rose-bud of a mouth.

Of course, her little figure is as round as it can possibly be, and best of all, her character promises to be well-rounded, too. Now a round character, dearies, is one

where *all* the good qualities are cultivated, for if any were left out it would not be perfectly round, would it?

Besides there are some interesting things about Joy. In the first place she is named after no less a personage than Aunt Joy in "Wee Wisdom's Way," and as if that was n't enough for one little girl, she looks like Miss Rix, your own Miss Rix, who writes the sweet Bible Lessons for you.

Miss Rix knows and loves her, and as I said in the beginning, I wish every Wee Wisdom could know her.

Joy lives with her grandmother, and as dear grandmother has had much trouble and sorrow in her life, at times she grows sad.

One day she was feeling especially sorrowful, because her son had gone away—

to the Klondyke, I think it was—at any rate, it was to some place a long way off, where grandmother felt there were hardships and dangers in store for him, and a possibility of his never coming back. She had tried hard to look upon the bright side, but try as she would there seemed to be no bright side, and the tears would come in spite of her determination to be brave and cheerful.

Auntie May, her daughter, had come to cheer her up, for she knew that grandmother would grieve for her son; so Auntie May had come fully resolved to be cheery and bright, but somehow, when they got to talking matters over the prospect began to look dark to *her*, and before she realized what she was doing she found herself mingling her tears with her mother's, and they were just in the midst of the dolefullest scene imaginable when in walked Joy.

"Well!" she exclaimed, surveying them with wide-open eyes, "I thought you were Truth people! That's not acting Truth."

And Joy steadfastly regarded her relatives, disapproval depicted on every feature of her expressive little face.

Joy was only five years old, but she was an earnest Truth student, and thoroughly believed in the old adage of "Practice what you preach."

So she climbed up into a chair and folding her chubby little hands together she said, "Now, we'll hold the thought that we are all happy. *Just as happy as we can be.*" So grandmother and Auntie May wiped their eyes and joined little Joy in her meditation.

There was a long interval of silence and then Joy opened her eyes with the words, "Now let's *act* happy!" and straightway she burst into such a merry peal of laughter that her hearers could not help joining in, (for there's nothing so contagious as a good, hearty laugh) and the more they laughed, the more *she* laughed; so they laughed and laughed, till the whole house rang with the merry sound, and the bright side of things flashed out and the shadows were chased away, and the echoes of that laugh are still traveling on, for Auntie May, who told me the little story, says she laughs every time she thinks of it, and I hope

some of our dear little Wisdoms will take up the joyous peal and send it reverberating 'round this staid old globe; for laughter is a great sunshine maker.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own."

And a very sensible old earth is it, I think, not to go around borrowing trouble, and don't you think it would be a good idea for all of us to adopt little Joy's way, and when we think a good thought to *act* as if it were so? And verily it will be so.

Bright and Natural Remarks.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR UNITY FRIENDS—On Christmas day I received, among other pretty gifts, six copies of Vol. I. of "Wee Wisdom Library" for which I want to thank you, and on the appearance of which I want to congratulate you. The children whom I have given them to were delighted with the stories—"The Red Caps," "The Real Santa Claus," and "Phil," being applauded over and over again. "Thoughts with Wings" called out a natural little criticism from a little girl who looked at the illustrations as if fascinated. "If there had only been some more Jolly Thoughts, and if they had been sitting up there on the head-board, would n't it have been an awfully nice story? They would have said such funny things about recess and after school, when Alice was coming home." I suppose "recess" and "after school" are when she hears amusing and agreeable things said. The story could easily be continued, could n't it, and another day of Alice's life given as a picture, after she had learned to train her thoughts a little? Thanking you again for the pleasure the children received through the books, and with best wishes for the New Year, I am,

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) WILHELMINE SMITH.

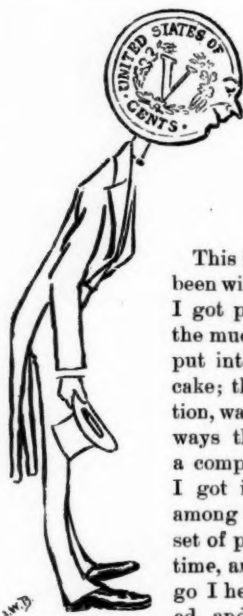
"The joy that leaves one heart unblessed
would be for mine too small."

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

CHAPTER VII.

I suppose all nickels have very similar experiences. We are so much more busy, it seems to me, than larger pieces of money, especially gold pieces—they seem to stay at home very closely—anyway, I very seldom meet them, and I am out and about a good deal.

I wonder if others have noticed, as I have lately, that when one becomes interested in a certain line of work, play or thought, everywhere one goes one finds that so many others, suddenly it seems, have taken up the same line?



This is the way it has been with me ever since I got picked up out of the mud, scrubbed and put into that birthday cake; that was a transition, wasn't it? In more ways than one it was a complete revolution. I got into circulation among an entirely new set of people from that time, and everywhere I go I hear a note sounded, and feel a sweeter atmosphere surrounding me, and the blessing which Mrs. Frank gave me has been with me everywhere. I have been put in the contribution box with a silent blessing which I could feel thrill through the fingers that dropped me there.

A little girl got me for doing an errand around the printing office, and she kept me close and warm in her mitten all day while she tried to earn another, but when night came on she sighed a little, but still with a thankful blessing gave me to the baker for a loaf of bread to take home to her little brother and sister who were too small to do errands.

The jolly, fat baker passed me out with other change and more bread, with a happy New Year blessing, and on the hands of the one who got me this time hangs the tale I am going to tell.

My new owner was talking so fast when she dropped me into her purse that I don't believe she noticed whether I was a nickel

or a penny. She had been invited to go with a party of Truth Students down to Merchantville, N. J. When I heard the name "Truth Students," I knew in a moment that I was with the same sort of people as Mrs. Frank, which made me very glad, for I did enjoy helping to buy that coat for Freddy, and I thought I might have another same kind of a chance. I kept myself close in the change pocket of my mistress' purse, waiting for the time set for the trip to Jersey, and although I had risky moments when it seemed as if I should certainly get paid out to someone who was not going to take that much-talked-of trip, I didn't get picked out of my corner till we were fairly started on the "trolley" to Merchantville. Then—well, I thought my fate was sealed, for my lady took me out and held me in her fingers waiting for the conductor to come along, and just when he did and she made a motion to give me up, her friend waved her hand back and said, "No, no, this is my treat; put up your money," and with what a thankful thud I jumped down into my little den again, for I knew all danger was over now till after I had seen that entertainment.

Perhaps you think I had small chance of getting much fun out of it, shut up in that black leather pocket-book, and so I should but for the fact that it was very old and worn out in spots, and one of those spots, small but big enough for a nickel to peep through, was right down in that corner where I snuggled, and as my mistress kept me in her hand, I had the best chance in the world to see and hear, and I used all

the eyes and ears I had, too.

When the car stopped, the ladies found that it was too late for the "bus" to take them to the house to which they were invited, so we all had a delightful moonlight walk, and as it was only a short distance we were very soon there, and such a bright, cheery place it was, where the ladies met a hearty welcome, and were soon made to feel very much at home. Gay beves of white-dressed girls seemed to be everywhere. The three whose home it was did the honors with a sweet dignity, showing the guests the Christmas gifts, an admirable family of dolls, and then up stairs to the big tree which glittered all over as if it too were laughing as its shinning tinsel decorations caught the gleam of the cheerful open fire.

After things had settled down a little "Uncle John," whom all the Wee Wisdoms know, came and told the people that everything was ready for the event of the evening. The audience was seated in the back parlor, facing the front, where the piano was sending forth sweet strains, and we were told that the "Unity Class of Wee Wisdom" would entertain us with recitations and singing. Then came Marion to tell us what WEE WISDOM stands for—you can all read it on the inside of the front cover of WEE WISDOM for December. We had intended to give the whole program of the pretty entertainment, but it will make us go into many details which would make this chapter too long, but I cannot help telling you how well each one did her part, and how bright and happy everyone was—all dressed in the badge of Purity (white), with faces shining with the love-light, which every act and word made more manifest. It was a beautiful picture.

The very Wee-est Wisdom was to have recited the XXIII. Psalm, abbreviated, but before so many strange faces her courage failed, but she gave us a smile and "Uncle John" told us what her recitation would have been, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. Amen," and I am sure the whole spirit of the beautiful Psalm is expressed in these words. "Little Sunbeam"

they call this dear little child, not three years old, I think, and anyone can see she is well named.

One of the most interesting numbers was singing and acting by the whole class the beautiful hymn beginning with "Open my Eyes." The little ones forgot they were before an audience, and with their eyes fixed on their teacher every thought was given to the concerted motions which were easy, natural and graceful as the birds, with their clear young voices ringing out so sweetly, the dear song lived and breathed before us.

After this came the "True Prayer," and it was indeed a prayer, the soul's sincere aspiration. The little ones seemed to feel as closely closeted with God as if they were alone in their rooms instead of standing before their first audience. Everyone felt touched by the tender holy influence.

We were then recalled to the business of the evening by the distant tinkling of a bell and in came a fairy—yes, indeed, a veritable fairy—in fluffy white and silver spangles, she announcing herself as the "Twentieth Century Kris Krinkle, whose name is Love," and I assure she was a great improvement over the old style. She had a big bag that was almost heavier than she could carry, but she at once began lightening it by scattering the gifts she had brought for each member of the class—a box of candy and an orange, and to each of the visitors a copy of "Wee Wisdom Library," a pretty little book brim full of the nicest stories.

Then the pleasant visit closed with many hearty congratulations and good wishes for everyone, and I soon found myself out in the world again, but I heard so many good things that I am sure they will cling to me and attract me to do good errands wherever I go.

—G. N.

"Do you look for wrong and evil?
You will find them if you do;
As you measure to your neighbor
He will measure back to you.
Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will find them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass you meet a smile."



*"I hold you in thought, dear brother,
As I sit in the silence alone,
To gather from infinite fullness
The blessings I claim for my own.
I hold for you earth's richest treasures;
I claim all that's God-like and true;
And the tenderest thought my heart doth
hold
Is the thought that it holds for you.*

*"I hold you in thought, sweet friend,
The seed of the truth you shall sow;
Hearts shall be lifted and bettered
Wherever your presence doth go.
With the "Sword of the Spirit" you'll
conquer,
God's grace shall enfold you anew;
And the Christ-love thought my heart
doth hold
Is the thought it holds for you."*

—Recited by Marion.

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]



DOVER, MAINE.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—About a year ago I wrote this little poem, thinking I would send it to WEE WISDOM, but I have kept neglecting it. I fully intended to send it for the August number, but the time seemed to go so quickly, as I am afraid it goes with

many little children. If you think this equal to publishing, I would be very glad to have it. There are so many nice things in the little paper I am afraid mine won't be equal. We have no science schools in our town, but I think they must be very interesting. I really think we ought to have Mrs. Fillmore's picture for I am sure all the Wee Wisdoms would like to see her dear face. I enjoy the Bible Lessons very much. I take them to Sunday School every Sunday, and my teacher reads them and also some of the stories to us. I lend my paper to a little friend of mine and she enjoys them very much, too. I will close with a great deal of love to all the Wee Wisdoms,

HELEN DYER PAINE.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Please find enclosed \$0.50 for which please send me WEE WISDOM one year beginning with the January number. WEE WISDOM is the nicest paper I ever have taken. Wishing you a happy New Year, I remain your loving friend,

GRETA GYER.

[Such a nice little business letter, Greta. —Ed.]

PENDER, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—In my little WEE WISDOM paper I have seen children writing to you, and so I thought I would write. I would like one of Mother Sparr's moss cards or one of Mother Truth's motto cards. I take WEE WISDOM. I send you also a few verses that I have made on the other slip of paper. Hoping to see my letter and verses both in next month's paper.

Very lovingly, ANNA VOGT.

VERSES.

With tender and loving care
Dear Jesus watches over all of us,
He is the very best friend of all.
Where e'er we roam he is always with us.

With his loving angels he watches
Over our beds at night.
He will never let anything evil get to us.
How nice it is to be a friend of Jesus.

[We think Anna means the Christ.—Ed.]

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am eight years old and like WEE WISDOM very much. I have read in several WEE WISDOMS about several of the cousins getting moss cards when they write to you, and I hope to get some of your WEE WISDOMS very soon. Please send me a moss card. Yours lovingly,

MARGUERITE E. WELLMAN.

ANGLETON, TEX.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl in my ninth year. You will find enclosed five cents for one of your papers. And would like very much to have a moss card. Your loving friend,
DELLA NELSON.

P. S.—Here is stamps for the moss card, too.—D. N.

**

HARTLEY, TEX.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first letter I have written to you. I wish you would tell me what a moss card is. I read in my WEE WISDOM about them but do not know what they are. I like my WEE WISDOM very much. There are many nice stories in it. The Pillow Verses are so nice. They are all true, I think. This is all I will say this time. I hope my letter will not be thrown in the scrap basket, and I will try to do better next time. I will send a verse for WEE WISDOM.

Dear God today I will do my best,
And to-night through Thee I will rest.

ANNIE BLAIR.

**

WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write for a Truth motto. I think Mother Sparr is nice to us. I am only ten years old. I have a little brother five. I had a nice time when Santa Claus came 'round Christmas. If you have one of the mottoes to spare I will take one. Love to all.

AUGUSTA M. SOUTHERLAND.

I send ten cents.—A. M. S.

**

ANNA'S BUSINESS LETTER.

DEAR SIR:—I thought I would write and tell you that I have taken WEE WISDOM for one year and my term is out. I would like to take it again for 1901, and please write and tell me if you want me to send you \$0.50 for the year 1901. Yours truly,

ANNA.

*Be you tempted as you may,
Each day and every day,
Speak what is true—
True things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon and stars, and all,
Heaven would show through.*

—ALICE CARY.

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

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEED.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Children dear, can you read
The mystery of the seed—
The little seed that will not remain
In earth, but rises in fruit and grain?

A mystery, passing strange,
Is the seed in its wondrous change;
Forest and flower in its husk concealed,
And the golden wealth of the harvest field.

Ever around, and above,
Works the invisible love;
It lives in the heaven and under the land,
In blossom and sheaf, and the reaper's hand.

Sower, you surely know
That the harvest never will grow,
Except for the angels of Sun and Rain,
Who water and ripen the springing grain.

Awake! for us, heart and eye,
Are watchers behind the sky;
There are unseen reapers in every band,
Who lend their strength to the weary hand.

When the wonderful light breaks through
From above on the work we do,
We can see how near us our helpers are,
Who carry the sickle and wear the star.

Sower, you surely know
That good seed never will grow
Except for the angels of Joy and Pain,
Who scatter the sunbeams and pour the rain.

Child, with the sower, sing!
Love is the everything!
The secret is deeper than we can read,
But we gather the grain if we sow the seed.

A dear little fellow who is visiting his grandma over in Kansas City, Kansas, was told by her when complaining of a pain in his side that God did not make pain, and so it was not true, and he must say to it, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

The next morning he climbed out of bed, struck a defensive attitude as toward some menacing foe, and boldly commanded "Satan, get away from in front of me."



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON V. FEBRUARY 3.

Parable of the Ten Virgins.

Matt. 25:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT— *Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.*— Matt. 25:13.

Everybody who comes into this world has a great central light and five little lamps to take care of and fill with oil from the great central light. Now have you thought of the name of that central light, and of what the five lamps are? No? Why, you carry them wherever you go, sleeping or waking, child or grown-up man or woman, you never can get away from them, because the great central light is your love-self, or the oil of the parable, and your five little lamps are the five eyes of the body, seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting and feeling. These are the five virgins, and if they are wise ones, they will always look to the great central light, or fountain of love, to give them power to do right, to enjoy life in the true way, and to let their light shine; but if they are foolish virgins, they may think for a long time that they can get along without love and be happy, but that foolish thought only makes trouble and suffering for them. The foolish virgins with empty lamps that will not burn can become wise ones if they go about it in the right way, and that right way is just the way the wise ones took—turn to the great central light of love that is within.

Now I said that the five lamps must be filled with the oil of love before they could be wise enough to do any good, or enjoy God's beautiful world. Let us see how that can be true. Your first lamp is your eye. Did you ever feel cross and all wrong inside as you started out on a pleasure trip? Well, nothing you saw pleased you, did it? Nothing looked beautiful, nor could you even see the good you might do; that was because you had been foolish and the lamp of the eye was not filled with love. But, oh, how changed everything seems when this lamp is filled with love—everything is beautiful.

So it is with the lamps of the ears, they can only be wise ears and able to hear the

truth and enjoy all the sweet notes of life through the power of love.

Now the other three lamps are just the same, each must be supplied with the oil of love. Everything you eat tastes better; you see nothing to complain of in your food when love and kindness are felt in your heart, and this is just the outside shell of peace and happiness, while the inside, or kernel, is holy joy that only comes when truth tastes good to us, when good tastes sweet.

Do you see the difference between the five wise and the five foolish virgins? The wise virgins live in the kingdom of heaven, and the five foolish ones keep themselves out.

LESSON VI. FEBRUARY 10.

Parable of the Talents. Matt. 25:14-30.

GOLDEN TEXT— *So then everyone of us shall give an account of himself to God.*— Rom. 14:12.

Here we have a lesson on faithfulness. Jesus wished to show the people that they must be faithful to their work in order to be happy, so he told them this story about the talents that teaches so plainly that it is not so much what we have that counts in life, but what we do with what we have. While we all know that as children of God we have all blessings, the fullness of all good, yet some people *seem* to have more than others, some have five talents, some two, while there are a great many people who think they have only one talent.

Several years ago a boy I know started to come to one of the Home of Truth Sunday Schools. He was then a boy with only one talent, for he had always been called bad and stupid, and some people who did not know better laughed at him. In this Sunday School he learned the truth about himself, that his one talent could be turned into five. He had faith and tried in every way to be faithful to the Christ-child within him, and he was successful, for today he has plenty of friends, is a bright, happy young man, and a useful one, too.

It is such a blessing to be faithful, but to be untrue never blesses anyone. Perhaps the man with the five talents had health, wealth, strength, beauty and power, but if he had not used them for the good no doubt he would have lost them, and could not have heard the blessing of the Spirit within him, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

Now, in the beginning the second one had only two talents; perhaps he was poor

and sick, and all he knew was that he was alive and that he could love, so instead of complaining about his empty purse and his sick body, he went to work with love, because he knew it was all powerful, and through the faithful use of it drew to him every other blessing—health, wealth, power and peace. Nor let us think that one talent is too small to do any good, but rather thank God that we have something to build upon. Little beginnings make great ends. Little drops of water and little grains of sand make the mighty ocean. Many little faithful thoughts make the great Christ-mind.

If you cannot be faithful to one talent, how could you take care of two or five?

One little loving heart like yours can make a dozen hearts happy in a day. Try it.

LESSON VII. FEBRUARY 17.

The Lord's Supper. Matt. 26:17-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—*This do in remembrance of me.*—Luke 22:19.

Our Golden Text for today says, "This do in remembrance of me," and we want to know who it is that we are to remember, why it is necessary, and how we can do it.

This one who is spoken about is the Christ Spirit of love and truth always with us and always in us; our own true selves, which if we always think about and remember its presence, will draw us ever nearer and nearer to itself, to its goodness and power.

In order that we may always remember the truth about ourselves, that we are pure, good, true children of God, and never make the mistake of thinking we are evil and can do wrong, we must speak true words about ourselves that will be true about every Christ-child, and this is eating and drinking the flesh and blood of Christ. If this seems hard for you to understand now, do not trouble your little head and heart about it but just trust and some day it will all be clear to you, just as plain as two and two equals four.

Of course you cannot eat and drink real human flesh and blood, so that is not what Jesus meant. Now suppose I take out the words "flesh and blood," and put in their place "words of truth," then I think you can understand much better, for you know how to eat words of truth. You know, children, that whatever you eat and drink becomes a part of yourself, so Jesus wanted to show that eating, or speaking, true thoughts would make you pure and good.

Whatever you think you are really eating with the mind, and this makes your

mind. Now the Lord's Supper means eating and drinking Christ thoughts, such as this: "*I am God's child and cannot sin, be sick or afraid,*" "*I love the Good with all my heart,*" etc.

Think all the truth you can, do all the good you can, love all the people you can, and you will eat the Lord's Supper at the Lord's table, right in your pure heart, not once in awhile, but always.

LESSON VIII. FEB. 24.

Jesus in Gethsemane. Matt. 26:36-46.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Not my will, but thine, be done.*—Luke 22:42.

Our lesson today is all about watching and praying, and to do this means to keep the thoughts ever on the good, for you know that every thought of good is a prayer. Kind thoughts are the very best kind of prayers, and are always answered.

Now I am going to tell you something about prayer that perhaps you never thought of before, it is this, you can answer prayers yourself, for did you not know that God works through His children, great and small, to answer prayers? He does, and not only through people, but through the beautiful fields of grain, the ripe fruit, the rocks, sand, sea, water, and in fact everything in the world. Many people are praying today for health, peace, wisdom and love, and you may answer some of these prayers if you will let God work through you freely.

Prayer is just talking to the good, and letting the good talk to you. How glad we are for what the truth has taught us about prayer, for it tells us that our good does not want us to beg for health, peace, or any good thing, but that we can just go to it, as we love to go to our dear earthly mother, and put out our hand for the blessings she so loves to give us.

Dear child, all you have to do is to have faith in the All Good, ever present, and ever loving, and every blessing will be yours.

To know and see God's presence everywhere is the prayer of faith, wisdom and love. When little children fully trust the wisdom and love of the Good, then they, like Jesus, say, "Not my will, but thine, be done."

Sometimes little children think they have a will of their own, then they are called willful, obstinate, and disobedient; then come the unhappy hours, the tears, the impatient and cross words, but by watching and praying this can be overcome, and the will of the All Good will appear, so gentle

and yet so firm, so meek and tender and yet so strong, so patient and yet so positive. Let us all plant this seed thought in our heart today, "*I love to do whatever my Good wants me to do.*"

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

WELCOME! dear Wisdoms, Welcome! There never was a happier band than we, because we are banded together in all that is beautiful, good and true. *We know who Our Father is.*

We are beginning to find out, like our "Elder Brother" Jesus, that all that the Father hath is ours. Just think of what that means for us! "*All that the Father hath!*" What a wonderful thought to think, when we look up into the great fields overhead where Our Father pastures his flock of worlds at night, that because it all belongs to the Father it belongs to us. What vast possessors we are! And then when the great arc light of Day is turned on, and we see the wonderful goings-on here in plant and creature, then, too, we still know "*All that the Father hath is mine.*"

And the way we know it is most wonderful of all. We know it because the Father-Mind is in us. We are *one* with it *all*, because the Father-Life is in us, and though we seem to live in little house-bodies, yet there is that in us which cannot be shut up or hindered.

Think of it! There is nothing *too great* to be true of us and the Father.

There is nothing *too good* to be true of us and the Father.

"I and the Father are one."

One Substance, I and the Father.

One Life, I and the Father.

One Intelligence, I and the Father.

One Love, I and the Father.

We know *this is Truth*, and so we glorify the Father and the Son by always telling that which is true of ourselves and God.

We tell of the beautiful life and health, everywhere present, because God is all and God is life.

We say to the appearance called sick-

ness and disease, You are *no-thing*. *The Father and I are health.*

When we stick right to our *oneness* with Health, how can the *not-health* creep in? It cannot.

And when we keep knowing that "The Father and I are one" *Intelligence*, why, do you know, there'll be no more hard times getting lessons. One little girl found this out and always "just knew her lessons," she said, "because I know God is my intelligence." Everything comes so easy when you're going God's way. God's way is Wisdom's way. And, "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

Ye Editor thinks our talk has taken this direction today because the voices of the world are telling so much of the not-true of life. Now there's the word *LaGrippe*. The mortal falls right down and lets it do all those things described by the untrue. Let us take up that word and spell it according to Truth, and send it out as a missionary of health reformed and transformed.

L stands for *Love* that casts out fear, and is the greatest thing in all the world.

A for *Able*—*Ability* to be strong and free.

G is a wonderful letter. It stands for *God* and *Good*, and so can do no evil.

R helps make *Right* and *Righteousness*, and so is a host for the good.

I stands for the very heart of *Being*. We cannot say anything of ourselves without I. "*I am* the light of the world." *I* has no place in making disease and darkness.

P-P comes next. Blessed P's! They stand for *Peace* and *Power*. **P** is always on the side of good.

E—"The last shall be first." **E** shall no more stand for evil and error, but for *Eden* and *Excellence*.

Then this name that has caused such mortal terror rightly spelled is —

L (Love), **A** (Able), **G** (God), **R** (Righteousness), **I** (I AM), **P-P** (Peace, Power), **E** (Excellence).

Now *you* be sure and always spell it this way when you hear the word spoken. "The tongue of the wise is health."



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

February, 1901.
St. Valentine!

MY VALENTINE.

Do *you* want a valentine?
You can share this one of mine.
It is full of love and truth,
Full of health and full of youth;
Like the ring that has no end
Is my *Valentine*, my friend;
Round and round and round and round
Its unfailing love is found;
Always just the same to you,
Beautiful and strong and true;
Giving, giving, giving, giving
Life and breath to all things living.

Oh! you guess my *Valentine*,
You accept this gift divine,
You confess through smile and nod —
'Tis the Omnipresent God.

Helen's poem doesn't appear for the reason that "Ye Editor" is sure she gave it to the printer, and ye printer thinks she did not, and between them both it is missing. Now if Helen will only come to the rescue with another copy she will do us all a great favor and make us glad.

We have gotten Mother Truth and Mother Goose interested in the matter of our Truth Mottoes, and if they do their *whole* duty, we'll have some jingles for you that will make Harmony, Peace, Health, Love and Good Humor more popular in the nursery than "Jack and Jill," "Little Tom Horner," "Jack Sprat," and "Hey-diddle-diddle."

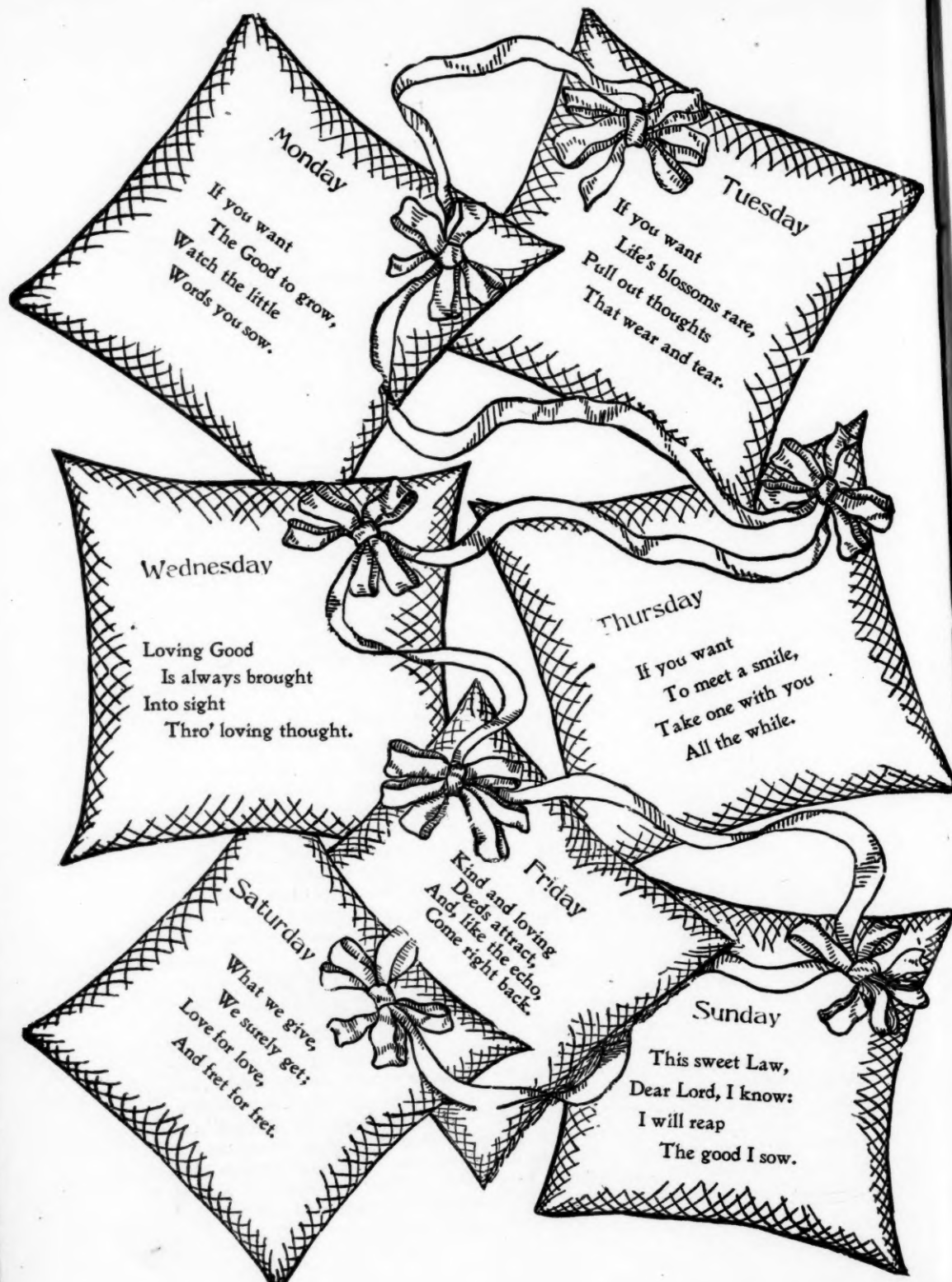
Who will send us a good Easter program for the use of the Sunday Schools?

Upon hearing of the insurrection of the Indians, Ralph Barton had an inspiration and straightway put it down in a red, white and blue cartoon, remarking to his mamma, "Here's a pretty sharp *way* of *experience* when they won't go by *Wee Wisdom's Way*." We wish you could see this picture, but being in colors it will not bear reproducing. Uncle Sam with coat-tails flopping is making the Indian in war paint and feathers drop his bow and arrows, while the eagle screams at his feet, and behind him a meek little Chinaman is saying, "All the samee likee me." It is quite a picture, and we want Ralph to do some illustrating for us in black and white.

The Merchantville "Wee" Society did a really very wonderful thing in their Christmas entertainment. They show that they are not only learning all of *WEE WISDOM's* truth statements, but that they intend to sow them broadcast and help the Good Sower sow in all available soil. I wonder how many of *you* really memorize the truth verses, and so put them where you can get at them in time of need? If you will write over the white walls of your memory-room Truth Statements, you will find them like good, strong friends ever ready to stand by you. Our Merchantville Society, for some reason, has forgotten to send us their Truth and Jewel Words for February, but we are glad that Mr. Nickel has let us enjoy so much of their beautiful entertainment.



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Monday

If you want
The Good to grow,
Watch the little
Words you sow.

Tuesday

If you want
Life's blossoms rare,
Pull out thoughts
That wear and tear.

Wednesday

Loving Good
Is always brought
Into sight
Thro' loving thought.

Thursday

If you want
To meet a smile,
Take one with you
All the while.

Friday

Kind and loving
Deeds attract,
And, like the echo,
Come right back.

Saturday

What we give,
We surely get;
Love for love,
And fret for fret.

Sunday

This sweet Law,
Dear Lord, I know:
I will reap
The good I sow.